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# BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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## THIRTY YEARS OF LIBERAL LEGISLATION.

"EXPERIENCE," says Dr Johnson, "is the great test of truth, and is perpetually contradicting the theories of men." "If an empire," said Napoleon, "were made of granite, it would soon be reduced to powder by political economists." Never was there a period when the truths stated by these master minds were so clearly and strikingly illustrated as the present; never was there an epoch when the necessity was so fearfully evinced of casting off the speculative dogmas of former times, and shaping our course by the broad light which experience has thrown on human transactions. If this is done, if wisdom is learnt by experience, and error expelled by suffering, it is yet possible to remedy the evils; though not before a frightful and *yet unfelt* amount of misery has been encountered by the people.

For the last thirty years, the liberal party have had the almost uncontrolled direction of the affairs of the nation. One by one, they have beat down all the ancient safeguards of British industry, and given effect to the whole theoretical doctrines of the political economists. So complete has been their ascendancy in the national councils—so entire in general the acquiescence of the nation in their direction, that without one single exception ALL their doctrines have been carried into practice; and the year 1847 exhibits a fair, and it may be presumed average result of the liberal

system when reduced into execution. The result is so curious, its lessons so pregnant with instruction, its warning of coming disaster so terrible, that we gladly avail ourselves of the opening of a new year, to portray them in a few paragraphs to our readers.

The first great change which took place in British policy was in 1819, by the famous Bank Restriction Act, passed in that year. Everyone knows that the obligation on the Bank of England to pay in specie, was suspended by Mr Pitt in February 1797; and that under that system the empire continued to rise with all the difficulties with which it was surrounded, until in the latter years of the war it bore without difficulty an annual expenditure of from £110,000,000 to £120,000,000 annually. But under the new system introduced in 1819, the currency was restricted by imposing on the bank the obligation of paying its notes, when presented, not in gold or silver, but in GOLD ALONE. The currency was based on the article in commerce *most difficult to keep*, most easy of transport, most ready to slip away—the most precious of the precious metals. The result has been that the nation,—which, with a population of 18,000,000 of souls, raised without difficulty £71,000,000 annually by taxes, and from £30,000,000 to £40,000,000 annually by loans in 1813, 1814, and 1815, of which at least a half was sent abroad, and



wholly lost to the nation—is now, with a population of 28,000,000, not able to raise in round numbers above £51,000,000 on an average of years by taxation, and is brought to the verge of ruin by the purchase of £33,000,000 worth of foreign grain in 1846 and 1847, and the expenditure of £35,000,000 in 1846, and £25,000,000 in the first six months of 1847 on domestic railways, every shilling of which last sum was spent at home, and puts in motion industry within the nation.

The next great change was made in the year 1821, when the reciprocity system was introduced by Mr Huskisson. This subject has acquired great importance now, from the avowed intention on the part of government, scarcely disguised in the opening speech of this session of Parliament, to follow up the labours of the committee which made such laborious inquiries last session, by a bill for the total abolition of the Navigation Laws. We shall not enlarge on this subject, the vastness and importance of which would require a separate paper. Suffice it to say, therefore, that here too, experience has decisively warned us of the pernicious tendency of the path on which we have entered, and of the truth of Adam Smith's remark, that "though

some of the regulations of this famous act may have proceeded from national animosity, they are all as wise as if dictated by the most deliberate wisdom. As defence is of much more importance than opulence, the act of Navigation is perhaps the wisest of all the commercial regulations of England." \* It appears from the parliamentary tables compiled by Mr Porter, that, while the British tonnage with the Baltic powers had increased from 1801 to 1821, under the protective system, to a very considerable degree, theirs with us had declined during the same period; under the reciprocity system, our tonnage with them had on the whole decreased to a third of its former amount, while their shipping with us had, during the same period, quadrupled.† It further appears, from the same tables, that the great increase which has taken place during the same period, has arisen from the prodigious growth of our colonial trade, or increase of the countries with whom we had concluded no reciprocity treaties, but left them on the footing of the protection of the old Navigation Laws. And though the profits of shipping of all sorts have received a vast addition, from the enormous importations consequent upon Sir R. Peel's free trade measures, yet the returns of these years prove that the greater part of this

\* *Wealth of Nations*, vol. ii. b. iv. c. ii. p. 195.

† Table showing the British and Foreign tonnage with Sweden, Norway, Denmark and Prussia since the Reciprocity treaties with these powers in 1821.

	SWEDEN.		NORWAY.		DENMARK.		PRUSSIA.	
	British Tonnage.	Foreign Tonnage.	British Tonnage.	Foreign Tonnage.	British Tonnage.	Foreign Tonnage.	British Tonnage.	Foreign Tonnage.
1821	23,005	8,508	13,855	61,342	5,312	3,969	79,590	37,720
1822	20,799	13,692	13,377	67,974	7,096	3,910	102,347	53,270
1823	20,386	22,529	13,123	117,015	4,413	4,795	81,202	56,013
1824	17,074	40,092	11,419	93,272	6,738	23,689	94,664	151,621
1825	15,906	53,141	14,825	157,910	15,158	50,943	189,214	162,752
1826	11,829	16,939	15,603	90,726	22,000	56,544	119,060	120,589
1837	7,608	42,602	1,035	88,004	5,357	55,961	67,566	145,742
1838	10,425	38,991	1,364	110,817	3,466	57,554	86,734	175,643
1839	8,359	49,270	2,582	109,228	5,535	106,960	111,470	229,208
1840	11,933	53,337	3,166	114,241	6,327	103,067	112,709	237,984
1841	13,170	46,795	977	113,025	3,368	83,009	88,198	210,254
1842	15,296	37,218	1,385	98,979	5,499	59,837	87,202	145,499

increase has accrued to foreign states and powers, which may at any time turn the maritime resources thus acquired against ourselves. Suffice it to say, as an example of this truth, that of the ships which, in 1846, imported four million nine hundred thousand quarters of corn into the British harbours, no less than three-fourths were foreign vessels, and only one-fourth British. Nevertheless, so insensible are political fanatics to the most decisive facts, when they militate against their favourite theories, that it is in the full knowledge of these facts that government are understood to be prepared to introduce, even in this session of parliament, a measure for the abolition, or at least the essential abrogation, of the Navigation Laws.

The third great change made during the last quarter of a century has been in the government of Ireland. Here, if any where, the liberal system has received its full development, and has had the fairest opportunity for displaying its unmixed blessings. The Catholic disabilities, which we had been told for thirty years were the main cause of its distressed condition, were repealed in 1829. A large measure of parliamentary reform—larger than the most vehement Irish patriots ventured to dream of—was conceded in 1832. Corporate reform succeeded in 1834; the Protestant corporations were dispossessed of power: the entire management of all the boroughs of the kingdom was put into the hands of the Romish multitude; and a large portion of the county magistracy were, by the appointment of successive liberal Lords Chancellor, drawn from the better part of those of the same religious persuasion. The Protestant clergy were deprived of a fourth of their incomes to appease the Romish Cerberus; and, to avoid the vexation of collecting tithes from persons of a different religious belief, they were laid directly as a burden on the land; Maynooth was supported by annual grants from government; the system of national education was modified so as to please the Roman Catholic clergy. Monster meetings, where sedition was always, treason often, spoken, headed by O'Connell, were allowed to go on, without the slightest

opposition, for two years; and when at length the evil had risen to such a height that it could no longer be endured, the leading agitator, after being convicted in Ireland, was liberated, in opposition to the opinion of a great majority of the twelve judges, by the casting-vote in the House of Peers of a Whig law-Lord. British liberality, when the season of distress came, was extended to the famishing Irish with unheard-of munificence; and while the Highlanders, who suffered equally under the potato failure, got nothing but from the never-failing kindness of British charity, Ireland, besides its full share of that charity, received a national grant of TEN MILLIONS STERLING, of which no less than eight millions were borrowed by Great Britain.

What have been the results? Has crime decreased, and industry improved, and civilisation advanced, under the liberal system? Has attachment to the British government become universal, and hatred of the stranger worn out, in consequence of the leniency with which they have been treated, and the unparalleled generosity with which their wants have been supplied? The facts are notoriously and painfully the reverse. Hatred of the Saxon was never so general or so vehement; idleness and recklessness were never so widespread; destitution was never so universal; life and property was never so insecure,—as after this long system of concession, and these unparalleled acts of private and public generosity. The Irish Repealers declare, that though Ireland, like England, has been blessed with an uncommonly fine harvest, there are *four millions* of persons in that country in a state of hopeless misery; and supposing, as is probably the case, that this statement is exaggerated, the authentic reports to Parliament on the state of the poor prove that there are above two millions of paupers, or a full fourth of the population, in a state verging on starvation. A new so-called Coercion Bill has been brought into Parliament in consequence of the great increase of crimes of violence, and, above all, of cold-blooded murders; and on the necessity that existed for its introduction the present Secretary

of State must speak for himself. Sir George Grey said, on November 30, 1847, on moving the first reading of the Coercion Bill, that during the six months ending October 1846, the heinous crimes of violence over Ireland stood as follows:—

"Homicide, . . . . .	68
Attempts upon life by firing at the person, . . . . .	55
Robberies of arms, . . . . .	207
Firing into dwelling-houses, . . . . .	51

For the six months ending October 1847, the number increased to—

Homicides, . . . . .	96
Attempts upon life by firing at the person, . . . . .	126
Robberies of arms, . . . . .	530
Firing into dwelling-houses, . . . . .	116

It would thus be seen that there was a fearful increase in the amount of these four classes of crime. The whole of Ireland was implicated in the shame and disgrace consequent upon this large increase of crime. Looking at the police returns for the month of October, (for from that period it was that those crimes commenced to increase at such a fearful rate,) he found the following results for the whole of Ireland:—

Homicides, . . . . .	19
Firing at the person, . . . . .	32
Firing into dwelling-houses, . . . . .	26
Robberies of arms, . . . . .	118

Making a total of cases, 195

Looking at the districts in which these crimes were committed, he found that the total number of all those crimes committed in three of the counties of Ireland, *i. e.*, Clare, Limerick, and Tipperary, was to the whole of Ireland as 139 to 175, or that 71 per cent of the whole amount of crime was committed in those three counties, which did not include more than 13 per cent of all Ireland."

Such has been the result of liberal government during twenty years in Ireland. And it is particularly worthy of notice, that the three counties in which this unenviable pre-eminence of atrocious crime exists, *viz.*, Clare, Limerick, and Tipperary, are precisely those in which the Romish faith is most inveterate, and the authority of the priesthood most unbounded.

The next great change introduced by the liberal party, was by the carrying through of the Reform Bill, and settling the constitution upon an

entirely new basis by the act of 1832. We do not propose at present to resume any part of that great debate, in which at the time this Magazine took so prominent a part. We have seen no cause to change any of the opinions then expressed, and only pray God that the predictions then made may not be too faithfully verified. As little shall we inquire whether the changes which have since ensued, and under which the nation is now so grievously labouring, are or are not to be ascribed to the constitution of government as then framed, and the urban ascendancy which the bestowing of two-thirds of the seats in the House of Commons upon towns necessarily occasioned; we are content to accept the constitution, as new-modelled by the Reform Bill, as the constitution of ourselves and our children, and to support it as such. We know that by it the government of the country is substantially vested in the majority of eight hundred thousand electors. We aim only at explaining facts and dispelling illusion; to these electors. Suffice it to say, therefore, that, whether the Reform Bill has worked for good or for evil as regards the industrious classes; whether it has substituted or not substituted moneyed for landed ascendancy; whether or not the first devil has been expelled, but straightway he has returned with seven other devils worse than himself, and the last state of the man is worse than the first—in any of these cases the liberal party have got nothing to say, and have no title to complain of the results which have followed. They got every thing their own way; they remodelled the constitution according to the devices of their own hearts, and if they are now suffering, they are reaping the fruits of the seed which they themselves have sown.

But of all the innovations of the liberal party, that of which the consequences have been most disastrous within the sphere of their immediate influence, and which have now been demonstrated in the most decisive way by the results of experience, are the changes they have made on our West India colonies. They exhibit a series of alterations so perilous, so irrational, so disastrous, that we do

not hesitate to say they are unparalleled in the annals, extensive as they are, of human folly and perversity. Only think what they were!

We first, in 1807, abolished the slave trade in our dominions. So far there can be no doubt that the step taken was both just and expedient—just, because the iniquitous traffic in human flesh should, at all hazards, be stopped in a Christian state; expedient, because we already possessed, in the colonies themselves, a large negro population, perfectly capable, if well treated, of keeping up and increasing their own numbers, and performing all the field operations requisite for the cultivation of produce, which at that period employed two hundred and fifty thousand tons of British shipping for its transport, and maintained a population that consumed £3,500,000 worth of British manufactures. But as the British colonies were thus deprived of the aid of imported forced labour, which the rival sugar colonies of Cuba and the Brazils enjoyed, of course it was indispensable that the labour of the black cultivators in the British islands should be perpetuated, and the proprietors maintained in the means of getting that work from *them* which they were prohibited from acquiring from foreign labourers. The way to do this, and withal to give the greatest possible security and means of improvement to the black population of which they were susceptible, was evident, and was clearly and forcibly pointed out at the time. It was to maintain slavery in the meantime, doing every thing possible to mitigate its severity, till the negro population had come so much under the influence of artificial wants as to be ready, for their enjoyment, to submit to regular and continuous toil; to regulate their days of forced labour, and give them some days in the week to work for themselves, of which they might reap the fruits; and to allow every negro, who could thus amass a sum equal to his price, to purchase his freedom from his master. By this simple system, no one could become free without having proved himself fit to be a freeman, and therefore the whole evils of premature emancipation were avoided. It was thus that slavery wore out

almost without being noticed in the European kingdoms; it was thus it almost disappeared, insensibly and without a convulsion, in Spanish South America.

Instead of this wise, judicious, and really humane course, what have we done? Why, we first, by the act of 1834, abolished slavery altogether in the British dominions, upon giving a compensation to the proprietors, which, large as it was, was not, on an average, the fourth part of the value of the slave population set free, at the expiration of a prospective apprenticeship of seven years; and at the end of four years, deeming that first time too long, we set them free altogether! We thought, in our wisdom, that a nation required no longer time to serve the apprenticeship to freedom than a freeman did to become expert in a trade. We proposed to do in a few years what nature could only accomplish in centuries. The consequences, so often and so fatally predicted, immediately ensued. The emancipated black population either refused to work, or did so at such high wages, and in so desultory a manner, that the supply of sugar rapidly declined in the British islands. It, in consequence, rose considerably in price in the mother country; and upon that, partly under the influence of the free trade mania, partly from a desire to appease the clamorous multitude in the British towns, who had begun to feel, in the enhanced price of that article, the inevitable consequences of their own actions, we did a thing so unjust, so monstrous, so cruel, so inconsistent with all our former professions, that we believe the annals of the world may be searched in vain for its parallel. It was this:—

We first reduced to a half of its former amount the protective duty on foreign slave-grown sugar, and then, by the act of 1846, in pursuance of Sir R. Peel's principles, and with his approbation, passed an act for the progressive reduction, during three years, of the duties on foreign sugar, until, in 1849, those on foreign and colonial were to become equal to each other! That is, having first deprived our own colonies of their slave labour for less than a fourth of its value, we proceeded to

admit foreign sugar RAISED BY SLAVES to the supply of the British markets, on terms which in two years will be those of perfect equality. We have seen what came of the attempt in the Mauritius, to compete with slave-labour by means of the labour of freemen. Even though the attempt was made under the most favourable auspices, with the colossal capital of Reid, Irving, and Company, and an ample supply of hill coolies to carry it on, the immense wealth of that house was swallowed up in the hopeless attempt, and it became bankrupt in consequence. Experience had long ago proved in St Domingo that the black population, when not compelled, will not raise sugar; for that noble island, which, anterior to the emancipation of its slaves by the Constituent Assembly of France, raised and exported 672,000,000 pounds of sugar, now *does not export a single pound*; and instead of consuming as then £9,890,000 worth of French manufactures, *does not import a single article*.\* To provide against this evidently approaching crisis in the supply of sugar for the British market, we have thrown open our harbours to *slave-grown sugar* from every quarter of the globe; and from

the rapid decline in the produce of the West Indian islands, even before this last *coup-de-grace* was given them by the application of free trade principles to their produce, it is painfully evident that a result precisely similar is about to take place in the British colonies.† And it is little consolation to find that this injustice has recoiled upon the heads of the nation which perpetrated it, and that the decline in the consumption of British manufactures by the West India islands is becoming proportioned to the ruin we have inflicted on them.‡

But most of all has this concealment of fanaticism, infatuation, and injustice proved pernicious to the negro race, for whose benefit the changes were all undertaken. Happy would it have been for them if the British slave trade had never been abolished; that they had crossed the Atlantic chiefly in Liverpool or Glasgow slave-ships, and been brought to the British West India islands! For then the slave trade was subject to our direction, and regulations might have been adopted to place it on the best possible footing for its unhappy victims. But *now* we have thrown it entirely into the hands of the Spaniards and Portuguese, over whom we

\* Dumas, viii. 112; Mackenzie's *St Domingo*, i. 312.

† "Of the progressive decline in the powers of production of the West India possessions generally, some idea may be formed from what has been observed in Jamaica; for though that island labours under some peculiar disadvantages, that fact merely increases the force of the argument which is derived from its past experience:—

Average of the five years ending 1807—last of the slave trade,	£3,852,624
Average of the five years ending 1815—date of the Registry Act,	3,588,903
Average of the five years ending 1823—date of Canning's Resolution,	3,192,637
Average of the five years ending 1833—last five of slavery,	2,791,738
Average of the five years ending 1843—first five of freedom,	1,213,281

"The House of Assembly, from whose memorial to the government (June 1847) we borrow these facts, makes the following remarks on this instructive table:—

"Up to 1807 the exports of Jamaica progressively rose as cultivation was extended. From that date they have been gradually sinking; but we more especially entreat attention to the evidence here adduced of the effects of emancipation, which, in ten years, reduced the annual value of the three principal staples from £2,791,478 to £1,213,284, being in the proportion of seven to sixteen, or equal, at five per cent., to an investment of about thirty-two millions of property annihilated. We believe the history of the world would be in vain searched for any parallel case of oppression perpetrated by a civilised government upon any section of its own subjects."

‡ EXPORTS TO BRITISH WEST INDIA COLONIES:—

1827,	£3,563,222	1840,	£3,574,970
1828,	3,289,704	1841,	2,504,004
1829,	3,612,085	1842,	2,591,425

—PORTER'S *Parl. Tables*, xii. 114.

have no sort of control, and who exercise it in so frightful a manner that the heart absolutely sickens at the thought of the amount of human suffering, at the cost of which we have reduced the price of sugar to sixpence a pound. Compared with it, the English slave-ships and English slavery were an earthly paradise. Mr Buxton, the great anti-slavery advocate, admitted, some years ago, that the "number of blacks who now annually cross the Atlantic, is *double what it was* when Wilberforce and Clarkson first began their benevolent labours."\* *Now*, under the fostering influence of free trade in sugar, it may reasonably be expected that in a few years *the whole*, or nearly the whole sugar consumed by Europe, will be raised by the slave colonies, and wrung by the lash from the most wretched species of slaves—those of Cuba and Brazil! Moreover, the slave trade, to supply them, will be *triple* what it was in 1789, when the movement in favour of the negro population began! Thus, by the combined effects of fanaticism, ignorance, presumption, and free trade, we shall have succeeded, by the middle of this century, in totally destroying our own sugar colonies; adding, to no purpose, twenty millions to our national debt; annihilating property to the amount of £130,000,000 in our own dominions; doubling the produce of foreign slave possessions; cutting off a market of £3,500,000 a-year for our manufactures; and tripling the slave trade in extent, and quadrupling it in horror, throughout the globe.

Grave and serious matter for consideration as these results afford, all of which, be it observed, are *now ascertained by experience*—they yet sink into comparative insignificance compared with the gigantic measures of "free trade and a fettered currency," which have now spread ruin and desolation through the heart of the empire. It is here that the evil now pressing is to be found; it is from hence that the cry of agony, which now resounds through the empire, has sprung. And unless a remedy is applied, and *speedily applied*, to the enormous evils which have

arisen from the reckless and *simultaneous* adoption of these powerful engines on human affairs, it may safely be affirmed that the present distress will go on, with slight variations, from bad to worse, till the empire is destroyed, and three-fourths of its inhabitants are reduced to ruin. These are strong expressions, we know; but if they are so, it is from the testimony of the government, and the ablest advocates for the free trade and bullion system, and the facts which we see around us, that we are reluctantly compelled, not only to use them, but to believe they are true. Hear what the *Times* says, on the aspect of national monetary and commercial affairs:—

"In our wide sea of difficulties, therefore, we are without rudder or compass. We cannot base our proceedings on a calculation that the Bank Charter Act will be carried out; nor can we, on the other hand, assume that an inconvertible currency will be authorised, and thus frame our future contracts accordingly. All that we can discern before us is declining trade and grinding poverty, bankrupt railways, and increased taxation; but whether the lesson will be prolonged in its bitterness, and its salutary effect retarded by measures of national dishonour, is a point upon which it would be vain to prophesy. *Three years back an indignant negative might have been given to such a conjecture, but since then demoralisation has been rapid*, and time alone can determine if, by the deliberate proceedings of the legislature, the record of it is destined to become inde-  
 lible."—*Times*, 26th November 1847.

This is tolerably strong evidence from the leading and ablest free trade and bullionist journal. Strong indeed must have been the testimony of facts around them, when the well-informed and powerful writers in the *Times* put forth such admissions as to the state of the country. Observe the emphatic words wrung by woful experience from this journal. "Three years back an indignant negative would have been given to such conjectures: but *SINCE THEN* the progress of demoralisation has been rapid." Sir R. Peel's Bank Act was passed in 1844, and his free trade measures in 1846.

\* Buxton on the Slave Trade, 172.

And be it observed that that state arose *entirely under their own system*; at a time when the Bank charter stood unchanged, and free trade, the grand panacea for all evils, was, and had been in a great degree, for years, in full and unrestrained operation. We shall see anon whether the Irish famine and English railways had any thing material to do with the matter. Strong as it is, however, this testimony is increased by the real evidence of facts in every direction, and of the acts and admissions of government. These are of such a kind as a few years ago would have passed for fabulous. They have outstripped the most gloomy predictions of the most gloomy of the Protectionists; they have out-Heroded Herod in the demonstration of the perilous tendency of the path we have so long been pursuing. They could not have been credited, if not supported by the evidence of our own senses, and the statements of ministers of high character, from undoubted and authentic sources of information. We subjoin a few of them, of universal and painful notoriety to every inhabitant of the empire at this time; not in the belief that we, in so doing, can add any facts not previously familiar to the nation, but in order that these facts, now so well known, should get into a more durable record than the daily journals, and not pass for fabulous in future, and it is to be hoped, happier times.

The first is, that the interest of

money has, by the recommendation, and indeed express injunction of government, been raised to *eight per cent.* This grievous and most calamitous effect, which was never heard of during the darkest period of the Revolutionary war, which did not ensue even at the time of the Mutiny of the Nore, or the suspension of cash payments in 1797,\* has been publicly announced to the nation, in the Premier's and Chancellor of the Exchequer's Letter to the Directors. It is well known that, high as this rate of interest was, it was *less* than had been previously taken by private bankers, which had risen to nine, ten, and even fourteen or fifteen *per cent.* for short periods. These are the rates of interest which, anterior to their conquest by the British government, were common amidst Asiatic oppression in the distracted realm of Hindostan. They had not been so high in England before for a century and a quarter. It was reserved for Great Britain, in the middle of the nineteenth century, to render universal, by the effects of domestic legislation, at the end of thirty years' peace, and when in a state of entire amity with all the world, a rate of interest unknown for a century before in the British empire; which could previously be hardly credited as having existed, even in the days of feudal barbarity; and which had latterly been known only amidst the predatory warfare, fierce devastations,

\* For a few days during the panic consequent on the Mutiny at the Nore, the 3 per cents were at 45, but they soon rose and ranged from 55 to 58. The interest of money never exceeded 5 *per cent.*, and indeed it could not, as the usury laws were then in operation. The issue of one pound notes in sufficient numbers by the Bank of England, after February 1797, soon relieved the distress, extinguished the panic, and brought us triumphantly through the war. The following are the rates of interest and amount of bullion in the Bank of England for thirty years past, which shows how little low interest has to do with the plentiful stores of the precious metals:—

	• Bullion.	Rate of Discount.
1815.—26th February ...	£2,037,000	Five per cent.
* 1816.—29th February ...	4,641,000	Five per cent.
1820.—29th February ...	4,911,000	Five per cent.
1826.—28th February ...	2,460,000	Five per cent.
1832.—29th February ...	5,293,000	Four per cent.
1837.—28th February ...	4,077,000	Five per cent.
1839.—October ...	2,522,000	Six per cent.
1840.—25th February ...	4,311,000	Five per cent.
1847.—13th November ...	9,258,520	Eight per cent. <i>min.</i>

The rate of eight per cent. has not been charged by the Bank of England before for upwards of a century and a quarter.

and universal hoarding of specie, under the native powers of Hindostan.

In the next place, the public revenue for the quarter ending 1st October, 1847, is £1,500,000 less than it was in the corresponding quarter of the preceding year, which itself was below the corresponding quarter in 1845. Here then is an ascertained falling off of £1,500,000 a quarter, or SIX MILLIONS A-YEAR, in a revenue not exceeding £52,000,000 of net income, and of which upwards of a half is absorbed in paying the dividends on the public debt. There is no reason to hope for an amendment in the next or the succeeding quarter; happy if there is not a still greater falling off. This is, be it observed, in the thirty-second year of peace, when in amity with all the world, and when the war income-tax, producing £5,200,000 a-year, is added to the national income! But for that grinding war-addition, laid on to meet the disasters of the Affghani-staan expedition, and kept on to conceal the deficiency of income produced by Sir R. Peel's free trade measures, the deficiency *would be above* £11,000,000 a-year. And this occurs just after a proper and suitable thanksgiving for an uncommonly fine harvest; when all the world is at peace; five years after Sir R. Peel's tariff in 1842, which was to add so much to our foreign trade; three years after the act of 1844, which was to impose the requisite checks on imprudent speculation; and eighteen months after the adoption of general free trade, and the abolition of the corn laws by the act of July 1846, by which the commerce and revenue of the country were to be so much improved!

In the third place, nearly the whole railways in progress in the United Kingdom have been stopped, or are to be in a few days, in consequence partly of this exorbitant rate of interest, partly of the impossibility of getting money even on these monstrous and hitherto unheard-of terms. It is calculated that three hundred thousand labourers, embracing with their families little short of a million of persons, have been from this

cause suddenly thrown out of work, and deprived of bread. Already the effects of this grievous and sudden stoppage are apparent in the metropolis, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, and other great cities, in the groups, at once pitiable and alarming, of rude and uncouth, but sturdy and formidable labourers, who are seen congregating at the corners of the principal streets. But if this is the effect of the sudden stoppage on the mere navigators, the hod and barrow-men, what must it be on the vast multitude of mechanics and iron workmen, thrown idle from the inability of the railway companies, at present, at least, to go on with their contracts? So dreadful has been the effects of this stoppage in Lanarkshire and Ayrshire, the two principal iron districts of Scotland, that before these pages issue from the press, forty thousand persons in the former county, and thirty thousand in the latter, including the families of the workmen, will be out of employment in the iron and coal trades alone! The greater part of this immense and destitute mass will fall on Glasgow, where already half the mills are stopped or on short time, and in which city, since the beginning of the year, no less than 49,993 Irish\* have landed, nine-tenths of whom were in the last stage of destitution, and no inconsiderable part bringing with them the contagion of typhus fever.

In the fourth place, the great marts of manufacturing industry, both for the home and the export trade, are in nearly as deplorable a condition as the iron trade; and the multitude who will be out of bread in them is not less appalling than in the railway and iron departments. As a specimen of the condition to which they have been brought by the combined operation of free trade and a fettered currency, we subjoin the weekly return of the state of trade in Manchester for the week ending November 23. It is well known that this return is made up under the direction of the admirable police of that city, with the utmost accuracy.

\* Report of the Glasgow Poor Inspector, 28th November, 1847.



Weekly return made up to yesterday, (November 23), in the improved form, of the state of the various cotton, silk, and worsted mills, and other large establishments and works in Manchester :—

Description of Mills, Factories, &c.	Total No. of Mills, Works, &c.	Full Time.		Short Time.	Stopped.	Total No. of hands.	No. working full time.	No. working short time.	No. wholly out of employment.
		No. working full time, with full complement of hands.	No. working full time with a portion only of hands employed.						
Cotton Mills, . .	91	44	10	21	16	26,033	15,060	6,079	6,894
Silk Mills, . . .	8	2	...	6	...	3,009	621	2,138	250
Smallware Mills,	18	11	3	3	1	1,937	1,232	601	104
Worsted Mills, .	2	2	...	...	...	155	155	...	...
Dye Works, . . .	20	3	...	17	...	1,675	470	862	403
Hat Manufactures,	2	...	1	1	...	107	7	49	51
Mechanists, . . .	32	7	10	12	3	6,079	2,777	1,315	1,687
Totals, . . .	173	69	24	60	20	40,995	20,322	11,284	9,389

From this Table it appears that out of 40,995 workers employed in the factories of Manchester, 11,284 are working short time, and no less than 9,389 are *wholly out of employment*. This last class, with their families, cannot embrace less, at the lowest computation, than thirty thousand souls, who are entirely destitute. The state of matters in Glasgow is at least as bad; about half of the mills there are shut, or working short time. And this is the condition of our manufactures, we repeat, in the thirty-second year of profound peace, when we are engaged in no foreign war whatever; when, so far from being distressed for the ordinary supply of subsistence, we have just returned thanks to heaven for the finest harvest reaped in the memory of man; and when, under the combined operation of home produce and an immense

foreign importation, wheat is selling for 52s. the quarter; three years after the imposing of the golden fetters which were for ever to preclude improvident speculation; and a year and a half after the adoption of the free trade principles, which were to open up new and unheard-of sources of manufacturing prosperity.

In the fifth place, if the general state of our exports, and of the importation of the raw material, from which they are prepared, is considered, it will not appear surprising that the principal marts of manufacturing industry should be in so deplorable a situation. The declared value of the exports of our manufactures, for nine months, ending October 10, in each of the following years, have stood thus, according to Lord John Russell's statement :—

	1845.	1846.	1847.
First nine months of year, . .	£41,732,143	£40,006,874	£39,975,207
Single month of October, . .	5,323,553	5,477,389	4,665,409*

This decline is of itself sufficiently alarming, the more especially when coming in the wake of the great free trade change, from which so great an extension of our exports was predicted. Here is a decline of exports in two years of three millions, which in last October had swelled to a decrease of NEARLY A MILLION in a

single month. But from the following Table it appears that this falling off, considerable as it is, exhibits but a small portion of the general decline of manufacturing industry in the nation; and that the stoppage of industry for the home market is much more serious.

\* Mr. Newdegate's Speech in Parliament, December 2, 1847.

## RAW MATERIAL IMPORTED, JAN. 5 TO OCT. 10.

	1845.	1846.	1847.
Flax, cwt., . . . .	1,048,390	744,861	732,034
Hemp, . . . . .	624,866	588,034	465,220
Silk, raw, lbs. . . .	2,865,605	3,429,260	3,051,015
Do. thrown, . . . .	311,413	293,402	200,719
Do. Waste, cwt. . . .	11,288	6,173	7,279
Cotton Wool, cwt. . .	5,495,799	3,666,089	3,423,061
Sheep's Wool, lbs. . .	57,308,477	51,058,209	43,348,336

This Table exhibits an alarming decline in the importation of all the materials for our staple manufactures, except raw silk, which has considerably increased. That increase has not arisen from any increased sale of articles of clothing, viewed as a whole, in the nation since 1845, but solely from the great extent to which, since that time, the fashion of ladies' dress has run in favour of silk attire. And, accordingly, the decline in wool and cotton imported is so very considerable, that it amounts, since 1845, to fully a fourth. We are aware how much the price of cotton rose in 1845; but it has since rapidly declined; and yet, even at the present low prices, Lord George Bentinck stated in his place in the House of Commons, in the course of the debate on bringing up the address in this session of Parliament, without contradiction from the practical men there, that so miserable were the prices of export markets just now, that cotton manufactured goods were exported cheaper than the raw material from which they are formed could be imported to this country.

It is a poor set-off to these facts demonstrating the declining state of our foreign manufactures, to say that the exportation of iron and machinery has greatly increased during the same years, and that we have imported enormously all kinds of foreign subsistence.\* So it has been; but what does that indicate? The first, that foreigners, under our liberal system of free trade, even in the articles vital to our manufacturing wealth, are largely importing the machinery which is to enable them to rival our staple manufacturing fabrics; and the iron rails which are to give them the means of bringing their establishments, for practical purposes, nearer each other, and compensating the immense advantages we have hitherto derived from the narrowness and compact nature of our territory, and our insular and highly favourable maritime situation. The last, which undoubtedly has risen in so short a time to a height which the most decided and gloomy Protectionist never ventured to anticipate,† only demonstrates that free trade is even more rapidly than was anticipated by its

\* TO OCTOBER 10 IN EACH YEAR.

	1845.	1846.	1847
Machinery, . . . .	£644,639	£897,442	£942,533
Iron and steel, . . .	2,854,048	3,374,335	4,096,267
	£3,498,887	£4,271,777	£5,038,900

† AGRICULTURAL PRODUCE IMPORTED FROM JANUARY 5 TO OCTOBER 10.

	1845.	1846.	1847.
Live animals, . . . .	19,593	85,542	172,355
Provisions, beef, pork, &c. cwts. . . .	109,550	206,455	403,877
Butter, cwts., . . . .	189,056	177,165	243,140
Cheese, do., . . . . .	183,891	216,191	243,601
Grain in quarters, . . . .	1,336,739	2,635,218	7,905,419
Grain in flour and meal, cwts., . . . .	394,908	2,631,341	7,900,880

The grain imported in nine months measured in quarters will stand thus :—

In quarters, . . . . .	7,905,419
In flour and meal, cwts. . . . .	2,650,263

In nine months, quarters, . . . . . 10,555,682

The greatest import in any one year before was in 1841, when it was 4,772,641 quarters.

opponents, working out the downfall of our agricultural industry, and reducing us to the pitiable condition of the Roman empire, when, instead as of old sending supplies of provisions to the legions from Italy into distant provinces, they were entirely fed by them, and the life of the Roman people was committed to the chances of the winds and the waves.

In the sixth place, the depreciation of property and ruin to individuals which has ensued and is going on from the present crisis, is so prodigious, that the mind can scarcely apprehend it, even by the aid of the most ardent imagination. Not to mention the extreme embarrassment to merchants which must ensue from the present extravagant rate of interest and discount, and which must in most branches of commerce *entirely absorb the profits of stock for this year*—not to mention the vast number of the most respectable houses which have sunk under the pressure of the times—not to mention the prodigious burden imposed on landed proprietors and debtors in mortgages and bonds on personal security, by the general rise of interest to five per cent. and often above that sum, from three and a half or four *per cent*—let us endeavour to estimate, on something approaching to authentic data, the depreciation and destruction of property which had taken place even so early as 26th October last, when Government most properly stepped in to arrest the ruinous effects of Sir Robert Peel's currency bill of 1844.

We estimate the National Debt, funded and unfunded, in round numbers at £800,000,000; the railway property, which now produces a revenue of above £9,000,000 a-year, of which half is profit, at £100,000,000;\* bank and other joint stock at as much; and the capital embarked in commerce and manufactures at £500,000,000. Thus, the loss on the moveable property of Great Britain by the present crisis, may be estimated as follows:—The three per cents. in August, 1845, were at £100 $\frac{1}{2}$ , and for a considerable

time were about 100: when Lord John Russell stepped in by his letter of 26th October, 1847, to arrest the consequences of Sir Robert Peel's bill of 1844, they were at 79; and the effect of that partial remedy, even with the bank advances for a month after at eight per cent., has been to raise them to 85. The depreciation of funded property, till the Act of 1844 was broken through, had been in two years from 100 to 80, or a-fifth. Take the depreciation of all other moveable property engaged in fluctuating employments, on an average at the *same amount and no more*. We need not say how this understates the matter. How happy would a large part of the railway stockholders, merchants, and manufacturers of the United Kingdom be, if the depreciation of their property could truly be estimated at no larger an amount! But take it on an average as a fifth only,—the strength of the argument, as Mr Malthus said of his famous arithmetical and geometrical progression, will admit of almost any concession. The depreciation and destruction of property since 1815, will then stand thus:—

Funded property, . . .	£800,000,000
Railway property, . . .	100,000,000
Banking and other joint-stock companies, . . .	100,000,000
Capital invested in commerce and manufacture, . . .	500,000,000
	£1,500,000,000
Depreciated, a-fifth, . . .	300,000,000

Here, then, is the result of thirty years' legislation, during which time, under different administrations, some bearing the names of Tory, others of Whig, liberal principles in every department of government have been without intermission in the ascendant. The Catholic emancipators, the Negro emancipators, reciprocity advocates, reformers, self-government men, bullionists, and free-traders, have got every thing their own way. The triumph over the old system was not immediate; it took a quarter of a century to complete it: like Wellington at Waterloo, it was late in the

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\* The sum invested in railways from 1841 to 1845, was £154,716,937; of which £114,513,035 was subscribed capital, and £46,203,902 authorised to be borrowed. See *Parl. Returns*, Nos. 159, 1844; and 637, 1845. Since that time it has at least risen to £200,000,000, of which *half* may be considered productive.

evening before the victory was gained. But gained it has been; and that not in one branch of government, but in every branch. The ancient system has been universally changed, and to such an extent, that scarcely a vestige of it now remains in the policy of Government. So uniform has been the alteration in every thing, that one would think our modern reformers had adopted the principle of their predecessors in the days of Calvin, who stood up to pray for no other reason but because the Roman Catholics knelt down. And what have been the results? Ireland, with some millions of paupers, in a state of anarchy and crime unparalleled in modern Europe; a hundred millions of property almost destroyed in the West Indies; the slave trade tripled in extent, and quadrupled in horror throughout the globe; an irresistible ascendancy given in the Legislature to urban electors; all protection to agriculture destroyed; from ten to twelve millions of quarters of grain—a full sixth of the annual subsistence—imported in a single year; the national independence virtually destroyed, by being placed to such an extent at the mercy of foreigners, for the food of the people; foreign shipping rapidly encroaching on British, so as to render the loss of our maritime superiority, at no distant period, if the same system be continued, a matter of certainty; the practical annihilation of the sinking fund; the permanent imposition of the war income-tax, in the thirty-second year of profound peace; a falling off in the revenue at the rate of six millions, and in our exports at the rate of twelve millions a-year; the depreciation and destruction of property to the amount of three hundred millions in two years in Great Britain; and, finally, the general stoppage of railway undertakings over the whole country, and the shutting or putting on short time of half the mills in our manufacturing cities, for whose benefit all these changes were intended! We doubt if the history of the Fall of Rome exhibited such a uniform and multifarious decay in an equal period; certainly no parallel to it has yet been presented in the annals of modern Europe.

If we thought that this long and portentous catalogue of disasters was

unavoidable, and could not be remedied by human wisdom, we would submit to it in silence, and we trust with resignation, as we do to the certainty of death, or the chances of plague, pestilence, or famine, arising from the dispensations of Providence, for wise and inscrutable purposes, but over which we have no control. But this is very far from being the case. We believe, as firmly as we do in our own existence, that they are *entirely of our own creation*,—that they are the result solely and exclusively of false principles diffused through our people, and false measures in consequence forced upon our Government; and that, though the consequences of these false principles must be long and disastrous, yet it is still possible to remedy the evil, to convert a land of mourning into a land of joy, and restore again the merry days to Old England. The retreat from the ways of error never was to nations, any more than individuals, by any other path but the path of suffering; but if the retreat is made, and the suffering borne, we trust in the good providence of God, and energy of the British character to repair all that is past.

The distress which prevails in the nation, and, most of all, in the *commercial districts and cities*, being universal and undeniable, the supporters of the present system, which has led to such results, are sorely puzzled how to explain so decisive and damning a practical refutation of their theories. The common theory put forth by the free traders and bullionists is, that it is the railways and Irish famine which have done it all. This is the explanation which for months has been daily advanced by the *Times*, and which has been formally adopted by the leaders of government in both Houses. We are a miserably poor nation; we have eaten up our resources; the strain upon our wealth has been greater than we could bear. This, of having *eaten up our resources*, has, in a peculiar manner, got hold of the imaginations of the able writers in the *Times*; and, forgetting that a great importation of food was the very thing which they themselves had held forth as the great blessing to be derived from free trade, they give the following alarming account of the food

devoured by the nation in the first nine months of 1847 :—

"Of live animals and provisions imported in 1847, there is an excess over last year of more than 100 per cent., of butter (duty paid) 35 per cent.; of cheese 15 per cent.; of grain and flour 300 per cent.; of coffee (duty paid) between 8 and 9 per cent.; of sugar (duty paid) 15 per cent., and of spirits (duty paid) 25 per cent. *This has all been eaten and drunk.* But how, it will be said, is it possible it can have been paid for? and what a splendid export trade the nation must have carried on, when all this has taken place, and only six millions of bullion have disappeared! Unfortunately, however, the explanation lies deeper. Although we have been extravagant in our living, we have starved our manufactures. We have sold our goods wherever we could find a market for them, and we have abstained from purchasing the materials out of which we may make more. We have not increased our export trade. It shows, in fact, a diminution as compared with last year; but in our avidity to consume luxuries, we have foregone, as we could not sustain the expenditure of both, keeping up the stock by which our mills and manufactories are to be fed."—*Times*, November 24, 1847.

So that the free traders have at last discovered that the unlimited importation of food is not, after all, so great a blessing as they had so long held forth. They have found to their cost that there is some little difference between sending *thirty millions* in twelve months in hard cash to America and the Continent for grain, and sending it to Kent, Yorkshire, Essex, and Scotland. They have discovered that there is such a thing as a nation increasing its imports enormously and beyond all example, and at the same time its exports declining in the same proportion, from the abstraction of the circulating medium requisite to carry on domestic fabrics. All this is what the Protectionists constantly predicted would follow the adoption of free trade principles; and they warned government in the most earnest manner two years ago, that no increase of exports, but the reverse, would follow the throwing open our ports to foreign grain; and that, unless provision were made for extending the currency when our sovereigns were sent abroad for foreign grain, general ruin would ensue. Two years ago Mr Alison observed :—

"Holding it to be clear that, under the free trade system, a very large importation of grain into these islands may be looked for now, even in ordinary seasons, and an immense one in bad harvests, it is essential that the country should look steadily in the face the constant drain upon its metallic resources which such a trade must occasion. Adverting to the disastrous effects of such an exportation of the precious metals in 1839, from a single year of such extensive importation of foreign corn, it is impossible to contemplate without the most serious alarm the conversion of that drain into a permanent burden upon the specie of the country. As the change now to be made will undoubtedly depress agricultural industry, it is devoutly to be hoped that, as some compensation, the expected increase of our manufactures for foreign markets may take place. But this extension will, of course, require a proportional augmentation of the currency to carry it on. And how is that to be provided under the metallic system, when the simultaneous import of foreign grain is every day drawing more and more of the precious metals out of the country, in exchange for food?"—(*England in 1815 and 1845*, third edition, *Preface*, page xi. published in April 1846.)

But let it be conceded that the government and the *Times* are in the right on this point; that the importation of grain, coexisting with the absorption of capital in the railways, was more than so poor a nation as Great Britain could bear, and that the dreadful crisis which ensued was the consequence—we would beg to ask, *who has made us so poor?* We shall lay before our readers a few facts in regard to the resources of this miserably poor nation—this poverty-stricken people, who have eaten up their little all in the form of 10,000,000 quarters of grain and 176,000 live cattle, imported in the last nine months. We shall show what they were before the free trade and fettered currency system began; and having done so, we shall repeat the question,—“Who has made us so poor?”

This miserable poverty-stricken people, in the years 1813, 1814, and 1815—in the close of a bloody and costly war of twenty years' duration, during which they raised £585,000,000 by loans to government, and, on an average, £50,000,000 annually by taxes, from a population, including

1848.]

## Thirty Years of Liberal Legislation.

15

Ireland, not in those last years exceeding 18,000,000 of souls—made the following advances and contributions to government for the public service:—

Population.		Raised by Taxes.	Debt contracted.		Total Debt contracted.	Total Payments into the Exchequer.
			Funded.	Unfunded.		
17,750,000	1813	£68,748,363	£52,118,722	£55,478,938	£107,597,660	£176,346,023
17,900,000	1814	71,134,503	39,692,536	53,841,731	92,934,267	164,068,770
18,150,000	1815	72,210,512	50,964,366	46,960,136	97,932,501	170,143,016
In 3 years,		£212,093,378	£142,175,624	£156,280,807	£298,464,428	£510,557,809

If any one supposes these figures are inaccurate, or this statement exaggerated, we beg to say they are not our own. They are copied *literatim* from Porter's *Parliamentary Tables*, vol. i. p. 1; and we beg to refer to that gentleman at the Board of Trade, to whom, on account of his well-known accuracy, the Chancellor refers for all his statistical facts, for an explanation of these, we admit, astounding ones.

Was the capital of the country exhausted by these enormous contributions of A HUNDRED AND SEVENTY MILLIONS annually to the public service, in the twentieth year of the most costly war on record? So far from it, the great loan for 1814 of £30,000,000 was made at the rate of £4, 11s. 1d. per cent; that of 1813 at £5, 10s. on an average; that of 1815 at £5, 11s. per cent.\* And it is evidently immaterial whether the immense amount of £100,000,000 debt, funded and unfunded together, was contracted in the form of direct loan to government, or of Exchequer bills issued from the Treasury, and forming the unfunded debt. Such bills required to be discounted before they were of any value; and their proceeds, as Mr Porter very properly states, were so much money paid into the public treasury. They were an exchange of the capital of the nation for Treasury bills, and were, therefore, just as much a draft on that capital as

the exchange of the sums subscribed in loans for the inscription of certain sums in the 3 per cent. consols.

In the next place, this poor nation, which has now nearly eaten up its resources in a single season, in the year 1814 possessed, in the two islands, real or heritable property of the yearly value of £105,000,000 sterling,† corresponding to a capital, at thirty years' purchase, of £3,150,000,000; and at twenty-five years' purchase, to one of £2,625,000,000. These figures are ascertained in the most authentic manner; that of England by the Report of the Lords' Committee on the burdens of real property;‡ that of Ireland by the Poors' Rate returns; and that of Scotland from an estimate founded on the amount of income-tax paid, as no poors' rate as yet extends universally over the country.

Further, we have the authority of Lord Palmerston, in the debate in last session of Parliament on foreign loans, for the assertion that this poor nation has advanced £150,000,000 in loans to republics since 1824, or to monarchies surrounded with republican institutions; the greater part of which has been lost. Yet so far have these copious drafts been from exhausting, or even seriously trenching, on the capital of the nation, that it appears from the subjoined valuable table, furnished from returns allowed

\* See *Parl. Debates*, xxviii. 66, 67.

† Viz.	England,	£85,000,000
	Scotland, about	5,000,000
	Ireland,	16,000,000

£105,000,000

‡ *Lords' Report on Real Property*, pp. 8, 9. In our last Number we stated the amount of heritable property at £63,000,000, from a desire to be within rather than beyond the truth. But the latter figure was taken from the Poors' Rate return, which, as the Lords' Report justly states, is always below the truth; and their own report of £85,000,000 is taken from the rating for the property tax, founded on the returns by the occupants.—See *Lords' Report on Real Property*, p. ix.

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to be taken from the great bill-broking house of Overend and Gurney in London,\* that during that whole period the interest of money, even in the years when the pressure was severest, never rose above 6 per cent., and immediately after fell to  $3\frac{1}{2}$  or 3 per cent., and in 1814 and 1815, it is well known, it was still lower, at some times as low as  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.

Again, the income-tax returns for 1846, of this miserably poor nation, exhibit a revenue of £5,200,000 yearly drawn from this source, though the tax is only 7d. in the pound, or £2, 18s. 1d. per cent., and though the tax did not legally go below incomes of £150, and in practice generally excluded those under £200 a-year. The income-tax, in the last year of the war, produced £15,000,000 at 10 per cent., reaching all incomes above £60 a-year. Had the same standard been adopted in 1812, when it was reimposed by Sir R. Peel, it would have produced at least £18,000,000 yearly, which sum, increased by 33 per cent. from the enhanced value of money by the operation of the act of 1819, would correspond to about £24,000,000, according to the value of money in 1815. This proves that the wealth of the nation had *more*

than kept pace with the increase of its population; for the numbers of the people in the two islands in 1815 were 18,000,000, and in 1845 about 28,000,000, or somewhat above 50 per cent. increase.

Lastly, this miserably poor nation, which has eaten up its resources in the shape of quarters of grain and fat bullocks in a single year, exported and imported in the three years 1812, 1814, and 1815, and 1843, 1844, and 1845, before free-trade began, respectively as follows :

	Exports. Official value.	Imports. Official value.
1812, £29,508,517		£24,923,922
1813—Records destroyed by fire.		
1814, 34,207,253		32,622,711
1815, 42,875,996		31,822,053
1843, £117,877,278		£70,093,353
1844, 131,564,503		75,441,555
1845, 132,444,503		85,281,953

Such were the commercial transactions of this nation, which, in the interval from 1815 to 1815, had become so miserably poor.

Keeping these facts in view, we again ask: Having down to 1815 been so rich, *what has since made us so poor?* The free-traders and bullionists tell us it was neither the abolition of the corn-laws nor the Bank Charter

\* RATE OF DISCOUNT OF FIRST-CLASS BILLS AT THE UNDERMENTIONED PERIODS.

	Jan.	Feb.	March.	April.	May.	June.	July.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
1824	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$
1825	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$
1826	5	5	5	5	5	$4\frac{1}{2}$	$4\frac{1}{2}$	4	4	4	4	4
1827	4	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
1828	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
1829	4	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	4	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	3	3	3	3	3
1830	3	3	$2\frac{1}{2}$	$2\frac{1}{2}$	$2\frac{1}{2}$	$2\frac{1}{2}$	$2\frac{1}{2}$	$2\frac{1}{2}$	$2\frac{1}{2}$	$2\frac{1}{2}$	3	4
1831	$3\frac{1}{2}$	3	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	4	4	4	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	4	4	4
1832	4	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	3	3	3	$2\frac{1}{2}$	$2\frac{1}{2}$	$2\frac{1}{2}$
1833	$2\frac{1}{2}$	$2\frac{1}{2}$	$2\frac{1}{2}$	$2\frac{1}{2}$	$2\frac{1}{2}$	$2\frac{1}{2}$	$2\frac{1}{2}$	$2\frac{1}{2}$	3	3	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$
1834	$3\frac{1}{2}$	3	$2\frac{1}{2}$	3	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	4	3	3	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$
1835	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	4	4	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$
1836	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	4	4	$4\frac{1}{2}$	5	5	$5\frac{1}{2}$	$5\frac{1}{2}$
1837	$5\frac{1}{2}$	$5\frac{1}{2}$	$5\frac{1}{2}$	$5\frac{1}{2}$	$5\frac{1}{2}$	4	$4\frac{1}{2}$	4	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$
1838	$3\frac{1}{2}$	3	3	$2\frac{1}{2}$	$2\frac{1}{2}$	$2\frac{1}{2}$	3	$2\frac{1}{2}$	3	3	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$
1839	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	4	5	$5\frac{1}{2}$	6	$6\frac{1}{2}$	$6\frac{1}{2}$	$6\frac{1}{2}$	$6\frac{1}{2}$
1840	6	$4\frac{1}{2}$	$4\frac{1}{2}$	$4\frac{1}{2}$	$4\frac{1}{2}$	4	$4\frac{1}{2}$	$4\frac{1}{2}$	$4\frac{1}{2}$	5	6	$5\frac{1}{2}$
1841	$5\frac{1}{2}$	5	5	$4\frac{1}{2}$	$4\frac{1}{2}$	5	$4\frac{1}{2}$	$4\frac{1}{2}$	$4\frac{1}{2}$	5	$5\frac{1}{2}$	5
1842	$4\frac{1}{2}$	$4\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	3	$2\frac{1}{2}$	$2\frac{1}{2}$	$2\frac{1}{2}$	$2\frac{1}{2}$
1843	$2\frac{1}{2}$	$2\frac{1}{2}$	2	2	2	$2\frac{1}{2}$	$2\frac{1}{2}$	$2\frac{1}{2}$	2	$2\frac{1}{2}$	2	$2\frac{1}{2}$
1844	$2\frac{1}{2}$	2	2	2	$1\frac{1}{2}$	2	2	$1\frac{1}{2}$	2	---	---	---

Act. Then what is it which in so short a time has produced so great, so terrible a revulsion? Government, and their organs in the press, assert that it was the Irish famine, and the absorption of capital in railways. To avoid any chance of misconception on so vital a point, we subjoin the words of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the debate on the currency on 30th November 1847, as reported in the *Morning Post* of December 1, which were in substance the same as those employed by the Marquis of Lansdowne in the House of Lords:—

“Up to October there had been no great pressure; but in that month the pressure rapidly rose by reason of the abstraction of capital for railways and corn. The House would be surprised to hear the amount of capital thus abstracted for corn in fifteen months.

June 1846 to January 1847,	£5,139,000
January 1847 to July 1847,	14,184,000
July to October,	14,240,000

Total,	£33,563,000
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Then as to the capital absorbed in railroads, it had been in each year, from 1840, on an average, to

1843,	£1,500,000
1844,	6,000,000
1845,	14,000,000
1846 { First half-year,	9,000,800
{ Second half-year,	26,600,000
1847, First half-year,	25,770,000
1847, Last half-year,	38,000,000

the latter being, of course, estimated on the supposition of the expenditure having continued at the same rates.”—*Morning Post*, December 1, 1847.

Now of all the marvellous statements that ever were put forth by a government to explain a great public disaster, we do not hesitate to say this is the most marvellous. For let it be conceded that these are the real causes of the distress,—that it is

the railways and the importation of foreign corn which have done it all—Who introduced the railways and let in an unlimited supply of foreign corn? Who passed all the railway bills, and encouraged the nation in the undertakings which are now held forth as so entirely disproportioned to its strength? Who took credit to themselves for the prosperity which the construction of railways at first occasioned, and dwelt with peculiar complacency, in the opening of the Session of 1846, on the increased produce of the excise, and diminution of crime, as indicating at once the augmented enjoyments and diminished disorders of the poor? Who disregarded the cantions, and as the event has proved, wise warnings of Lord Dalhousie at the Board of Trade? Who opened the railway of the Trent Valley with a silver trowel, and enlarged in eloquent terms on the immense advantages which that and similar undertakings would bring to the country? Sir Robert Peel and the party who now put down the whole evils which have ensued to the foreign corn and railways. Was a single word heard from them condemnatory of the mania which had seized the nation, and prophetic of the disasters which would ensue from its continuance? Did Sir Robert Peel warn the people that the currency was put on a new footing; that the act of 1844 had forbid its extension beyond thirty-two millions issuable on securities, and that as credit was thus materially abridged, the capital of the nation would be found inadequate to the undertakings in which it had engaged? Quite the reverse; he did none of these things. He encouraged the embarking of the capital of the nation in railways to the extent of above two hundred millions,\* all to be executed

\* The following is the statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the sums authorised by government to be expended, and actually expended, in each of the undermentioned years:—

Year.	Authorised Expenditure.	Year.	Authorised Expenditure.
1810	£4,000,000	1844	£18,000,000
1841	3,500,000	1845	59,000,000
1842	6,000,000	1846	124,500,000
1843	4,500,000	1847	38,300,000

These are the sums authorised to be expended by the acts passed in each of these



in the next four years; and now we are told that the disasters which have ensued are mainly owing to that very unmanageable railway progeny which he himself produced!

Again, as to the importation of foreign grain, the second scape-goat let go to bear the sins of the nation—who let that scape-goat loose? Who introduced the free trade system, and destroyed the former protection on native agriculture, and disregarded or ridiculed all the warnings so strenuously given by the Protection party, that it would induce such a drain on the metallic resources of the country as must induce a speedy monetary crisis, and would subject the nation permanently to that ruinous wasting away which proved fatal to the Roman empire, when the harvests of Egypt and Libya came to supplant those of Italy in supplying the cities of the heart of the empire with food? Who declared that the great thing is to increase our importations, and that provided this is done the exportations will take care of themselves? Who laughed at the warning, “Two things may go out, manufactures or specie”? It was Sir Robert Peel and his free trade followers who did all these things; and yet he and his party, in or out of administration, (for they are all his party,) coolly now turn round and tell us that the misery is all owing to the foreign corn and the railways, which they themselves introduced!

The Irish potato rot of 1846, it is said, occasioned the great importation of grain, which for the next winter and spring deluged the country; and but for them we should have been

landed in the horrors of actual famine over a great part of the country. We entirely agree with this statement. The Protectionists always were the first not only to admit, but *urgently* to insist that absolute freedom of importation should be allowed in *periods of real scarcity*. The sliding-scale formerly in use expressly provided for this; for the duty began to fall when wheat reached sixty-three shillings, and declined till at seventy-three shillings it was only one shilling a-quarter. It was on the propriety of admitting grain duty-free in periods of *average or fine harvests*, such as we have just been blessed with, that they were at issue with their opponents. Under the old system, nearly all the grain which was imported in the winter of 1846 and spring of 1847, would have come in, for the duties became nominal when wheat rose to seventy-three shillings a-quarter, and it rose during that period to one hundred and five and one hundred and ten shillings. What the Protectionists said, and said earnestly, when this vast importation, *necessary at the time*, was going on, that it *anticipated* the effects of a free importation of grain, and by its effect on the currency, while it lasted, might teach the nation what they had to expect when a *similar drain*, by the effects of free trade, *became perpetual*. Eight months ago, on March 1, 1847, we made the following observations in this Magazine:—

“The quantity of grain imported in seven months only, viz. from 5th July 1846, to 5th February 1847, exceeded six millions of quarters, at the very time when our exports were diminishing. 1’

years. The following table shows, as nearly as can be estimated, the sums actually expended:—

Year.	Actual Expenditure.	Year.	Actual Expenditure.
1841	£1,470,000	1845, second six months	£10,625,000
1842	2,980,000	1846, first six months	9,815,000
1843	4,435,000	1846, second six months	26,670,000
1844	6,105,000	1847, first six months	25,770,000
1845, first six months	3,510,000		

Supposing the actual expenditure, under existing railway acts, to have proceeded at the same ratio for the next three years, the following would have been the results:—

Year.	Estimated Expenditure.	Year.	Estimated Expenditure.
1847	£64,000,000	1849	£47,000,000
1848	70,000,000	1850	10,000,000

may be imagined how prodigious must have been the drain upon the metallic resources of the country to make up the balance. The potato rot, it is said, has concealed the effects of free trade. Quite the reverse. Providence has done the thing at once. We have got on at railway speed to the blessings of the new system. Free trade was to lead to the much desired substitution of six millions of quarters of foreign, for six millions of quarters of home growth in three years. But the potato rot has done it in one. The free trade policy could not have done it so expeditiously, but it would have done it as effectually. It is a total mistake, therefore, to represent the famine in Ireland and the West of Scotland as an external calamity which has concealed the effects of free trade. *It has only brought them to light at once.*" —LESSONS FROM THE FAMINE. *Blackwood's Magazine*, March 1847.

The real amount of the famine in Ireland, of which so much has been said, was very much magnified, however, by the fears of some parties and the interested exaggerations of others. The deficiency in the two islands has been stated variously, at from sixteen to twenty million pounds worth. Take it at the larger sum to avoid all idea of misrepresentation—what is this to the total agricultural produce of Great Britain and Ireland? That is estimated by Mr Porter on very rational grounds at three hundred millions annually, in produce of all kinds. The subtraction of twenty millions worth;—a *fiftieth part*, at the very utmost, could never account for the prodigious rise of prices from forty-nine shillings a-quarter to one hundred and ten shillings, which wheat rose to in March 1847. It was the impulse given to speculation in grain, by the sudden throwing open of the ports by Sir Robert Peel's free trade measures, which really occasioned the prodigious importation so much exceeding what was required, which actually took place. The devaluation occasioned by the Irish potato rot, and the deficiency of the oat-crop in Great Britain, was at the very utmost a *fifteenth part* of the annual supply. But the grain imported in the first nine months of this year has exceeded ten millions of quarters, being a full *sixth part* of the annual consumption of the nation, which for the use of man and ani-

mals together is estimated at sixty million quarters. And hence the rapid fall of prices which followed the fine harvest of 1847, from one hundred shillings to fifty shillings, which has involved in ruin so many houses concerned in the corn trade.

But what is particularly worthy of notice, and what we in the most earnest manner beg to impress upon our readers as by far the most luminous and important fact which the recent discussions in parliament have elicited, is this. It is stated, as has been already noticed, by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that the sum paid for foreign grain in the three months ending November 30th 1847, that is in the months of September, October, and November, 1847, had reached the enormous and unprecedented amount of £14,240,000! The same statement was made by Lord Lansdowne in the House of Lords; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer added, that to be sure of the figures, he had them remitted to and corrected by Mr Porter. Now, this immense importation, be it recollected, took place IN THE FACE OF THE FINEST HARVEST KNOWN FOR YEARS, and for which a public and solemn thanksgiving has just been returned. We say nothing of the prospects of foreign importation which this fact opens to our agricultural interests,—that furnishes ample subject for future consideration; what we pray the public attention to, is the warning which it gives of the effects of free trade upon the *monetary concerns* of the nation, and above all on the credit of the trading and commercial classes. This is the importation, in an uncommonly fine season, with a noble harvest in both islands, just reaped! The dreadful monetary crisis of October 1847, which rendered the suspension of the Bank Charter Act, on the 25th of that month, indispensable, was evidently owing to the prodigious importation which all the fineness of the preceding harvest could not check. The crisis of April 1847, may with justice be ascribed to the failure of the potato crop in Ireland, and would probably have come on, though not with the same intensity, though the change on the corn laws had been made by Sir

Robert Peel in the July preceding. But it is rather too much to go on talking in December 1847, about the failure of the crop of 1846 in Ireland, four months' after one of the finest crops in the memory of man had been reaped in the British dominions.

This points to one great and lasting truth, the due appreciation of which by the people of Great Britain is of such paramount importance, that it will be cheaply purchased even at the cost of all the misery and destruction of property which the late crisis has occasioned in the British empire. This is, that the great importation of grain, and consequent abstraction of the precious metals consequent upon the free-trade system, may be expected to be *permanent*. We have repeatedly warned the nation in every possible form that this would be the case, but our warnings during the free-trade mania met with no attention. Now, however, it has been proved by the event that they were too well founded. The old and rich state will always be undersold by the young and poor one in the supply of grain for its own market. The grain-growing state never will take manufactures to any proportional extent, but *always will take gold in exchange*. This was the case with Rome in ancient days; this is the case with England in these times. The steam-engine and machinery do little or nothing for agriculture, though every thing for manufactures. The great grain states are always those nations in which the labouring-class are poor, or have few artificial wants, and consequently take few or no manufactures. Poland, the Ukraine, the Valley of the Mississippi, are examples. Gold is what they want, and what they will have; for it is the cheapness of their production which enables them to export to advantage. So universal is this truth, of such paramount importance is it upon the fortunes of an old and highly civilised state, that, it may safely be affirmed, its existence in its old age depends on the requisite safeguards against the danger thence arising being established. Such are the effects of the constant drain of gold and importation of grain on such a state in its advanced stages, that even the

strongest nation will sink in time under the strain, as Rome did, if nothing is done to avert the danger.

The present dreadful crisis under which the nation is labouring, therefore, is not owing to a want of capital for all its undertakings, nor to any present deficiency in our native supply of food. It is in vain that Sir R. Peel, to throw the blame off the Bank Charter Act, says it is all owing to a deficiency of capital to carry on our undertakings. Has the Right Hon. Baronet forgotten that, so recently as *March last*, the Chancellor of the Exchequer borrowed £8,000,000 for the destitute Irish at £3, 7s. 6d. *per cent.*? Was this like a nation, the capital of which was exhausted? Has he forgotten that, till within these few months, the funds were from 88 to 90, and interest generally at 3 or 3½ *per cent.*? What has come of all this capital since August last? Has it vanished before the genial showers and bright sun which gave us so fine a harvest? But if deficient capital has been the cause of our disasters, how has it happened that Lord John Russell's letter of 25th October, authorising the Bank to make advances beyond what the Act allowed, has already had a sensible effect in arresting the disorder, at least in the metropolis? Can it be said that that letter added one pound to the realised capital of the country? It might as well be affirmed that it added a cubit to every man's stature in it, or a quarter to the produce of every field it contained. Then how has it to some degree arrested the panic in London, raised the 3 *per cents.* from 79 to 86, and lowered the interest of money from 8 or 9 to 6 or 7 *per cent.*? Evidently by its effect upon *credit*; because it begat a hope—not likely, we fear, to be realised—that government had at last become sensible of the ruinous effect of the Bank Charter Act, and would speedily restore the circulation of the country to that amount, which the magnitude of its population and transactions imperatively required.

To illustrate the terrible and all-powerful operation of this deplorable Act on the best interests of the country, let it be supposed for a moment that the *whole* currency of the country,

without any change in its laws as affecting debtor and creditor, were to be withdrawn. What would be the result? Evidently that every man and woman it contained, from Queen Victoria and the Chancellor of the Exchequer downwards, would become bankrupt. A nation possessing real property, as the income-tax and poor-rate returns show, of the value of £3,000,000,000 sterling, and moveable property of £2,000,000,000 more, would, without the exception of a single living creature in it, become bankrupt because £70,000,000 or £80,000,000 was withdrawn from its circulation, while its laws remained unchanged. By these laws, every debtor must discharge his liabilities *in money*; and therefore, if the whole money was withdrawn, no debt could be discharged at all, and universal bankruptcy would ensue.

Now, the contraction of the currency to any considerable extent operates, so far as it goes, in just the same way on general credit and the national fortunes. When money becomes scarce, no one can, without difficulty, discharge his obligations, because the banks, who are the reservoirs from which payment of all considerable transactions are drawn, cannot afford the usual accommodation. Those who are not in first-rate credit can get nothing from them at all, and at once become bankrupt. The sum-total of difficulty and embarrassment thus occasioned, is not to be measured by the amount of specie or bank-notes actually withdrawn from circulation by the Bank of England, though that on occasion of the present crisis has been very considerable. It is to be measured by the shock given to credit; the increase in the practice of hoarding, which a feeling of general insecurity never fails to engender; the reluctance in the country banks to make advances; the universal effort made to recover debts at the very time when the means of discharging them have been rendered most difficult; the rapid diminution in the private bills put in circulation from the experienced impossibility of getting them discounted. The contraction of the currency on the part of the Bank of England, from July 1846, when

it was £21,000,000, to September 1847, when it was only £17,840,000, was no less than £3,160,000. Including the simultaneous and consequent contraction by the country banks in Great Britain and Ireland, the diminution of the paper currency was above £5,000,000. But this, considerable as it is, was but a small part of the evil. The bills in circulation in Great Britain in 1839 were estimated by Mr Leatham, a most experienced Yorkshire banker, at £130,000,000. In 1845, it may safely be assumed, that they had reached £160,000,000 or £170,000,000. Without a doubt this immense sum was reduced by at least a fourth, probably a half, from the contraction of the currency consequent on the Bank Act of 1844. It is this prodigious contraction, the necessary consequence of the banks having been rendered unable or unwilling to discount bills, which is the real cause of the present universal distress and general stoppage of all undertakings. And it was the more ruinous from the circumstance, that it occurred *at the very time* when, from the vast encouragement given by government to domestic railways by the bills they passed, and to foreign trade from the abolition of the main duties protective of industry by them, the nation was landed in transactions of unheard-of magnitude, and producing an unparalleled strain upon its metallic resources.

This last is a consideration of such paramount importance, that it is of itself adequate to explain the whole phenomena which have occurred; and yet, strange to say, it has hitherto met with very little attention either in or out of Parliament. The point to which we allude, and to which we crave, in an especial manner, the attention of the nation, is the *progressive and now alarming disproportion between the money value of our imports and our exports* which has grown up ever since Sir Robert Peel's tariff was introduced in 1842, and which has now, from the action of the free-trade in corn, risen to such a height as to be absolutely frightful. The declared or money values of our total exports and official value of our imports since Sir Robert Peel's tariff was passed in 1842, have stood as follows:—

Imports, official value.		Exports, declared value.	
1841,	£64,377,962	1841,	£51,604,430
1842,	65,204,729	1842,	47,361,043
1843,	70,093,353	1843,	52,278,449
1844,	75,441,555	1844,	Not made up.
1845,	85,281,958	1845,	53,298,026
1846,	Not made up.	1846,	57,279,735
Three first quarters of		1847,	
1847,	Not made up.	39,240,000	

The imports for 1847 have not yet been made up, and cannot be till January next, when the year is concluded. But in the figures we have given, there is abundant room for the most serious reflection. The fact which the Chancellor of the Exchequer has mentioned as to the sums paid *for grain alone*, in fifteen months, having reached the enormous and unprecedented amount of £33,000,000, leaves no room for doubt that, in the year 1847, our imports *will have reached* £100,000,000, *while our exports have sunk below* £50,000,000.\* Now, how was this fearful balance paid? The answer is evident. In cash. Here then, without going farther, is a balance on the exports and imports already returned, in 1846, of *forty millions* against the nation, on the transactions of the present year, of probably not less than *FIFTY MILLIONS STERLING*.† Whoever considers these figures with attention, will be at no loss to perceive from what cause in the main the present disasters have arisen.

To give only one example of the way in which, under the system of free importation, the balance of trade has been turned against this country, we

subjoin the official returns of the progress of our trade with America since Sir Robert Peel's tariff was introduced in 1842, and for five years previously.‡ From that it appears that the trade with that country, which in 1830 was £8,000,000 on each side, has now so immensely changed, especially since the tariff of 1842, that, while our exports to it in 1845 were £10,000,000, our imports from it were £22,000,000! How was the balance of £12,000,000 paid? The answer is, *in money*; and that money it was which enabled them to conquer the Mexicans. We shall look with anxiety for the returns of our exports to, and importations from America for the last two years. When they appear, it will at once be seen where the money, the want of which is now so severely felt, has gone, under the fostering influence of free trade.

Sir Robert Peel says that the Americans have tried the system of paper money, and they have had enough of it. We thank the Right Honorable Baronet for having reminded us of this example of the effects of a contracted currency. It appears that in 1836 the imports of English manufactures into the United

\* That this statement is not exaggerated will appear evident from the following returns:—

Corn, flour, meal, live animals, &c., imported to		1845.	1847.
October 10,		£4,410,091	£31,211,766

This of itself, coupled with the simultaneous contraction of the currency and fall of the exports, will explain the whole catastrophe.

† The following table of the prodigious advance in the importation of two articles alone, tea and sugar, will show how rapidly they have increased in the three last years, at the very time that our exports were diminishing:—

	1845.	1846.	1847.
Sugar, cwt.	4,413,969	4,469,772	6,510,693
Tea,.....lb.	36,825,461	41,132,794	44,912,860
1846 to 1845.			
Sugar, cwt.	55,803 incr.	2,096,724 incr.	£4,193,448
Tea,.....lb.	4,607,278 incr.	8,087,419 incr.	803,741
			£4,997,189

—Mr Newdegate's Speech, *Morning Post*, December 2, 1847.

States were £15,116,300. In the next year they were only £5,693,094 official value; and the declared or real value in that year was only £1,695,225; and the declared value of the imports from Great Britain in 1842, was only £3,528,807.\* What occasioned this extraordinary defalcation, we shall inform the Right Honourable Baronet. In spring 1837, the metallic system was introduced by General Jackson, then President of the United States, (by his refusal to take any thing but specie in payment of government claims,) the country being at the time engaged in vast railway and other undertakings, with the concurrence and by the authority of the government. Thence the prodigious falling off in the imports from this country, under which our own manufacturers suffered so severely, and from which they have scarcely yet recovered. Thence the destruction of three-fourths of the mercantile capital of the United States. May heaven avert a similar catastrophe, resulting from the same policy, in this country!

The causes, then, to which the present dreadful crisis is owing, are as plain as if the proofs of them were to be found in Holy Writ. We shall simply record what Sir Robert Peel and the bullion party have done for the last five years, and then ask whether under such a system it was possible a catastrophe could be averted.

In the first place, they introduced the tariff of 1842, which so materially diminished the duties on importation in this country, and gave so great an impulse to the introduction of foreign articles of all sorts into the consumption of the people, as raised our imports in 1845 to £85,000,000, while our exports were only £53,000,000, exhibiting a balance of £32,000,000 against the country, which of course required to be paid in the precious metals.

Secondly, having established this

great drain of nearly *thirty millions* annually on the metallic resources of the country, Sir Robert Peel next proceeded to pass the Bank Charter Acts, for England of 1844, and for Scotland and Ireland of 1845, which limited the bank notes of the empire, issuable on securities, to £32,000,000,† and enacted that for every note issued beyond that amount, a sovereign should be in the bank's strong-room to represent it.

Thirdly, having imposed these firm restrictions on the increase of the paper circulation, and left no room for an augmentation to meet the growing wants of the community but by an addition to the stores of bullion in the country, and compelled a proportional contraction of the currency when the bullion was withdrawn, the Right Honourable Baronet and his administration next passed railway bills to the amount of above £150,000,000 sterling, to be executed in the next three years, and gave every facility to the undertaking of such projects, by lowering the deposits required from ten to five *per cent.* on the estimated cost of the undertakings.

Fourthly, when the strain on the metallic resources of the country was beginning to be felt, from the immense balance of thirty millions in our commerce against us, and the calls on railway shares were becoming considerable, the Right Honourable Baronet next, as a permanent system, not an extraordinary remedy to meet a temporary disaster, introduced a free trade in grain, which was immediately applied by his successors to sugar. He thus sent thirty-three millions, in gold and silver, abroad in fifteen months. The consequence has been that the imports of the empire have probably become *double* its exports in money value; that a balance of nearly £50,000,000 has this year been sent abroad in payment of articles of import; that the

\* Parliamentary Paper, 30th July, 1843.

† Viz. in round numbers:—

England, ... ..	£14,000,000
Country Banks, ... ..	8,000,000
Ireland, ... ..	6,400,000
Scotland, ... ..	3,300,000
	<hr/>
	£31,700,000

sums paid for grain alone in the three months immediately *following the finest harvest on record*, have exceeded £14,000,000; that nearly all the railways in the country have been stopped from the necessary contraction which, under the existing law, this export of specie occasioned to the currency; that distress of dreadful magnitude pervades the mercantile and manufacturing classes; and that our exports have fallen off at the rate of a million a-month, and our revenue above six millions a-year.

Such are the principles and results of that splendid combination effected by modern wisdom—FREE TRADE AND A FETTERED CURRENCY. And as these results flow naturally and necessarily from the principles put in practice, it is evident that they may be expected in a less or greater degree to be *permanent*, so long as these principles regulate the policy of government.

Suppose a general at the head of one hundred thousand men were to double, by orders issued or licenses granted from head-quarters, the distance to be marched, and the work done by the men, and *at the same time* to establish a system which sent half of the commissariat stores out of the camp,—what could be expected from such a policy but starvation, discontent, and ultimate mutiny among the soldiers? Or suppose a master manufacturer, as a great improvement on the machinery of his mill, were to introduce a system which abstracted the oil in proportion to the quickened movement of the wheels, or diminished the moving power in proportion to the increase of the work to be done,—what could be expected from such a change, but that the machine would stop when it had most work to do? And yet, is not a currency, and a *sufficient currency*, as necessary to an industrious nation as food to the soldier, or coals to the steam-engine, or oil to the wheels? Can we be surprised that such a system, when applied to a nation, terminated in disappointment and ruin? But one result of inestimable value has followed from its adoption; it is in periods of suffering that truth is learned, because the consequences of error are experienced. It is now seen what the true principles on the subject are,

because the effects of the opposite principles have been demonstrated. With truth may it be said, that Sir R. Peel is the philosopher who “HAS INSTRUCTED US IN THE CURRENCY.”

It is the same thing, it is often said, whether we send specie abroad in return for imports or manufactures of our own creation, for specie is not the growth of this country, and it could only have been brought here in return for some produce of ours previously exported. The common sense of mankind, founded on experienced suffering arising from the abstraction of specie, has ever repudiated this doctrine of the schools; and present experience has amply demonstrated that, how specious soever it may appear, there is some fallacy in it. Nor is it difficult to see what that fallacy is. If we send manufactures abroad in exchange for specie, we make a fair exchange; but if, having got the specie, we send it abroad *again*, instead of manufactures, to buy food,—we have *only one* export of British produce to set off against *two* imports of foreign. For instance, if we send £5,000,000 worth of manufactures to South America to buy that amount of specie, it is a fair exchange, and there is no unfavourable balance established against us. But if, having got the £5,000,000 worth of specie, we again send it to North America for grain, which is imported into this country, instead of sending £5,000,000 worth of manufactures, we have, on the whole, only exported £5,000,000 worth of manufactures for £10,000,000 worth of produce, bullion and corn imported: that is, there is a balance of trade to the amount of £5,000,000 established against us, which, to that extent, is a drain on our metallic resources. Had we sent £5,000,000 worth of manufactures instead of the same amount of specie to North America to buy food, our exports on the whole would have been £10,000,000 instead of £5,000,000; and the difference of £5,000,000, instead of being a *deduction from*, would have been an *addition to* the metallic resources, that is, the life-blood of the nation. It is because a great import of grain invariably leads to such an export of specie, that it is so hazardous a trade for a nation: it is because Sir R.

Peel's policy contracted the paper currency at the very time that he sent the metallic abroad in quest of food, that he has brought such calamities on the State.

The Right Hon. Baronet's defence of his policy is mainly to be found in the following paragraph of his late able speech, in the close of the currency debate:—

"I think there has been some misapprehension as to the objects contemplated by the Act of 1844. I do not deny that one of them was the prevention of the convulsions that had theretofore occurred in consequence of the Bank of England not taking due precautions as to the regulation of its issues. I did hope, after the experience of former crises, that the Bank of England would adhere to those principles of banking which the directors acknowledged to be just, but from which they admitted they have departed. (Hear, hear, hear.) I am bound to admit that in that hope, and in that object, I have been disappointed; and I also admit, seeing the number of houses that have been swept away—some of which, I fear, were long insolvent—(Hear, hear)—and others which, being solvent, have suffered from the failure of other houses—I am bound to say that in that object of the Bill I have been disappointed. (Hear, hear.) It was in the power of the Bank to have, at an early period of the distress, raised the rate of discount, and to have refused some of the accommodation they granted between 1844 and 1846. (Hear, hear, hear.) I cannot, therefore, say that the defect is exclusively, or mainly, in the Bill—(Hear, hear)—but my belief is, that executive interference might have been given without the necessity of the authority of the noble lord."—*Morning Post*, Dec. 2, 1847.

The observations which have now been made, show that these remarks are not only unfounded, but precisely the reverse of the truth. Had the Bank of England drawn in their discounts, and raised the rate of interest between 1844 and 1846, at the very time when the railway and free-trade work, into which Sir Robert Peel had plunged the nation, was at its height, what must have been the result? Nothing but this: that the catastrophe which has ensued would have come on two years sooner than it has actually done. The Right Hon. Baronet would have been prevented from making his emphatic

speech on the admirable effects of his policy, and the diminution of crime, in the opening of the Session of 1846; he would have found the jails and the workhouses full enough, at the period of that glowing eulogium on free-trade policy and its effects. By making liberal advances to railway companies in 1844 and 1845, the Bank of England, and the other banks which followed its example, only enabled the country for a time to do the work upon which Sir Robert Peel had set it. By enabling, by similar advances, the manufacturers for two years longer than they otherwise could have done, to send a large export of manufactures abroad, the Bank, for that period, averted or postponed the catastrophe which must ensue in a commercial state, when its imports, for a series of years, have come greatly to exceed its exports. It is because the contraction of the currency, rendered imperative on the Bank by the Right Hon. Baronet's bill, has disabled our manufacturers from carrying on their operations to their wonted extent, that the import of the raw materials employed in manufactures, has decreased during the last eighteen months to such an extent, our export of manufactures declined in a corresponding degree, and the drain of specie abroad to pay for the enormous importations simultaneously introduced, increased to such a ruinous extent.

Sir R. Peel reminds us of the great catastrophe of December 1825, and observes that that disaster, at least, cannot be ascribed to his Bank Charter Act, and that it arose from the everlasting tendency to overtrading in the people of this country. Again we thank the Right Hon. Bart. for reminding us of that disastrous epoch, which, in the still greater suffering with which we are now surrounded, had been well-nigh forgotten. We entirely agree with him as to the magnitude of that crisis, and we will tell him to what it was owing, and how it was surmounted. It was owing to Mr Secretary Canning, in pursuance of liberal principles, "calling a new world into existence," by violating the faith and breaking through the duties of the old one. It arose from the prodigious loans sent



from this country to prop up the rickety, faithless, insolvent republics of South America, and the boundless incitements held out to wild speculation at that period by "Mr Prosperity Robinson," especially in South American mining speculations. It arose from all this being done and encouraged by the government, at the very time when the act of 1819, introduced by Sir R. Peel, compelled the Bank, —though drained almost to the last guinea, by the prodigious quantity of gold sent headlong to South America to support these speculations, induced or fostered by the government, —to pay all its notes in gold. This was what induced the crisis. And what arrested it? Lord Ashburton has told us it was the issue of £2,000,000 of forgotten *bank-notes*, drawn out of a cellar of the Bank; but which sum, inconsiderable as it was, proved sufficient to arrest the consequences of the gold being all sent away to South America, in pursuance of liberal principles, to prop up "healthy young republics," carved out of the dominions of an old and faithful ally. Sir R. Peel, two-and-twenty years afterwards, has repeated the same error, by sending the gold to North America in the midst of great domestic transactions for grain, but he has not repeated the same remedy.

In truth, the system now established in regard to the bank by the acts of 1819 and 1844, necessarily induces that very feverish excitement in periods of prosperity, and sudden contraction in those of adversity, of the consequences of which Sir R. Peel so loudly complains. When the bank is obliged to accumulate and keep in its vaults so prodigious a treasure as £15,000,000 in prosperous times, and £9,000,000 or £10,000,000 in those of adversity, *lying dead in its possession; how is it to indemnify itself for so vast an outlay*, without, whenever an opportunity presents itself, pushing its circulation to the utmost? The very interest of this treasure amounts, at 5 *per cent.*, to above £700,000 a-year; at 7 *per cent.* the present rate, it will reach a million. How is this sum to be made up, the expense of the establishment defrayed, and any profit at all realised for the proprietors, if paper, to a

large amount, is not pushed out whenever an opportunity presents itself for doing so to advantage? Again, in adverse times, when there is a heavy drain upon the establishment for buying foreign grain, or discharging adverse exchanges, how is the bank to avoid insolvency, without at once, and suddenly, contracting its issues? The thing is unavoidable. Undue encouragement to speculation in prosperity, and undue contraction of credit in adversity, is to the Bank, since the acts of 1819 and 1844, not merely an essential preliminary to profit, but in trouble the condition of existence. Yet Sir R. Peel complains of the Bank doing that which his own acts have rendered indispensable to that establishment.

Sir R. Peel asserts that many of the houses which have lately become insolvent, have done so from excessive imprudence of speculation, and he succeeded in eliciting some cheers and laughter from the House of Commons, by contracting in some extreme cases the amount of the debts brought out in bankruptcy with the assets. Without deeming it necessary to defend the conduct of all the houses, the affairs of which have been rendered public by the vast corn trade and railway speculations into which he plunged the nation, it seems sufficient to observe, that all fortunes made by credit must, if suddenly arrested in the course of formation by such a contraction of the currency as we have lately experienced, exhibit the same, or nearly the same, results. Fortunes, with the magnitude of which the Right Hon. Baronet and Mr Jones Loyd are well acquainted, might possibly, if they had been thrown on their beam-ends suddenly, by such a tornado, have exhibited, when in growth, not a much more flattering feature. But the "Pilot who weathered the storm" was then at the helm, and he weathered it for their fortunes not less than for those of the country. He aided commercial distress in adversity by increasing, instead of *apparently* it by contracting, the currency. It is credit which has made us what we are, and credit which must keep us such. Had the monetary system of Sir R. Peel

been adopted forty years ago, as the bullion committee said it should, we shall tell the Right Hon. Baronet what would have been the result. Great Britain would have been a province of France: the fortunes of all its merchants would have been destroyed: the business talents of Mr Jones Loyd would probably have procured for him the situation of cashier of the branch of the Bank of France established in London; and possibly the rhetorical abilities of Sir R. Peel might have raised him to the station of the English M. De Fontaine, the orator on the government side in the British Chamber of Deputies, held under an imperial viceroy on the banks of the Thames.

Sir R. Peel admits his bill has failed in checking improvident speculation in the nation; nor could he well have maintained the reverse, when the most extravagant speculations on record, at least in this island, succeeded, in the *very next year*, the passing of his bill. Experience has proved that it required to be suspended by the authority of the executive when the disaster came; and the effect of that suspension has already been to raise the *three per cents* from 79 to 86. It is ineffective during prosperity to check imprudence; it requires to be suspended in adversity, because it aggravates disaster. This is all on the Right Hon. Baronet's own admission. What good then has it done, or what can be ascribed to it, to counterbalance the numerous evils which have followed in its train?

Sir R. Peel says the experience of the last half century proves, that every period of prosperity is followed by a corresponding period of disaster, and that it is under one of the latter periods of depression that the nation is now labouring. We agree with the Right Honourable Baronet that for thirty years past this has been the case, and we will tell him the reason why. It is, because for that period his principles have been in operation. But there was a period before that when no such deplorable alternations of good and evil took place; when the nation in prosperity was strong without running riot, and the government in adversity checked disaster, instead of aggravating it.

It was the period from 1793 to 1815, when a currency adequate to the wants of the nation was supplied for its necessities, and our rulers had not yet embraced the principle that, in proportion as you increase the work men have to do, and enlarge their number, you should diminish their food. It was the period when Mr Pitt or his successors in principle were at the helm. Three commercial crises came on at that time, all occasioned by the abstraction of specie for the use of the great armies then contending on the Continent,—those of 1793, 1797, and 1810. In the first, the panic was stopped by Mr Pitt's advance of £5,000,000 exchequer bills; in the second, by the suspension of cash payments; in the third, when gold was so scarce that the guinea was selling for twenty-five shillings, by the issue of bank-notes to the extent of £18,000,000. That last period, which under the present system would at once have ruined the nation, was coincident with its highest prosperity: with the Torres Vedras campaign, and a revenue raised by taxes of £65,000,000 yearly. All the panics on record have arisen from the abstraction of gold in large quantities, and have been cured by the issue, sometimes speedy, sometimes tardy, of a corresponding amount of paper. Sir R. Peel's policy doubles the evil, for it at once sends abroad the cash under his act of 1846, even in the finest seasons, to buy grain, and, under the act of 1844, at the very same moment contracts the currency, by the increase of which alone the evil could be remedied.

Sir R. Peel, however, has completely, as already noticed, instructed us in the true principles of the currency. It is his policy which has brought them to light. He contracts the currency when gold is scarce, and expands it when it is abundant. The true principle is just the reverse: it is to contract the paper when gold is abundant, and an expansion of the currency is therefore little needed; and to expand it when it is scarce, and therefore an addition to it is imperatively called for. The price of gold will at once tell when the one or the other requires to be done.

We conclude in the words we used on *this day twenty-two years*, on Jan. 1, 1826, immediately after the cessation of the dreadful panic of December 1825 :—"It may be that the Ministry is right, and that all these changes are wise and necessary, but we cannot discover it. The more accurately we examine, the more firmly we are convinced of the truth of our own opinions. Time has brought no refutation to us, whatever it may have done to those from whom we differ ; in so far as experiment has gone, we may point to it in triumph in confirmation of our principles and predictions. If at the last we be proved to be in error, we shall at least have the consolation of knowing that we have not erred from apostasy ; that we have not erred in broaching new doctrines and schemes, and supporting innovation and subversion ; that we have not erred in company with the infidel and revolutionist,—with the enemies of God and man. We shall have the consolation of knowing that we have erred in following the parents of England's greatness,—in defending that under which we have become the first of nations, and in protecting the fairest fabric that ever was raised under the face of heaven, to dispense freedom and happiness to our species. Our error will bring us no infamy, and it will sit lightly on our ashes when we shall be no more!"

#### SOMETHING LIKE A COUNTRY-HOUSE.

THERE is an ancient mansion we often go to, just where the hills of Herefordshire rise confounded with those of Radnor, built in the reign of James I., but in a style that tells of the traditions of rather an earlier epoch, and, as common report goes, due to the genius of Inigo Jones. It is erected in a long line east and west, with the principal fronts north and south ; on either side of the mansion prim-looking gables rise over the windows of the third storey, and stately chimneys keep guard on the roof above. The windows are all ample, well and fitly memorialled and transomed. The colour of the stone is a rich warm-tinted gray, passing on the southern front into orange-shades of glorious hue ; and the whole edifice wears the aspect of nobility and good taste. Ample gardens with terraces and lawns are spread around, and the tall avenue of limes that leads down from the ancient gates on the main road, is answered by a goodly belt of contemporaneous oaks and beeches circling round the gardens, and shutting them out from the rest of the estate. When you enter the great hall, you observe large square bay windows, and, in the recesses, deer-skins spread out for carpets, with halberts and other arms filling up the corners. The lower rooms are all wainscoted with black oak, and the furniture, mostly as old

as the mansion itself, is of that staid stately kind which befitted the dignified style in which our ancestors gloried to live. As you mount the ample stairs, you find yourself amidst an endless series of portraits, from the time of the bluff tyrant King Hal, down to the homely age of good King George,—stiff gentlemen and ladies in doublets and ruffs, others with cuirasses and long flowing hair, and black dresses and love-locks, bespeaking the well known cavalier principles of the House in the times of the rebellion ; and ever and anon gentlemen in long three-quarter frames, with many a square yard of pink or blue velvet for their coats, cuffs turned up to their elbows, waistcoats big enough to make surtouts for any of our degenerate moderns ; the forefinger and thumb of one hand on the pommel of the sword, the other gently placed on some gilded table,—the head turned disdainfully aside, or else courting with graceful pride some comely dame in a green negligé, or habited as a shepherdess,—the Corydon and Chloe of the court of Queen Anne. The staircase leads to an enormous drawing-room, that looks as if some three or four other rooms had been thrown into one, with two bay-windows on one side, and a fireplace—ah ! such a fireplace !—on the other. But here no personages more ancient than the

days of George the Second are allowed to show their canvasses on the walls,—the great grandfathers and grandmothers of the present possessors,—the men looking like rakish Quakers, the ladies all in flimsy white muslin, straw hats, and powdered locks. They may have more interest for those to whom they are related, but we always consider them much worse company than their progenitors on the staircase,—those glories and beauties of an earlier day, whom they are themselves destined to join hereafter, when thrust out from their present quarters by a future squire. A stray Sir Joshua may be seen in one corner of the room, and an early Sir Thomas is by one of the windows. The furniture here is of that remarkable, rickety kind, which our own dads admired so much when this nineteenth century of ours was making its appearance, and which—but we may have had taste herein—we would willingly consign *en masse* to the kitchen fire or the broker's shop.

Not far from the drawing-room door runs off one of the many long corridors of the mansion, and then at the end is the Closed Chamber. It has never been opened since the year 1718, when the young lady, one of the daughters of the house, that used to sleep in it, lost her lover who had been out for the "right cause," and lost his head for his loyalty to a dethroned sovereign; and she, poor girl, walked into the great fish-pond one night, and was found in the tangled weeds by the old gardener next morning. The squire of that day, her disconsolate father, had the pond immediately drained off, and it is now one of the prettiest flower parterres of the garden: but the lady's elm is still pointed out at one end—a shattered withered trunk—'twas under it the poor thing's body lay. And now at night-fall, and in the depth of the night itself, long-drawn sighs and the rustling of stiff silk may be heard along the passage and by her room-door, while within,—but no one knows nor even talks of what is within,—all that is really known is, that once in the autumn, 'tis now fifty years ago, when the old housekeeper was alive, on a peculiarly still night, while the master was away up in London, and no one

but two or three servants left in the gloomy mansion, the door of the chamber burst open with a loud noise, and such a crash was heard within, followed by an unearthly shriek, that the people in the servants' hall below nearly went out of their minds through fright. Next morning, when the gardener had called in the village constable and the smith, and all three had mounted the stairs and had come to the mysterious door, they found within a wainscoted room a worn-eaten bed of ancient form, all in a heap on the floor; one of the windows was broken in, the cobwebs were blowing about in the wind that whistled through the apartment; over the chimney-piece was a portrait, so black that it could be hardly made out, only they could see that it had once shown the lineaments of a young and a female face: but there was nothing, absolutely nothing to indicate the cause of the disturbance during the night. It is true that the smith, as he was going out, picked up a ribbon near the chimney, which he maliciously declared he knew to be Betty the housemaid's garter; but nothing more ever came of it, so the window was mended, the shutters were closed, and the door has ever since been fastened up with stout coffin screws. There's not a servant that would go to the end of that passage at night and listen with her ear at the keyhole, (though they all say they would not mind doing it at any other door in the house) no, not for a twelvemonth's extra wages.

We have slept in many a chamber of that goodly and hospitable mansion: there was the bachelor's room, a nice little square apartment, about twice as high as it was broad, all panelled in oak, which, however, some Goth of a squire had painted light blue; with a fireplace that would let not only the bachelor, but eke the bachelor's better half, creep inside on a winter's night; and with a curious kind of a bed, not higher from the ground than your knee, but with thin light posts spiring up some dozen of feet aloft, and supporting a superfluity of green damask, enough to make a tent with. In the panel over the fireplace was an apology for a looking-glass, once deemed no doubt an uncommonly

correct thing, all cut in facettes and diamonds at the sides, and diversified with bouquets of flowers tied by true-lovers' knots in the middle. 'Twas no doubt a bridal gift to some fair lady in the time of King Charles, and then might have gloried in a frame of gold; but now its glories are departed, and, for us at least, it served no higher purpose than to display the horrors of our bristly chin. There's no position in the world more comfortable for a bedroom mirror than over the fireplace; shaving can there be conducted with science and with gusto. And every other panel opened by some wonderful kind of fastening, into a cupboard big enough to stow away more habiliments than ever in our bachelor days we were likely to possess. A quaint little goggle-eyed commode, tortured into fanciful elegance, filled up one corner of the room; and a nondescript *table de toilette* occupied the other. Here, in a three-cornered arm-chair, the senior piece of furniture in the whole room, have we watched over the flickering ashes of the wood-fed fire for hours; and often when we had shaken hands with our worthy host at ten, have we prolonged our vigil till early morn, amused with the acute ribaldry of *Tom Jones*, or lost in the intricate wit of *Tristram Shandy*. The wintry blasts would make the old casement rattle, but we only gave the flaming log another turn,—crack! crack! would go the wood, over went another leaf of the book, and so we continued till taper and eyelid alike failed us.

The Yellow Room was also a capital place to take up your quarters in for the night; there was very pretty sleeping in that vasty bed, where some four might snore side by side, and yet never doubt but that they were each sole occupant of the couch. But it was somewhat melancholy to turn in there by yourself; your taper, though it burned as bright as wax could make it, served to illumine only a small portion of the middle space, while in each corner of the apartment was a mass of black nonentity, of darkness visible, that might make you superstitious and ghostlike. It was something like going to bed in Westminster Hall, and from the fireplace to the bedside, when in the last stage of

dishabille, was quite a journey. But there was such a host of arm-chairs with soft downy cushions, such a bevy of footstools, such a goodly couple of ottomans, such a preponderating wardrobe, and such ample splashing-room on the marble surface of the toilette, that here you could expatiate in the morning, and could walk in and out and round the chairs and tables and footstools and ottomans, and back again, for a mile or two before breakfast, simply while dressing. Here were some famous pictures of Cupids and Venuses, and a view of the park-gates, and a drawing of the alcove at the end of the long walk, and an enormous sampler that must have taken two or three years to work, with B. W. A.D. 1722, ending the series of devices. Here, too, were some portly bottles of arquebuse and elder-flower water always kept over the mantel-piece, and a set of steps, like a small flight of stairs, to mount up into bed by; but the books on the shelves were of a staid and approved description,—Dryden's *Virgil*, *The Spectator*, and *The Whole Duty of Man*, keeping in countenance the sober black-letter Bible and Common Prayer, that held their accustomed station by the bedside. This was the chamber where the neighbouring squires and their dames, when they "crossed the country in a carriage and four," coming some five-and-twenty miles to dinner, used to be lodged for the night. It had once been the nuptial chamber of our worthy host, but he has long since betaken himself to a quieter and less expansive berth.

Up above, and on the higher story of the house, runs a long gallery, from one end right to the other—like the corridor of a barrack—with bedroom doors opening into it on either side at frequent intervals. Here are lodged the young ladies and gentlemen of the family; the governess and the tutor. The nursery is at one extremity, and the ladies' working-room at the other. The gallery is thickly matted all the way along; and on its walls are hung all those productions of the arts which are not judged of sufficient excellence to be admitted down stairs. There is an enormous map of the estate, and a bird's-eye

view of the house, and the first flower-piece by aunt Mary, when she was a little girl at school in Bath, and Mr Henry's black spaniel stuffed, under a glass case. Here, on a wet day, the children can take their wonted exercise, and have even a game at cricket if necessary; here the lady's-maid and nurse-maid sit in the afternoon and work; here, any one who is a very particular friend of the family is allowed to come up and "see the children;" here you may have a swing or a romp according as you are inclined; and here, you cannot but confess, that you have found out one of the most useful and comfortable features of the whole edifice,—an in-door promenade, a domestic gymnasium.

We have been admitted into every room in the house, big and little, up stairs and down stairs. We know the quaint little smoking parlour that was, now turned into the squire's "office," or justice-room. Here he meets his steward and sits at a desk like any dirty cotton lord in his factory; here he keeps his guns and fishing rods; and here, on a small set of shelves, are his books—"Burn's Justice," and "Taplin's Farriery;" here one of his dogs is sure to be lying before the fire, and some aged tenant or other is ever coming in to ask for some little favour or other, which the kind landlord seldom refuses: here he determines what fields shall be put down in turnips this year, and what vagabonds shall be put in the stocks; in short it is the sacrum of the house,—the place where the *primum mobile* of the whole is stationed; and, in our eyes, one of the snuggest and most useful appendages of the mansion.

Leading out from this room is a door that you might suppose would conduct you into a closet—but no; it opens on a flight of steps, down which you descend a little, and then find yourself at the edge of an opening that looks like a well. This was part of the ancient manor-house, or castle, which was destroyed in one of the Border fends, when the Welch and English, in the time of Owen Glyndwr, used to give each other rather warm reception. It then formed the dungeon or prison, which each chieftain of the

march country had within his residence, and where he could detain refractory tenants or unpleasant neighbours. The worthy squire has now turned it into his Madeira cellar, and keeps in it a hogshead of the most particular East India that ever left the island and crossed the Line. He has it under his own special lock and key; tastes it only now and then, and threatens to keep it in the cask till his son comes of age.

Therewere cellars themselves are goodly things to see; none of your cramped up wee bits of things that they build now-a-days, but where, besides the usual stock of beer and strong ale, for the general run of the house and neighbourhood, there is left room enough for stowing away a hogshead brewed on the birth of each child of the family, and destined to remain there till they each attain their one-and-twentieth year. They are fourteen in number, and bear the names of those in whose honour they were filled; there, then, is Master Thomas and Miss Lucy, and Miss Susan and Master William: and so on, through the whole of the rising generation. As for the wine-cellar, 'tis an unfathomable recess; there is port and claret in it enough for the whole county; and the fountain in the court might be made to run sherry for a week before the stock would be exhausted. A pile of champagne-cases stands at one end, and some dozen bins of the extra particulars are built up by themselves. It would do good to the heart of any man to wander about these cellars for a morning.

And it is not far to the church—just beyond the outer garden-hedge where you cross the deep ha-ha, made to keep rabbits and cattle out, and close to the clump of birch-trees that rise on the hill,—an ancient edifice, with a bit of architecture of every period that English antiquaries can boast of. The tower "ivy-mantled," according to the most approved rule; the peal of bells thoroughly harmonious, and allowing triple-bob-majors to be rung on them with the full swing of the lustiest youths of the village. In the chancel is a formidable-looking pew, put up in Charles's time, all in black oak, with quaint figures of angels and dragons, and

fantastic flowers, sprawling over every vacant space. Within, it is right comfortably carpeted and cushioned; in the midst is a stove to keep out the cool humours of the church, and to comfort the squire's lady on a Christmas morning; while round the walls of the little chapel, which the pew fills, are all the family monuments, from the stiff-necked and stiff-ruffed knight of the days of the virgin Queen, down to the full-bottomed wig and portentous bands of the judge in the time of George II. A little plain white marble slab in one corner bears the simple inscription,—

MARIA.

1820.

But at this I have often observed that the good lady of the house never looks; and once, during the sermon, I saw the squire, while listlessly gazing upon it, allow the tears to glide down his cheeks as though he was a child.

There's a summer-house at the end of the nut walk, so hidden by bushes and winding paths, that it is hard to find the entrance,—a low squat-looking kind of a place, built in the Dutch fashion, with four windows, one in each side, and with a dome on the top; it stands close by a pond, and is all grown over with ivy. Indeed, when you arrive at the door, you have to remove the clematis and damask rose twigs with your hand, ere you can obtain an entrance. On the walls are numerous names commemorated both with pencil and knife; and in particular, under a true lover's knot, are deeply cut the letters M and H. It is a standing joke at the squire's table between himself and the amiable

hostess—but I never could get to the bottom of it—only if any of the children or the company should by any chance make even the most distant allusion to their having been near the summer-house during the day, the squire immediately calls out, “Let me have a glass of that port!—Mary, my love, do you remember the summer-house?”—to which the invariable reply is,—“Henry, dear, I thought you had been more sensible: you must not, indeed!” However, the gardens are truly delightful,—full of rich parterres, and clumps of flowering shrubs; with trim-cut walks of yew and beech, over which the various kinds of the pine tribe and the cedar of Libanus rear their heads in sombre luxuriance. You may walk, I forget how many miles, in the garden, without going over the same ground twice in the same direction; but the gardener is apt to exaggerate on this head. There is enough variety to occupy the most fastidious for an afternoon, and beauty enough to occupy the lover of nature for a week.

Time passes happily and swiftly in a home like this; rides and field-sports, and public business, take up the mornings of the gentlemen; the fine arts, the interchange of neighbouring courtesies, and the visiting of the village give occupation to the ladies. Hospitality, and the sweetest display of domestic elegance, shed an indescribable charm over the cheerful evenings passed in their society,—the family are the honour and main stay of the parish, and, indeed, of many an adjoining one: while the house and grounds are the pride and boast of all that side of the county.

## EVENINGS AT SEA.—NO. III.

THE ship's surgeon was a favourite with us all; he was a pale sickly little man, of some five or six-and-thirty years of age, with lank yellow hair, and very little of it, even such as it was. He was so quiet and unassuming, that he rarely joined in the conversation, but he listened with great attention, even to the dulllest among the narrators, and whenever any thing pathetic was brought forward, a misty twinkling was sure to be visible in the tender-hearted little doctor's small green eyes. The qualities of his head were unfortunately not equal to those of his heart; every effort he had made to establish himself in a practice had failed: in these attempts he had consumed the pittance of his inheritance, and he was now obliged to obtain a living in the not very

lucrative or agreeable situation of surgeon to a sailing packet. As he seldom spoke on any subject, and scarcely ever of himself, it was some time before we discovered, that, in the pursuit of professional advancement, he had for a short period given his services to the unfortunate British Legion, during the late civil war in Spain. With great difficulty we persuaded the modest little man to give us the benefit of some of his recollections, while an actor in those scenes of stirring and melancholy interest. He commenced timidly, but warmed with his theme as it continued, and although somewhat discursive and unconnected in his narrative, he did not fail to interest his hearers. Thus he spoke.

## THE SURGEON.

My father had been a medical officer in the East India Company's service, but died while I was still very young. My mother was left with me and two sisters, many years older than myself, to provide for, out of her widow's pension, and a small sum of money her husband had saved during his stay in India. We took up our abode in an humble but neat house, not far from London, and as soon as I was of sufficient age, I was set to work to prepare myself for my late father's branch of the service, as inexpensively as possible.

My progress was not very rapid, although I was by no means an idle boy; indeed, on the contrary, I did my very utmost to get on, as the best way to reward my poor mother for the strict economy that enabled me to be kept at school. On account of my steady ways, the other boys often teased me, and laughed at me a good deal, but being convinced that I was doing what was right, I bore it as I best could.

However, on one occasion I did give way to bad temper; on returning to school after the vacation, I was about to unpack my little trunk, and arrange its contents, in the chest of

drawers, when one of the boys who used to annoy me most came into the room. He saw that my clothes were not very new, though they were as well brushed and as tidily packed as if they had been better; and my linen was, perhaps, a little coarse, but then my mother had mended it all very neatly, and had it washed as white as snow before I left home. He teased me about having such "poor things," as he called them, and threw some dirty water upon them. This made me very angry, but when he laughed at the careful way my mother had packed them, my passion got the better of me, and I tried to put him out of the room. I was but a weak boy, however, and he was a strong one, so he beat me till I was not able to stir, and then threw all my neat clothes out over the floor and stamped upon them. This made a great impression on me at the time; I do not think I shall ever altogether forget it, but I am very proud to feel that I soon forgave it, and the day came some years after when I had the power to do this boy a great kindness; I gladly did what I could for him, but he proved himself altogether ungrateful for it.



In due time I left school, and entered upon the study of medicine; it was necessary for me to work hard for my final examination, not being as I before said, naturally very quick in learning. When the time came I was so frightened and anxious, that I could scarcely answer a word, and although, perhaps, better prepared than some of those who passed, I was turned back. My poor mother was much grieved at this, but tried to cheer me on to better success next time. I was also greatly discouraged; nevertheless I sat down patiently to begin my studies over again, and at last succeeded in getting my certificates.

My next step was to place over our door a board, bearing my name in gilt letters, with "Surgeon" under it, and a hand with a finger pointing round the corner to the little side door where the patients were to enter. I also put an advertisement in a newspaper, and told those among the neighbours with whom we were acquainted that I had now started in business. Being of a hopeful disposition, I expected that every day some lucky chance would occur to bring me at once into great practice; as I had often read and heard of this having happened with other people. But a long time passed away, and no sudden occasion arrived where my help was called for; except, indeed, one frosty morning when a poor old man slipped on the pavement close by our house, and broke his arm. Seeing "Surgeon" over my door, some people carried the sufferer there, and as I was in waiting, left him in my charge. I took great pains with this my first case, but was very nervous about it, feeling sure that all eyes were upon me; besides, the poor old man told me that, if the use of his arm were not soon restored to him, he should be driven to go to the workhouse. He could not move that day, so I made up a sort of bed for him in the surgery; the following evening his son came for him, and took him away. I had no money to give him, but seeing that his shoes were very bad, I let him have a pair of mine, that were not quite worn out; he then went his way, after having thanked me heartily. I pitied the poor old man very much, and would have been

glad to have heard that he had done well; besides, there was my professional vanity interested in the business; it so happened, however, that I never heard any thing more of my patient.

At last, I began to fear that my gilt sign-board, advertisement and all, had fairly failed; no one called for me. I was very unhappy to be such a burthen to my mother, instead of helping her on, as I had hoped to do; but she never complained of this; she knew I would willingly work if I had the opportunity, and—as she said, "I could not make the people break their arms."

While thinking over my affairs, one January morning, at the door of the surgery, a young man passed by, whose face appeared familiar: he first looked at me, then at the sign-board, and at once claimed acquaintance as an old school-fellow. I invited him in, and we sat down together: he asked me if I was getting on well, and had many patients. I told him no, but did not omit to say that some months before I had set an old man's arm with great skill. As we talked on, however, it came out that, in spite of my old man's arm, I was in very low estate, and willing to undertake any honest labour, to get my bread, and help my mother. After a little thought, he asked me if I should like to be a military surgeon. I supposed he was bantering me as they used to do at school, for I had no great friends to get me such promotion; but he seemed serious, and said, "I think I can get you a commission as surgeon in the army, that is, in General Evans' army in Spain." I had not heard or read of that General at the time, for I never saw newspapers, except the old one, in which my advertisement was printed. I was, however, rejoiced to hear of this opening, and when my old school-fellow left me, promising to let me know in a day or two as to what he could do for me, I went straight to my mother to tell her of my good fortune. She, good soul! did nothing but cry all the evening, and try to dissuade me from going; but I had made up my mind, come what might, to be a burthen upon her no longer. I did not tell her this as a reason, for it

would have had no weight with her; but I dwelt very much upon the great advantage it would certainly be to me, and how getting such an appointment would be the high road to my fortune. In short, if she was not convinced, she at least saw there was no use in opposing me, so she reluctantly consented. In a short time my friend came to inform me that I had been appointed a supernumerary assistant surgeon upon the staff of the British Legion, then at San Sebastian; that a steamer was to sail from Greenwich in a few days, to carry out stores, and some recruits to the army, and that I was to take medical charge of the latter. My friend was also to go in the same vessel. I was very busy till I sailed in selling whatever I could part with, getting my outfit, and above all, in trying to comfort my mother and sisters. I provided myself with a Spanish grammar, that while on the voyage I might lose no time in learning the language of the country where I was going. At length the day of parting came; I shall say nothing about that; indeed, I have said a great deal too much of myself already, but I wanted to show how I came to be in Spain. For the future I shall speak more of other people.

The men on board the steamer were a very turbulent and evil disposed set, apparently the dregs of the population; most of them were Londoners, probably well-known to the police. There was one among them, seemingly a broken down gentleman, the most desperate character I ever met. He struck his officer soon after we started, and vowed he would throw him overboard, for refusing to allow more brandy; but for this he was cruelly flogged, and as he was of a tender constitution, he remained under my care all the rest of the voyage.

We arrived at San Sebastian on the forenoon of the sixth day after our departure. The climate had changed rapidly since we left England behind us. On this morning the sun was shining cheerily, and the air genial as in our May. The harbour is a wondrously beautiful sight. Two high rocks rise boldly out of the sea; the little bay lies, crescent-shaped, between them, its waters deep blue, the sandy

shore a golden yellow. The country beyond, for some distance, is undulating, of a rich verdure, saddened and beautified by ruined convents and villages. Next come the Pyrenees, clothed with dark-oak forests nearly to their summits; their crests huge rocks strangely shaped. Those great mountains are thrown together confusedly; you might think they were the waves of some stormy sea suddenly turned into stone. Many among them are of a great size; far as the eye can reach rises peak over peak, bluer and fainter in the distance, the outline more irregular and indistinct, tilt at last the blue of earth and the blue of heaven are one. The rugged little island of Santa Clara is midway between the rocky points of the crescent-harbour; it lies to the right hand as we enter the shallow and dangerous waters. On the headland beyond stands a lighthouse, now turned into a fortress. We could see in the distance little dark figures moving about this tower like mites on a cheese, and swarming up to the top, probably to look at us. "Those are Carlists," said my friend. How I strained my eyes to see them! Real, living enemies—men pledged to slay us with shot and steel—in fight or in calm vengeance! But we have left our homes and come over the sea to slay them! A few days, and we shall meet once, we who have never met before—some of us not to part again, but to lie down in a long sleep close together, perhaps to cross each other's path no more in this wide world. Away, among those blue mountains, mothers are sadly thinking of their soldier sons, the little moving specks before us, perhaps almost as sadly as mine thinks of me. That sun warms us and our foes alike; and, from far beyond, He who bade men to "love one another," looks down with sorrowing pity on us both. I spoke some of these thoughts to my schoolfellow; they did not please him much; so he told me that I was only a doctor, and knew nothing about glory. I had then no more to say.

The town of San Sebastian lay on our left hand, walled and bastioned in with jealous care. A sandy peninsula connects it with the land; a huge rock, crowned with an embattled

citadel, shelters it from the sea. This was the first time I had ever seen a strange country, but I have been much about the world since then, and have not seen so foreign a looking place any where else, or any fairer sight than on that January morning. Three large war-steamers lay as near the quays as the depth of water would allow; some thousand of Spanish troops were disembarking from them in dozens of boats and barges, each regiment, as it was completed, throwing themselves into a long line upon the beach, while their magnificent bands cheered them, after their weary voyage, with hymns of liberty. Then, in a little time, they marched away to the undulating green hills, to take up their stations among some of the ruined villages within the lines. Thousands of the town's people, in bright gay dresses, welcomed their landing with loud cries of joy; hundreds of banners waved over the throng, and from a distant hill, where the red coats of the legion caught the eye, the English cannon thundered a salute.

My schoolfellow and I were soon ashore; and, after some little delay, found our billets in two rooms next each other, looking out upon the great square. Then we went forth again to see the town. Oh such strange sights! such tall, gloomy Gothic churches, and such gaudy French shops! such bright eyes and such glossy hair! Oh the long black veils, in folds of wondrous grace, and the proud neck, and tiny feet, and stately step! And sullen men, wrapped in dark heavy cloaks, and gay dragoons, and plumed aides-de-camp, and plaided Highlanders, and sombre riflemen, and nuns and priests, sailors and muleteers, soldiers with crutches, bandaged heads, and pale faces, and hardy peasants with scarlet cap and sash, and Biscayan girls with ruddy cheeks and long fair hair hanging in plaits over their falling shoulders. We could scarce win our way through this vast masquerade—our eyes confused by bright and varied colours, and our ears by martial music, distant firing, rattling of hoofs and wheels, and the ceaseless clamour of Babel voices. Now a string of fifty mules would trot past us, with their jingling bells and gay caparisons; then a half-naked crowd of drunken

legionaries burst through the throng with frantic cries and gestures; again a battalion of Spanish grenadiers, clothed in dark gray coats, with measured step and glittering bayonets, press up the narrow streets.

Soon after nightfall all was still in the town; the loiterers had gone to their homes, the soldiers were recalled to their barracks, the shops and markets were deserted. Few cared to pace the streets when unprotected by the light of day, for the thirst for gold and blood was strong among the fierce men brought here in those evil days; and the turbulent legionaries at times did frightful outrage in their drunken fury. My friend and I dined at a small inn, and about ten o'clock at night bent our steps towards the billets. As we went our way, we suddenly saw a bright flame shoot up from behind a street at some distance, and, urged by curiosity, hastened to the place whence it arose. We found a large wooden stable on fire. Many noble English horses, belonging to the officers of the Legion, were in the building; some of the soldiers, the grooms and their families, occupied the loft above. The mischief had but just begun; some straw was blazing at the door; on it was lying a drunken soldier with a pipe in his mouth, probably the cause of the fire. Though he must have been somewhat scorched, he seemed to regard the whole matter with stupid indifference. My friend rushed at him and shook him vigorously, calling out, "You are on fire—the city is on fire." The drunken man barely winked his eyes, and tried to go to sleep again, mumbling—"City! city! what do I care for this city or any other city—barrin' the city of Cork." However, we dragged him away, and put out the fire, already consuming his clothes, in a wet gutter, where he went to sleep again more at his ease, as soon as he had ceased abusing us for disturbing him.

Meanwhile crowds of people assembled, uselessly swarming about the burning stables, and embarrassing those really at work. The blaze spread rapidly, and in a very short time the roof took fire. All the horses, and, as we thought, all the people had been got out of the building, so we stood looking on in indifference, when a poor

Irishwoman, apparently in a transport of despair, rushed through the throng, and cried, "Oh my child! my poor child!"

"Where—where?" shouted a dozen eager voices.

"Oh God help me! up in the loft, to be sure. Oh good gentlemen! save my child!"

It was a fearful risk—the wooden beams were blazing fiercely, smoke and even flame burst out of the upper windows now and then; one end of the building already tottered under the fiery storm, but the woman's shriek sounded louder in my brave friend's ear than the roar of the furious flame. His stout English heart was a ready prompter. In a moment he seized a ladder, placed it against an open window, ran up rapidly, and plunged into the smoke and flame, while a cheer of admiration burst from the crowd below. There was a minute of terrible suspense; he was seeking the lost child in vain. Again he rushes to the window, half-suffocated with the smoke—"Where was the child?" he cried; "I cannot find it." My heart sank within me as I thought of the mother's despair; but she seemed less desperate than before, and, running under the window, cried—"Sorra a child I have at all, your honour; but since you *are* up there, will you just throw me down the bit of a mattress that's in the corner, for it's all I have in the world."

My friend sprang out of the window and slipped down the ladder. He was just in time; the next moment, with a tremendous crash, the main props gave way, and the whole building fell into a heap of blazing ruins. Now I only tell you this long story, to show what quaint, wild creatures were those Irish that General Evans took with him to Spain.

In the room next to mine a young Spanish cadet, belonging to the 2d light infantry, was billeted. He was about fourteen years of age, the son of a grandee of Spain. As his family was great and powerful, it was only necessary for him to go through the form of joining the army on service, when a commission in the royal guard would be given him. We soon made acquaintance. He was amused by my odd attempts to speak Spanish, and I

was charmed with him. He was a rarely beautiful boy; his regular features, long curling hair, small hands and feet, would have given him the appearance of effeminacy, but for the vigorous activity of his movements, and his bright bold eye. The best blood of Old Castile flowed in his veins and mantled in his cheek. The little cadet was most dainty in his dress; his uniform was the smartest, his plume the gayest, his boots the brightest, his gold lace the freshest in his regiment. His cap, epanettes, and sword were made expressly for him, very small and light, in proportion to his size; and a beautiful black Andalusian pony to match, completed his equipments.

He rode out with me one day—that is, he rode, and I walked, soon after we became known to each other. Our way lay through the principal street of the town; the tall, white, solid-looking houses on each side had balconies for every window, some of them filled with gay groups of Spanish ladies, honouring us with their notice as we passed. When we approached a large handsome dwelling, with huge gates opening into a court-yard, the black pony began to show symptoms of excitement, and by the time we got directly opposite, he was dancing about at a great rate. The little animal was evidently accustomed at this place to such hints of the spur and rein as would make him display his paces to the greatest advantage. A tall, noble-looking woman, and a graceful girl leant over the railing of the balcony, and kissed their hands to the cadet as he rode up. He answered by taking off his gay cap and making a low bow, while the pony pranced more than ever. "Come, Doctor," said the youth to me, "You must know Dolores and Pepita." He threw his bridle-rein to a boy, and before I could recover from my surprise, had hurried me up stairs, and into the presence of his fair friends.

They were sisters—Dolores ten years older than Pepita; both much alike, except in the stamp of years, so deep and unsparing in that sunny land. Their hair and eyes were black, glossy, and bright; their complexion deep olive; their teeth of dazzling whiteness; and there was

something about the head and neck that made me, in spite of myself, think of swans and empresses. With what stately grace they welcomed us—with what a soft rich accent they spoke, telling us to “live a thousand years!” The little cadet declared that he was “at their feet;” but I suppose this was only a Spanish compliment, for instead of placing himself there, he kissed Pepita’s hand, sat down beside her, and began talking with perfect familiarity. Dolores said something to me, but I could not understand it; and being dreadfully confused, I went to the balcony and looked up the street. The young girl and the little cadet had a great deal to say to each other; they chattered and laughed merrily; then at times Pepita would try to look grave, and, with a solemn face, lecture the beautiful boy, shaking her fan threateningly at him, when they would laugh more than over.

At last I saw them looking at me, and heard him say that I was a doctor. Pepita seemed struck with a sudden thought at this, and rose up, beckoning to him and me to follow. She led us across the court-yard into a long passage; a large heavy door was at the end. She pointed to it, and said something to my companion in a pitying voice; then, instantly resuming her gaiety, pulled off the cadet’s cap, threw it at him, and ran off, laughing merrily. At the end of the passage she turned, kissed her little white hand, and we saw no more of her.

“I do love Pepita,” said the boy; “I must win a ribbon in the battle, and then she will be so proud of her playfellow.”

We opened the door and entered.

Near an open window lay an emaciated man upon a small camp bed. The fair complexion and blue eye bespoke him an Englishman. His face was covered with a bushy beard; his cheeks were hollow, his features pinched and sharpened. Pillows supported his head and shoulders; his arms lay helplessly on the outside of the bed, worn and thin; but the large joints, broad bony hand, and square-built shoulders, showed how powerful had been the frame that now lay wrecked before us. He raised his dull sunken eyes, as if by an effort, as we entered, and when he ob-

served me, something like a smile of recognition passed over his wan face. I knew him at once, though he was strangely altered; he it was who, when a boy at school, had done me the insulting wrong. The blood rushed red to my face for a moment; but when I thought how pale and faint he was, it went back again, to my heart I suppose, for my pity yearned towards the poor sufferer.

He told me in a few words, slowly and painfully, that he had been wounded in a skirmish some weeks before, and afterwards attacked with typhus fever. His servant had that morning deserted, carrying off the little money he possessed, and everything of value in the room. He was on unfriendly terms with all his brother officers, had quarrelled with the regimental doctor, and was now utterly destitute and helpless. The Spanish family, in whose house he was billeted, were very kind to him, particularly the two sisters; but they were in great poverty from these troublous times, and had sickness also among themselves.

With some difficulty I got my billet changed to a room adjoining his; my servant was then able to help the sick man: as I had still a little money left, I procured the necessary medicines, and such nourishment as I thought he might safely bear. During the day my duties in the hospital pretty well occupied me, but at night I was always able to sit up for some time with him, and be of a little service. As you may suppose, I did not see the less of my young friend, the cadet, by this change; he had so often to come to ask after the invalid for Pepita’s information, that at length he began to take an interest himself, and during the crisis of the complaint, at a time when I was forced to be absent on my duties, he, with Pepita’s assistance, took my place as a watcher, and they actually remained for hours without speaking a word lest they should waken the sick sleeper. However, I have no doubt they made amends for it afterwards. The sisters soon became very kind to me for my gay little friend’s sake; they joined him in teaching me their beautiful language, and though I was very stupid about it, I could

not but make good progress under such kind teachers. The younger sister used to laugh at me and tease me very much, but I could not help liking her more and more; so the time passed rapidly away, and day by day the fair Spanish girl and her boy lover wound themselves closer round my heart, till they became dear to me as if they had been my children.

A tall, sallow, down looking Spaniard was a frequent visitor at the house of these two sisters: he was a man of considerable wealth, the son of a Cadiz merchant, and at this time captain of the carbineers—the company of “élite,” in the second light infantry. The cadet and I both took a great dislike to this man, which he seemed heartily to return; there was a treacherous villainous expression in his averted eye that at once attracted observation, and something inexpressibly repulsive in his manner, servile and overbearing by turns. He appeared to possess some unaccountable influence over Pepita’s father, for, though it was evident that his attentions and repeated visits were disagreeable to the young lady, every opportunity was given him of improving her acquaintance. This system was, however, as unsuccessful as it usually is; and the sallow captain’s conversation was not the less distasteful from being obediently endured. The fact was, that large pecuniary assistance given to the family, unknown to its younger members, was the secret of the influence now exercised, through their parents, over their inclinations and tastes. The captain had become acquainted with Pepita, been attracted by her, and had made this obligation the means of forcing himself upon her society. He next tried to cause the prohibition of my little friend’s visits; not indeed that he looked upon the boy in the light of a rival, but as a constraint upon his actions, and an interruption to his plans. Upon this point, however, Pepita proved unmanageable; and as there could be no fair ostensible objection to her little playfellow’s intimacy, it still continued in spite of his sullen enemy.

In the mean time my patient was rapidly recovering; with his returning

strength, I grieve to say, the natural evil of his disposition again displayed itself. He borrowed yet another small sum from my scanty store, under the pretence of obtaining some warm clothes to enable him to face the wintry air; but instead of so applying it, he lost most of it at play the first day he was allowed to venture out. The captain of carbineers was the winner, and thus an acquaintance commenced between these men. They were in many respects kindred spirits—rapacious, profligate, and unprincipled,—and soon contracted a close alliance, offensive and defensive: the wealth and cunning of the one, and the recklessness and ferocious courage of the other, made their partnership most dangerous to any who might cross their path. The convalescent, unrestrained for a moment by any feeling of gratitude towards me or my little favourite, at once joined in a scheme against us. They could not venture upon using open violence, as that probably would have defeated its own object, by exciting the sympathies of our kind hosts in our favour, but they agreed to entrap us into play, and thus drive us into such necessities as might place us completely in their power. The Spaniard knew that his chance of gaining Pepita’s favour was but small until her little favourite and guardian was out of the way; and his unworthy associate, as long as money was supplied, was indifferent as to what service might be required of him in return.

In due course of time the day came when the convalescent was pronounced cured, and fit for duty; to celebrate this event the captain of carbineers asked him to an entertainment, and the cadet and myself were also invited. We of course determined not to accept the hospitality of the man we disliked and suspected; but he pressed us very much; the ungrateful Englishman seconded him strongly, urging upon us that he could not enjoy his restored health, if those to whom he owed his recovery refused to join in his gladness. At length we reluctantly consented, and at seven o’clock in the evening all four assembled at the hotel. This was the opportunity fixed upon to carry out the design against us. I shall not

enter into the details of that unlucky evening; they succeeded but too well in their plans. Finding that it was in vain to tempt me to play, they made me drink the health of my late patient, in some drugged liquor I suppose, for soon after I fell into a deep sleep, and when I awoke, found myself alone in the room where we had dined, and the light of the sun streaming in through the windows. It was well on to mid-day.

Several minutes passed before I could recollect where I was, and how I had come there. When I had in some measure collected my scattered thoughts, and shaken off the heavy lethargic feeling that still weighed upon me, I hastened to seek my beloved little companion, anxiously wondering what could have become of him. I learned at the house where he lived that he had returned very late the night before, apparently tired and excited; and that early this morning he had received orders to join a portion of his regiment that was posted on the lines two miles from the town. When my daily duties were ended I walked off to where the cadet had been sent. He seemed oppressed and worn out with fatigue and want of rest; I found him lying on a bank beside his tent thinking sadly on Pepita, his gay dress disordered, his long dark hair damp and neglected, and his eyes red with weeping. I took the poor child by the hand, and tried to comfort him in my best Spanish, but for a long time he would only answer me with sobs, and at length he sobbed himself to sleep. I wrapped his little cloak round him, and watched patiently till he awoke, after about an hour's refreshing rest: then he found words, and told me all that had occurred to him since I had gone to sleep at the unlucky entertainment.

The host soon pleaded some excuse and left us, when the Englishman immediately proposed play; dice were laid on the table, but the cadet refused for a long time: he had never played in his life, nor felt its horrible temptations. But in his education this maddening vice had not been guarded against; no one had taught him that its beginning was furious avarice,—its end destruction and despair. He was simply innocent of

all knowledge of its pleasures and its woes. The tempter told him that to play was manly, and that if he feared to lose money, he had no spirit. So he played, and lost all he had, and much more. When too tired to go on, he wrote an acknowledgment of what he owed, under the direction of his dangerous associate; and then, very wretched and frightened at what he had done, went home and slept. He would not go, however, till the Englishman promised to see me safely to my billet. I need not add that the promise was not kept. It was about midnight when the cadet went away. My late patient then examined me closely to see that I slept soundly; finding there was but little chance of my interfering with their plans, he quietly shut the door, and left me, hastening to seek his employer and relate his success.

A relation of my little friend, residing in the town, had been requested to watch over him, and supply his wants, while remaining at San Sebastian. To this person the captain of carbiniers went early the next morning, and by affecting an interest in the boy, as a brother officer, managed to persuade the guardian to request that his ward might be removed at once from the garrison, to save him from the bad company and dissipated habits he had fallen into. The written acknowledgment of the heavy gambling debt, contracted only the night before, was handed in while the accuser was yet speaking, with a demand for payment from an officer of the Legion waiting outside. This appeared proof conclusive. In half an hour the cadet was on his way to the lines, under strict orders not on any account to re-enter the city. Before he left, he had sent in all directions vainly searching for me to advise him in his emergency, and to make some effort to have this cruel and unaccountable sentence reversed.

The first week of March approached its end. From day to day the order to advance into the Carlist country was expected; the city and the surrounding neighbourhood were full of troops, the streets and roads literally blocked up with guns, ammunition waggons, and bullock-carts, passing and repassing for the armament or supply

of the different divisions of the army. General officers were observed in frequent consultation with their leader. Aides-de-camp galloped about in all directions. Large buildings were cleared out, and churches prepared as hospitals with grim rows of iron bedssteads ranged along the vaulted aisles. Steamboats buzzed backwards and forwards between the harbour and the neighbouring port of Passages. Deserters came and went. Vague rumours seemed to float in the air. Some great and terrible day was plainly close at hand.

Information worthy of being relied on was obtained, that the greater part of the troops had been removed from our front for some remote operations, and that there now remained a force inferior to our own. But this was the flower of the Carlist army. Stout Chapechuris — the "white caps" of Guipuzcoa, hardy shepherds from the hills of Alava, with the Requeté — the fiercest soldiers of Navarre. Their watch-fires blazed each night on the rugged slopes of the Pyrenees; and as the morning sun lighted the deep gorges of the mountains, from every hamlet and shady valley along the line arose their stirring shout, "For God, and for the King." All day long, in sunshine or in storm, they laboured at their intrenchments. The musket was laid carefully aside, and the pick-axe supplied its place. They dug, and delved, and toiled, fencing round each Biscayan cottage as if it were a holy place. Every gentle slope on the projecting spurs of the great mountains was cut and carved into breastworks and parapets; every ivied wall of their rich orchards was pierced with loopholes, every village church turned into a citadel. Men worked, women aided, children tried to aid. The hated Christinos, and the still more hated English, were before them; behind them lay their own loved and lovely land. And still, as they toiled, when betimes the wearied arm ached and the faithful spirit drooped, a shout would roll along the valleys and echo among the hills that nerved them with a fresh strength, and cheered them with a firmer hope — "For God, and for the King."

Late on the afternoon of the 9th of March, aides-de-camp were sent to

all parts of the lines with strict orders that no one should, on any account, be allowed to pass out. An hour after nightfall, the whole army was put in motion, the main part filed on to the glacis of the fortress of San Sebastian, battalion after battalion formed in close column, piled their arms, and lay down in their ranks, preserving a profound silence: the artillery horses were harnessed, and remained in readiness within the city walls. By about two o'clock in the morning, each corps had taken up its place. About eight thousand men were assembled on the space of a few acres; scarcely a sound was heard, not a creature moved through the streets of the town, not a solitary lamp made "visible" the darkness of the night. The sentries paced their round upon the walls as at other times, and their measured tread was distinct and clear in the noiseless air. And yet, though I saw nothing and heard nothing of them, I *felt* the crowded thousands round me; there was a heaviness and oppression in the atmosphere like the threat of a coming storm, and the ground seemed slightly to tremble, or rather throb, as if in sympathy with the hearts that beat above in hope or fear.

But among the dwellings within the city, there was anxious hurrying from room to room, and from hundreds of windows straining eyes strove against the thick darkness of the night:—wives, mothers, sisters, and those who, though they bore none of those hallowed names, yet loved most tenderly some one in the assembled host about to brave the chance of life or death. Dolores and Pepita were alone in their large gloomy house; their father was on the walls with his company of the national guard. The convalescent was with his regiment on the glacis; I was there too, attached for the time to the same corps, and the odious captain of carbineers was also at the muster. And where was Pepita's play-fellow? They had not seen him since the night of the ill-fated entertainment. The second light infantry were drawn up close to the ramparts; of course, the brave boy is there too. "Ay de mi!" said the younger girl to Dolores, "that I should not see the dear child before the battle." "It can't be helped,"



answered her sister, "and it is now full time to go to rest; we are alone in the house too, and midnight has struck long since." But Pepita would not be persuaded; she seated herself in her father's great chair, and bade Dolores good night. The elder sister, seeing her determination, kissed her and went her way. After a little time, the young girl began to yield to fatigue; she cried heartily with anxiety for her dear child, but at length overcome by drowsiness, laid her soft round arm upon the table close by, her head then drooped gently till resting upon it, and she fell sound asleep; while her long black hair, broken loose from its bands, flowed in rich profusion over her graceful neck. She dreamed of her boy lover, for a fond sweet smile played upon her parted lips.

Now a little scene passes that it saddens me to recall to memory. The boy lover has contrived to get away from his regiment unobserved, and has reached the well-known door; it is only closed, not locked. He opens it very gently, and walks with noiseless footsteps into the room, so noiseless that the sleeper is not awakened, kneels down beside her, and for many minutes gazes on her lovely face in silent happiness. But time flies fast. He rises, takes gently in his hand one of her long locks, cuts it off, and puts it in his bosom; then bends over her, presses his lips softly to hers for a moment, and hastens away. And yet that night she only dreamed that he had bidden her farewell.

The cadet had not long rejoined his regiment, where I had sought him, when our conversation was interrupted by a loud trumpet-blast—the sound for the advance.—Ere it had ceased to echo, a broad blue flame shot up into the dark sky from the roof of a house in the centre of the city, illumining the sea and land around with a dismal and sinister light. For an instant, thousands of startled upturned faces shone livid in the sudden gleam, then vanished into darkness deeper than before. But soon, on a neighbouring hill beyond the lines, another flame bursts forth; again from a high peak of the Pyrenees; and again and again, further and further away to the mountains of Navarre, the traitor signal fire flashed forth the notice of our march,—and from

that hour every city and town, village and hamlet of the north sent forth its armed men to crush us in defeat.

A few battalions went on in front, the artillery followed, next came the main body of the army. We crossed the little river Urumea over the wooden bridge close to the town, followed the road towards Passages for some distance, and then turned into the hilly lands to the south-east of San Sebastian. The heads of columns took positions on or near Alza heights, forming by regiments as they came up, still under cover of the darkness. But though the march was conducted with great order and silence, the heavy rumbling of the guns over the stony roads, and the measured tramp of thousands of armed men were plainly heard for many miles around. By dawn of day the army was in order of battle, with the artillery in position commanding the Ametza hill, where a small Carlist force was intrenched.

Between these opposing forces was a hatred far deadlier than the usual animosity of war. The Christians and Carlists thirsted for each other's blood, with all the fierce ardour of civil strife, animated by the memory of years of mutual insult, cruelty, and wrong. Brother against brother—father against son—best friend turned to bitterest foe—priests against their flocks—kindred against kindred. "For God and for the King,"—"For Liberty and Spain." But to our foes, we of the British Legion were the most odious of all; strangers, mercenaries, heretics, scoffers, polluters of their sacred soil; so did they term us. For us there was no quarter; in the heat of battle, or by cold judicial form, it was all the same: to fall into their hands was certainly a tortured death. Their king had issued the bloody mandate; they were its ready executioners. At different times, and under different circumstances, many of our men had fallen alive into their hands, but the doom of these unfortunates was always the same. About a week since, five Scottish soldiers, while cutting wood, unarmed, in a grove close by our lines, were suddenly seized, bound, and carried away to Hernani, the nearest town; they were tied to stakes in the great square, and shot to death, slowly,

with many wounds, commencing at the feet, and gradually rising higher, till a kind bullet struck some vital spot. One of these victims was a brawny giant with a huge black bushy beard; I recollect him well, it was said he had been the Glasgow hangman. Our men swore frightful vengeance; a black flag—unsanctioned by the authorities—waved over Alza fort; and as orders were given by the generals for the safety of the enemies who might be taken, it was agreed among the soldiers that there should be *no prisoners*.

Some shots from the English artillery on Alza heights began the battle; as the smoke curled up in white wreaths through the pure morning air, the deadly missiles fell lazily into the Carlist breastworks, and burst with destructive accuracy. At the same time, the Irish brigade of the Legion crossed the valley between us and the enemy at a rapid pace—for a time hidden in the mists of the low grounds—but as they neared the hostile parapets they re-appeared, ascending the sloping hill, then their pace increased to a run, and at last they broke, and rushed like a flock of wolves upon the foe. The Carlists waited till the assailants were close at hand, fired one sharp rattling volley into their leading files, and, abandoning the position, fled rapidly down the opposite side of the hill. An English brigade, consisting of the rifles and two London regiments, had at the same time attacked the intrenchments on our right, threatening to cut off a retreat should an effort be made to hold them against the front attack. My duties lay with this portion of the army.

Some time was now passed in pushing our line forward to the new position we had so cheaply gained. The English brigade skirmished against feeble detachments of the Carlists in the hollow to our right, by the banks of the Urumea. In front of the Ainetza heights, lay a lovely valley ornamented with picturesque cottages and orchards; to the left there projected into the lowgrounds a wide elevated platform from the stony hill of San Gerónimo; beyond this stony hill was the main road to France, the object of our expedition. Some Spanish battalions were pushed across the low grounds to our left front, and

briskly attacked the platform; they made but slow progress, for the Carlists fought stoutly for every foot of ground. Soon, however, the lumbering guns followed, and opened their murderous fire; fresh troops pushed on till the platform was gained, and the defenders retired slowly up the stony hill. But here there was a check. Protected by their parapets, and aided by the difficulties of the rocky slope, the Carlists held their ground, determined, come what might, to cover the great French road. Battalion after battalion of the Christinos charged this height in vain. The regiment of the Princessa, more than two thousand strong, the pride of the sunny south, was beaten back three times, and left its best and bravest dead among the rugged rocks.

Among the inhabitants of these Biscayan provinces, some few had joined the constitutional cause. Perhaps their motives for so doing may not have been purely political, or altogether abstract ideas about liberal governments. However, they formed themselves into a free corps about one thousand strong, and from their fierce courage, hardihood, and knowledge of the country, they were more useful to their friends, and dangerous to their enemies, than any troops in the Queen's army. The fact was, that a great proportion of them were deserters, malefactors escaped from justice, or desperate villains from other European nations. They wore red jackets like the Legion, with waistbelts containing their bayonet and ammunition, a blanket twisted like a rope, passing round over the left shoulder and under the right arm, was their only additional burthen, and a red flat cap or Boyna completed their equipment; this last was called in the Basque tongue *Chapelgorri*, and from it the corps derived its name. They chose their own officers, owned but little obedience even to the generals, claimed the right of leading the advance, gave or took no quarter, and plundered unmercifully upon all occasions. These peculiar regulations, though rendering them terrible in war, were attended with certain inconveniences to the members of the corps. They were hunted like wild beasts by their enemies, often condemned and shot for mutiny by their own leaders,

and stabbed in midnight brawls by one another. The result of all this was that on the morning of the 10th of March, only three hundred and eighty Chapelgorris remained alive, to march under their chief "El Pastor."

At break of day, these fierce freebooters had started off on their own account from our far left, and made a dash at a place called Renteria, some distance within the Carlist country. Their attack was unexpected, and after a few random shots, the village was abandoned to them. In this poor place, there was very little plunder to be found, but they took what they could, and destroyed the rest; they chanced, however, upon some gold and silver communion plate in the churches; this they put upon a mule's back, and with laudable precaution sent to the rear; then having done as much with fire and steel as their limited time would permit, they plunged into the deep woody ravines lying between them and the hill of San Gerónimo, and with desperate daring made straight for the scene of strife, through this difficult and hostile country.

Just as the regiment of the Princessa was driven back from their last fierce struggle among the rocks on the hill side, the Chapelgorris, to the great surprise of both friends and foes, emerged from a shady hollow, and shouting like fiends, charged suddenly upon the rear of the Carlists. For a little, they carried all before them, and at one time had actually cleared the parapets that had been so long and bravely defended; but, seeing the weakness of their assailants, and that the attack was unsupported, the Carlists soon rallied, and with a force of ten to one charged down the blood-stained hill. The Chapelgorris held their vantage ground for many minutes, fighting desperately hand to hand with bayonet thrust, and even with the deadly stab of their long knives; but at length some squadrons of Lancers made their way through the rough stones, and piked them without mercy. About half their number, mostly wounded, made their way back into the Christino lines, and having lighted fires, proceeded with perfect unconcern to cook their dinners.

As I said before, the Christino troops held the broad elevated platform at the foot of the Stony Hill.

To the right, between this high ground and the river Urumea, the English brigade of the Legion held the valley. At the extreme advance, by the bank of the stream, on a rising ground, there stood a small cottage, surrounded by a low stone wall, enclosing the little orchard; a handful of men of a London regiment, commanded by my late patient, were thrown into it, with orders to defend it as long as possible, and then to make good their retreat, should they see that the army found it necessary to retire. I was sent with this small detachment to assist the wounded. Our position was completely isolated from all communication with the main body, but to the left rear our flank was protected by a thickly wooded conical hill, held by half a battalion of the second Spanish light infantry; to the left rear of that again, was the broad platform, where our main force lay; from this elevation a threatening row of guns looked out upon the conical hill, extending their protection over its defenders. As long as this connecting position between us and the platform was held, we were safe, for the Urumea covered our right flank, but the force appointed for this duty was under the command of the sullen and treacherous captain of carbineers. During the early part of the day, while the strife was raging upon the hill of San Gerónimo, we were in comparative quiet, only intent upon holding our ground, while, with the exception of a few daring skirmishers, every now and then rebuked by the artillery on the platform, the enemy offered us no annoyance.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, when all our repeated attacks upon the Stony Hill on the left had plainly failed, and it became evident that some other means must be found of forcing our way to the great French road, our chiefs began to withdraw their troops from the extreme left, narrowing their front preparatory to returning within the lines for the night. These movements released the stout defenders of San Gerónimo, and flushed with their success, but unwearied by their labours, they passed rapidly along the slope of the valleys in front of the platform, from left to right; sheltered from the fire of our artillery by the shade of the

thick woods, they formed their columns for a desperate attack upon our extreme right—the cottage where I was, and the conical hill, upon the possession of which our safety depended. While these new dispositions were being made, the firing almost ceased along the whole line. We guessed pretty well what was coming, and prepared as best we might for the approaching storm.

Presently thousands of bayonets glittered in the bright sun-light among the trees in our front; the heads of three heavy columns issued from the wood and pushed across the valley against our positions. The main force assailed the platform, but could make no head against the fire of the artillery, and the masses of troops defending it; another body of some strength rushed up to our cottage stronghold, swarmed round it, and poured a deafening roar of musketry upon the doors and windows; we were instantly driven from the orchard to the shelter of the dwelling, but there we held our own, and the stout Londoners dealt death among the foe. Several men had been killed, and some badly wounded, while retreating from the orchard into the cottage, so my hands were full. I did my utmost, but could not keep pace with the work of destruction. The fire waxed heavier; the Carlists, though suffering severely, pressed closer and closer round us, animated with the hope that we might fall into their hands; but the conical hill is not yet assailed, and till it is lost our retreat is safe. The third attacking column has disappeared in a ravine to our left. Where will that storm burst? See, there they are! now they rise up from the deep hollow—the glittering bayonets and the terrible “white caps;” and now with a fierce shout, louder than the roar of the battle, they dash against the conical hill. We see no more; the thick woods conceal alike our friends and foes.

My late patient, the commander of our little garrison, had been already wounded in the head, but refused my aid with horrid oaths. A torn handkerchief was wrapped round his temples, his face and long grizzled beard were stained with blood, begrimed with smoke and dust; he had seized the musquet and ammunition of a

fallen soldier, and fearless of the deadly hail of bullets, stood upright before a window firing with quick precision, then rapidly reloading. Nevertheless, every now and then, he cast an anxious look beyond, to see how fared the strife upon the all-important hill.

And now the roar of musketry is heard among the trees, and a thick cloud of smoke hangs over the scene of the struggle, concealing the fortunes of the fight. But see! From the back of the hill furthest from the enemy, a tall man, in the uniform of an officer, hastens stealthily away; he crosses towards the river close to the cottage; though hidden by a bank from the Carlists, we see him plainly from the upper windows; his object is probably to escape unobserved down by the stream into the lincs. He has thrown away his sword, his eyes are blood-shot, his face pale with deadly fear, and wild with terror. We look again: eternal infamy! it is the captain of carbineers. Immediately after this, the defenders of the hill, deserted by their leader and pressed by the superior force of the Carlists, gave ground, broke, and fled along the valley. “That accursed coward has betrayed us,” shouted our commander, fiercely. “But he shall not escape us, by —.” As he spoke he aimed at the fugitive and pulled the trigger, but before he finished the sentence, I heard a dull, heavy splash, as of a weight falling upon water; the musket dropped from his grasp, he threw his long sinewy arms up over his head, and fell back without a groan. A bullet had gone through his brain; meanwhile the object of his wrath ran rapidly past and gained the sheltering underwood by the stream in safety.

Our soldiers, instead of being daunted by the loss of their commander, were inspired with the energy of despair. They knew they might not hope for mercy from their fierce assailants, and determined to struggle to the last. All retreat was cut off, but as long as their ammunition lasted they could keep at bay. This, however, began soon to fail. They rifled the pouches of their dead comrades, and still, though almost against hope, bravely held on the fight.

The Carlists upon the conical hill were now exposed to the fire from the guns of the platform, and though in a

great degree sheltered by the trees, they suffered severely. The Christiano forces were, however, being gradually withdrawn from the field of battle, and the chances of our perilous situation being observed by our friends, became momentarily less; a vigorous rush upon the conical hill to gain possession of it, even for a few minutes, might enable us to extricate ourselves, but in the roar and confusion of the battle our little band was forgotten by the Spanish force, left to cover the withdrawal of the army—forgotten by all but one,—the gallant young cadet, my generous friend. He knew that I was in the beleaguered cottage, disgracefully left to its fate by a portion of his own regiment; he saw that we still held out,—that there was hope that we might yet be saved. He hastened to the commanding officer of his corps, told of our perilous situation, and pointed out the means of extricating us. The orders were, that this regiment,—the second light infantry, should check the Carlist advance, till the main body of the Christianos had fallen back upon the positions taken in the morning. The generous boy who had gained a hearing by his gallant conduct through the day, urged his cause so earnestly, that at last it won attention; he pointed out how the recovery of the conical hill would effectually secure the retirement of the troops from annoyance, and that they would have the glory of saving the detachment of the Legion from destruction. The colonel, a gallant old soldier, himself an Englishman by birth, lent no unwilling ear, and the regiment received the order to advance.

Meanwhile, we saw with bitter sorrow battalion after battalion withdrawing from the platform, and the Carlist reserves advancing down the valley in our front to press on the retreating army. But when we had almost ceased to hope, a dark green column emerged from the woods in our rear by the water side, and in serried ranks, with steady step, marched straight upon the fatal hill. It dashes aside the opposing crowds of white-capped skirmishers like foam from a ship's prow; it gains the slope and nears the wooded brow, still, with unflinching courage, pressing on, though men are struck down at every step. They are now close at hand;

we feel their aid; our assailants slacken their fire, and give way; the path is nearly clear: when the hill is won we are saved. We can now plainly distinguish our deliverers—the Second Light Infantry, and in front of the leading rank the gallant cadet toils up the bloody hill. A crashing volley staggers the advancing files; but the youth cheers them on—one effort more. Hurrah, brave boy! hurrah for the honour of Castile! They follow him again; the brow is gained, they plunge into the wood; another rattle of musketry, and the Carlists are driven from the hill.

We seized the golden opportunity, and bearing with us those of the wounded who survived, made good our retreat. The few still capable of any exertion joined our brave deliverers, and retired slowly with them, but the Carlists pressed upon us no more that night.

The evening was falling fast, and the long shadows of the mountains covered the field of blood, when I sat down at the advanced post of our lines to await the returning column and meet the gallant boy, our deliverer from the merciless enemy. They marched slowly up along the road; for many wounded men, borne on stretchers, or supported by their companions, encumbered their movements. Then, as company after company filed past, I looked with anxious straining eyes for my dear young friend. But he came not. Even in the pride of their brave deed the soldiers seemed dull and sorrowful without his airy step and gallant bearing to cheer them on. Last in the ranks came a tall bearded grenadier, carrying something in his arms—something very light, but borne with tender care. It was the young cadet. His eyes were closed; his face wore a smile of ineffable sweetness, but was white as marble, and, like the smile on the features of a marble statue, there may be never again a change; for the fair child was dead.

The Captain of the ship had joined our group some time before, and listened attentively to the latter part of the story. When it came to this point, he cried out somewhat impatiently, "Hillo, Doctor! if you have nothing pleasanter to tell us, the sooner we turn in the better."

## FLECHIER'S CHRONICLE OF CLERMONT ASSIZES. \*

MANY of our readers, unacquainted with his writings, will remember the name of the gentle prelate and renowned rhetorician who delivered the funeral oration of the great TURENNE, accomplishing the mournful but glorious task with such eloquence and grace that the composition constitutes his chief claim to the admiration of posterity. We should say, perhaps, that it *did* constitute his principal hold upon the world's memory, previously to the year 1844, date of exhumation of a work likely to command readers longer than his *Oraisons Funébres*, or, than any other portion of the ten serious volumes published under the incorrect title of *Œuvres Complètes*. We can imagine the astonishment of an erudite book-worm, suddenly encountering, when winding his way through dusty folios and antique black letter, a sprightly and gallant narrative, sparkling with graceful sallies and with anecdotes and allusions à la Grammont; and finding himself compelled, by evidence internal and collateral, to accept the mundane manuscript as the work of a grave and pious father of the church. A courtly chronicle, in tone fringing on the frivolous, and often more remarkable for piquancy of subject than for strict propriety of tone, suddenly dragged from the cobwebbed obscurity of an ancient escriptorre and put abroad as the production of a South, a Tilletson, or a Blair, would astound the public, and find many to doubt its authenticity. In bringing forward the earliest work of the amiable bishop of Nismes, the librarian of the town of Clermont had no such scepticism to contend against. Moreover, he had arguments and proofs at hand sufficient to confound and convince

the most incredulous. True, there was vast difference in tone and subject between the literary pastime of the Abbé, and the results of the grave studies and oratorical talents of the reverend churchman and renowned preacher; but affinities of style were detectable by the skilful, and, in addition to this, there had crept out, at sundry periods of the present century, certain letters of Fléchier†—letters not to be found in the so-called "complete editions" of his works—whose strain of graceful levity and exaggerated gallantry indicated a talent distinct from that to which he owes a fame now daily diminishing; and prepared the few whose notice they attracted for a transition from grave didactics and inflated declamation to lively *badinage* and debonaire narrative. The masses knew little about the matter, and cared less. Latin verses, complimentary discourses, and funeral orations, dating from a century and a half back, and relating to persons and events great and brilliant, it is true, but now seen dim and distant through the long vista of years, are not the class of literature to compel much attention in this practical and progressive age. As a constructor of French prose, Fléchier is unquestionably entitled to honourable mention. If his claims to originality of genius were small, he at least was an elegant rhetorician and a delicate and polished writer, to whom the French language is under obligations. As a man of letters, he formed an important link between the school of Louis XIII. and that of the *Grand Monarque*; he was one of the first to appreciate grace of diction, and to attempt the elevation and correction of a spurious style. His florid

\* *Mémoires de Fléchier sur les Grands-Jours tenus à Clermont, en 1665-66*: publiés par B. Gonod, Bibliothécaire de la Ville de Clermont. Paris 1844.

† These letters were addressed to a young Norman Lady, Mademoiselle Anne de Lavigne, who wrote sonnets in the Soudéry style, and with whom Fléchier kept up a gallant and high-flown correspondence in mingled prose and verse. As far as can be ascertained the *liaison* was an innocent one; it is quite certain that it caused no scandal at the time. Most of the letters bear date three or four years subsequently to the *Grands-Jours*.

eloquence, however, not unfrequently wearied by its stilted pomposity, and, save by a few scholars and literati, his works are rather respected than liked, more often praised than read. He wrote for the century, not for all time. And his books, if still occasionally referred to, each day drew nearer to oblivion, when the publication of the *Mémoires sur les Grands-Jours tenus à Clermont* came opportunistically to refresh his fading bays. The lease of celebrity secured by ten studied and ponderous tomes, exhaling strong odour of midnight oil, had nearly expired, when it was renewed by a single volume, written with flowing pen and careless grace, but overlooked and underrated for nearly two centuries.

Although scarcely essential to a just appreciation of the book before us, we shall cursorily sketch the career of Esprit Fléchier, esteemed one of the ablest of French pulpit orators,—one of the most kind-hearted and virtuous of French prelates. Born in 1632, in the county of Avignon, he early assumed the sacerdotal garb, and obtained occupation as teacher of rhetoric. At the age of eight-and-twenty, business resulting from the death of a relation having taken him to Paris, he conceived an affection for that capital and remained there. Having no fortune of his own, he was fain to earn a modest subsistence by teaching the catechism to parish children. Already, when professing rhetoric at Narbonne, he had given indication of the oratorical talents that were subsequently to procure him the highest dignities of the church, the favour of a great king, and the enthusiastic admiration of a Sévigné. At Paris he busied himself with the composition of Latin verses, for which he had a remarkable talent, and celebrated in graceful hexameters the successes and virtues of ministers, princes, and kings. The peace concluded with Spain by Mazarine, the future prospects of the dauphin of France, the splendid tournament held by the youthful Louis, in turn afforded subjects for the display of his elegant Latinity. Fléchier had the true instinct of the courtier, exempt from fawning sycophancy, and tempered by the dignity of his sacred profession.

And when he condescended to flatter, it was with delicacy and adroitness. Ambitious of the patronage of the Duke of Montansier, he knew how to obtain it by a judicious independence of tone and deportment, more pleasing to that nobleman than the most insinuating flattery. A constant guest in the Salon Rambouillet, he made good his place amongst the wits frequenting it, and when its presiding genius expired, it fell to him to speak its funeral oration. This was the commencement of his fame. From the hour of that brilliant harangue, his progress was rapid to the pinnacle of royal favour and priestly dignity. Unanimously elected member of the academy, he became almoner to the dauphiness, and was long the favourite court preacher, petted by the king and by Madame de Maintenon. His nomination as bishop was delayed longer than the high favour he enjoyed seemed to justify. At last, in 1685, he received his appointment to the see of Lavanr. The words with which Louis XIV. accompanied it, were characteristic of the selfish and smooth-spoken sovereign. "Be not surprised at my tardiness in rewarding your great merits; I could not sooner resolve to resign the pleasure of hearing you." His promotion to the bishopric of Nismes followed two years later, and there he founded the academy, and abode in the constant practice of all Christian virtues, until his death, which occurred in 1710, five years sooner than that of his royal patron and admirer. This provincial residence could hardly have been a matter of inclination to one who had so long basked in the warm sunshine of court favour. But the self-imposed duty was well and cheerfully performed. And we find the mild and unambitious churchman deprecating the benefits showered on him by the king. "It is a great proof of your goodness," he wrote to Louis, when appointed to the rich and important see of Nismes, "that you leave me nothing to ask but a diminution of your favours." Strict in his own religious tenets, he was tolerant of those of others, and more than once, during the cruel persecutions of the Huguenots, his sacerdotal mantle was extended to shield the unhappy fanatics from the raging

sabres of their pitiless foes. "He died," says St Simon, "distinguished for his learning, his works, his morals, and for a truly episcopal life. Although very old, he was much regretted and mourned throughout all Languedoc."

It is pleasing to trace so virtuous a career, its just reward and peaceful termination; otherwise we might have been contented to refer to the period when Fléchier was tutor to the son of M. Lefevre de Caumartin, one of the king's council, master of requests, and bearer of the royal seals at the tribunal of the Grands-Jours. The future bishop had been at Paris about two years, when he accepted this tutorship. Four years more elapsed; he was in priest's orders, and already had some reputation as a preacher, when he accompanied M. de Caumartin to Clermont. It was in 1665, and Louis XIV. had convoked the exceptional court occasionally held in the distant provinces of France, and known as the Grands-Jours. "This word," says M. Gonod, in his introduction to Fléchier's volume, "which excited, scarcely two centuries ago, such great expectations, so many hopes and fears, is almost unknown at the present day; and one meets with many persons, otherwise well informed, who inquire 'what the Grands-Jours were?' They were extraordinary assizes, held by judges chosen and deputed by the king. These judges, selected from the parliament, were sent with very extensive powers, to decide all criminal and civil cases that might be brought before them, and their decisions were without appeal. They inherited the duties of those commissioners, called *missi dominici*, whom our kings of the first and second dynasties sent into the provinces to take information of the conduct of dukes and counts, and to reform the abuses that crept into the administration of justice and of the finances. The rare occurrence of these assizes, and the pomp of the judges, contributed to render them imposing and solemn, and obtained for them from the people the name of Grands-Jours. They were held but seven times in Auvergne," (the dates follow, commencing 1551;) "and of those seven sittings, the most remark-

able for duration, for the number and importance of the trials, for the quality of the persons figuring in them, and for their result, are, without the slightest question, those of 1665-6. They lasted more than four months, from the 26th September to the 30th January. More than twelve thousand complaints were brought before them, and a multitude of cases, both civil and criminal, were decided. And, amongst the latter, whom do we see upon the bench of the accused? The most considerable persons, by birth, rank, and fortune, of Auvergne and the circumjacent provinces, judges, and even priests!" Here we find the true reason why Fléchier's interesting memoirs of this important session have so long remained unprinted, almost unknown. It were idle to assert that want of merit caused them to be omitted, or at best passed over with a cursory notice, by collectors and commentators of Fléchier's writings. We have already intimated, and shall presently prove, that, both as a literary composition, and as a chronicle of the manners of the times, this long-neglected volume is of great merit and interest. And had these been less, this was still hardly a reason for grudging the honours and advantages of type to a single volume of no very great length, at the cost of the integrity of its author's works. If not included in any of the partial editions of the bishop's writings, or printed with his posthumous works at Paris in 1712, a nook might surely have been reserved for it in the Abbé Ducreux's complete edition, or in the less estimable one of Fabre de Narbonne. But no—such favour was not afforded. M. Fabre dismisses it with a curt and flippant notice, and Ducreux confines himself to a careless abstract, inserted in the tenth volume of his edition, as a sort of sop to certain persons who, having obtained access to the manuscript, were sufficiently judicious to hold it in high estimation. The Abbé alleged as his reason, that he thought little of the style, which he considered strange and negligent. We will not do him the unkindness to accept this as his real opinion. His true motive, we cannot doubt, was more akin to that loosely hinted at by M. Fabre, who,



as recently as the year 1828, intimates that there might be some "imprudence" in raking up these old stories. In 1782 M. Ducreux may have been justified in apprehending detriment to his interests, and perhaps even danger to his personal liberty, as the possible consequence of his giving too great publicity to the chronicles of the Grands-Jours. The Bastille and *Lettres-de-Cachet* were not then the mere empty sounds they were rendered, seven years later, by the acts of a furious mob and a National Convention. There was still "snug lying" in the fortress of the Porte St Antoine, for impertinent scribes as for suspected conspirators. We cannot doubt that, by the affected disparagement of Fléchier's book, the Abbé Ducreux sought to veil his own timid or reasonable apprehensions, feigning, like the fox in the fable, to despise what he was unable (or dared not) to make use of. "This narrative," says M. Gonod, speaking of the *Mémoires*, "in which the manners and morals of the nobility and clergy of the period are sometimes painted in such black colours, could not, as will be seen on perusal, be brought to light in the time of its author. More than a century later, the Abbé Ducreux did not deem it advisable to print it in a complete form. 'What interest,' he says, 'could the reader find in the recital of those old stories, some of revolting atrocity, others studiously malicious, and of depravity calculated only to shock susceptible imaginations and generous hearts? The history of crime is already too vast and too well known; it is that of virtue, and of actions honourable to humanity, that we should endeavour to preserve and disseminate.' Admitting this principle," M. Gonod very justly remarks, "the first thing to do would be to pass a sponge over history; and the virtuous Abbé forgot that nothing is more adapted to inspire horror of crime than the contemplation of its hideous face, and of the penalties that follow in its train. On the other hand—and here we have the true reason—"the Abbé Ducreux feared to retrace these facts at a time when

the descendants of the men most compromised in those terrible trials held the first places in the church, the magistracy, and the army: it would have been wounding them, he says, without utility to the public." Nearly sixty years later, M. Fabre de Narbonne allows himself to be fettered by similar unwillingness to offend the posterity of the noble and reverend criminals of 1666; for thus only can be explained his intimation of the possible imprudence of reviving those judicial records. In 1844, the librarian of Clermont writes thus: "This reason"—he refers to that alleged by Ducreux—"which I respect and approve, is extinct for us. Of all those families, two only, I think, are still in existence; and I believe that the present representatives of those once odious names are personally known in too honourable a manner to have to dread from Fléchier's narrative any lesion to their honour. I must add, moreover, that with respect to one, every thing has been long since published by Legrand d'Aussy, Taillandier;\* and that the other has received communication from me of all relating to his family, and sees no objection to its publication." From this paragraph it is manifest, that M. Gonod was not quite in his case as to the effect of his publication. He *thinks* one thing, *believes* another. assumes altogether a doubting and deprecatory tone, defending himself before attack. The worthy bibliophilist and editor was evidently in some slight trepidation as to the reception of his literary foster-child by the descendants of the dissolute and tyrannical nobility arraigned before the tribunal of the Grands-Jours. His apprehensions were not unfounded. It is certainly difficult to understand what could be risked and who offended by the resuscitation—after one hundred and eighty years, and when French institutions and society had been so completely turned upside down by successive revolutions—of these antiquated details of feudal oppression, priestly immorality, and magisterial corruption. It argues singular tenuity of epidermis on the part of French *gentilshommes* of the nine-

\* *Voyage en Auvergne, and Recueil de l'Histoire d'Auvergne.*

teenth century, that they cannot be to hear how their great grandfather, seven or eight times removed, oppressed his vassals by enforcing odious privileges, hung up his lady's page by the heels till death ensued, poisoned his wife, or confined a serf\* in a damp closet where he could neither sit nor stand, and where his face lost its form and his garments acquired a coat of mildew. Why the disclosure of these crimes—atrocious though they are, and characteristic of a barbarous state of society—should disturb the repose or cloud the countenances of the far-removed posterity of the feudal tyrants who committed them, is no easy question to answer. Are these susceptible descendants apprehensive lest the crimes of the French aristocracy, two hundred years ago, should acquire a peculiarly swart hue, in the eyes of existing generations, by contrast with the immaculate purity of corresponding classes in the nineteenth century? The misdeeds of a Senegas and a Montvallat, extenuated by the circumstances of the times, by a ruder state of society and greater laxity of morals, might well be forgotten in the infamy of a Praslin and a Teste. Whatever the reason, however, the fact is that the publication of the *Grands-Jours* was viewed with displeasure by various Auvergnat families. The edition consisted, we believe, of seven or eight hundred copies, of which the public bought a portion, and the remainder were purchased and destroyed by those whom the contents of the volume offended. The book is now unobtainable; and there appears little

probability of a reprint in France. Under these circumstances, it is surprising that the Brussels publishers—whom no trashy French novel can escape—have not laid their piratical claws upon a book of such attractive interest.

Written during the four months that Fléchier passed at Clermont as one of the household of M. de Caumartin, the *Mémoires* are intended less as an historical record of the assizes than as a general diary of all the amiable Abbé saw, heard, and collected during his stay in Auvergne. Their nature scarcely admitting publication during the author's lifetime, we must consider their composition to have been a pastime, a manner of dispelling the tedium of long mornings in a provincial town. "Assuredly," a clever French critic has said, "no author ever wrote for himself alone; in literature, as on the stage, monologues are purely conventional; in reality, one speaks to the public without seeming so to do." If ever there was an exception to this rule, it was in the case of Fléchier. During the *Grands-Jours*, Clermont, crowded with functionaries and their families, with plaintiffs, defendants, and witnesses, from every part of the extensive district † over which the court had jurisdiction, was a grand focus of gossip and scandal; and by this, Fléchier, as one of the household of so important a person as M. de Caumartin, was in the best possible position to benefit. It is by no means improbable, that a desire to retain the many pungent anecdotes that reached his ear, and also the more important and striking

\* From the end of the fifteenth century there were no serfs in Auvergne, as is shown by the municipal law of 1510; "*Toutes personnes estans et demeurans au dict pays sont francs et de franche condition.*" All persons being and dwelling in the said country are free and of free condition. Nevertheless, there were still "*héritages tenus à condition de mainmorte.*"—( *Coutume, titre xxvii. art. 1.*) But on the confines of Auvergne, in the Pays de Combrailles, there were persons "*de serve condition, de mainmorte et de suyle;*" *ibid. art. 2*, which means that the servitude of those persons was attached to their flesh and bone; that it followed them every where, even when they abandoned their inheritance and fled the country. One is glad to hear Fléchier and Talon stigmatising, in the names of religion and humanity, those iniquitous rights, which subsisted more than a century after them. *Personal servitude* was abolished only by an edict of August 1779; for which Louis XVI. and his minister Necker are to be thanked. It took ten more years and the revolution of 1789 to do away with *real servitude*, which was general in France.—*Mémoires*, p. 112.

† This included Upper and Lower Auvergne, the Bourbonnais, the Nivernais, the Forez, the Beaujolais, the Lyonnais, the Pays de Combrailles, Berry, and the Upper and Lower Marche.—Vide *Mémoires*, Introduction, xvi.

of the proceedings before the court, stimulated him to indite the four hundred and fourteen folio pages of manuscript now printed, with introduction, notes, and appendix, in an octavo volume of four hundred and sixty. He may have anticipated lively gratification in refreshing his memory, at some later and more tranquil period of his life, by a reference to the annals of those gay and bustling days. He may have had in view the delectation of the witty Parisian *coteries* by whom he was already held in high and well-merited esteem. And the modest preceptor, foreseeing not, at that early period of his career, the eminence he was destined to attain, may have indulged in pleasing visions of posthumous fame, founded on this graceful volume of memoirs. What we cannot suppose him to have contemplated, was its immediate publication; and to this we must attribute the capricious disorder, the frequent transitions, the sprightly *naïveté* and piquant negligence of a book written (as so few are written) for the author's private gratification, or at most for that of a limited circle of friends. With regard to the intrinsic merit of the work, we can hardly do better than quote M. Gonod. "Independently," says that gentleman, "of the curious facts it reveals, of the manners (still too little known) which it retraces, it will be for the intelligent reader one of the most precious literary monuments of the age of Louis XIV. It was composed ten years after Pascal's 'Provinciales,' when Cornelle had already produced his masterpieces, at the moment that Molière brought out his 'Misanthrope,' when Racine prepared his 'Plaidens,' and his 'Britannicus,' and Boileau published his first satires. These memoirs add a new gem to Fléchier's literary crown, by displaying qualities not to be traced in his previously-published works. Here one does not find that scientific formality of style which procured him the name of a skilful artisan of words; but the author, still young, and writing, as we may say, in play, or to exercise his easy pen, lets the latter run on at random, whence often arises a certain *laissez-aller*, an apparent negligence, of which Legrand d'Assy,

criticises it, felt neither the charm nor the value. Had he found declamation against reigning abuses, against the nobility, or against what he called superstition, he would have admired it. But the scholarly harmony of the style, the vein of subtle and delicate wit pervading the work, have completely escaped him. Let others having more right to be severe than the author of the 'Voyage en Auvergne,' point out occasional prolixity, romantic adventures, digressions, a superabundance of antitheses; let them even blame the coolness with which Fléchier—in times when such circumspection was necessary—relates horrible facts. I leave them to play this easy part, and prefer receding with the author to a period whose private and intimate customs are little known to me, observing with him the follies, and listening to the gossip of the day, laughing with him, enjoying his gaiety, and, at the same time, acquiring knowledge." Then come a few words of compliment and gratitude to the enlightened minister (M. Villemain) who encouraged the publication of the *Mémoires*. In the main we agree with M. Gonod, and are much more disposed to give ourselves up to the charm—scarcely admitting exact definition—which we find in Fléchier's work, and to cull the flowers of instruction and amusement so liberally scattered through his pages, than to sit down with the dogged brow of a hypercritic to pick out errors and carp at deficiencies. The kind-hearted Abbé, by his decorous gaiety, inoffensive satire, and occasional tinge of tender melancholy, surely deserves this much forbearance. Nor can we, considering the unassuming nature of his work and the circumstances under which it was written, allow ourselves to be angry with him for the abrupt flights and transitions by which he so frequently passes from the annals of crime to the recital of follies, from the lady's bower to the ensanguined scaffold, from the dark details of feudal oppression to the trivial tattle of the town; careless in some instances to terminate history or anecdote, to dispel the doubts and gratify the curiosity of the reader. Whilst recognising the his-

torical importance and interest of a grave and minute account of the sessions of the Grands-Jours, we do not quarrel with our Abbé for not having transmitted it to us, but accept his heterogeneous tragic-comic volume as a graphic and amusing sketch of the vices, follies, and tone of French society in the twenty-third year of the reign of Louis, surnamed the Great.

At the last stage before Clermont, the town of Riom, Fléchier abruptly commences his narrative. It was the place of rendezvous for the members of the tribunal, who halted there to shake their feathers and prepare their pompous entry into Clermont. "At Riom," says the Abbé, "we began to take repose and congratulate ourselves on our journey. We were so well received by the lieutenant-general, and were lodged in his house with so great cleanliness and even magnificence, that we forgot we were out of Paris." The hospitable seneschal, moreover, took pleasure in showing his honourable guests all that was remarkable in the town and its environs, especially a young lady of great attractions, whose numerous charms of person and mind made her to be considered in that country as one of the wonders of the world. She was about twenty-two years of age, daughter of a certain President Gabriel de Combes, and without being a perfect beauty, she was deemed irresistible when desirous to please. The great praises Fléchier heard of her, raised his expectations to a high pitch, and when he saw her, he was disappointed. He admitted many merits, but also discovered defects. A person of quality belonging to that country, and whose name is not given, combated this depreciatory opinion, which the gentle Abbé willingly waived, merely expressing surprise that a lady of such merit should have passed her twentieth year without making some great marriage. The worthy country gentleman, his interlocutor, was astonished at his astonishment, being unable to conceive that the adventures of this pearl of Auvergne had not been trumpeted in the remotest corners of the kingdom. When at last convinced of Fléchier's ignorance, he volunteered to dispel it; and the Abbé, evidently delighted to be ini-

tiated into the *chronique scandaleuse* of Riom, gave him all encouragement. But because they were not at their ease for such discourse, but importuned by many compliments, in the drawing-room where this occurred, they got into the honest gentleman's carriage, and were driven to a certain garden, which passed for the Luxembourg of the district, and was much frequented in the fine season by the Riom fashionables. "There are fontains," says Fléchier, "and grottos, and alleys separated by palisades of a very agreeable verdure, which divert the eyes, and thick enough to keep the secrets exchanged by lovers, when they walk and talk confidentially. Although it was one of the finest of autumnal days, the arrival of Messieurs des Grands-Jours kept every body in the town, and we found more tranquillity and solitude than we had hoped for." Amidst the discreet shades of this suburban Eden, Fléchier learned the gallant adventures of Mademoiselle de Combes, which he professes to set down verbatim, although it is easy to judge how greatly the narrative is indebted to his consummate art as a narrator, far superior to what could reasonably be attributed to the Auvergnat squire or noble from whom he derived the facts; to say nothing of the impossibility of retaining word for word, and upon once hearing it, a narrative extending over thirty pages. But, throughout the volume, the same thing occurs. Give Fléchier a story to tell, and he imparts to it a character entirely his own, arranging it with infinite grace, attributing motives to the personages, and placing imaginary conversations in their mouths. This story of Mademoiselle de Combes, for instance, in itself a very simple case of jilting, acquires, in his hands, an interest peculiarly its own, and we follow it to the end with unabated amusement. A young gentleman of Clermont, of the name of Fayet, rich and amiable, of agreeable person and noble and generous disposition, and well allied, returned to his native town, after completing his studies at Paris, to marry Mademoiselle Ribeyre, daughter of the first president of the Court of Aids at Clermont. The marriage had been arranged between

the respective parents, but some difference supervening, the lady's father broke off the match, and to prevent any possible renewal of negotiations, gave his daughter to M. Charles de Combes, so that Fayet arrived to find his mistress snatched from him, and to witness a rival's wedding instead of celebrating his own. Many persons would have been sensibly affected by such a misadventure, but he consoled himself with a good grace for the loss of a bride whom he had known little and loved less, paid the usual civilities to the new-married couple, and soon found himself on a friendly footing in their house. There he met the sister-in-law of his former intended, Mademoiselle de Combes, then a young girl of fifteen, endowed with every grace of mind and person that can be expected at that age, and her favour he seriously applied himself to gain. "He found a virgin heart," says Fléchier, "upon which he made a tolerably favourable impression: he made more expense than ever, gave magnificent entertainments, acquired the good will of most of the persons who habitually saw his mistress, and did all in his power to place himself favourably in her opinion, knowing well that esteem leads to tenderness by a very rapid road. On occasion he would address a few words to her in a low voice; and in his conversation would opportunely introduce generous and tender sentiments. These, the young lady, who had infinite wit and sense, well knew how to apply; but although she was already a little touched, she had the art to dissimulate so naturally that it was impossible to penetrate her thoughts, and even those she most trusted knew nothing of her newborn inclinations." Such power of dissimulation, at so early an age, might have alarmed the lover, and given the aspirant to her hand matter for reflexion. Instead of that, it served to stimulate his passion, and he pressed the siege of her heart with renewed vigour. In a long conversation, detailed by Fléchier in the graceful but insipid language of the period, where the voice of passion seems cramped and chilled by the necessity of polished periods and elegant diction, Fayet paved the way to

a declaration, which he had already commenced, when interrupted by the entrance of the sister-in-law. But his discourse, and the constancy of his attentions, had touched the heart, or at least wrought upon the imagination of the obdurate fair one; and the gallant, perceiving his advantage impatiently awaited an opportunity to renew the attack. It soon occurred, whilst walking with some ladies and cavaliers in the same garden where Fléchier heard the tale. Accident divided the party, and the lovers found themselves alone. With trembling and hesitation, for his sincere and ardent passion made him dread the possibility of a refusal which his reason forbade him to think probable, Fayet avowed his love. The lady affected dismay, and uttered a cry, says the Abbé, that nearly pierced the paining; but she ended by permitting him to love her, and after two or three more interviews, confessed a reciprocal flame. Their amorous joy, however, was converted into bitterness and despair by the positive refusal of the President de Combes to sanction their union. The magistrate's motives for this refusal were in the highest degree absurd. One was, that M. Ribeyre having declined the alliance of Fayet, it was to be inferred the latter had less fortune than he received credit for; the second, still more ridiculous, was an idea that it would be disgraceful to his daughter to marry a man whom his daughter-in-law had refused. Fayet, we are told, was near dying of grief on receiving this rude and unforeseen blow. Retiring to his apartment, he wrote a despairing billet to his mistress, who, although also very desponding, returned an encouraging and consolatory reply, and there ensued an animated correspondence and long series of secret interviews, known of course to everybody but to the parents who forbade them. At last, the vigilance of the latter became excessive: Mademoiselle Combes, never suffered out of sight of her mother, who even slept in her room, was compelled to scribble her love-letters in haste, by favour of a half-drawn curtain and a ray of lamp-light, whilst the good lady was absorbed in her evening devotions; until at last, by reason of this painful constraint,

or from some other cause, she fell into a state of languor, and was taken to the baths of Vichy. "She there recovered her health," says Fléchier, who manifestly sympathises with the sufferings of these constant lovers; "but the miracle was less owing to the waters than to secret interviews with her lover. He followed her in disguise, and remained hidden in a house adjacent to the baths, whither, under some pretext, a good lady conducted her, and thence, after a space of conversation, led her back to her mother. Never were the waters of Vichy more eagerly desired, or taken with more pleasure." After this, Mademoiselle de Combes, hoping to alarm her parents into acquiescence, took refuge in a convent, where she was received on condition that she should break off all intercourse with the world. But the superior, a lady of quality and friend of both parties, favoured the reception of letters, and even visits from Fayet to his mistress. The lover was smuggled by female friends as far as the convent grating. At last, Madame de Combes persuaded her daughter to return home, and treated her more kindly than before, but continued staunch in her opposition to the marriage. To be brief, this state of affairs lasted eight or nine years. "The thing went so far," says the Abbe, "that they swore fidelity before the altar, making profane vows in holy places, and even writing promises signed with their blood, and committing other follies peculiar to persons whom a violent passion blinds. By this time the lady was in her twenty-fourth year, and seeing herself near the age when the law exempts children from the control of their parents, she exhorted Fayet to perseverance, writing him to that effect."

Just at this time, M. Bernard de Fortia, a friend and college-comrade of Fayet, was appointed to the high office of Intendant of Auvergne. He was a widower, and, on arriving at Clermont, *il se pourvut d'abord d'une galanterie*. The object of his attentions was a young girl of eighteen, whose *embonpoint* added several years to her apparent age, and who was generally known as *la Beauverger*. "For we are accustomed thus to

abridge the manner of naming, and find the word *Mademoiselle* useless, the name of the family sufficiently indicating the quality." With the unaffected ease and lively conversation of this lady, the Intendant was much pleased and amused, and saw a good deal of her, being also greatly diverted by her letters. "Sometimes she began them by some extravagance, as when she wrote to him: '*The devil take you, sir!*' and by naïvetés of her invention. Writing easily, she wrote much; and as she was one day told that if she continued she would produce more volumes than Saint Augustin, 'Ay, truly,' she replied, 'though, like him, I were to write only my confessions.'"

To the admirer of this brisk and buxom damsel, Fayet addressed himself as to an old friend, and in all confidence, to intercede for him with the parents of Mademoiselle de Combes. Fortia promised his best services, went several times to the house, and assured his friend that he took all care of his interests, but that it would be unwise to precipitate matters. These assurances he renewed in his letters to Fayet, who, being compelled about this time to make a journey to Paris, was received on his return with every mark of joy by the mistress of his affections. Still, although she had reached her twenty-fifth year, she seemed in no hurry to take the steps necessary to their marriage; she was less eager to hear from her lover, and less assiduous in writing to him. Some time afterwards, Fayet discovered that she was in correspondence with M. Fortia, and chancing to see one of her letters, he nearly fainted with surprise and grief at its contents. "Do not press me, Sir, I entreat you," wrote the perfidious beauty, "to reply very exactly to the last passage in your letter. You well know that word is difficult to utter, and still more so to write; be satisfied with the assurance that as a good Christian I strictly obey the commandment that bids me love my neighbour. Another time you shall know more." Poor Fayet sought his mistress, who denied having written to Fortia, and protested that her sentiments were unchanged. Persuaded of her dissimulation, and over-

whelmed with sorrow, he addressed her in a strain of feeling wholly thrown away upon the calculating and deceitful damsel. "If my suspicions are just, Madam," he said amongst other things, "and you are more moved by the fortune of an Intendant than by the sincere passion of a lover lacking such brilliant recommendations, I feel that you will render me the most miserable of men; but I consent to be miserable so that you be the happier." The lady consoled him, taxed him with injustice in thus suspecting her after ten years' fidelity, dismissed him only half persuaded, and wrote to him that same evening to beg him to return her letters. Fayet saw that he was sacrificed. He sent back the letters, retaining only a few of the best, especially the one written in blood. To add to his annoyance, his false friend the Intendant had the hypocritical assurance to protest that he had done all in his power for him, but that, finding all in vain, he at last, subjugated by the lady's charms, had pleaded his own cause. He then told him in confidence that he was to be married in a few days, and, with more anxiety than delicacy, entreated him to say how far his familiarity with Mademoiselle de Combes had been carried during the ten years' courtship. Gentle creature as the jilted suitor evidently was, he could not resist the temptation thus indiscreetly held out, and, without compromising to the last point the lady's reputation, he contrived, by his ambiguous replies, greatly to perplex and torment his rival. The latter, in his uneasiness, consulted other persons; the report of his indiscretion got wind, and was made the subject of songs and pasquinades, rather witty than decent. The marriage, which was to have taken place in a few days, had been several months pending when Fléchier heard the story, and the general opinion was, that the Intendant was only amusing himself, and that it would never occur. Meanwhile poor feeble Fayet could not get cured of his love; he thought continually of his lost mistress, took pleasure in praising and talking of her, sought excuses for her conduct, and only spoke of her as his "adorable deceiver."

"The incidents of your narrative," says Fléchier, when thanking the obliging gentleman for the pleasure he had procured him, "are very pleasant, and you have told them so agreeably, that I find them marvelously so. If you ask my opinion, I take part with Fayet against his false mistress, and I wish that, for her punishment, the Intendant may amuse her for a while and then leave her; that she may then seek to return to Fayet, and that Fayet may have nothing to say to her. Heaven often punishes one infidelity by another." The *adorable trompeuse*, as we are informed by a note, ultimately married neither Fortia nor Fayet, but became the wife of a M. de la Barge.

If we have thus lingered over the love story with which Fléchier commences his *Mémoires*, it is because these milder episodes are, to our thinking, more agreeable to dwell upon, and, in their style of telling, more characteristic of the writer, than the details of barbarous crimes and sanguinary scenes with which, at a later period of the volume, we are abundantly indulged. We will get on to the staple of the book, the proceedings of the Grands-Jours. This tribunal, although, as already mentioned, it took cognisance of all manner of causes, civil as well as criminal, and judged offenders of every degree, from the meanest peasant to the highest noble, was intended chiefly for the benefit of the turbulent and tyrannical nobility, who in those latter days of expiring feudality, still oppressed their weaker neighbours, murdered their dependents, and kept up bloody feuds amongst themselves. Such excesses and injustice were common in Bretagne, Dauphiné, and other provinces of France; but we cannot trace them as having taken place any where quite so late as in Auvergne, whose remote position and mountainous configuration, as well as the rude and obstinate character of its inhabitants, gave greater liberty and pretext for a state of things recalling in some degree the lawless periods of the middle ages. "The license that a long war has introduced into our provinces," says the King's letter to the *Echevins*, or chief magistrates of Clermont, "and the oppression that the poor

suffer from it, having made us resolve to establish in our town of Clermont in Auvergne, a court vulgarly called the Grands-Jours, composed of persons of high probity and consummate experience, who, to the extent of the authority we have intrusted to them, shall take cognisance of all crimes, and pass judgment on the same, punishing the guilty, and powerfully enforcing justice; we will, and command you. &c." "This letter," (of which the remainder refers to the quarters to be provided for the judges, and to the consideration to be shown to their persons and quality,) "read, with sound of trumpet, upon the principal squares and cross-streets of the town, produced an effect difficult to describe. One can form an idea of it, only when the picture of the Grands-Jours, unrolled before our eyes by Fléchier, shall have permitted us to imagine the system of oppression under which the people groaned. The letter was like a signal of general deliverance." (Introduction, p. xix.) Of deliverance, that is to say, for the lower orders, the vast majority, who foresaw, in the severity and omnipotence of the dreaded tribunal, revenge for their long sufferings at the hands of arrogant and lawless masters. The aristocracy of the province, on the other hand, few of whom could boast clear consciences, beheld the arrival of the royal commissioners with feelings far less pleasing; and although a body of them, including many notorious delinquents, went out to meet and welcome the Messieurs des Grands Jours, the ceremony was scarcely at an end when most of them took to flight, to await in distant hiding-places the subsidence of the storm of retribution. These were the gentlemen referred to in the popular song of the day, composed for the occasion, and which resounded in the streets of Clermont on the morrow of the receipt of the King's letter. It is given, at its full length of twenty-

two couplets, in the appendix to the *Mémoires*, and breathes a bitter hatred of the unfeeling nobles and insolent retainers who ill-treated the people—a savage joy at their impending castigation. One of the verses may be quoted, as comprising the principal hardships and extortions suffered by the peasantry.

A parler François,  
Chaque gentilhomme  
Du matin au soir  
Fait croûte ses cens,  
Et d'un liard en a six.  
Il vit sans toi,  
Prend le pré, le foin,  
Le champ et les choux du bonhomme ;  
Puis fait l'économe  
De ses pois, de son salé,  
Bat celui qui lui déplaît ;  
Et, comme un roi dans son royaume,  
Dit que cela lui plaît.\*

"*Tel est notre plaisir*," such is our pleasure, the customary termination of all royal edicts and ordinances, was the closing phrase of the letter already cited, conveying the King's will to the authorities of Clermont. And the insolent assumption of the Auvergnat nobles had to yield to the strong will and energetic measures of the fourteenth Louis. Without dreaming of disputing the royal mandate, the guilty fled in confusion and dismay.

"On my arrival at Clermont," says Fléchier, "I remarked universal terror, there, and throughout the country. All the nobility had taken to flight, and not a gentleman remained who did not examine his conscience, recall the evil passages of his life, and endeavour to repair the wrongs done his vassals, in hopes of stiling complaint. Numerous were the conversions wrought, less by the grace of God than by the justice of man, but which were not the less advantageous for being compulsory. Those who had been the tyrants of the poor became their suppliants, and more restitutions were made than had been operated at the great

\* In plain good French,  
Each gentleman  
From morn till night  
Doth swell his rents,  
And multiply his gain,  
Observes no faith,  
Takes field and lay,

The farmer's grass and grain ;  
Then plays the steward  
With his pease and pork,  
And cudgels all at leisure ;  
And like a king, with crown on head,  
Proclaims it his good pleasure.



jubilee of the holy year. The arrest of M. de la Mothe Canillac was the chief subject of consternation." Evil was the fate of the unlucky delinquents who fell into the clutches of the dread tribunal, before the severity of its zeal had been appeased by the infliction of punishment, and daunted by the popular effervescence its first sanguinary measures occasioned. The Viscount de la Mothe was the most estimable of the numerous and powerful family of Canillac; he was much esteemed in the province, and by no means the man who should have been selected for condign chastisement, as an example to titled evil-doers. Nevertheless, the judges had scarcely arrived at Clermont, when their president, Monsieur de Novion, (himself distantly connected by marriage with the Canillac family,) and Talon, the advocate-general, agreed to arrest M. de la Mothe. The provost of Auvergne and his archers found him in bed, and so surprised was he at the intimation of arrest, that he lost his presence of mind, and gave up some letters he had just received from a mistress. At dinner, that day, his friends had bantered him about the Grands-Jours, but he thought himself so innocent, that he could not believe his danger. Nor would he, perhaps, have been interfered with, but for reasons which ought never to have swayed ministers of justice. The name of Canillac was in ill repute, as that of a turbulent and tyrannical family: M. de Novion desired to strike terror and prove his impartiality by arresting a man of first-rate importance, who was also a connexion of his own; and, moreover, the Viscount had borne arms against the king in the civil wars. The crime alleged against him could hardly be deemed very flagrant, and did not justify, at least in those days, the rigour of his judges. During the wars, M. de la Mothe had received a sum of money from the Prince de Condé, to be employed in levying cavalry. The Viscount sought assistance from his friends, and especially from a certain M. d'Orsonette, to whom he remitted five thousand francs to equip a troop of horse. The levies not coming in fast enough to please the prince, he

flew into a passion with the Viscount, who, proud as Lucifer, would not put up with blame, abandoned Condé, and demanded an account from d'Orsonette of the cash intrusted to him. This person, however, neither produced his recruits nor restored the enlistment money, and, whilst acknowledging the debt, showed little haste to discharge it. Ill blood was the consequence; the two gentlemen met, each with retainers at his back, a fight ensued, d'Orsonette was wounded and his falconer killed. All this was an old story in 1665, and a malicious animus appeared in the eagerness of the court to revive it. La Mothe even obtained letters of pardon for the offence, but by a legal quibble these were nullified and made to serve against him. The evidence was very contradictory as to who had been the assailant, although it seemed well established that the Viscount had greatly the advantage of numbers. At the worst, and to judge from Flechiaer's account, the offence did not exceed manslaughter, and would have been sufficiently punished by a less penalty than death, to which M. de la Mothe was condemned, and which he suffered four hours afterwards. Flechiaer displays some indignation, cloaked by his habitually-guarded phrase, in his comments on the hard measure of justice shown to the poor Viscount. "I know," he says, "that many persons, who judge things very wisely, thought the president and M. Talon might well have consulted the principal of those Messieurs" (the members of the tribunal) "on this affair; and especially M. de Caumartin, who held so high a rank among them; and that they would have done better not to have thus spread the alarm amongst a great number of gentlemen, who took their departure immediately after this arrest. To prevent the escape of a man who was only half guilty, they lost the opportunity of capturing a hundred criminals; and every one agrees that this first arrest is a good hit for the judge, but not for justice." There was one very singular circumstance in the case, and which could have been met with, as the Abbé observes, only in a country so full of crime as Auvergne then was.

The accuser, the person who laid the information, and the witnesses, were all more criminal than the accused himself. The first was charged by his own father with having killed his brother, with having attempted parricide, and with a hundred other crimes; the second was a convicted forger; and the others, for sundry crimes, were either at the galleys or in perpetual banishment, or actually fugitives. So that, to all appearance, the Viscount must have been acquitted for want of testimony, had not the president, by a pettifogging manoeuvre, not very clearly explained but manifestly unfair, managed to turn against him his own admissions in the letters of pardon granted by M. de Caumartin, and in which it was customary to set down the criminal's full confession of his offences. Fléchier's account is, however, too disconnected and imperfect to afford us a clear view of the singular system of jurisprudence argued by this remarkable trial and sentence. The versatile Abbé does not plume himself on his legal knowledge, and indeed is rather too apt, as many will think, to turn from the rigorous and somewhat partial proceedings of the tribunal, to flowery topics of gallant gossip. The town of Clermont finds little favour in his eyes, and he doubts that there is one more disagreeable in all France, the streets being so narrow that one carriage only can pass along them; so that the meeting of two vehicles caused a terrible blaspheming of coachmen, who swear there. Fléchier thinks, better than anywhere else, and who assuredly would have set fire to the town had they been more numerous, and but for the many beautiful fountains at hand to extinguish the flames. "On the other hand, the town is well peopled, the women are ugly but prolific, and if they do not inspire love, they at least bear many children. It is an established fact, that a lady who died a short time ago, aged eighty years, made the addition of her descendants, and counted up four hundred and sixty-nine living, and more than a thousand dead, whom she had seen during her life. After that, can one

doubt the prodigious propagation of Israel during the time of the captivity, and may not one ask here what the Dutch asked when they entered China and saw the immense population, whether the women of that country bore ten children at a time?" If Fléchier, when inditing the lively record of his residence in Auvergne, contemplated the probability of his manuscript some day finding its way into print, it is evident that he cared little for the suffrages of the ladies of Clermont. Had he valued their good opinion, or expected the *Mémoires* to be submitted to them, he would hardly have ventured to note thus plainly—not to say brutally—his depreciation of their personal attractions. Ugly, child-bearing housewives! Such crude uncivil phrase would have been more appropriate in the day of the eccentric monarch who used firetongs to remove a love-letter from a lady's bosom,\* than in that of the graceful lover of La Vallière, who cloaked the extremity of egotism under the most exquisite external courtesy. Not often do we catch Fléchier thus transgressing the limits of polite comment. His keen perception of the ridiculous more frequently finds vent in sly and guarded satire. But the rusticity and want of court-usage of the Auvergne dames meet in him a cruel censor. "All the ladies of the town come to pay their respects to our ladies, not successively, but in troops. Each visit fills the room; there is no finding chairs enough; it takes a long time to place all these little people; (*ce petit monde*;) you would think it a conference or an assembly, the circle is so large. I have heard say that it is a great fatigue to salute so many persons at one time, and that one is much embarrassed before and after so many kisses. As the greater number (of the visitors) are not accustomed to court ceremony, and know nothing but their provincial customs, they come in a crowd, to avoid special notice, and to gain courage from each other. It is a pleasant sight to see them enter, one with her arms crossed, another with her hands hanging down like those of a doll; all

\* An anecdote told of Louis XIII. and Mademoiselle d'Hutefort.

their conversation is trivial (*bagatelle*;) and it is a happiness for them when they can turn the discourse to their dress, and talk of the *points d'Aurillac*.\* Even the homage paid to his own talents and growing reputation is insufficient to mollify the Abbé and blunt the point of his sarcastic pen. A capuchin monk of worldly tastes, who passed his time at watering places, coquetting with sick belles and belles lettres, had read some of Flequier's poetry, and spread his fame amongst the Clermont blue-stockings. Forthwith the Abbé received the visits of two or three of these *précieuses languissantes*, who thought, he informs us with less than his usual modesty,—"that to be seen with me would make them pass for learned persons, and that wit is to be acquired by contagion. One was of a height approaching that of the giants of antiquity, with a face of Amazonian ugliness; the other, on the contrary, was very short, and her countenance was so covered with patches, that I could form no opinion of it, except that she had a nose and eyes. It did not escape me that she was a little lame, and I remarked that both thought themselves beautiful. The pair alarmed me, and I took them for evil spirits trying to disguise themselves as angels of light." Then comes a dialogue *à la Molière*—clumsy compliments on the one hand, modestly declined on the other, and at last the ladies take their departure, after turning over the Abbé's books, and borrowing a translation of the "Art of Love." "I wish," concludes the Abbé, "I could also have given them the art of becoming loveable." These incidents and digressions, petty in the abstract, will have a collective worth in the eyes of those who seek in the *Mémoires* what we maintain ought to be there sought:—a valuable addition to our knowledge of the manners, follies, and foibles of a very interesting period.

The comprehensive nature of the court of the Grands-Jours, competent to judge every description of

case, is one cause of the motley appearance of Flequier's pages. There was little sorting of causes, civil or criminal, but all were taken as they came uppermost, and strong contrasts are the result. We pass from farce to tragedy, and thence again to comedy, with curious rapidity of transition. Now we are horrified by the account of an atrocious assassination or wholesale massacre; turn the leaf, and we trace the derelictions of a rakish husband, or the scandalous details of conventual irregularities. Here we have a puissant count or baron brought up for judgment, or, more often, condemned by default; thereafter followeth the trial and sentence of a scoundrel-peasant, or unlucky *fille-de-joie*. The Grands-Jours would certainly have been improved by the establishment of a court of appeal; many of the sentences needed revision, and the errors committed were seldom on the side of mercy. The reproach usually made to partial judges, of favouring the rich, and dealing hardly with the poor, would here have been unjustly applied, for it was the wealthy and powerful whom this tribunal chiefly delighted to condemn. These, it is true, in some degree neutralised the effects of such disfavour by getting out of the way; but their houses were razed, their lands confiscated, or struck with a heavy fine, and they themselves were frequently decapitated in effigy, a ceremony to which they attached but slight importance. After the execution of poor Camillac, the court flagged a little in their proceedings, and resumed their energy only towards the close of the session, and under terror of its further prolongation—one having already taken place. "Then," says Flequier, "they applied themselves without pause or relaxation to the consideration of important offences, and despatched them so rapidly that they did not give us time to make ourselves thoroughly acquainted with the circumstances." Assassinations, abductions, and oppression, were the usual subjects of their deliberations;

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\* A species of thread lace, in which there was formerly a great trade in Upper Auvergne. It is now scarcely used except by peasant women, and its manufacture is almost abandoned.

and so numerous were the condemnations, that in one day thirty persons were executed in effigy. These paste-board punishments must seriously have diminished the *prestige* of the Grands-Jours, by imparting an air of ridiculous impotency to their proceedings. And amongst others, the Marquis of Canillac, a cousin of La Mothe, and the biggest and oldest sinner in the province, was greatly diverted by the bloodless beheading of his counterfeit. Fléchier believes it was matter of deep regret to this hardened offender that he could not look on at his own execution, as he had done once before when similarly condemned by the parliament of Toulouse. "He had seen his execution himself from an adjacent window, and had found it very pleasant to be at his ease in a house whilst he was beheaded in the street; and to see himself die out of doors, when perfectly comfortable at his fire-side." Judging from the smallness of the sum (thirty livres) set down in the account of expenses of the Grands-Jours as paid the painter, the decapitated portraits were by no means masterpieces of art, nor probably was it deemed necessary to obtain a very exact resemblance of the contumacious original.

Although none ever ventured to cast a doubt on Fléchier's strict orthodoxy, he made himself remarkable by a spirit of tolerance unusual in that age, by discountenancing superstition, and by his enlightened disapproval of the abuses of the conventual system. A great doubter of modern miracles, he scrupled not, when a bishop, to protest in a letter to his flock, relating to some miraculous cross, against "those who put their confidence in wood and in lying prodigies." His natural good sense and kindness of heart made him oppose the compulsory profession of young women. In the *Mémoires*, he relates an anecdote of a young girl, at whose reception as a nun M. Chéron, the grand vicar of Bourges, was requested to assist. The vicar, having donned his sacerdotal robes, asked the novice, in the usual formula, what she demanded. "I demand the keys of the monastery, Sir, in order to leave it," was her firm reply, which astonished all present. The

vicar could not believe his ears, till she repeated her words, adding, that she had chosen that opportunity to protest against her destiny, because there were abundant witnesses. "If the girls who are daily sacrificed had as much resolution," says Fléchier, "the convents would be less populous, but the sacrifices offered up in them would be more holy and voluntary." When invested with the episcopal purple, the worthy man acted up to these sound opinions. "I may be allowed," says M. Gonod in his appendix, "to cite, to his glory and to that of religion, his conduct with regard to a nun at Nismes, who had not, like her sister at Bourges, had the courage to demand the keys of the convent, and who subsequently yielded to another description of weakness. Fléchier, then bishop of Nismes, extended to her his paternal hand, and in this instance, as in many others, approved himself of the same merciful family as a Vincent de Paul and a Fénelon." The story is told by D'Alembert in his "Eulogiums read at the public sittings of the French Academy," p. 421. An unfortunate girl, whom unfeeling parents had forced into a convent, was unable to conceal the consequences of a deplorable error, and her superior confined her in a dungeon, where she lay upon straw, scarcely nourished by an insufficient ration of bread, and praying for death as a rescue from suffering. Fléchier heard of it, hastened to the convent, and after encountering much resistance, obtained admission into the wretched cell where the unfortunate creature languished and despaired. On beholding her pastor, she extended her arms as to a liberator sent by divine mercy. The prelate cast a look of horror and indignation at the abbess. "I ought," he said, "if I obeyed the voice of human justice, to put you in the place of this unhappy victim of your barbarity; but the God of clemency, whose minister I am, bids me show, even to you, an indulgence you have not had for her. Go, and for sole penance, read daily in the Evangelists the chapter of the woman taken in adultery." He released the nun, and caused every care to be taken of her, but she was past recovery, and

died soon afterwards, blessing his name.

How can we, after reading such traits as this, criticise with any severity the occasional levity displayed in the *Mémoires*? How dwell invidiously on the small frivolities and flippancies of the Abbé, whose after-life was a pattern of Christian virtue and charity? Short of a degree of perfection impossible to humanity, we can scarcely imagine a more charming character than that of Fléchier, whose very failings "leaned to virtue's side." His sincere benevolence and gentle temper display themselves in each page of his book, in every recorded action of his life. His professed principles—from which we can nowhere trace his practice to have differed—breathed a very different spirit to that usually attributed to the Roman Catholic priesthood. "Violence and oppression," he says, in a letter to M. Vignier, "are not the paths the gospel has marked out for us." His smallest actions were inspired by the same kindly maxims, by a spirit of tolerance and compassion for human frailty. The vein of satire we have exemplified by extracts is tempered by a tone of good-humoured *bonhomie*; and such sallies, moreover, could not have been intended to wound the feelings of persons in whose lifetime, it is pretty evident, Fléchier did not destine his book to publication. Neither can fault be fairly found with the occasional freedom of his language and peculiarity of his topics. What we esteem license in these strait-laced days, was regarded as decorous, and passed without censure or observation in those in which he wrote: and the most rigorous will admit the absence of all offensive intention. The Abbé is a chronicler; as such he puts down facts, unmutated and unabridged. If the words in which he clothes them have sometimes more of the courtier's easy pleasantry than of the churchman's grave reserve, we must make allowance for the spirit of the age, look to intention rather than form, and we shall admit that his *gaillardises* are set down all "in the ease of his heart," without the least design of conveying impure thoughts or immodest images to the

imaginings of his contemporaries or of future generations. "If any wonder," says M. Gonod, "at Fléchier's language, as being sometimes rather free, I tell them he derived his freedom from his virtue; unreprieved by his conscience, he thought he might speak plainly: *omnia munda mundis*. As an historian, he understood the historian's duty differently from the Abbé Ducreux, differently from this or that obscure critic who may dare attack him; he took as a guide this maxim: 'Ne quid falsi dicere audeat, ne quid veri non audeat.'—(*Cic. de Orat.* ii. 15.) We must also revert to the times in which he wrote; do we not see, if only by Molière's comedies, how much more prudish and reserved our language has become?"

Amongst the long list of crimes of which the Grands-Jours took cognisance, that of sorcery was not forgotten. "Conversation is an agreeable thing," says Fléchier, after three or four pages of gossip, including an anecdote of Mademoiselle de Soudéry and her brother, who had been arrested at Lyons on suspicion of high treason, for having discussed rather too loudly the manner of slaying the king in a projected tragedy—"but exercise is also necessary, and I know nothing pleasanter than to take the country air after having passed several hours discoursing in one's apartment. So we got into our coaches with some ladies, and went to visit the source of the Clermont fountains, one of the curiosities of the country." His elegant account of these springs and the surrounding scenery is alone sufficient to establish his reputation as a proficient in the descriptive art, and loses little by comparison with Charles Nodier's brilliant description of the same spot, the Tivoli of Auvergne. "On our return home we found M. l'Intendant there before us. He had come from Aurillac, and had had great difficulty in getting through the snow which had already fallen in the mountains. He had caused a president of the election of Brioude to be arrested, accused of several crimes, and especially of magic. One of his servants deposed that he had given him certain characters which made him sometimes rise from the

ground, when at church, in sight of all the congregation. The Intendant having questioned the accused on this subject, he was so disconcerted that he nearly lost his senses; he fell into a furious passion, and then entreated they would not press him further, that he was not disposed to acknowledge any thing that day, but that on the morrow he would confess all the irregularities of his life. His prayer was granted, and M. de Fortia gave him in charge to four of his people. I do not know if the devil had promised to rescue him from the hands of a Master of Requests, or if, by his art, he bewitched his keepers; but it is certain he made his escape to the woods and mountains, where they have now for three days pursued him. Here is an instance how the devil is friendly and of good faith with those who love him, and how he deceives even Intendants. I was very sorry to miss this opportunity of hearing news of the witches' sabbath and of learning the secret of the characters; perhaps some good angel, hostile to his demon, will deliver him again into the hands of justice." This tone of mockery, when referring to a belief pretty universal in those days,—the belief, namely, in witchcraft and sorcerers—contrasts oddly enough with the strain of grave credulity in which the same writer tells the touching tale of a shepherd and shepherdess who gathered flowers together in the meadows, held tender rendezvous in a green alley formed by nature at the foot of a rock, made reciprocal presents of fruits and flowers, and drank the water of the limpid fountain out of the hollow of each other's hands. This loving pair, the Corydon and Phillis of Auvergne, were ultimately united in the bonds of wedlock, when, behold, a malicious farmer, two of whose ducks had been devoured by Phillis's poodle, laid a spell upon them, greatly to the hindrance of the connubial felicity they had so fondly anticipated. The charm was dissolved by the prayers and interposition of Mother Church; and this little history, Fléchier admonishes us, "shows that we ought not to treat these enchantments as fables." Notwithstanding which injunction we should think the Abbé was indulging

in a bit of grave fun, did he not quote Hincmar, archbishop of Rheims, and Virgil's *Eclogues* and other authorities, in support of the authenticity of these malevolent practices.

It could hardly have excited surprise, if, in a narrative of criminal assizes written by a churchman, the misdeeds of the priests had been softened down, lightly passed over, or even entirely suppressed. The least jesuitical of Abbés might have reconciled such a course to his conscience by the argument that, although the crimes of the individuals merited infamous publicity, the interests of religion and of the ecclesiastic body would suffer by their revelation. No such plausible plea is set up by Fléchier, either mentally or openly. He is unsparing in his censure of the laxity of the clergy, and records their derelictions as freely and unreservedly as those of the lay population. A sincere lover of religion, he entertained an honest detestation for those who, under its mask, violated its tenets; and he pillories a priest as readily and heartily as he does Mad Canillac, or Montvallat the extortioner, or any other of the profane and tyrannical gentry of Auvergne. And some very pretty tales he finds to tell about his brethren in black, conveying most unflattering ideas of their morality and Christian virtues. Amongst others, is that of a certain *curé* of St Babel, who was condemned to death for murder, upon very strong evidence—a companion of the slain man having sworn positively to the murderer's identity, and there being besides a mass of circumstantial evidence. When the *curé* had been hung his innocence was discovered. He denied to the very last moment the crime for which he suffered, avowing, however, that he was guilty of many others. And some of his offences, written down by Fléchier, deserved severe castigation, although the gallows was rather too violent a penalty for them. He was particularly blamed for his amours, and so indiscreet in the choice of time and place, that he was known to make love to a servant maid whilst her mistress lay dying in an adjoining apartment, anxiously awaiting the last sacrament. "He forgot

where he was," says Fléchier, "and love overcame duty. Instead of hearing the confession of the one, he made a declaration to the other, and far from exhorting the sick woman to a pious death, he solicited the healthy one to an evil life." And then this antithetical chronicler proceeds, rather unnecessarily, to a *verbatim* report of the libertine cure's love speeches, adding, we suspect, some slight embellishments of his own. The priest's profligacy was indirectly the cause of his death, for the murder for which he undeservedly suffered was committed on a peasant who had detected him in an intrigue, and fastened him into a barn with one of the objects of his illicit flame. When, a day or two afterwards, the author of this practical joke was set upon and slain, suspicion naturally fell on him who had been its object, and he was arrested by the lieutenant of the watch, who apparently anticipated an attempt at evasion, for "he insinuated himself into his house under pretence of having masses said, and conducted him very adroitly to Clermont." Upon the day of this man's condemnation or execution, (it does not appear very clearly which of the two is meant,) a ray of sunshine again seduced Fléchier and his company out of the town, and they made an expedition to the country-house called Oradoux, then and still the property of the family of Champflour. The grounds were rendered very agreeable to the party by a multitude of purling streams, whose waters were applied to various fantastical purposes, "making very pleasant figures," as Fléchier informs us. "One finds basins supplied by a thousand streams, floating islands forming small apartments, where all manner of parties of pleasure take place; an aviary enclosing cascades, a grotto whence the water flows on all sides by a hundred little leaden tubes, and a Diana in a niche who throws up streamlets of water, and is completely covered by a liquid veil falling unceasingly and always preserving its form." Whilst perambulating these aqueous parterres, the Abbé fell in with a canon, seemingly a worthy and sensible man, who had sought that retirement with a view

to serious meditation. Unrestrained by this latter consideration, Fléchier, having formed at first sight so good an opinion of the stranger's worth and wisdom, courteously addressed him. "I saluted him as civilly as I could, accosting him with a smiling air, in which was mingled, however, a little of my habitual gravity." The canon took the interruption kindly, and the pair walked and talked together. Their dialogue is given at length in the *Mémoires*, indebted, no doubt, to Fléchier's nimble pen for many flowers of style, and, perhaps, for much of the subject matter. The church of Clermont was the subject of discourse, and from the church a transition to the bishops was very easy. Various saints, and more than one sinner, had ruled the diocese of Clermont; and in the latter class was reckoned a certain Joachim d'Estaing, who had worn the mitre for the first six and thirty years of the seventeenth century. He was stone blind, but the infirmity affected him little. When overtaken by it (at an early age) he took for his motto: *Charitate et fide, non oculis, Christi diriguntur oves*. ('Charitable he was, faith he may have had, his blindness was perhaps no absolute impediment to the discharge of his pastoral duties; but neither charity, faith, nor blindness, sufficed to restrain him within the limits of ecclesiastical decorum. Such a rattling, love-making, rollicking boy of a bishop had seldom been heard of. His principal occupations were making war with his chapter and pleading against his canons. These maintained their privileges with much vigour and success. So that when he was on the point of death, some one having exhorted him to do good to a chapter whose tranquillity he had so long troubled:—"I have done them more good than all my predecessors," was his sharp and prompt reply, "since in pleading against them, I have established their privileges upon an immovable basis." When overtaken by blindness, he had assigned to him, as an episcopal aide-de-camp, André de Sausia, Bishop of Bethlehem, who, proceeding to perform some particular duties in the church of Clermont, the

canons shut the door against him, pretending that only the bishop of Clermont had that privilege. Thereupon M. L'Etaing, having obtained the sanction of the temporal authorities, burst open the doors with battering-rams, "not unlike those formerly used by the Romans." On another occasion, the Viscount de Polignac, governor of the province, having had a praying-desk (*prie-Dieu*) placed for him in the nave of the church, without regard to a previous warning that the King alone had that right, the blind bishop had sufficient courage and decision to expel him the sacred edifice. Fléchier does not give the details of this scandalous scene, but they are to be found in contemporary authors. The bishop, it appears, used force to expel M. de Polignac, who ordered his guards to fire, when one of the bishop's gentlemen prevented bloodshed and sacrilege by swearing that if they made a movement he would run his sword through the Viscount's body. The bishop's fierceness, although it had a degree of violence less becoming in a church dignitary than in a temporal warrior, is approved by Fléchier as an episcopal virtue. The faults he finds with the diocesan of Clermont are of a different stamp. He deploras his weaknesses, as tending, by example, to the encouragement of immorality, and to the disturbance of the church. "All the balls were held at his house, which, instead of an abode of prayer and penitence, was one of festival and rejoicing; and he appeared there not as a bishop instructing his flock, but as a gentleman in a violet coat, saying soft things to the ladies: it is in manner of saluting these was either that paternal; and, passing his hands over their faces, he would form an exact estimate of their appearance, never deceiving himself as to their beauty, blind though he was: having his discernment in his hands as others have in their eyes, and, like a good shepherd, knowing all his sheep." These facial manipulations were of small impropriety compared to other particulars of the bishop's conduct and discourse. Under such a prelate, the conduct of the clergy was not likely to be very exemplary, and accordingly we read that canons were

seen habitually dressed in coloured clothes, throwing aside their ecclesiastical garb when service was over, and appearing covered with gay ribbons. They left the altar to run to the playhouse, escorting ladies thither, and making a scandalous mixture of worldly vanity and external piety. The parish priests were no better; and we are told of one so fond of the chase that he passed all his time in it, to the neglect of his parochial duties. To such an extent did he carry his passion for field sports, that, when conveying the consecrated wafer to a distant farm, he was known to make his clerk carry his fowling-piece, so that he might have a shot at any game he met upon the road. Which piece of profanity elicits from the worthy Fléchier an angry and indignant ejaculation. It is not surprising that, under the lax rule of Monseigneur Joachim, the clerical profession was in favour with the idle and dissolute. During his time a vast number of religious fraternities sprang up in the diocese; no less than eight convents and monasteries being established in the town of Clermont. An ordinance, published in 1651, by Jacques Pereyret, canon of the cathedral church, is directed at ecclesiastics who "frequent public games, taverns, and gambling tables; buying and selling at fairs and markets; having commerce with persons of profligate life, and abandoning themselves to all manner of vices and excesses." &c. &c. This state of things, however, was not limited to the diocese of Clermont, but was at that time only too general in France. The following is curious, on account both of the state of things it exhibits, and of the cavalier manner in which Fléchier refers to his holiness the Pope. "So great were the irregularities of the clergy of Clermont, that there exists a papal bull exempting the canons and the children they might have had, by any crime whatever, from the bishop's jurisdiction. This bull appeared to us of an extraordinary form, and we admired the effrontery of the court of Rome and of the canons of that day."

We find several ladies, amongst them some of high family and name, appearing as plaintiffs or defendants before the tribunal of the Grands-



Jours. The commencement of the third month's sitting was signalised by "an audience that every body found very diverting, because there was pleaded the cause of the Countess of Saigne against her husband, on a pleasant difference they had together." The old count had committed the common blunder of marrying a young and pretty wife, who became desirous of a separation, and brought a variety of scandalous charges against him. She had the sympathy and support of many of her own sex, and especially of the *grisettes*, whom the reverend Fléchier gravely defines as "young *bourgeoises*, having rather a bold style of gallantry, and priding themselves on much liberty." Finally, the count and countess made up their quarrel. The affair of Madame de Vieuxpont, a Norman lady, was of a more serious nature. She was arraigned for conspiracy against the *procureur du Roi* at Evreux, against whom she conceived so violent an animosity, that she resolved to ruin him at any price, and to that end associated herself with an intendant of woods and forests, a serjeant, and three or four other persons. Her plot being ripe, she accused the obnoxious magistrate of conspiracy against the state, of having called the king a tyrant, and of a design to establish in France a republic after the model of Venice. The unfortunate functionary was arrested and sent to Paris, where he died before his trial was at an end, and narrowly escaped posthumous condemnation. At last his memory was cleared by a decision of the Chamber of Justice, and his perjured accusers were brought before the Grands-Jours. M. Talon, the public prosecutor, pressed for the perpetual banishment of Madame de Vieuxpont and the confiscation of all her property. She was even in fear of capital punishment, and her countenance brightened greatly when the decision of the court, condemning her to three years' exile and a fine of two thousand livres, was intimated to her. She was a lady of violent character, and had lived on very bad terms with her husband, in whose death some hinted her agency; but this, Fléchier charitably remarks, was perhaps a mere calumny, invented in retaliation of

those wherewith she had assailed other persons. It is distinctly stated, however, that she went so far as to challenge her husband to fight a duel; and when he declined a combat in all respects so singular, her mother wounded him with a pistol-shot.—an advertisement, the Abbé quietly remarks, never to fall out with one's mother-in-law. Then we have the story of a handsome village maiden, who might have pleased the most fastidious courtiers as well as the bumpkins of Mirefleurs. She was besieged by admirers, from amongst whom she selected one whom she loved with great fidelity. And after her marriage, one of her former suitors risking a daring attempt upon her virtue, she mustered the courage of Lucretia, to protect herself from the evil designs of a modern Tarquin. Finding tears and entreaties unavailing, and as the sole means of preserving her honour, she seized a halbert that stood in a corner of the chamber, and inflicted a deadly wound on her insolent pursuer. "She pierced," says Fléchier, in his flowery style, and not in the very best taste, "the wretch's heart that burned for her: two or three ardent sighs escaped it, and he expired." The testimony of the neighbours, whom she called in, and her reputation for virtue, absolved her in the eyes of her judges. But when the Grands-Jours came, the relatives of the deceased revived the case; and that tribunal—upon what grounds it is difficult to say—condemned the woman and her family to a heavy fine. There seems to have been scanty justice. At the present day in France, the verdict of justifiable homicide does not preclude a civil action for damages; but these would now hardly be granted by any French court in such a case as the above. The justice of the Grands-Jours was evidently of a very loose description. They had not to dread the revision of a higher court, or the lash of newspaper satire; the king would not trouble himself much about them, so long as they duly scourged the tyrannical counts and barons who impoverished the country and caused discontent amongst the peasantry; and thus, unfettered by any of the

usual checks, the bench of gentlemen in square caps, loose cloaks, flowing curls, and delicate moustaches, represented in the frontispiece to M. Gonod's publication, certainly did render some very inexplicable and, as it appears from Flechiér's chronicle, very iniquitous judgments. Whilst they blundered and mismanaged in their department, an elderly lady of great enterprise and activity made herself exceedingly busy in hers. It was a jurisdiction she had created for herself, without the least shadow of a right, and it is inconceivable how she was allowed to exercise, even for a day, her self-conferred authority. Madame Talon, the respectable mother of the advocate-general, had no sooner arrived at Clermont, than she undertook the whole police regulation of the town, imposing taxes, correcting weights, and measures, fixing a tariff of prices, and lecturing the Clermont ladies as to the mode of distributing their alms. At last the housewives of Auvergne would stand this no longer, and then she turned her attention to monastic abuses, and hospital regulations. She was evidently an officious nuisance; and although Flechiér supports her, it is after a feeble manner, his faint praise strongly resembling condemnation. "When people do good," he says, "it is impossible to keep the world from murmuring. Some say she would do better to alter her head-dress, which is a very extraordinary one; others have remarked, that she wears a spreading cap, bearing some resemblance to a mitre, which is the livery of her mission and the character of her authority. Others complain, that she spoils every thing instead of doing good, prevents charities by her rigorous examination of charitable ladies, destroys the hospital by endeavouring to regulate it, because she sends away those who, to her thinking, are not ill enough, leaving it empty, &c., &c. And it is said, she ought not to meddle so much, examining every thing, even to a prison allowance and an executioner's wages; but," concludes the sly Abbé—who doubtless concealed a little solemn irony under this long recapitulation of charges and brief acquittal

of the accused—"Virtue is generous and puts itself above all such murmurs."

Amidst the bustle of judicial proceedings, whilst each day some sanguinary drama was recapitulated before the court, whilst sentences, often of savage severity, were recorded, and executions, for the most part in effigy, were of daily occurrence, time was still found for gaiety and amusement. Balls and assemblies went on, encouraged by the President de Novion, in order to do pleasure to his daughters; and all the ladies of quality in the province, as well as those gentlemen who had managed to compound their offences, having established themselves for the time at Clermont, there was no lack of dancers. And the grave members of the tribunal did not disdain to mingle in those terpsichorean gambols. But somehow or other there was always disorder at the assemblies. Decidedly the demon of discord was abroad in Auvergne. "Sometimes the ladies quarrelled, menaced each other, after the manner of provincial dames, with what little credit they chanced to possess, and were on the point of seizing each other by the hair and fighting with their muffs. This disturbed the company, but they managed to appease the disputants; and a few more *bourrées* and *gigueuses* were danced." The *bourrée d'Auvergne*, now confined to peasants and water-carriers, was at that time a favourite and fashionable dance. "There are very pretty women here," says Madame de Sévigné, writing from Vichy, the 26th May, 1676. "Yesterday, they danced the *bourrée*s of the country, which are truly the prettiest in the world. They give themselves a great deal of movement, and *digogne* themselves exceedingly. But if at Versailles these dancers were introduced at masquerades, people would be delighted by the novelty, for they even surpass the *Bohemiennes*." Flechiér was scandalised by this peculiar movement or *digognement*, esteemed so captivating by the Marchioness. He makes no doubt that these dancers are worthy successors of "the Bacchantes of whom so much is spoken in the books of the ancients. The-

bishop of Aleth excommunicates in his diocese those who dance in that fashion. Nevertheless, the practice is so common in Auvergne, that children learn at one time to walk and to dance."

Did space permit, we would gladly accompany the Abbé on other of the excursions in the environs of Clermont, for which he continually finds excuse in the necessity either of escorting ladies or of enjoying the winter sunbeams. As at Riom, he always manages to pick up some anonymous but intelligent acquaintance, to enlighten him concerning the gossip of the country, and to father those sallies and innuendoes of which he himself is unwilling to assume the responsibility. His account of a visit to the Dominican convent is full of quiet satire. He was accompanied by his friend Monsieur de B—— "a sensible man, well acquainted with the belles lettres, and of very agreeable conversation." M. de B—— is made the scapegoat for the sly hits at the abuses of the church, and at the pictures and records of miracles to which they are introduced by a simple and garrulous monk. There were few founders of religious orders, they were informed, of such good family as St. Dominick, who was a grandee of Spain, and consequently far superior to St. Ignatius, whose nobility the Jesuits vaunted, and who, after all, was but a mere gentleman. There were, of course, many pictures of the grandee upon the church and cloister walls, representing him engaged in various pious acts. "In one of them he was depicted presenting a request to the Pope, surrounded by his cardinals, whilst on the same canvass was seen the horse of Troy, dragged by Priam and by the gentlemen and ladies of the town, with all the circumstances related by Virgil in the second book of the *Æneid*." Fléchier was considerably puzzled by this mixture of sacred and profane personages; but his guide explained its singularity by assigning the picture to a pious and learned monk, as well read in Virgil and Homer as in his breviary, who made a good use of his reading, and was particularly happy in employing it to the glorifi-

cation of God and the saints. Another picture represented a Dominican holding a pair of scales, in one of which was a basket full of fruit, and in the other an empty basket, with the inscription *Retribuat tibi Deus*. The promissory note of the Jacobins was so heavy that it outweighed the laden basket. The guide would fain have expatiated on the beauty of this allegory, suggested, as he maintained, by a miracle actually wrought in favour of his order, but Fléchier cut him short in his homily, and passed on to the next painting, the representation of one of those "piously impious" legends, as M. Gonod justly styles them, so often met with in monkish chronicles. This one, in which the Saviour of mankind is represented as supping with and converting a beautiful Roman courtesan, shocked the religious feelings of the Abbé Fléchier in the year 1666, although in the year 1832, it was not deemed too irreverent for reproduction in a work entitled "*Pouvoir de Marie*," written by the notorious Liguori, and published at Clermont Ferrand, by the Catholic Society for pious books. "I could not help telling him," says Fléchier "that I had seen pictures more devout, and touching than this one: that these disguises of Jesus Christ as a gallant, were rather extraordinary; that there are so many other stories more edifying, and, perhaps, truer . . ." Here the monk interrupted the Abbé, and was about to repeat a whole volume of miracles, compiled by one of the brotherhood, when the vesper bell summoned him to prayer, to the great relief of Fléchier, who manifestly disapproved as much the profane travesty of holy things, as the lying miracles by which the Dominicans strove to attract into their begging-box and larder the contributions of the credulously charitable.

We perhaps risk censure by terminating this paper without a more minute consideration of the *Grands-Jours* themselves, the ostensible subject of Fléchier's book, and without examining in greater detail the nature of the crimes and characters of the culprits brought before the arbitrary tribunal. Although we have shown

that a large portion of the *Mémoires* consists of matters wholly unconnected with the proceedings of the court, it must not be thence inferred that the Abbé neglects his reporting duties, and does not frequently apply himself to give long and elaborate accounts of the trials, especially of the criminal ones. Many of these are sufficiently remarkable to merit a place in the pages of the *Causés Célèbres*. Some have actually found their way thither. In Flécher's narrative, their interest is often obscured and diminished by wordiness and digression; and persons interested in the civil or criminal jurisprudence of the period will surely quarrel with the divine, who is a poor lawyer, apt to shirk legal points, or, when he endeavours to unravel them, to make confusion worse confounded. The state of society in Auvergne, in the seventeenth century, is exhibited in a most unfavourable light. We find a brutal and unchivalrous nobility, deficient in every principle of honour, and even of common honesty, unfeeling to their dependents, disconcerting to ladies, perfidious to each other. Here we behold a nobleman of ancient name offering his adversary in a duel the choice of two pistols, from one of which he has drawn the ball, with a resolution to take his advantage if the loaded weapon is left him, and to find a pretext for discharging and reloading the other, should it fall to his share. He gets the loaded pistol, and shoots his man. A gentleman of rank and quality enforces the *droit de véner*, formerly known in

Auvergne by a less decent name—but language, as Flécher says, purifies itself even in the most barbarous countries. And certainly there was much of the barbarian in the Auvergnat, even so late as 1666. The odious exaction referred to was compounded by payment of heavy tribute, often amounting to half the bride's dowry. The Baron d'Espinchal was another brilliant specimen of the aristocracy of Auvergne. After committing a series of crimes we have no inclination to detail, he pursued his wife (a daughter of the Marquis of Châteaumorand) with gross insult, even in her convent-sanctuary at Clermont. The unfortunate lady had contracted such a habit of fear, that she could not be in his presence without trembling; and on his putting his hand to his pocket to take out his watch, whilst separated from her by the grating of the convent parlour, she thought he was about to draw a pistol, and fell fainting from her chair. Numerous traits of this description prove baseness and brutality as well as vice on the part of the higher orders of the province, who appear to have been deficient in the military virtues and redeeming qualities sometimes found in outlawed and desperate banditti. We should have had less gratification in dwelling upon the crimes and excesses narrated in the *Mémoires*, than we have derived from the consideration of their lighter passages, and of the occasional eccentricities and many admirable qualities of their estimable and reverend author.

## DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA.

DON JOHN of Austria, the illegitimate son of the Emperor Charles V. (for an account of whose life we purpose to lay under contribution several curious documents lately published at Madrid) was born in 1545. His parentage on the mother's side is not quite so certain. Brantôme, Moreti, and others, after mentioning the Countess Barbe de Blomberghe as Don John's putative mother, assert that, although Charles's mistress, she certainly was not mother to Don John, whose parentage, they hint, should be laid at the door of some far nobler dame. But Ranke, and the best informed modern historians, affirm that Barbe de Blomberghe was really Don John's mother. This lady belonged to a noble family of Flanders, and was a celebrated beauty of her day. After his love for her was extinct, Charles V. gave Barbe de Blomberghe, with a large dowry, in marriage, to a certain Seigneur Rechem, who held considerable possessions in the province of Luxemburg, and lived constantly at Antwerp.

Don John's early life was passed in the farm-house of a rich peasant in the vicinity of Liège, where the young lad was subjected to all manner of privations, and early inured to hard labour and coarse fare,—a fitting preparation for his future career. Brantôme mentions it as a fact much to Don John's credit, that, in spite of this humble education as a peasant, he showed no trace of vulgarity in after life, but, on the contrary, that he had excellent and noble manners in the field and in drawing-rooms. The emperor, Charles V., sent for the lad, when he grew up, to come to Spain, rewarded the honest peasant for his trouble, and announced to Don John the secret of his birth. Although the Emperor loved the boy as the son of his old age, he gave him nothing during his lifetime, of which the ardent young prince much complained, saying that "the Emperor, having acknowledged him as his son, should have given him the means of living befitting his rank and birth."

At his death, Charles left Don John nothing but a strong recommendation to his successor Philip II. The only wish which escaped the dying monarch was, that Don John should be educated for the church.

Meanwhile, Don John, who was but one year younger than Don Carlos, was brought up with Philip's ill-starred son, and at this period of his life a circumstance occurred which greatly influenced Don John's future destiny. The boy revealed to Philip II. some hare-brained folly of his son Don Carlos. This conduct gave the Spanish monarch so high an opinion of his young brother's integrity and honour, that he determined not to follow out Charles V.'s intentions, but to educate Don John for the military, instead of the ecclesiastical profession. This was not done, however, without strong opposition from some of Philip's royal council. The conduct of Don John, however pleasing to Philip II., drew upon the young prince the bitter animosity of Don Carlos, who, ever after, treated his companion with marked indignity; his hatred one day went to the length of twitting Don John with his illegitimacy. Don Carlos called him a bastard, *hijo de puta*. "Yes," said Don John, "I am a bastard; but my father is a better man than yours;" whereupon the two lads came to blows.

Passing over much of his early life, we come to the year 1569, when Don John was sent against the Moors of Grenada. In this expedition he developed considerable military talents, and gave such evidence of personal courage, that the old captains and veteran soldiers who remembered the early campaigns of his father, Charles V., called out with one accord, "Ah! this is a true son of the Emperor." *Ea! es verdadero hijo del Emperador*. Don John returned from this campaign covered with glory, and with the reputation of being one of the best captains of the age.

Meanwhile, the infidels were making rapid progress in another part of the

globe. The taking of Cyprus by the Turks alarmed all Europe to such a degree, that a league was formed between the Pope, the Venetians, and the Spanish monarch, in order to put a stop to any further inroads in this quarter; a fleet was manned, soldiers were levied, to stem the threatened invasion of Christendom. Don John, whose reputation was now exceedingly great, was selected for the command of the allied forces. It had previously been offered to the Duke of Anjou. At this time of his life, Don John was six-and-twenty, in the full bloom of youth and manly strength. Lippomano, a Neapolitan, describes him as "a person of a most beautiful presence and of wonderful grace; with but little beard and large mustachios. His complexion is fair, and he weareth his hair long and turned back over his shoulders, the which is a great ornament unto him. He dresses sumptuously, and with such care and neatness, that it is a sight to see." "Moreover," adds Lippomano, "he is active and well-made, and succeedeth beyond measure in all manly exercises."\* No one rode, no one wielded the sword better than the young hero, who, moreover, had all the popular qualities fitted to ingratiate him with women and soldiers—he was gracious, affable, and open-handed. Even at this early age, Don John lamented that he had not already won by his own right hand some independent kingdom of his own. To the attainment of this object he looked confidently to the league or to the Venetians; and the great victory of Lepanto, which he gained at the head of the allied fleets,—to which period in the life of our hero we have now arrived,—seemed to justify his expectations; in this, however, he was doomed to be disappointed.

The battle of Lepanto was fought on the 7th October, 1571. On the side of the allies were about two hundred large galleys, six smaller ones, and twenty-two other vessels; of these, eighty-one galleys and thirty frigates belonged to Spain, the rest to his holiness the Pope, and to the Venetians. The armament on board consisted of about twenty-one thousand

fighting men, of whom eleven or twelve thousand were Spaniards, the rest Italians and Germans. Don John, like a good general, had carefully seen that the galleys were well-provided with ammunition: each galley, in addition to its regular crew and armament, had one hundred and fifty extra soldiers on board. The Turkish fleet consisted of two hundred and twenty-five large galleys, and seventy other smaller vessels, on board of which were, in all, about twenty-five thousand fighting men. The Turks came sailing down the wind, full upon the allied fleet, with a confidence acquired by the frequency of their victories over the Spanish vessels, which they had been in the habit of seizing and carrying as prizes into Argel and other ports. The Turks, moreover, had the advantage of the sun in their backs, and consequently it poured its hot rays full in the face of the Christian host. Don John of Austria was at first in some trouble, as Don Alvaro de Bazan, the Marquis de Santa Cruz, commanding the Neapolitan squadron, was by some means detained behind, as well as Don Juan de Cardona, who had gone with eight galleys to reconnoitre a distant port. Don John, however, despatched a few quick-sailing frigates in search of them, the moment the Turkish fleet bore in sight. Meanwhile, Don John and the crew of his vessel, as well as the crews and soldiers of all those galleys which were near him, raised crucifixes and standards, knelt down on the decks of their vessels, and made humble supplication to the Almighty to give them the victory. Don John, with a soldier's heart, had a strong dash of the priest in his composition. Absolution was likewise given, during this interval of peace, to all who might so soon render up their souls to God, by Fray Juan Machuca, Alonso Serrano, Juan de Huarca, and other Franciscan and Capuchin friars and Jesuits who accompanied the expedition. Luckily, at this moment the wind lulled, and the Turkish squadron was forced to come slowly on with their oars. This happy incident gave Don John plenty of time to arrange his order of battle.

\* Rauke, *Fürsten und Völker*, vol. i. p. 170.

It was mid-day on the 7th October 1571 before the two armadas came together, and Don John fired a gun as a signal to his fleet to commence the attack. By this time, most fortunately, the Marquis de Santa Cruz, with the Neapolitan galleys, had arrived. Don John ordered all the brigantines and other light and fast-sailing vessels to retire from the scene of action, so that no one might think of escaping, but should fight to the last. When the armadas approached each other, Don John ordered the trumpets to sound the charge, and exhorted his people to prepare for action. On nearing the Turkish fleet, Don John was able to recognise the galley of the Turkish admiral, Basa Hali, (Ali Pasha) by its ensign and sacred standard. Don John ordered his own vessel to bear down upon the Turk, who reserved his fire until the Spanish vessel was within half a boat's length, when he fired three shots: the first carried away some of the bulwarks of the vessel, killing several of the galley-slaves at their oars; the second passed over the caboose or kitchen on board Don John's vessel, which was occupied by soldiers armed with arquebuses; while the third shot went over the heads of several soldiers who were intrenched in one of the boats on deck. Don John, who had likewise reserved his fire, now poured in a volley, which did infinite mischief to the Turk: and the two galleys ran into one another with a mighty crash, and got hopelessly entangled. The battle now became general, and raged furiously on both sides. No less than eleven other vessels were engaged in the immediate vicinity of Don John and Ali Pasha, and all the several crews fought hand to hand. The Turkish admiral was supported by seven other Turkish galleys, while Don John was assisted by five large vessels of his own side, of which one was the Roman galley, *La Grifona*, commanded by Marco Antonio Colonna, and the others were Venetian or Spanish. For one whole hour the fighting continued without either party apparently getting the best of it. Twice did the Spaniards carry the decks of the Turkish admiral's vessel, and twice were they driven back with tremendous slaughter. Once they had almost

reached the Turkish flag-staff. The caboose of Don John's vessel, filled with picked men under Don Pedro Zapata, did infinite service; one man alone fired forty rounds of cartridge. At the end of an hour and a half's hard fighting, victory inclined to the side of the Spaniards. The Pasha and above five hundred of his men were killed, his sons made prisoners, his standard pulled down, and the Cross planted in its stead. About the same time the other galleys near Don John's vessel likewise forced their way through the Turkish squadron. Don John now ordered victory to be loudly proclaimed, and had time to look about him, so as to bring assistance where it was most needed.

On his return from his reconnoitring cruise, Don Juan de Cardona, admiral of the Sicilian forces, had fallen in with some fifteen Turkish galleys, which he kept employed until Don John of Austria bore down triumphantly to his assistance, and captured the infidels. Of five hundred Spaniards who were with Don Juan de Cardona, not fifty escaped without a wound of some sort. It was in this same battle of Lepanto that Miguel Cervantes lost his arm, and most of our readers will recollect how the brave soldier tells the story of his own life in the fortieth chapter of *Don Quixote de la Mancha*. The Marquis de Santa Cruz fought most bravely, and twice narrowly escaped death—two shots from an arquebuse glanced off from his armour of proof. In this battle the Turks lost 117 galleys and some other smaller vessels; 117 cannon, 17 mortars and 256 smaller guns, and 3,486 slaves: all which booty was divided among the Spaniards, the Venetians, and the Pope. The sacred standard of Mecca, of which Luis Marmol has written a glowing description, was sent, together with the news of this great victory, to Philip II., and reached the Escorial in November 1571. This standard was about as large as a sheet; the white ground was covered with writing in the Arabic character, and most of the letters were gilt. It was burnt in the great fire which destroyed the monastery of the Escorial in 1671, just one hundred years after it had graced those walls.

When the news of this great

victory reached Philip II., he was attending vespers at the church of the Escorial. A loud "*Te Deum laudamus*" was immediately sung with the whole strength of the choir, and the following day a solemn procession took place "*in gratiarum actione*," at which the austere monarch assisted. We cannot do better than quote a short letter, written to Philip's trusty and confidential secretary, Antonio Perez, by one Francisco Murillo, who was engaged in the battle of Lepanto; the letter is dated the 9th October 1571, two days after the victory.

"Illustrious Sir,—*Te Deum laudamus, te Deum confitemur!* God and his illustrious Mother have been pleased to give us the victory over the Turkish fleet, and His omnipotence hath been most clearly made known, inasmuch as this proud and great armada hath been broken and conquered. We fought valiantly some two or three hours; many of our galleys were engaged with two, three, or four of the enemy's vessels. The number of the Turkish vessels, as far as I could learn, amounted to about 270, rather more than less; in the which they had stowed as many men at arms as they could collect in all Greece, both cavalry and infantry, the best they could find; and they were directed to come in search of us—for such were the orders from Constantinople. Some of the vessels of the armada, and some foot-soldiers, having been despatched on the approach of Don John of Austria, to consult with the Turk as to what was to be done, the Seigneur ordered the Turkish fleet to seek until it found us. Nor had they much trouble therein: for the very same morning on which they left the port with this intent, namely, on Sunday the 7th October, the day of St Mark, Pope and Confessor, the two fleets came in sight of each other, near some islands called Le Corcholare, (?) whither they were coming with the same intent as ourselves, namely, to anchor. When we made this mutual discovery, nothing was to be done save to prepare for ac-

tion. The Turks were amazed at the smallness of our number, and thought that we should fly; but they were speedily undeceived, and very much to their cost; for, in the short space of time I have mentioned, not a vessel of theirs but was taken, sunk, or burnt, or had fled. Many escaped by running their smaller vessels ashore, and Uchali,\* with a part of his galliots, escaped. The Admiral Pasha died fighting, but his two young sons were taken. Many other notorious corsairs were likewise taken or killed. I cannot exactly say the number of vessels taken or destroyed; but I think for certain they are above two hundred; and the best is that, of our squadron, no captain-general or person of any importance is missing or even wounded; of the others I only know of Captain Francisco de Cordoba, the nephew of the Marquis of Santa Cruz, who was killed by an arquebuse-shot; of other folk but few are killed or wounded. It is the work of God and not of man. You will be pleased to hear that not one of our vessels but has another in tow, which it has taken, and that we all did well. The galley in which I was did the least of all: we fought the Turk who was opposed to us, attacked the infidel's vessel by the poop, throwing into it shot, stones, and fire until it surrendered; and we captured two flags which hung at the stern. Some soldiers got good booty in clothes. After this we secured some others, and drove so many ashore that it is a shame to tell; and in all our vessel we had not so much as six wounded, and not one killed. Many of our galley-slaves who were released fought like lions, and restored to liberty an infinite number of Christian captives who were in the Turkish fleet: among these were more than 2,000 Spaniards, and many women and children whom the Turks had seized in Cephalonia and other parts. Had not the season been so far advanced, we might have gone safely as far as Constantinople; at any rate we might have taken all Greece and

\* Uchali was a famous renegade, a Calabrian by birth, who, from being a slave of the Grand Seigneur's, became King of Argel.—See Brantôme, *Hommes Illustres*, vol. i. p. 236.



the Morea; but it is already winter, and, moreover, we have not sufficient provisions aboard.

"Don Bernardino de Cardenas died of a spent ball from an arquebuse, which struck him on the breast; although the ball did not enter the flesh, Don Bernardino fell and never rose again. The Count de Bianco, and a few other gentle folks likewise fell fighting valiantly. Captain Juan Rubio is safe and sound, after performing marvels with his crew; for he fought with three large galleys at once, and made them all yield; but neither he nor I have got a single marvel. It would have been no bad thing to have stumbled across a good purse full of ducats. But you, sir, will remember your servants; we have no hope from any one after you but in God, who we pray may keep you and your house in that health and in that increase of wealth which we, your servants, do desire. From Le Corchorale, this 9th October 1571. Illustrious sir, I kiss your hands. I entreat you to send a servant with this, on the first opportunity, to my brother the canon. I take this liberty as the affair is of importance."\*

Two years after the battle of Lepanto, Don John of Austria gained fresh laurels at Tunis and Biserta; and these victories seem to have confirmed him in his ambitious projects of obtaining an independent kingdom. Juan Soto, a man of much experience in military matters, who, at the time of the expedition to Grenada, had been placed about his person as secretary by Ruy Gomez de Silva, Prince of Eboli, and who had served with Don John all through the Moorish and Italian campaign, appears to have much encouraged Don John in these ambitious aspirations. By allusions to the former pomp and splendour of ancient Carthage, Juan Soto inspired Don John with the idea of erecting Tunis into an independent kingdom; the Pope even was induced to recommend this scheme to Philip II.'s favourable consideration. But the monarch had no wish to lose so able a general as Don John, to whom he looked for the extension of the

Spanish monarchy; still less could he think of establishing a rival and independent kingdom at Tunis. A despatch was therefore forwarded to Don John, in which all the reasons for the dismantling of Tunis were urgently put. But Don John disobeyed orders, and fortified the town, in the vain hope of erecting Tunis into the capital of his future kingdom. Shortly afterwards, the town fell again into the hands of the Turks. Juan Soto was shrewdly suspected at headquarters of advising this act of disobedience to royal orders. It was therefore deemed expedient to remove the scheming and dangerous secretary; but some prudence was necessary lest Don John might see through the suspicions of the Spanish court. Juan Soto was accordingly rewarded by promotion, and made *Provedor-general* of the armada. Juan Escovedo, a creature of Philip II., who, as we shall subsequently see, became far more dangerous than his predecessor in office, was placed about Don John as his secretary. Soto, however, was too useful to Don John to be so easily parted with, and we still find him acting, in conjunction with Escovedo, in the capacity of secretary, as late as 1577. Philip II. soon discovered to his cost that the change of secretaries brought no change of policy; nay, Escovedo proved a more willing tool, and inspired Don John with far loftier schemes of ambition than Soto, his predecessor in office, had ever conceived.

In the year 1576 Philip II. thought fit to take Don John of Austria from the scenes of his triumph in the Mediterranean, and to remove him from his dreams of independent kingdoms at Tunis into the midst of European intrigues. Don John was sent to take command of the forces in the Low Countries, where the ferocious and iron rule of the Duke of Alva, and of his successor, Don Luis de Requesens, the *comendador mayor* of Castile, had plunged the Flemings deeper into rebellion, and had obliterated the little loyalty to the crown of Spain which still lingered in the Low Countries. Don John was selected for this

\* *Documentos inéditos para la Historia de España*, vol. iii. p. 224.

post from his likeness to his father, the late Emperor Charles V., whose memory the Flemings still cherished, and from his connexion with the country, his supposed mother belonging to one of the best families in Flanders. For these reasons, this appointment was held likely to be popular, and to lead to good results. Don John was ordered to proceed without delay to his new government; and his secretary, Escovedo, came to Madrid to procure money and other matters necessary for his master's new office.

While Escovedo was in Madrid, apparently engaged in these details, Antonio Perez, Philip's confidential secretary, accidentally discovered from the Pope's nuncio, who asked him if there was about the court such a person as one Escovedo,\* that Don John's ambitious views were by no means extinguished. As his brother's policy would not permit him to found a new empire at Tunis, the Pope, the Guises, and Don John had planned an expedition for the conquest of England. Mary, queen of Scots, was to be released from prison; Elizabeth dethroned: England brought back to the bosom of the Catholic church under the guidance of Mary, queen of Scots, and her new husband, Don John of Austria for this marriage formed part of the project. Here was a scheme to captivate an ambitious, chivalrous young prince! The nuncio in answer told Perez that, in a despatch which he had received from Rome, he was instructed to interest Philip II. in this expedition, and to request the Spanish monarch to aid Don John in this meditated attempt upon England. This was not quite new to Perez: some vague surmises had already been excited against the doings of Escovedo and Don John, by hints thrown out by Don Juan de Zuniga, the Spanish minister in Rome, whose suspicions had been excited by the frequent communications between Escovedo, the Pope, and the Guises. Antonio Perez, now that he held the threads of the plot in his hand, instantly informed Philip of the whole project. At this inauspicious moment Don John himself, against Philip's peremptory

orders to proceed direct to the Netherlands, reached Barcelona, with two fast-sailing galleys, and hurried on to Madrid, where he found his brother Philip fully apprised of his scheme. But such was Don John's manly air, such the influence which his straightforward conduct exercised over the suspicious nature of Philip II., that the Spanish monarch yielded a reluctant assent to his brother's plans of aggrandisement, and promised to allow him to make use of the Spanish veterans in aid of his expedition against England, after he had pacified the Low Countries. Perez says that Philip consented to this scheme with the view of encouraging Don John of Austria to use greater diligence in Flanders. Full, therefore, of his new government and of his own ambitious projects, Don John left Spain; and on the 17th October 1576, we find the following letter from him to his friend and adviser Don Garcia de Toledo, Marquis of Villa Franca, whose reputation as a general was founded upon the capture from the Moors of the impregnable fortress of El Peñon de Velez.

" . . . . Concerning my own journey I desire to say as much as the time will allow me, leaving to others to tell you more at length how I shall go. I journey to Flanders in disguise through France, and, next to God, the disguise will save me. I go, not a little contented to be able to do you some service:—(Don John had basied himself much in procuring for Don Garcia the promise of a grandeeship of the first class);—desiring to encounter perils, and by no means fatiguing myself with these new labours which I have undertaken. Money is short, and my present necessities great. In the end God hath to take up this his cause in every way, and to aid me individually with a miracle. You must let me know where I shall receive your letters, and I will advise you, God willing, of my safe arrival: and I beseech you to tell me always of your health, and to advertise me, as is your habit, of your opinion as to my doings; and to make use of me in all ways as a sincere friend, and as such I congratulate you

\* *Memorial d' Antonio Perez del Hecho de su Caso*, p. 300.

on the marriage of Don Pedro, and on the state in which the Señora Doña Elvira is; and may it all turn out as you may best desire. From the Pardo, the 17th Oct., 1576. At your service, DON JUAN.\*

We gather the particulars of his journey through France from Brantôme, who says that "Don John without any great suite, and in order to go with greater certainty, rode post with six companions only; having with him Señor Don Otavio Gonzagna as his confidant, and a French postillion, whom he found in Spain, as his guide; the latter was, moreover, an excellent companion, and knew every road, lane, and bye-path in France. This man led Don John across France in most dangerous and inquiet times: in Guyenne they were on the eve of a war, which indeed broke out some three months after. Don John arrived in Paris, and got off his horse at the hotel of the Spanish Ambassador in the street of St Antoine."† That same night he seems to have gone to a great ball at the Louvre, where he was much struck with the beauty of the Queen of Navarre, before whom he stood like one entranced. The following day, Don John, still full of Marguerite of Navarre, saw the palace and the other sights of Paris, and started again on his journey,—no one having an idea, till he was gone, that he had been in Paris at all. He travelled again in disguise, and on horseback, to the Duchy of Luxemburg, and thence to Flanders, where he found that Antwerp had just been taken and sacked. Shortly after his arrival peace was concluded: one of the first conditions of which was the departure of all Spanish troops by land. We shall see that they were forced to go to Italy instead of by sea to England, and were said to be so charged with booty that they could scarce walk. We find Don John writing in the following terms to Don Garcia de Toledo, on the 21st February, 1577, after peace had been concluded.

"Most illustrious sir,—Not to tire you with a long letter, I will refer you to my secretary, Juan de Soto,

who will inform you of the state in which things are here, and by the grace of God they are better than could be expected, as every thing was, when I came, as bad as possible. To God be rendered thanks, in that he hath given me patience to suffer what it appeared impossible for any human creature to bear, before this blind people could be brought out of their passion, which kept their minds so hardened against their own peace and quiet. But since his Divine Majesty has permitted things to come to this pass, I trust that with time the whole machine will come round to its proper place. The moment any thing of consequence occurs I will let you know; and I entreat of you to inform me of the state of your health, of which I have heard nothing since I reached Luxemburg, which is now more than three months and a half. I know not how to account for this, as I do not hear that the passes are closed. . . . Some of the conditions of this peace are hard, most hard; but necessary to save religion and to ensure obedience. Time will do something, and already much has been done by the grace of God. At your service, DON JUAN.‡

But now, when Don John fully expected to reap the benefit of peace, and to employ his Spanish veterans in the conquest of England, he saw all his hopes frustrated. The states of Flanders steadily refused to allow the Spanish troops to be embarked on board any vessels in their harbours, lest they should be used against Zealand and Holland, but demanded, in a peremptory tone, that the troops should be instantly despatched by land, according to the treaty. Moreover, Philip resisted the pressing appeal of the Pope's nuncio to interfere in this matter. Thus was England saved from the horrors of an invasion,—curious that for once in their lives Elizabeth of England and Philip of Spain should have had similar interests at heart!§

Don John's ambitious spirit still drove him to seek some means of ac-

\* *Documentos inéditos para la Historia de España*, vol. iii. p. 178.

† Brantôme, *Hommes Illustres*.

‡ *Documentos inéditos para la Historia de España*, vol. iii. p. 162.

§ Ranke, *Fürsten und Völker von Süd Europa*, vol. i. p. 178.

quiring an independent kingdom, either in the East, in England, France, or Spain. Much to Philip's disquiet, Don John now held constant communication with the Guises; emissaries went to, and came frequently from, Rome, without Don John ever acquainting his suspicious brother with his intrigues. Escovedo was exceedingly busy, and Perez was employed by Philip II. to worm out the secret, which he did by the most dishonourable artifices. He entered into a secret correspondence with Escovedo, and, after blaming Don John's secretary for writing to the Pope without Philip's knowledge, Perez assured Escovedo that their correspondence should be kept profoundly secret from the king. All this time the wily secretary of state showed all the letters and despatches to Philip, who frequently amended the drafts of the minutes with his own hand. Nay, to obviate suspicion, Perez occasionally put in some abuse of the monarch.\* Don John, in moments of disappointment, wrote to Perez—"For the sake of his life, of his honour, of his soul, he must quit Flanders—he would leave his post when people least expected it—although this crime might be punished with blood.† He talked of entering France "at the head of a band of adventurers, consisting of 6000 infantry and 2000 horse."‡ Moreover, Don John was frequently heard to say, "Escovedo and money—money and Escovedo." The latter became exceedingly bold, and said that, after conquering England, it would be easy to gain Spain, that with the ports of Santander and the Peña de Mogron, a footing might be gained in Castile. But what brought matters to a crisis was the demand made by Escovedo, who was now in Spain, to be instantly appointed governor of the Peña de Mogron. Philip, seeing in this demand confirmation strong of his worst suspicions, thought Escovedo too dangerous a person to be allowed to live, and Perez was ordered to despatch this intriguing emissary. Poison was administered in vain; at

last Escovedo was stabbed in the streets of Madrid by one Insausti, on the 31st March 1577. But for the whole of this most curious chapter in the history of Antonio Perez, whose airs of authority had made him detested,—for a full comprehension of Don John's ambitious views,—of the part which Escovedo played in this drama,—of his murder by the command of Philip, and the manner in which the guilty accessory, Antonio Perez, was made the scape-goat of the whole transaction, and offered up as a sacrifice to the long-cherished hatred of Escovedo's family, and of his rival Mateo Vasquez—of the insurrection in Arragon, and other matters connected with this transaction,—we must refer our readers to Mons. Mignet's interesting work on Philip II. and Antonio Perez, where they will find the whole story handled with admirable precision by a master of his art.§

The murder of Escovedo must have opened Don John's eyes, and shown him that Philip would never allow him to acquire a separate and independent kingdom. Don John's ambitious spirit seems now to have preyed upon itself, and his constitution to have suffered from this internal struggle: he had frequent fits of melancholy, accompanied by attacks of low fever; and occasionally expressed an earnest desire to leave a career for which he daily felt an increasing dislike, and to be allowed to retire into some monastery. This feeling was much aggravated by the failure of the negotiation in the Netherlands, and by the prospect of a long and lingering war, in which none of those bold dashes and brilliant adventures, which formed so great an attraction to one of Don John's chivalrous and enthusiastic nature, were to be expected. At length, after several small successes, after a victory at Namur, Don John was seized with the putrid fever, of which he died on the 1st October 1578, in the 33d year of his age, and with him perished all his ambitious designs. On opening the body,

\* *Memorial de Antonio Perez del Hecho de su Caso*, pp. 304-306.

† *Ibid.*

‡ *Ibid.*

§ *Antonio Perez et Philippe II.*, par Mons. Mignet, 1 vol. 3d ed.

Don John's heart was found much diseased, and his skin was as if it had been burnt; many attributed his death to poison. His last dying request was to be buried in the Escorial, near the bones of his father, the Emperor Charles V. We cannot better close this slight sketch of one so early snatched from a career of glory, than by quoting an interesting and detailed account of his last hours, written by his confessor, an eye-witness of his death.

“TO HIS MOST CHRISTIAN MAJESTY.

“Your Majesty will have heard, by letters from the Prince of Parma and from Prince Octavio Farnese, the trouble which it hath pleased God to bring upon us by the death of Señor Don John of Austria: and to accomplish that which he hath so many times commanded me to do, during his life, as well as somewhat to relieve the grief which I know will seize upon your Majesty's royal heart, I will relate the prayer which Don John desired me to make to your Majesty in his name, and with all humility, for the repose of his soul, the which I believe, and do dare to affirm, is now in the enjoyment of that crown of glory which all who sacrifice their life for the law and the gospels in the service of their king, are wont to receive as their reward. And no one went through greater or indeed equal labours and troubles than did this most Christian and obedient gentleman.

“All the time, most powerful Sir, that his highness Don John was in the castle of Namur,—or, at any rate, most of the time,—he passed in making his peace with God, and in ordering his worldly affairs. He manifested unto me many times his strong wishes therein, entreating me to beseech God, by the merits and zeal of the invincible Emperor, his father and master, to employ his person in the defence of the Catholic faith, and to allow him to die before he should do, or suffer any thing to be done, which should offend God even in the smallest matter. He even said more: that he never could think of your Majesty, his father and master, without ardently desiring to assist in the defence and spread of the holy Catholic faith, and

in enforcing obedience to your Majesty, who, he hath told me an infinite number of times, was his master, his father, his brother, and his whole wealth on this earth.

“Two days before the victory of Gemblours, Don John sent for me and told me that, although he did not then intend to engage the enemy, still, considering the many chances of war, he desired to make a general confession from the time when he could first remember to have had the use of his reason. This was the more easy for his highness, from the frequency with which he hath attended the holy offices of the church since he hath been in these parts: as rarely a month passed that he hath not communicated and confessed twice,—nay sometimes thrice. Thus on that night, after having made a clean breast, and disposing of his affairs: as if he were truly about to render an account unto God at that moment,—as in fact he did in the spirit—his highness, with an appearance of deep feeling and great humility said, as he walked up and down the room, ‘Reverend Father—in order that you may, once for all, know my last will and testament, and my wish in other matters besides those of which I have lately discoursed while I was at your feet, and that you may never put to me any other questions, for I have nothing further to say—I beg you will observe these three matters:—1st, My soul I commend unto God, and to my father.—2d, As to what regardeth my body, I well know how little it availeth where it lie until the day of judgment: but I wish you, in my name, to entreat his Majesty the king, my master,—looking to what the Emperor my father requested of his Majesty, as well as to the way in which I have served him,—to grant me this favour—that my bones may rest somewhere near those of my father. In this guise my services will be amply satisfied and recompensed.—3d, As to these old rags which I have here, I know not how to dispose of them; but as I am the Emperor's son, and the Emperor recommended me as such to his Majesty, and as I die in his Majesty's house, and in his service, let him, like a true father and master, dispose of my possessions—not only as if they

belonged to his son, but to his servant and slave ; and I would do the same were the whole world mine.'

"Don John entreated me most fervently to beg your Majesty, in consideration of this his expressed wish, to pardon him if at any time in Italy or elsewhere he hath used your Majesty's moneys more than was fitting. He said very many other things to the same effect, the which, although I remember me of them, I will not write, in order not to wring your royal heart any further ; and thus in that same night he repented him of his sins with as much fervency as if the last hour of his life had actually come, desiring to have some opportunity to receive the most holy sacrament on the following morning : this, however, was not possible until two days after that most famous and miraculous victory. The Saturday before the day of Pentecost, while we were before Philippeville,—acting upon the leave which his highness had formerly given me, I did entreat him almost with supplices not to place a life, so useful to the church and to his brethren, in such frequent and imminent danger, nor to take upon himself labours to which his bodily strength was unequal, whatever his wishes and courage were. His highness replied : 'Reverend father, this life and much besides I owe to God, and to the king my master, to whom, as I have oftentimes said and now repeat, I leave my body and all I possess, should I die here in his territories.'

"On the first of August—for I pass over many details in order not to weary your Majesty ; the night before his highness (who is in heaven) bestirred himself against the enemy before Malines, he made a general confession of his sins, placing himself in the hands of God, preparatory to receiving the most holy sacrament on the following day ; confessing again afterwards, and saying that that was a good testament when a man commended his soul to God, his body to the company which he loved best, namely that of his father and master, and his property in the hands of him who knew better than he how to take the burden of it. And, in truth, his highness only used it in your Majesty's service.

"Finally, the second day on which

he sickened, he said that although the physicians declared his malady not to be dangerous, he did, nevertheless, feel himself exceeding ill and worn. But what gave him infinite pleasure was to see that he was so poor that nothing on earth could prevent him from speedily being with God, more especially having his Lord and father in heaven, and on earth your Majesty as his lord and brother. And he was most confident that, if his affairs were left in your Majesty's hands, they would have that end and success which was proper. This same day he did ask me many questions touching the virtue of martyrdom, desiring to have some share of its merits, giving signs of his having many times entreated God for martyrdom.

"The following day, the 25th September, he confessed like one chosen of God, telling me that he knew his days to be numbered, and that his only regret was the little he had done for the service of God and of your Majesty ; but that he trusted in God and in the Virgin Mary, that they would take this death as for their glory, for that of the Catholic Church, and of your Majesty, and for God's service ; and that he wished to make the world understand that, as during life he had not been devoted to the church, as had originally been his father's wish, in death he wished to be so, in as much as depended upon him. He besought his brother and master to remember him of his servants, to whom he owed much for being good and faithful to God, to himself, and to your Majesty ; and very many of them were poor, having served him by land and by sea ; many of them, moreover, had been taken away from their homes, and he had not a maravedi wherewith to pay them their salaries, which had been owing to them for some time. Your Majesty was also to remember his highness's mother, whom he regarded and loved as a mother, and a young brother, whom he knew to be such. He likewise mentioned other persons, whose names in due time I will make known unto your Majesty. His highness concluded by saying, 'since on earth I do not possess an acre I might call my own, is it not just, Reverend father, that I should desire

same space in heaven?' His highness then desired that Otavio de Gonzagua should have the command, on account of the good will which he saw in him to your Majesty's affairs, as well as to his highness. His highness ended by saying that, if he were not deserving of having his bones placed beside those of his lord and father, he desired to be buried at the church of our Lady of Monserrat, whom all his life through he held in particular affection.

"On the morning of Friday, the 26th September, on my going to see him, Don John complained to me that the physicians had used force to compel him to drink a potion: this annoyed him much, as he thought it would interfere with his receiving the holy sacrament. On my telling Don John it was of no importance, he requested me to inquire of the physicians if he ran any risk should he put off communicating for another day, or if he left it even until the following Sunday, when he thought to gain the jubilee. The physicians told him that his illness was not so dangerous but what he might put off receiving the holy sacrament at till then, or even later: and therefore, on Sunday, the 28th, he reconciled himself with God, with such fervour, that it much pained me to see the pain in which he was, knowing that it would add to his malady. And while I was performing mass in his room, he requested to be allowed to touch the face of his God with an air of incredible devotion, saying 'Bring unto me, most Reverend father, the visage of my God;' and while he thus uttered words of such Christian import, he received the most holy sacrament. And on being asked if it were his pleasure to receive extreme unction, he requested it with not less earnestness as a very precious gift and much to be desired.

"The mass over, Don John named the Prince of Parma as his successor, until your Majesty should be pleased to appoint some one else. Two hours afterwards delirium came on, and nothing that he said was clear save when he talked of God. The names of Jesus and of our Lady were mentioned,\* and when he was told to take or to do this in their name, he did it with much obedience and willingness.

"Don John passed Monday and Tuesday in great trouble and pain, and he wandered in his mind, which ran upon ordering intrenchments to be thrown up, or cavalry and ammunition to be sent here and there, saying alway, in answer to every question, that thus it concerned the service of your Majesty.

"This same Tuesday night I inquired of him whether he wished to have the sacrament of extreme unction administered, and he answered as if he were suffering no pain whatever,—'Yes, father! Jesus! quick, Reverend father!' and he received it with an appearance of praying, although we could not distinguish what he said, as he did not speak clearly.

"Early in the morning of Wednesday, the 1st October, which was the day of his death, and about one hour and a half before his decease, I asked him if he wished to hear mass, and he made a sign with his head in the affirmative. When the *corpus* was raised, they who were standing at his bed-side advised him of it: and although his eyes were shut, and we thought that his senses were wandering, his highness immediately clasped his hands together, and hastily tore off from his head some plasters and a cap, the better to adore with his heart that God and Saviour whom he could not see with his eyes. The rest of the time, until his decease, which took place at about one o'clock in the day, we passed in helping him to call upon the name of Jesus and of the Virgin Mary; and all who were present were filled with grief: although, on the other hand, they were rejoiced to see such manifest tokens of the glory to which he was fast attaining: and thus he departed from our hands without a sigh, like a bird on its way to heaven.

"This, most powerful sir, was the end of the life of this son and servant of your Majesty, as he was wont to call himself. And, as far as I can see, for thirty and three years he hath performed the wishes of the two fathers whom he had in this life—that is to say, of his lord and father the Emperor, and of your Majesty, seeing that his highness hath informed me that his Majesty the Emperor wished

him to be in holy orders, and your Majesty desired him to be a soldier. But his highness, like an obedient son, died as poor as a friar, and in an humble barrack like a soldier; for I promise your Majesty that the room wherein he died was a sort of garret over a stable, that in this he might imitate the poverty of Christ; and without doubt, most Christian Sir, for four or five months before his death, he was constantly occupied in works of charity, piety, and humility. His whole pleasure consisted in visiting the sick—of which there were many in the camp, and in accompanying the holy sacrament, giving these wretched men charity with his own hand, receiving with the utmost compassion the poorest and most wretched soldiers, until he could procure carts in which to convey them to the hospital; constantly urging me to see that in the hospitals nothing was wanting, and particularly ordering me to see that the sacraments were duly administered to the sick, that none should die without this great comfort. He appointed a separate hospital for those who had contagious disorders, and charged me to see that none of those should die unanointed. And since his Holiness gave him authority to name some one as vicar-general, to have full power in all matters ecclesiastical—whereof I understand his highness hath informed your Majesty by means of the Archbishop of Toledo—he determined to root out of the army all blasphemies, oaths, and evil doings, and in particular the sin of heresy, promising me that he would not favour any one, even if he were especially attached to his person; and he punished those who sinned in this manner in the army with such vigour, that, at the end of three months, the men, especially the Spaniards, were more like monks in a convent than like soldiers in a camp. And this most excellent prince acted in such a manner that, now when the soldiers see him dead, they cannot but believe that he had a spirit of prophecy touching his death. Nay, they do say that it does not appear to them as if his

death were after the manner of men, but that he flew like an angel of heaven up to his God.

"Otavio Gonzagua performs, and has performed on his part whatsoever was ordered by the Señor Don John, taking advice in all matters of the Prince of Parma, and waiting like all of us to receive the commands of your Majesty, whose royal person may our Lord guard and prosper for many years to come, as is most necessary for the Church.

"From Namur, this 3d October 1578.\*"

Don John died in the fortress commanding the town of Namur; and on the 3d October, his body, placed on a bier, covered with cloth of gold, was conveyed by several gentlemen to the cathedral. Don John was dressed in full armour, the order of the Golden Fleece was placed round his neck, and on his head was a plain cramoisy cap, over which was a crown of cloth of gold, covered with jewels; his fingers likewise were loaded with rings. In this guise the body was carried forth, escorted by all the clergy of the place, by several monks and their bishops. All the assembled crowd shed tears, and made loud lamentation as the cavalcade passed. The bier was placed on a raised platform in the church, and, after the service had been performed, the corpse was lowered into a vault near the high altar, where it remained until it was carried into Spain in the following year.

Don John's corpse was then cut into three pieces, and placed in three small chests lined with blue velvet, the better to enable it to pass secretly through France. On the 18th March 1579, the cavalcade left Namur, and, passing by Mezières and Paris, arrived at Nantes, where the whole party embarked, and reached Santander on the 6th May. On the 22d the funeral procession arrived at the monastery of Parreces, five leagues from Segovia, where it was met by Busto de Villegas, Bishop of Avila, by Juan Gomez, the Alcalde of the Court, accompanied by some alguazils, by twelve of

\* Documentos inéditos para la Historia de España, vol. vii. p. 247-257.



the royal chaplains, and other people belonging to the court. The three portions of Don John's body were now joined together and placed in a coffin, covered with black velvet; on the outside was sewn a cross of crimson velvet, upon which were emblazoned golden nails. The coffin was made to open at the side, in case any desire might be expressed to see the dead body within. The cavalcade swelled as it approached the monastery of the Escorial, where it arrived on the evening of Sunday the 24th May 1579, accompanied by above four hundred men on horseback.

We will now follow an account given by Fray Juan de San Geronimo, a monk of the Escorial, of what happened on the occasion. It seems the monks came out to meet the procession:—

"And because," says Fray Juan de San Geronimo, "the Reverend Prior was absent at the general chapter, holden this year of 1579 at San Bartolomé el Real, the Vicar Fray Hernando de Torrecillas performed the offices in his stead, and went forth with the ministers in their full canonicals: all of the which halted at a table, over which was a dais of rich brocade, raised in the midst of the principal cloister, where the gentlemen bearing the pall placed the body. The choristers immediately began to chant the '*Subvenit Sancti Dei*;' whereupon they all returned in procession to the church; and these same gentlemen who bore the corpse on their shoul-

ders placed it on the platform which had been raised for it, when the Reverend father vicar read the funeral oration in the presence of the whole convent; the bishop and the pall-bearers being ranged round the raised platform. When this was finished, the Reverend fathers went to the choir to sing a vigil, and the bishop, with his company, adjourned for a while to take rest. The following day, which was the 25th, high mass was sung, the bishop assisting the choristers in the choir. When mass was over, the monks went into the chapel where the corpse was, and sang the responses, accompanied by the organ, while the monks of San Lorenzo answered them in recitative without music."\*

After this a formal ceremony was gone through. Philip's secretary, Gastella, read a royal order from his Majesty, directing the friars of the convent of San Lorenzo to receive the body of his dear brother, the most illustrious Don John of Austria. Fray Juan de San Geronimo thus concludes his account:—

"And after the reading of the said letter, the followers of Don John let down the corpse into the vault which had been prepared for it underneath the high altar, and placed it among the other corpses of the royal family. This was about eleven o'clock in the day. After this ceremony we all went to dinner."

At which excellent occupation we cannot do better than leave them.

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\* *Documentos inéditos para la Historia de España*, vol. vii. p. 265.

## A NIGHT'S PERIL.

Two days before I sailed from Mauritius, I was sitting at breakfast on one of the packages containing my traps. The walls were stripped of their pictures, the cherished whips and pipes were gone from the chimney-piece—the crockery which ministered to my occasions was borrowed. The Sarah transport floated in the harbour, and almost sent the tail of her pendant into my window.

There was no mistake about it,—I was on the move; and, of course, as I was bound to Old England, I ought to have been in ecstasies. But there is no such thing as “of course,” in human affairs. Of them, the tide is subject to so many perturbations, that, like Mrs McStinger, there is no saying which way they may head at any moment. For myself, I have ever been somewhat of a cosmopolite, and felt it to be bad policy for a creature of condition so erratic as man, to circumvent too closely with particulars of locality his idea of home. It is a narrowing of our capabilities to anchor our hopes in some village or county, and to persuade ourselves that thence they cannot be started without shipwreck. If ever any of the sons of men were senseless of ambition, and the *auri sacra fumes*—those circulating forces that draw men from the native hearth, and prevent the stagnation of societies—they would need a triple defence against Necessity to fortify such a position. When this “Daughter of Jove” descends in her might, and hurls them from their strongholds—when go from home they must, even then will men sometimes go resistingly, which is the same thing as to go painfully. A man who should cling to some particular post or pillar till torn thence by mechanical force, would probably be wounded in the struggle. And so is it that the mental lacerations which some emigrants exhibit as the work of cruel necessity, are but the effect of their own obstinate clinging to some spot or outward object from which the fiat of necessity has separated them. Such men are cruel to themselves, and must often move the pity of their fellow-wayfarers. Such men are to be seen nursing their sorrows, blinding their eyes, and denying the sympathies of their im-

mortal and infinite spirits. *The World* is man's habitation; and a good Providence has so adorned its every part, that no where can we be called to dwell where a wise man may not be happy and at home. The sacred asylum of home, is of no geographical nor material limitation. Its building is of love, and faith, and peace; and these foundations may be laid any where, for they dwell within the spirit of man, and are evoked by the voice of wisdom. Be wise, then, oh wanderer from the land of thy sires! Open thine arms to thy new brethren and sisters, and live no longer as though possessing no higher innate powers than an oyster or a cauliflower. Here, where you are, you have what may serve your present aptitude; for aught more you must wait till hereafter.

I by no means intend to infer that it required any high strain of philosophy to accommodate one's self to the circumstances of a few years' sojourn at Mauritius. One might, perhaps, assume it to be one of the most beautiful islands in the world. The good merchants and planters exhibit hospitality in its very pink, and abundantly evoke for your benefit the resources of the island. Objections, on the score of climate, I look upon as unworthy of a prudent traveller: for to one who will be at the pains of a little concession to circumstances, all climates soon become the same. 'Tis but an extra cloak at St Petersburg, and an hour or two's siesta at Calcutta. The one really assailable point in the constitution of Mauritius, is, that it is a little out of the twopenny-post line,—but as I was not in love, this mattered little to me.

When I say that I was not in love, I must be understood as speaking irrespectively of Mauritius. Till I set foot on those bewitching shores I had deservedly enjoyed the character of a hard-hearted, impregnable bachelor. It would be tedious to sum up the names of my messmates, whom one after another I had seen fall victims to eyes that had vainly expended fascination on me. The girls always gave me up as a bad job within three weeks of our arriving at new quarters. But now my time was come—*dedi*

*manus*—I had stretched my tether to the utmost; and soon after I had set foot on the island of Paul and Virginia I had ceased to be a freeman.

Now, put all these things together, and you will not be surprised to hear that I was not out of my wits with joy, at being ordered home.

Mine was one of those complicated cases of love that will occur sometimes; not one flame, but many consumed me;—not one image of female loveliness, but many such specimens, beset my reveries. I would turn out in the morning with the perfect conviction that Maria was the real girl after all, and so rest satisfied, till some person of thing, envious of my peace, would call up to my mind's eye, Lucie, or some other of the score of pretty names that rejoice Echo in that favoured spot. Thus did I shift my allegiance from one to another, and live in such uncertainty, that had Hymen's self decked for me the altar, I should have been so long in settling what name should thereon be inscribed, that he would infallibly have put his torch out in disgust.

So tempered I sat breakfasting. With the confusion of softer feeling, which I have tried to describe, was mingled a little indignation at a letter which I had just received from my old friend Jack Hardy. He did me to wit, that he had heard of my goings on, and congratulated me on being ordered off, before I was regularly nabbed. In case of the worst,—and this was the part for which I could have thrashed him,—in case of the nabbing aforesaid having actually taken place, he suggested, that I need be under no alarm, since now I had an obvious opportunity of going home to "consult my friends." Considering how often I had myself used this weary old joke, I remember it did seem to me a little odd, that I should so wince at it then. "Nabbed," thought I, "I only wish that Jack, or any body else, would tell me by whom." And then I began to think, how like my state was to that of a hypochondriac, who, assailed by fifty symptoms at once, knows not which to regard, and so missees the cause of all the evil. Authorities agree in stating, that a man can be in love with but one person at one

time; so in spite of appearances, I was obliged to conclude that some one particular young lady was the motive power of the distraction I exhibited.

But, little mattered it who, or how many, the girls might be; I was going to leave them all. Soon Mauritius and its happy company would have to exist for me dreamily, and as an image of the past, the vivid lights of its actuality pushed into obscurity by some harsher present. Soon the popular —th, would be gone, and be succeeded by some other no less popular regiment — and then, thought I, how long will the girls be before their grief finds consolation from among the new arrivals? Will any inconsolable one remember us? Will any remember me? A buzz of the island patois broke in upon my meditations, just as I was beginning to make out the image of one fair friend, who seemed to stand forth in favourable relief from among the multitude. It was very annoying to be forced from hope just nascent in distinguishable form; but the ideal must ever, experimentally, give way to the real.

I approached the window, where a Babel of tongues was raging, "*Gailli done, gailli! li grand monsieu, su li petit cheval.*" \*

The cause of the commotion was apparent, in the person of my friend Hamilton, who, at the precise moment of my reaching the window, had managed to make his way through the crowd, and was dismounting. I might have guessed, before seeing him, who was the corner, for he never stirred out, in his then fashion, without causing a disturbance of the popular quiet. He was a tremendous big fellow, who had a fancy for riding the smallest poney, that would keep his legs well bent up from trailing on the ground. This sight, for some reason or other, particularly tickled the fancy of the local vagabonds; and they habitually made a point of affording him a guard of honour on his excursions.

On this occasion the noise waxed louder than usual, and soon let me see that something more than common was in the wind. As soon as I could make out the personal appearance of the steed, I saw that his garniture was out of the ordinary equestrian fashion. About his saddle was slung a collection

\* "Look there, look at the big gentleman on the little horse."

of parcels, and over his neck depended two uncovered, and uncommonly good-looking bottles. Besides this, Hamilton had in his hands a basket, and was evidently made up in all respects for a start or a cruise some whither.

"Whither away my man?" said I as he entered, mustering up the most flattering look I could, to hide the possible traces of melancholy on my physiognomy; for I knew him of old as a desperate roaster.

"Where you are coming with me, Jack," replied Hamilton, "so get your traps together in a quarter less no time."

"But, my good fellow, I cannot; you know I sail the day after to-morrow, and have lots to do. Besides, to tell you the truth, I am a little, just a little out of sorts."

"Melancholy, and so forth," said my friend, "but let me tell you that's exactly the reason why I've come to fetch you. Here, read this *billet-doux*, and then give me your answer."

He threw me a pretty, little, three-cornered, rose-coloured, scented note, whose superscription set my heart palpitating. It was the calligraphy of Virginia G—, and addressed itself, comprehensively, "To all whom it might concern."

In pretty mock heroics, it set forth the commands of certain undersigned fair inhabitants of the colony, to all and sundry the officers of Her Majesty's —th regiment, to repair to a spot, some little distance on the other side of the harbour, there to hold *fête champêtre*, by way of parting festivity. I looked over the names of the fair despots, and saw that among them were most of those who had especially made happy the last few years of my experience. Virginia G— herself was certainly the one on whom I thought the most frequently in connexion with the two days that alone remained to me.

"My dear fellow," said I, when I had spelt over the list of names, "here is enough to tempt one; but let us be discreet as we grow old. What can come of my going, but fresh regrets? Can I forget that in two days I am off, bag and baggage, and that some new fellow will succeed to all my tender interests here, just as naturally as he will to my quarters." Hamilton had lit a cigar, and smoked

on thus far in silence, though I felt that he was watching me.

"I have not done my business yet," said he, "nor shall I without a little bit of treachery." Virginia wrote that letter.

"There's no treachery in telling that, for I knew it at once."

"But there is treachery in telling that she laid her commands on me to show the document to you: more especially, as I believe she would blush extravagantly, if she thought you knew it."

Now let me say, that though I had for Virginia that kind of sentiment that made me feel ill at ease under the inquisitorial eye of my friend, I had never felt sure that she cared for me accordingly. Some girls are so excessively tender, that they can spare more love to a canary bird, than others can afford to a declared suitor. Virginia was of this affectionate sort; so, though she had been tender to me, I lacked assurance that this tenderness contained in it any thing of distinction.

I will confess, then, that it touched me rather, to hear that she had actually vouchsafed me a particular remembrance.

"Jack," said my friend, "you must come. I'll be candid, and tell you at once that I've read you like a book. You're in love with one of those girls, and don't exactly know which it is. Well and good—that has been many a good fellow's lot before you. However, here's a chance for you to try to learn your own mind."

"Alas! and much good that would do me!"

"Good—of course it will. You will have them all together, and there's nothing like comparison for helping on a judgment. Besides, if you do nothing else, you will at least have a pleasant day, and leave a good impression."

I cannot say that I felt particularly disposed to join a mirthful party. But at least I should see once more assembled in their glory the kind creatures on whom I depended for pleasant recollections. I should be able to see whether any of them appeared sorry to leave us, who had borne them company in so many a deed of mirth. And as at all events I should escape a fair portion of the

twice twenty-four hours' moping that otherwise must be endured, I determined to go, though at the risk of sharpening the regrets of parting.

There was also another reason why I was the readier to go; and as thereby hangs the adventure of this present inditing, I may as well explain at once. This was the last day on which I could write myself owner of my pretty little Mudian boat, the Wave. I had sold her off with my nag and the usual encumbrances, and the next day she was to be the property of a new master. Any one who knows the island within the last few years will remember the Wave, that used to beat every thing in her waters. The only thing that at all came up to her was the launch of the old Bucephalus. This was the fancy boat of the first lieutenant, who after many experiments had hit upon the lug as the becoming rig. With the wind well on the quarter, the old launch would beat me, and close hauled I would beat her; but which after all was the better boat was a question we could never settle. However, it was for no want of trying. As surely as it blew at all fresh, so surely would the little Wave be seen cruising about among the shipping, and passing under the stern of the Bucephalus; and so surely also would the launchers be piped away on board the big craft. Many was the prophecy uttered that the little barkey would be my coffin, and so once she certainly would have been, had we not had water ballast aboard, when she cap-sized in a heavy squall, to which I would not shorten sail.

I liked mightily the idea of a farewell cruise in my poor little boat, in such pleasant company. Objections touching her unprovisioned state were met at once by Hamilton, who had laid in abundance, and was carrying about him some of the odd trifles forgotten in the first instance. He had fully bargained to go in my boat, and as my companion. Boating was no usual fancy of his; but somehow he had a great idea of my nautical skill, and a high opinion of the craft herself, that made him sometimes willing to enlist as my companion. He was a very good fellow, but, I am bound to say, more useful and agreeable on shore than at sea. He would sit down in the little hatch and smoke

his pipe rationally enough when all was smooth. But directly we felt the wind, and began to lie over the least bit in the world, you might see him eyeing the dingy's skulls, or any stray bit of plank as a stand by in case of capsize. Once I saw him pull his jacket off for a swim ashore when well out of soundings. Put all this together, and you will understand my friend to have been of a temperament nervous as touching the water. However, he was a very good fellow; more particularly one to whom I least feared to communicate any little romantic episode that might turn up. A good deal in this way I had already told him; and, far from laughing at me, he had seriously set himself to help me at my need.

We settled then that we should go together to take this last day's sail out of the Wave, and to make the most of the ladies' society, before the act of severing should take place. It would be difficult to say what were the hopes that seemed to peep out at me from the prospect of our arrangement; but plainly enough I did encourage the hope of some good that was to come of it. Perhaps I was frightened up by the change for the better that my lively and somewhat whimsical friend had introduced into my morning society. Certainly he was much wittier, and more amusing than my own thoughts, which had been my only companionship before. At any rate, having once agreed to the convention, I set about the preparation of myself and my traps with a good will. The day was lovely, and by happy accident not too hot. A light breeze was springing up which would carry us nicely out of the harbour. The only difficulty in the way of a start was touching the due manning of my craft, as Pierre and his little son Antoine, who had composed my former crew, had been paid off the day before, and were shipped aboard another craft by this time. Right sorry, too, they had been at the change, for both skipper and craft had been exactly to their taste. I was not up to navigating the boat entirely by myself, and had no great opinion of the value of my friend Hamilton as a watch-mate. However, he volunteered with such hearty good will, and the weather promised to afford so

little room for seamanship, that I thought he might do at the pinch. It was the first time we had ever been out alone, for, frequently as we had been together, he had been constant to his character as a passenger.

"Now Hamilton," said I, "you must work your passage. You must stand by to clap on a rope, or run to the tiller."

"Ay, ay," said he, "never fear; I'll not shirk my work. I've had a wet jacket before I saw your craft. Did I never tell you about my cruise on the Cam?"

"Never, Tom."

"Then you do not know half my nautical experiences. Let me ask you how often you have been capsized in one day?"

"Never but once, I am happy to say, and that was when Pierre held on too long at the sheet, against that old launch of the Bucephalus."

"I've been before this twice fairly foundered, and once hard and fast ashore in one day. I was on a visit to Bob S——'s brother at Magdalen, and among the amusements of the season was boating: most unseasonable work it was just then, for the weather was bitter cold. We started, a lot of us, intending to navigate the river as far as Ely. None of us happened to know any thing about nauticals, so we blindly submitted ourselves to the guidance of a fresh man who wore a remarkably hard-weather pilot-coat, and waddled in walking like a man unused to terra firma. He took the command as naturally as possible; never dreaming of so far doubting our judgments as to mistrust his own ability. We had hardly got well away, when a squall laid us right over, and fairly swamped the boat. This we regarded as an accident that might overtake the most skillful; and I verily believe that we even the more highly esteemed our Palinurus on account of the coolness which, we must all do him the justice to say, he exhibited. But when, soon after, he ran us regularly under water, we began to be suspicious, and hints flew about that he had undertaken more than he was up to. On this Mr Tarpanlin, with all imaginable complacency, asked us what the row was about, and whether we thought that any of us would have done better,

if this had been the first time in our lives that we had exercised naval command. After this confession, we were no more surprised at accidents. We regarded it as rather an easy let off that the concern was driven hopelessly hard ashore, in a stiff clayey soil, that allowed no idea of getting her off that night. All this may sound very little to a regular old salt, like yourself; but add to this little sketch the idea of a driving sleet, and a seven or eight miles' walk to Ely at midnight, without shoes, which the greedy loam sucked from off our feet, and the *ensemble* of hardship is enough to satisfy a landsman like myself. Since that time I have been little given to boating, and, as you know, never go out except with you."

"Well I'll try never to play you such a trick as did your tarpaulin friend. But the sea is a ticklish element, and the sky is a treacherous monitor."

"They never, either of them, promised better than they do to-day, so let us be off, or Virginia will start in search of pleasure with a cloud on her pretty face."

We bundled up our traps and started accordingly. The distance between my quarter and the little mole where the Wave lay rocking in the gentle undulations was soon passed over. I felt the influence of feelings far more serious than I wished to have perceived, and Hamilton evidently respected them. Like a good fellow, he pulled away at his cigar and said nothing. His little animal, under the guardianship of one of the ragged *gamins*, had preceded us to the waterside, and was there waiting our arrival, in order to the due discharge of its burden.

Poor little Wave! she was not accustomed to be lying in harbour when her sister craft were under weigh. One might have fancied that, with a sentiment of desolation, she allowed her burgee to droop listlessly, flapping it against her mast, as a bird makes sorrowful action with her wings. It did seem too bad to sell her;—and again I went over in my mind the bargain I had driven, and the price I had taken for her. After all, the conclusion was unavoidable, that I could not take her with me,—and, besides, I was going where I could not use her.

All the rest of the fellows had started, and already were hidden from us, as we then stood, round the rocky point. There was no one to hail for a dingy, and we were beholden to a dnsky gentleman in a country boat for a passage alongside. We had a job to get the anchor up; for it had so happened that when last we came in all the buoys were occupied, and as I had little idea of wanting to use her again, I had let go her anchor. When we were fairly under weigh, I began to look a little into our capabilities. She had been sold "all standing," so that the general complexion of her gear was much what it had been under my catering. But there were already some symptoms of a change of masters. The sail locker was empty; and I remembered that her old suit had been exempted from the general bill of sale, and made over as a legacy to old Pierre. He had walked off with them; and thus we were left with no second suit of sails in case of accident. Those on deck were all she had to show. However, this deficiency was far from causing me any alarm; nothing in the way of sea accident seemed less probable than that we should carry away any of her rags that day. We were going, merely for easy locomotion, amidst a fry of small craft, some of whom would be sure to lend us whatever by any accident we might want. My present mate, moreover, had a special objection to "carrying on." There was a convention between us, by virtue of which it was understood that whenever he came with me, we were to slope along on an even keel. His apprehension of disaster comprehended nothing but fear of a capsizing from carrying too much sail. I think he would have preferred going unprovided as we were, to leaving it in my power to make sail in case of accidents. All he realised was, that without sail a craft would not "turn the turtle;" and as to her fetching port, he had in this particular a blind confidence in the skill of his skipper for the time being.

There was scarcely enough wind for us to work out of the harbour, as the set of the sea carried us strongly towards the bluff of rock that stretches nearly across the entrance. But as I

have said, there were few boats could go to windward of the Wave, and perhaps none that "went about" more readily, and with less loss. So we managed to shave past, and came into full view of the little squadron. We were signalled at once, not by the ordinary bits of bunting, but by general acclamation, and waving of handkerchiefs by our fair friends. On board the largest yacht, a committee of ladies had established themselves, with plenary powers of command. This was the Queen Bee, whose motions the rest were to follow. At the moment of our coming in sight she set the example of making sail, and making the best of our way to our rendezvous; and forthwith all the rest, who had been lying-to for us, followed her motions. The idea of the party was to get, as best we could, with the light breeze that then served, to the rendezvous. For our return, we were almost sure of the land-breeze, which would help us along homeward without any trouble. They were all in tip-top spirits,—especially, I thought, on board the Commodore. In about half an hour we ranged up alongside of her, and there we found collected what might be called the bouquet of the party. Among them was Virginie, whom I had half hoped to find, but whom I could not flatter myself that I really did find, subdued at the parting with so many of her friends—more especially at parting with myself. She bore the air of happiness triumphant. Still I could not but fancy, when she waved her pretty hand to me, that it was with something of *empressment*. I know that I must have been considerably *empressé* in my salutation; for a host of latent associations stirred within me, at this, as I deemed it, farewell meeting. I had no desire to make myself ridiculous; so I kept my own counsel as well as I could. But I felt seriously unhappy, and repented for the moment that I had obeyed the invitation. I will not detail the history of the fête—it passed with every advantage of weather and sociability. The poor sentimentalists, if any there were besides myself, must have felt themselves sadly out of their element. All seemed as jovial as though no such thing as parting existed as a human necessity.

Amid all I grew sadder and sadder, and blamed my own folly in coming. Already I thought that many of the damsels showed an unaccustomed disregard of my presence, as though it were no longer worth while to distinguish with attention a man who was on the eve of leaving them for ever. Virginie was unequivocally an exception to this rule. She was, as she ever had been, kind; and made many inquiries as to my future movements, even speculating on our meeting again. But she seemed thoroughly content that I should go, and as though no such dream had ever entered her head as that I might, under any circumstances, remain with her. Altogether I was so far from entering into the spirit of the party that I suffered an access of misanthropy. In my own mind I condemned her as having been utterly spoiled by education and early associations. She had been used to intimacy with so many, and such constantly changing friends, that she was utterly incapable of the stability of friendship. The devotion of love could not, I thought, be found with her; and without this devotion hearts are not given.

On the melancholy pasturage of my own thoughts I became at last so visibly doleful, that I acted quite as a wet blanket on the party. Some of the giddier among the girls rallied me, more wittily than compassionately, on my love-tokens; and wished to try me by a sort of jury, to discover which of themselves it was that caused my grief. The effect of this badinage on me was to kindle no little exasperation against the principal persecutors, and to make me pretty considerably unamiable to all. I felt that I was behaving in a way that would be likely to leave behind me no good impression, and yet I could not constrain myself to propriety.

Thus far my expedition seemed to have answered ill. I have now to tell how it anon seemed to threaten worse, and then turned out in the happy issue which I at present enjoy.

The time came for us to think of returning. There was every probability of our finding this an easy task, as we were able pretty well to calculate on the rising of the land-breeze. The wind had fallen during the day, and for some hours there had been a

dead calm. The breeze that was to succeed it was very long in coming. The revellers were so well pleased with their entertainment that no thought was breathed of getting ready for a start, till the gentle sighing of the neighbouring sugar canes told us that the elements would serve our turn. Such a large and straggling party was not got together and re-embarked without difficulty; and the npsot of all was that, by the time we were under weigh homewards, it was well on in the evening. This gave us little uneasiness; the nights were clear, the breeze was generally steady, and as the land lay pretty well astern, the only difficulty that occurred to me was concerning the orderly behaviour of some of the men, who had taken too much wine to be quite manageable.

As it concerns our subsequent adventure, I may as well say that none of the uproarious ones were on board the Wave. They none of them would patronise a craft (so they said) which was commanded by such a long-faced skipper. So Hamilton and myself were the complement returning, as we had been coming. He was as sober as a judge, and just as much disposed as ever to be "handy Billy," or, in common language, to do a turn of work wherever he might be useful. I should think that we must have numbered, in all, at least twenty boats. It did not seem unlikely that some of them might fall on board of each other, as they were crowded very thickly, and some of them kept poor watch. Some of the steersmen were too jolly to be careful, and the girls did not by any means call them to order. It is almost a peculiarity of colonial girls to be without fear. Perhaps it is because they see so much of change, that few things strike them as strange,—and it is strangeness that generally terrifies. As I had sold my yacht, and bargained for her price, I felt that I ought to be particularly careful of what had become another man's property. I was unwilling to run the risk of injuring even her paint-work, which I supposed to be about the extent of damage threatened by a collision. So I held on till the whole set of them were started, and then got under weigh, keeping in their wake. There was no great



distance between us, only just sufficient to keep us well clear of them.

Merry sounds of song and talk resounded from the tiny specks that floated on ocean. Good-humoured hails were sent back to me, and many an offer made of a tow-rope to help me to my station. Some of them had musical instruments with them, and gave the harmony of voice and string to be blended with the evening air. A happier or securer party never enjoyed themselves, nor any, I should say, that fancied for themselves a more perfect exemption from the possibility of danger.

Things went thus for about an hour and a half, the gradual change of evening into night being scarcely perceptible in the lengthened twilight. The wind, which had been gradually falling, seemed then fairly to expire. Nothing more was to be done by sailing, and the boats remained hobbling up and down in the slight swell, without the least homeward motion. It was plainly a case of "out oars." Sadly against the grain did it go with us to pull off our jackets and set to work; but there remained no choice. We could not stay there all night, and if we meant to fetch our port we must pull. Some of them managed very well, as they were helped by the man-of-war boats that had joined the cruise. They got considerably ahead, and thus a division was produced in our little flotilla. The Wave was amongst the sternmost, as for want of hands we had been able to do but little; and besides that, we were in no working humour. One by one they all forged ahead so far as to be out of sight at that time of night; yet still not so far but that we occasionally heard them hailing, or singing at their oars.

As we had no fancy for a hard spell at pulling, we took things coolly as they came. We kept all sail set to take advantage of any little breeze that might come, and meanwhile waited as patiently as we could. Some three-quarters of an hour probably passed in this way, and then the face of the night began to undergo a change. The clouds showed a disposition to concentrate in a particular point over to landward, and light catpaws to play upon the water. Soon the breeze steadied a bit, and allowed us to lie on our course; and

before long we were going through the water at the rate of five knots. We held on thus, till I knew that we must be coming close on to the ugly reef that lies about three miles S.S.W. of Port St Louis. The clouds had become blacker, and without doubt a squall was brewing. Judging from experience, I fancied that it would be only of rain; and, at any rate, it seemed not yet to be so near as to require us to take in canvass. So we held on everything, and I ran forward to look out for the reef, and left Hamilton at the tiller. I at no time particularly liked to have him for a steersman, but now I had no choice, for he would not by any means have done for a look-out man.

"Now Hamilton," I said, "look out, keep her as she goes a bit, and have one eye to windward, for there is a regular sneezer brewing, and we shall have it hot and strong in a jiffy."

As I ran forward, I looked at him to see whether he appeared to be at all in a stew, but was rejoiced to find him cool as a cucumber. He stepped confidently to his post, and looked out to windward like a regular sea-dog.

We had now come to that point of our course where the wind ceased to be right astern. The head of the coast makes it necessary to beat up a bit, in order to weather the headland. We were perfectly able to do this, and to have even a point or two to spare, only we should want a more skilful helmsman than Hamilton. However, we were just clearing the reef, and in a minute or so more I should be able to return to my post. Meanwhile, I kept her as she was a bit, till I should be able to put her round myself.

I had been for some minutes too much occupied with the pilotage to think of the weather, so had implicitly trusted the observation of this to my watch-mate. He ever and anon reported things looking worse and worse.

A fine dust of rain, as it were beating into my face, made me look up, and I saw that we were in for it.

"Stand by there," I sang out.

"Ay, ay," said Hamilton, and he did stand by with the air of a regular blue jacket.

This was all the caution for which I had time. The same moment the squall broke heavily upon us, and the

poor little Wave was thrown nearly right on her beam ends.

"Luff there," I cried, "luff, man, quick."

"Ay, ay," was the ready rejoinder, but alas! just the contrary was the thing done. Whether Hamilton was flurried, or whether he never rightly knew what luffing meant, he put the helm hard up. In swinging off before the squall, she caught the full force of the wind, and for one moment I thought all was over with us. She went so far over that it seemed impossible that she should not capsize. But at the same instant, and before one could well think of the predicament, a jerk was felt, an explosion as of a pistol was heard, and the little craft righted. The mainsail had been blown clear away from the stay-ropes, and was fluttering about in ribbons.

In a moment I saw the danger of our position. The squall had been the first burst of a regular built gale, which was now blowing tremendously off shore. Had we been all a-taunto we might have managed to beat against it, but even then it would have been a tedious business, and would have required careful steering. At present, with only our jib standing, it was perfectly impossible to dream of such a thing. No earthly power could prevent our drifting out to sea.

Does any man who has not been placed in such a position, think that he can realise the feelings of two human beings thrown thus, like us, waifs on the wide ocean. I believe that no man can; but to assist the imagination of such a one, let him consider one or two things. The waters before us came, with scarcely the break of an island, from the ice-fields of the south pole,—and behind us the waste might almost be called boundless. In a few minutes we should, as things went, find ourselves clear of the lee of the land, and then the Indian coast might be considered the nearest breakwater. The billows that would roll after us would come with all the force collected within a mighty limits, under the excitement of the gale. Had our bark been of proportions to combat the elements, we could have found no safety in an unvictualled refuge. She would at most have afforded us the means of

prolonging agony. But I cannot say that the want of provisions seemed to me then to enhance the horrors of our condition. Our death by drowning seemed so certain, and so immediately imminent, that no room remained for remoter apprehensions.

For one moment, I believe, we both lost our self-possession. Hamilton was alarmed at the heeling over, and at the noise, but, when the boat righted, he seemed to think all the danger was over. My blank look, however, somewhat alarmed him, and he did not quite understand why it was that we were sailing ~~off~~ shore at such a rate. "Halloo," said he, "what makes you look so grave? A miss is as good as a mile. We're all right now, a'int we?" I did not answer him in words; but leaving him to gather intelligence from my looks, I ran to the tiller to see whether there remained any hope of getting her sufficiently near to the wind to enable us to fetch any part of the coast.

The attempt was but a forlorn hope. I might just as well have tried to sail her in the wind's eye. I could not "bring her to" in the least, but she went tearing on right before the wind. "Hamilton," I said, "we are in a bad way. She cannot beat against this gale under her jib, and you know that we have not a stitch of spare canvass."

Strange as it may seem, he did not seem at first to catch the idea of the danger we really were in. He had so accustomed himself to think of one kind of peril only, that he could see nothing alarming in our state so long as we carried on under easy canvass.

"Do you mean to say," he at last asked gravely, "do you mean to say that we are in any danger?"

"Danger!" I said, "do you think there is much safety to be found in a craft like this, out on the Indian Ocean, with a gale blowing?"

"Out on the ocean!"—here his face fell with the expression of a dawning apprehension; "what have we to do with the ocean?"

"How are we to keep out of it? Our last chance was to get her round and run her on the reef,—a poor chance, but all that we could dream of. You saw me try her just now, and saw that it was impossible."

"Then you mean to say nothing can prevent our drifting out to sea?"

My silence and dejection gave him the sorrowful answer.

Poor Hamilton! he was a brave enough fellow in his way, and willing to stand any risk for the good of the service,—this was all in the way of business, and he felt it to be right, enough,—but the idea of being drowned on a picnic excursion seemed to strike him as something altogether out of his way. I will not say that he was afraid on the occasion, because I do not believe he would admit the influence of fear. But he gave me the idea of a man labouring under the strangeness of an inadmissible proposition. It seemed as though a strong sense of injured innocence were mixed with his apprehensions, as if he felt himself to have been *done* and ill-treated.

"You don't mean to say that you cannot get her round?" this was said to me in a tone that seemed to imply that I could if I would. "If I could," I answered, "I should have run her on the reef; she would certainly soon go to pieces there, but it was our only chance."

"Never mind her going to pieces," said he; "I will pay half the damage."

It annoyed me, even at that terrible moment, to hear our condition made a question of pounds, shillings, and pence. I felt angry, too, with him, when I reflected that we had been brought to this predicament simply by his clumsiness. I so far gave way to anger as to tell him that, if we got safe to land I never would go sailing with him again, nor trust myself on salt water with a watch-mate who didn't know what "luff" meant, and who wanted to sail in the wind's eye under a jib. Poor Hamilton, who now seemed fully to appreciate our peril, contented himself with assuring me that I might rest quiet, for I never should go sailing again with him, or with anybody else.

A growing and abiding sense of the truth of this probability soon checked the spirit of squabbling within each of us. We were every moment drifting out farther and farther. So long as the lights of the island had been visible, they had imparted some degree of comfort. They at least showed whither our course would lay, in case matters should so far mend as to enable us to choose our own

course. But our distance was each moment increasing, and the night was waxing darker continually. A few more minutes, and the lights were hidden from us; and we were left simply and literally without any knowledge of our position, on the Indian Ocean. The sea had got up prodigiously, the wind blew harder than ever, and the night was as dark as pitch. Though she was flying before the wind, we could not keep the sea out of her,—it washed in over her quarter every few minutes, and it was all that we could do to keep her free by baling. Happily we had a couple of buckets with us, that served the turn well.

I shudder when I look back to this part of that fearful night. Later on in the season of our peril we did not feel so acutely the horrors of our position, because our sensibilities had been then pretty well exhausted by the struggle for existence. So little hope remained at last that our spirits scarcely retained the vitality necessary for suffering. We were as though already dead, and already taken away from living pains and feelings. But with the earlier part of the evening are connected associations of far more active pain—I mean during that part when I had not resigned hope. I know that there is a theory current that the living spirit never resigns hope; that a man sinking alone in the midst of the Atlantic, or bowed down for the stroke of the descending guillotine, never believes it to be impossible that he shall escape. I cannot pledge my own experience to the truth of this theory. The spirit of man is so firmly wedded to hope, that it is in extremity only that this blessing can be torn from us. But the divorce may be effected at last, even while the tide of life beats in the veins. I am quite sure that, during some hours of this night, we both felt perfectly devoid of hope, and that we could not have felt more certain of death had we actually passed the gloomy portals. But this was only momentarily, when our physical energies had succumbed under protracted exertion, when every expedient we could devise for prolonging our chance seemed to have failed. At first I could not make up my mind that our case was hopeless, nor familiarise

myself with the idea of approaching death. No rational ground remained of expecting any thing that could rescue us; and yet I could not forego the expectation that something would turn up. Our perishing seemed too bad a thing to be true. It could not be that our jocund morning should have such an issue; that we, so recent from the companionship of youth and grace, should be hurried to the contact of death. And yet all the while that I thus yielded to the promptings of natural instinct, I felt that we were drifting on each moment rapidly to the catastrophe.

While any room for activity remains, there is to be found some relief in exertion. The full bitterness of our condition was not felt till we had tried every device that we could think of, and had been reduced to inaction — without resignation. Our last resource was one on which I had been sanguine enough to build up some hope. It occurred to me that if we were to let go her anchor, the weight of that, together with her eighteen fathom of chain, might bring her bodily up. I only regretted that we had no spare spars wherewith to form a sort of breakwater, for I have great faith in the powers of a boat to ride out a gale and heavy sea under the lee of such a defence. Still I thought that we might manage to check her way effectually before we had driven too far out to sea; and then in the morning we might still find ourselves in sight of the island. There are circumstances under which one learns to make much of a very little hope, and I had made the most I could of this. We watched till we got into a smooth place, and then "let go." The extremity of peril had been reserved for this moment. The sudden check certainly brought her up as we expected, but other effects of our manœuvre followed which were beyond our calculation. She rounded to abruptly, and swung head to wind. But the weight of her anchor and chain hanging at her bows seemed as if they would pull her under water. The depression was so great that we saw that not a minute was to be lost, and that our only chance lay in heaving up again as quickly as possible. In our haste we both ran forward to the windlass, and

by so doing nearly completed our destruction, for the additional weight had a most alarming effect on her immersion. It became evident that we must at once get rid of the weight, and that it must be done without any additional strain. Our only plan was to slip the cable, and let both it and the anchor go by the run. This I accordingly did; but not even in this extreme peril without a pang of regret. Being relieved, she rose instantly, and in a moment was before the wind again. It had been a narrow escape for us, and, but that we had chosen a smooth place, we must have been swamped there and then. She had shipped a great deal of water, and we had hard work to clear her; and then once more all our work to begin again, for she shipped seas almost as quickly as we could bale them out.

For some little time we worked like men, and as if we really thought that we might work to good purpose. But soon it became quite manifest that we must be beaten. Our utmost exertion barely sufficed to keep her clear; and any little respite that we allowed to ourselves begat a terrible accumulation of water. This could not go on long. Hamilton was the first to admit this conclusion, and to give up the struggle for existence. I observed the particular moment when hope died within him, and noted it by the token of his sinking listlessly on the locker, and expressing in his countenance no sign of interest in our proceedings. To him there remained no more of the interest of speculation; there was for him but one idea, that of death, present and painful. I cannot say that I considered it all over with us yet. I am far from laying claim to any superior degree of courage, or thinking myself a braver man than was my companion. Perhaps my love of life was greater—at any rate I did not yet give in, and by after inquiry I know that Hamilton did. I am thankful that it was so; for my experience made me afterwards acquainted with this state of feeling, and taught how paralysing are its effects. It may be that, had I earlier shared my friend's despondency, we neither should have survived to tell the tale. What I contrived to do, though little enough, was yet suffi-

cient probably to make the difference of some hour or so in our foundering, and this respite proved our salvation.

Each moment that passed was bearing us out continually farther into the waste of waters. The gale howled, the waters foamed in rage, and washed over our gunwale; my shipmate had resigned himself to his fate, and replied not by word or sign to any consolation that I tried to suggest. All ground of hope seemed stricken from us; and yet, by a sort of perversity, I would not consent to the verdict that seemed to have gone forth against us. Such a struggle against adverse circumstance, where it is according to the habitual tone of a man's spirit, entitles him to the name of magnanimous; with me, it was rather a particular phase of obstinacy. One single chance yet remained to us—scarcely enough for rational hope; but yet enough to justify resistance to actual despair. As the wind then blew, it was just possible that we should drift off the Island of Bourbon, or, at any rate, come near enough to be picked up by some of her vessels. It was, indeed, a slender chance, but being our all, I made the most of it; so much, indeed, did I make of it, that I verily believe I should have felt quite confident of making the port, if I had had the means of steering. As it was, we drifted along, without any sail set, and without any compass to point us our whereabouts. But the time was coming for me when I was to experience the pangs that attend the death of hope within us. This I regard as the painful part of this night's history. In the earlier stage, there was the relief of exertion; in the later stages there was the insensibility of apathy. The time of sharp anguish was during the transition from the one state to the other.

The *coup-de-grace* came thus. Some half hour or so after the affair of the anchor, while we were drifting before the sea, we perceived a light ahead. Of course, this must be a vessel, most probably a *chasse marée* belonging to the island. It was scarcely possible that we should reach this vessel, of course we were violently at sight of her, with new-born hope. Hamilton even roused up and did what he could to

help in keeping us afloat; which condition it was very doubtful whether we should be able to preserve long enough to enable us to come up with the stranger. She proved to be beating to windward, and we saw presently that one of her tacks would bring her within hail of us. To see this was to pass at once from despair to confidence. We regarded ourselves as saved, and scarcely heeded the time that must pass before she could come up with us; a time, every minute of which was fraught with peril, that might shut out from us the prospective help. As she drew near, one only fear remained, lest she might pass us unobserved in the obscurity of night; and so diminutive an object were we, and so little to be expected in that place, that there was some room for the fear. As she neared us we shouted loudly, but the din of the elements was not to be overcome by our puny voices. But on a night like that, it was necessary to keep a good look-out, and we knew that she must have watchful eyes peering into the darkness. I had on board a brace of pistols ready charged, which having been stowed away in the locker had been kept dry. We fired one after the other, when quite close to the vessel, and succeeded in attracting their notice. We even made out in the murky air, to which our eyes were becoming accustomed, one or two figures of men, who ran forward to see what was the matter. But the *chasse marée* held on her way, unheeding. When almost under her bows, we called out to them in agony, to heave to, and take us on board. But to our utter horror they held on their way, taking no notice of us except by some unintelligible cries. The *chasse marée* passed on, as if she thought it matter of little heed that two human beings were left to perish in the elemental strife of that dark night.

To this moment I cannot understand this adventure. It is scarcely possible to believe that any ship's crew of men could have the horrid barbarity to leave unsuccoured a boat perishing in that wild night. And yet it is, perhaps, quite impossible to believe that they could have thought us sea-worthy and safe. Our signal, our cries, the dismantled con-

dition of our boat, all spoke for themselves. Bitter, surely, must be the recollections of that vessel's company! dark must be the character of that life, in which such an act of barbarism was an unobserved passage. That skipper's worst enemy might wish for him that he might have the knowledge of our escape; that so the pillow of his death may be spared the visitation of that terrible reminiscence.

We looked a moment at each other aghast. We could not believe that the promised succour had eluded us; that we were deserted by brother man on the wide ocean. But wind and water raging around us howled into our very souls the fact. From that time I may say that I gave up hope, that I became as dead; and when at last safety sprang up, it was as from the grave that I rose to grasp it.

From this time I have little more to speak of than a dull and stupid endurance. A period of pain there was to go through, when my mind was bewildered with thoughts of home, and of those I loved in my present abode. There was a bitter pang to think that I must resign my young existence, and there was a realising of the pains of suffocation. I thought it was a horrid death to drown. I remembered the popular idea of death by drowning as coming easily; but I *felt* this to be wrong, and knew by anticipation that I should have a cruel struggle when the water occupied my nose and mouth. Both my companion and myself seemed reduced at last to apathy. We neither spoke nor moved; and both, evidently, thought it vain to continue any longer the struggle for existence. We bade each other farewell, and then uttered no more words. What remained to us of life was given to inward discipline, and to that communing of which the wise man speaks not lightly.

The events that I have been describing, with I fear but little distinctness of arrangement, had carried us on to about midnight. It is difficult to estimate properly the duration of time under such circumstances; but so nearly as I can guess, it must have been about ten o'clock when the *chasse marée* passed us. It must have been little less than two hours

that intervened between this time and the happy turn for the better that was awaiting us. My wonder is that we lasted so long; I cannot conceive how it was that the boat kept above water. The sea washed in continually, and we did nothing to oppose its progress. Certain it is that nothing in the history of escapes, with which I am acquainted, was ever more narrow than my own escape; nor ever did a boat float so exactly up to the indispensable point.

From the stupor of despair I was aroused by the report of a musket; it was enough to break the spell and re-awaken the love of life within us. Somebody was near, and we might yet be saved. Another, and another report followed, and a blue light blazed forth. We then distinctly saw, and not very far from us, a brig hove to, and, as we had not the least doubt, making signals to us. Joyously we sprang to renewed life and hope. We again loaded our pistols and answered the signals of our unexpected deliverer. To our unspeakable joy these were perceived, and soon we saw the brig fill her sails and bear away after us. Our plight was yet bad enough. We certainly were above water, and in sight of succour; but it was very doubtful whether we should be able to last long enough to avail ourselves of the assistance that approached. Our gunwale was nearly level with the water, and in a few more minutes would be submerged. Oh! how did we long to be able to throw overboard every weighty article, and yet we feared to stir lest we should farther disturb the equilibrium. We sat still and motionless on the stern locker, measuring with our eyes the decreasing distance between us and the brig, and calculating the chances which each moment increased in our favour. We feared that the brig might run us down; but we did wrong to her skilful master. They ranged up nearly alongside of us, with main-topsail aback, and threw us out a rope. Hamilton was first, and easily drawn on board, at the expense of little more than an ordinary ducking. ~~Next~~ came next; and I might have escaped as well as he did, but my worldly feelings had wonderfully revived, and I was no

longer content to come off with the mere saving of life; I wanted also to save the boat, which, be it remembered, I had sold, but for which I had not received the purchase-money. I thought that if I could manage to make fast a rope to the step of her mast we might hoist her in bodily, and save her after all. The rescue would then be complete of the whole party. I sang out to them to stand by to haul us in, and rope in hand ran forward to make fast to the mast. But it was not to be. The gallant little boat had done her utmost; and now her time was come. She had saved our lives, but was herself to go down to the abyss of waters. She gave a heavy lurch, and I felt that she was settling. With scarcely the warning of a moment, she dipped her bows under, and sank at once and suddenly like a stone. In that moment the waters were boiling around me, the greedy waves sucked me under; but I held fast the friendly rope. I was drawn on board, but not without some difficulty; for my prolonged exertions had severely tried my powers of endurance, and I could hardly hold on long enough. But saved we were. As I trod the schooner's deck,—as I saw her make sail, and brave the elements which had so nearly wrought our destruction, I felt as though I had seen an angel's arm stretched forth to pluck us from the gulf of waters. I wanted no explanation of the causes which had led her forth; she had met us in extremity, and was to me the arm of Providence. The rescue is as providential in cases where the peril is over in a moment. But there does not seem to be room for such deep impression, where peril merely flashes as the lightning across one's path. The bitterness of death must be tasted by him who is to appreciate the sweetness of deliverance.

On board, we found ourselves in familiar company. Several of our friends were there, and gave us the history of our rescue. At the time when the squall had come on, the other boats had been, as I have said, well ahead of us, and clear of the reef. Some of them had had a little trouble in getting to their moorings, but all were present at muster except ourselves. This would not perhaps have alarmed them, had not the hours

continued to pass away without our appearance. By and by their fears were fully excited by the arrival of a man who from the point had seen the accident. He declared that he had seen us blown out to sea, and his report was corroborated by our non-appearance. On this a regular alarm had been sounded in the island. The good old governor had despatched his tender to look out for us, and I know not how many volunteers had started on the same errand. Many were the good fellows who had braved the horrors of that stormy night, that they might have the hope of helping us. The brig was a merchant craft, whose skipper and owner had been induced to start on the cruise. She had been throwing out signals for an hour and a half, and was nearly giving up the search as a bad job. Well for us that she did not!

It was gray morning when the good skipper set us on shore; and I might very well end my yarn, with telling how we heartily shook each other by the hand, and how then I betook myself to those quarters which I had so little expected ever to revisit. But circumstances deeply affecting my after life came as sequels to this adventure, and I think the account of them should come <sup>to</sup> here also. I reached my room without having met a single individual; and tired, wet, and worn out with mental agitation, I threw myself on my bed and slept soundly. My dreams naturally followed in the train of what had been my waking thoughts. Again I was afloat, and again underwent the terrors of foundering at sea. The phantasy of a dreaming spirit presented to my ear the lamentations of my friends. As waking, I had thought in the hour of peril of some one or two who would lament my sad doom; so in my sleep I went yet a step beyond this, and seemed to hear the utterance of the lamentations. These waxed more and more distinct, till the reality of them broke the spell of dreams. I awoke, and yet heard the same conversation.

"Poor fellow! what a dreadful thing!" said one voice.

"Shocking!" said another, which I knew to be that of my old boating antagonist, the first lieutenant of the *Bucephalus*. "Shocking! I always

prophesied that that craft would be his coffin, but little did I think my words would come true."

The good fellow actually wept as he spoke.

"And that poor fellow, Hamilton, who scarcely ever set foot afloat?"

"Well, they're both gone, but not without our doing all we could to give them a chance—that's one comfort."

I was now fully awake to the consciousness that I was alive and well—and to the understanding that these mates of mine were lamenting my loss. I did not waste any words in endeavouring to convince them that they were mistaken, but, jumping out of bed, I stood before them. The men stared as if they had seen a veritable ghost, but, recovering themselves in a moment, almost wrung my arm off in congratulatory shaking. Intense astonishment was mingled with their delight, and they were perfectly vociferous in demanding an explanation of the phenomenon I presented in my own living person. It turned out that they had been cruising about pretty nearly the whole night, in the hope of falling in with me. They had full confidence in my resolution; and knew that I would not give in while a chance remained, and so they hoped I would manage to keep afloat, till some one of the numerous boats that were out should fall in with me. I have no doubt that they would have prolonged their search throughout the night, had they not fallen in with a craft, (by the description, I doubt not the identical *chasse-maree* that so cruelly deserted us,) which gave them to understand that they had seen us go down. "*Fin, fin, allés*,"\* with expressive pointing to the depths of ocean, was the answer they had received to their inquiries. With heavy hearts they had returned home; and without meeting any but those whose search had been as ineffectual as their own.

"And now, Jack," said my friend the lieutenant, "now that we have got you within hail once more, safe and sound, who do you suppose it was that sent me here this morning?"

"To tell you the truth, I thought

it was a little sentimental excursion on your own account."

"Not a bit of it. A shrewd head than mine or yours either ordered the expedition. Virginia would have it that any intelligence about you would be in one's way here."

"Then you told her nothing of the authentic account of our foundering?"

"Indeed but I did—but she would not believe it. Depend upon it, instinct is a fine thing. Her instinct has proved better than our reason, for she would have it that you were not drowned; and that news would find its way here."

Then we entered into a sort of *résumé* of the shore-going events of the last night; of all that the governor had done, and the good fellows who had volunteered to row guard all night with lights. Then it was told me that the ladies had been deeply affected, but none so deeply as Virginia. She had taken no rest all night; but with tearful eyes had looked out for concerted signals of intelligence, and breathlessly questioned every messenger. My sailor friend had been in the same boat with her, and had won from her expressions of gratitude, by his determination to pass the whole night, if necessary, in the search for me. At that moment when we stood speaking, she did not know of my safety.

I determined to be myself the announcer of my prorogued existence, and set off at once to the residence of her father. I had prepared speeches of thankful acknowledgment of her interest in my welfare, and was maturing the intention of letting her see that love for her had been kindled in my breast. But my fine resolves were rendered of little effect, and my speeches broken short by the young lady, who, the moment she beheld me, threw herself—her dear self—right into my arms. She did, indeed, without the least pretable or apologetic qualification.

There is but one issue to such a predicament as this. I had not much time, certainly, for weeping; but I am happy to say, that so long I was wed, and that now she was the husband of Virginia.

\* "Gone, gone."



## SWITZERLAND AND ITALY.

It is not one of the least curious incidents of the times in which we live, that two directly opposite movements should have taken place in the countries on either side of the Alps, and that their results should have been so extremely different from what might have been expected. In one,—the chosen land of freedom, as it has been called, the last home and refuge of Liberty, when she had deserted other and more genial climes,—the so-called liberals, the democrats, the radicals, have just undertaken a successful crusade against freedom of conscience, and have subdued the aristocratic defenders of religious liberty, even amidst the strongholds of their mountains. In the other,—long the supposed seat of despotism in its purest and most unmitigated form, where liberty and freedom of opinion had not, except during the storm of the French Revolution, ever shown any signs of existence,—a most decisive and energetic movement in favour of political freedom has taken place, and has been originated by the very chief and organ of what the Transmontane people generally consider as the concentrated expression of all that enslaves and subdues the mind. The facts have certainly been unexpected; they have burst upon European statesmen, or at least upon those of the northern and western courts, unawares; and their ultimate consequences appear to be as much beyond their ken as they are beyond their control. The Swiss Federation, notwithstanding the proffered mediation of the great powers, have settled their own matters among themselves; and the Italians seem inclined to *laver leur linge sale en famille*, as Napoleon used to recommend people to do when the operation was of a more than usually unpleasant nature, without saying “by your leave, or with your leave,” to any of the barbarians that dwell on the northern sides of the Alps. Austria and France are equally balked in their views upon Switzerland and Italy; and the only power that seems likely to gain any thing by these events will

be, in spite of herself, “the perfidious Albion.” As usual, however, with English diplomatists, but still more as usual with Whig officials, and with the gaping good-natured multitude of the British Islands, those advantages that may accrue to our country will come, not through any astuteness of the government, or its servants, but through the sheer force of events urging themselves on in their inevitable course, and filling up the series of secondary causes and effects that compose the history of the world.

To any one contemplating the enviable position and the natural advantages of Switzerland, and still more to any one looking at the fundamental character of the Swiss people, it would seem one of the most difficult political problems to find any cause for internal quarrel and disunion, much less for civil war. Blessed as they are with a country that necessitates all the skill and industry of man to bring forth its full powers, but which, when man tills its bosom, and pours the sweat of his brow into its lap, yields him the sweet return of abundant competence and varied riches, the Swiss have long been looked up to with justice as one of the most truly prosperous and thriving people of Europe. They have not been tempted to throw aside the agricultural occupations of their country for the dangerous and transitory fluctuations of commerce; they have remained strong in their national and natural simplicity; rich, and more than rich, in the produce of their lands, raised by the labour of their arms; and, amid the many changes of other states, when once the fever of the revolutionary malady had left them, tranquil and contented, and objects of envy to all surrounding people. Thus national ambition was of necessity limited; external aggrandisement and colonial extension they could know nothing about; their territory was safe from foreign aggression, or was supposed so, and their energies could only expend themselves on the affairs of their own

country. Switzerland remained till within the last few years, as it had always been, the "cynosure of neighbouring eyes" to all Europe; and scarcely a traveller ever wandered amidst its vales and mountains, but sighed after a dwelling in that fairy land, and longed for it as his country by adoption next after the land of his birth. Of all people in the world, the Swiss, to external spectators at least, seemed to have the least to wish for, and the least cause to be discontented either with their country or themselves.

And yet, of a sudden, up rises a storm; the Federation splits; and, before men can come to comprehend what the mountaineers are quarrelling about, swords are drawn, shots are fired, a couple of towns are captured, and the war is declared at an end almost before it was known to have commenced. It has been like a drama at the opera. *Scene*, a rocky district, with a town in the distance: enter a chorus of peasants, who sing about liberty. *Alarums*: a band of soldiers rush in and drive them off the stage. Grand cantata of the president,—and the curtain falls. Some connoisseurs in the boxes call for the manager, and ask when the opera is going to begin, as they wish to intervene: the manager enters from the side-door, bows humbly, and intimates that they may have their tickets returned if they please, the play being over. General disappointment!

Something like this would be the dramatised history of the late Helvetic disturbances; so brief, and we may almost say so ridiculous, has the whole seemed. In most countries, when a civil war is proclaimed, and "one-third of the nation declares its intention of separating from the other two-thirds, a struggle of some length and earnestness of purpose may be with tolerable certainty predicted: even in Belgium, we should suppose that a civil war would take a month or two before it could be finally extinguished. But in Switzerland it appears that the feelings of the belligerents, whatever may have been their previous intensity, have found an easy vent for rapid evaporation; and after one or two passes with the

sword, the weaker combatant has dropped his point and given up.

There must have been something false and spurious at the bottom of all this; or all the bragadoos of the Federalists and the Sonderbund could never have been dissipated by a few shots at Fribourg and Lucerne: one of the two parties at least could not have been in earnest, or they never would have knocked under so easily and so speedily. Political reasons for war cannot become on a sudden so thoroughly fallacious, nor military resources so thoroughly exhausted, as that one day's skirmishing at Fribourg, and two day's fighting near Lucerne, could suffice to settle the quarrel. We are inclined, therefore, to suspect the weaker party to have been conscious of wrong in this case, though to any impartial observer the acts of aggression lay all at the door of the stronger.

How stood the matter? The central cantons, strong in their mountain fastnesses, and on the borders of their sublime lakes, have maintained, under republican forms, the true aristocratic spirit, and the ancient religion of Switzerland. Those encircling these central states, the dwellers in the champaign country and in the cities, have gone into the follies of democracy, and have abandoned more or less the dignity of the old Swiss character, to ape the vices, political and social, of the neighbouring people, whether French or German. Ever since the factious burst of pseudo-patriotism, during the inglorious "Three days" of 1830, the inhabitants of the northern Swiss towns have had their heads running on the visionary schemes that have distracted Frenchmen's brains; and like daws in peacocks' feathers, or servants in their masters' cast-off clothes, have been trying to imitate the "virtues," political and social, of the Gallic people. Hence has arisen the Radical party in the larger cantons; hence has arisen the crowds of infidels and debauchees which have latterly disgraced the petty capitals of those cantons; hence the Catholics have been persecuted and robbed in Argau, and the respectable people of Geneva ousted out of the government by the rabble of that city. Hence came

the outcry against the Jesuits, and the former quarrel with Lucerne, in which, however, that city came the best out of the struggle: hence an infinity of petty jealousies and heartburnings, and acts of oppression, on the part of the Radical majority against the Catholic minority, and hence finally the recent resort to arms. The Radical and the stronger cantons have considered it injurious to their own interests, and derogatory to their own dignity, that the freedom of opinion which they claim for themselves should exist in its full integrity among their Catholic and less powerful brethren. They have insisted on the abolition of certain religious orders of men within the limits of their territories; and, because the others have claimed the liberty guaranteed by the Federal compact, they have envenomed the quarrel so far, as to bring it to the decision of might rather than of right. It is in fact, however, a struggle of the democratic against the aristocratic party, of which the Catholic question is only a particular phase; the real bone of contention was, whether the Democrats or Radicals should be endangered in their predominance in the Diet, by the compact votes of the Aristocrats or Catholics. The expulsion of the Jesuits was only a very subordinate part of the question; and, as it now stands decided, the supremacy of the Radical and Democratic faction is firmly established.

It appears to us that, had the cantons of the Sonderbund been governed by clear-headed men, and their armies led by men of talent, not only the political, but also the military, result of the contest would have been essentially different. The cantons cannot have been united by any very strong tie, or they never would have broken off from each other, and made their separate submission, so speedily after the fall of Lucerne. The forces of the Sonderbund cannot have been very confident in their leaders' abilities, or they never would have given up so easily while all the country on the south and east of the Lake of Lucerne remained in their possession. And yet if they were able only to carry on the war for ten days or a fortnight, they were very blamable

for having allowed things to come so rapidly to a crisis. It was a political mistake of no small gravity to form the Sonderbund, and to talk so largely of their separate existence, unless they intended to make a more stout stand in defence of their liberties. Although the Radicals were, like all democrats, the aggressors, still the aristocrats should not have defied them so loudly, unless they had better grounds for showing such confidence. The little boy who squares his fists even at the bigger one that bullies him, deserves a sound thrashing for his impudence, if he is ready to give up at the end of the first round.

We believe the policy of the French government to have been the true one on this occasion; it coincided, indeed, pretty nearly with that of the Austrian cabinet. In fact, any government, that wishes to stand, should be prepared to take the side of the Conservative party, wherever that party, in the true sense of the term "Conservative," exists. It must be prepared, at all times, to support the cause of order and religion against that of anarchy and infidelity; and, though the French cabinet is not overburdened with feelings of honour and delicacy, it has a sufficiently strong instinct of self-preservation, to induce it to side with its friends rather than with its enemies. The policy of the Austrian government could not be for a moment doubtful. Austria has always been the friend of order and of rational liberty; and it was her duty, no less than her interest, to take a decided step in favour of the Forest Cantons. We can conjecture no other reason for these two great powers not having interfered sooner, than that they must have been in uncertainty as to the intentions of the Whig cabinet on our side of the channel, and that they were checked in their action by the certainty that Prussia must take part in the contest, in virtue of the principality of Neuchâtel. And yet we doubt not that both France and Austria will be sufferers from the impulse given to Radicalism, by the recent petty triumph of its principles within a day's journey of their respective frontiers. A French regiment in Geneva, and an Austrian one in the Grisons, would

have restored the balance of parties, and would have brought back the Radicals to their proper dimensions. It may now be confidently expected that Switzerland will become a little focus of agitation for the discontented in both countries; and that it will exist as a political nuisance under the nose of each of its powerful neighbours, loudly calling for abatement.

England, which, as represented by the present tenants of Downing Street, is no doubt inclined to intrigue with the Radicals rather than with the Catholic party in Switzerland, may lay her account to profit by the stagnation which this contest will occasion in Swiss manufacturing and commercial operations; and may calculate on enriching some of our great exporting houses at the expense of the manufacturers of Zurich and Basle. That she intended or foresaw this result, we more than doubt; but it will very probably be a consequence of her tardy offer of mediation.

As it is, the dignity of position lies altogether on the side of the Federal Diet: they have employed force successfully. Whatever be the merits of their pretensions, they have imposed their claims on their opponents both promptly and efficaciously; and, more by the faint-heartedness and disunion of their enemies than by their own valour and concert, they have established their sway in undisputed tyranny over the whole Federation. The president of the Diet predicted this result, and his words have come true. As in the case of the United States and Mexico, it is the unrighteous cause that has triumphed; and the glory, if there be any, is all on one side. But the ultimate consequences of this state of things may be expected to bring about the decay of the national character, and therefore to undermine the last remaining foundations of Swiss nationality. Whenever a European war again occurs, Helvetia will fall as an easy spoil to be partitioned by France and Austria; and what is more, she will fall unregretted. Her mountains, her lakes and valleys, her forests and her glaciers, will still remain grand and beautiful, till time itself shall be no more; but the old Switzers will have become degenerate, and will have

forgotten the glories of their former history. Some of them will be affiliated to the restless family of the Gauls, while the remainder will be learning over again the first rudiments of agricultural and rural prosperity, under the sceptre of the Ostrogoths. Swiss freedom and Swiss commerce will have disappeared from the land, and English manufacturers will be rejoicing at the bankruptcy of one class of their competitors in European or American markets.

In Italy, it is devoutly believed by all English politicians that the genius of catholicism is destructive of the national spirit; and that the long subjugation of that peninsula to the northern conqueror is to be attributed to a prostration of moral vigour arising from the trammels of superstition. And yet, what has happened? A new spiritual chief ascends the throne at Rome, by accident rather than by design; he pronounces a few magic words, and in an instant the sacred fire of liberty, and the desire of resisting foreign oppression, pervade the whole land. Nor are the people only affected by this universal enthusiasm: even monarchs are carried away by the stream of popular opinion. The King of Sardinia and the Grand Duke of Tuscany come forward as the promoters and defenders of Italian liberty; the King of Naples advances in the same path, though not so rapidly as the revolutionists of his dominions could wish; and all but Lombardy is thrown into the vortex of political reform. To Pius IX., and to the noble conceptions of his prudent mind, the whole of the recent movements in Italy may be fairly attributed. Not but that the public mind was anxious for change: there have long been evils enough rankling in the Italian breast to make change desirable. Yet had it not been for the circumstance of a potentate, the father of his people, and the head of the Roman Catholic religion, coming forward and proclaiming himself favourable to a political change, the whole impulse that now has been given to the various races of Italy would have been altogether wanting. It would be perhaps, idle at the present moment to speculate upon the positive direction which this re-

suscitation of Italian freedom may take; the events of a few months are not to be trusted, as affording any very certain or fixed indication of how the current of the national fortunes is destined to run. The Italians may, perhaps, arrive at a gradual and moderate degree of freedom, such as may conduce to the improvement and elevation of their national character, and to the raising of Italy in the scale of European powers; or, on the other hand, they may run wild into the theory and practice of revolutionary wickedness, and may become the pest and the abhorrence of all Europe, while they sink down to a lower and still a lower depth in the abyss of political degradation. We hope for the former of these results, but we know that the latter is by no means improbable; and in order to point out where the danger of tending towards it lies, we append the following remarks:—

In the first place, it must be sufficiently obvious to any one, ever so little acquainted with the character of the Italian people, that the different nations and tribes of that peninsula are by no means all in the same degree of preparation and advancement for receiving the boon of constitutional government. There is a very wide difference between the inhabitants of Milan and those of Naples, between the denizens of the Bolognese and the shepherds of the Abruzzi, and generally between the dwellers in Italian cities and the agricultural population in the bosom, or on the skirts, of the Apennines. But to apply the same kind of political institutions to all the inhabitants of a district, without regard to their various degrees of moral preparation for it, is to confer on them a punishment rather than a boon, and to do them evil rather than good. We have too melancholy an example of it at our own doors, where the exaggerated philanthropy of Englishmen has given to the Irish the same political privileges as they enjoy themselves, to wish that such a fruitful source of evil should fall to the lot of any other people. And so it would be with nine-tenths of the people of Italy: however advanced may be the notions of the upper classes, however ripe for

political freedom may be the citizens of Florence or Rome, the peasants of Lombardy and Campania would not know how to use the advantages put within their reach, and they would but change the rule of the few for the more terrible despotism of the many.

Before the Italians can, as a nation, be fit for what we call a free government, they must be better educated, and better fitted by their moral and social organisation to understand its nature and advantages. But in order to this, we must first of all see the education of the people taken up as a national object by the national clergy; and we must further see the morals of the people made a point of all-paramount importance by the same body of men, and brought forward into a place of greater prominence than the mere practices of devotion. Can it be any boon to confer the political rights of election and self-government on men who are still plunged in the depths of complete ignorance? Can it be of any use to call upon a nation for the exercise of public virtues, when social and domestic virtues do not exist among them? Before the Italians can be constituted as a nation of freemen, they must be formed into families of virtuous citizens, in which decency and the natural exercise of the affections may be firmly established. For if there be one political axiom more fully demonstrated by the voice of history than another, it is this, that public freedom can never exist where private vice preponderates over private virtue: and where the sacred ties of domestic virtue do not prevail, it is in vain to look for the bonds of public good. It was the domestic vices of the ancient Romans that first weakened the empire; and until their degenerate descendants shall have awakened from their moral lethargy, that empire, that national power, shall not rise again. It is, therefore, a favourable indication for Italy, that the movement should have commenced with the head of the national religion; for it may be hoped that a proper course will be adopted by the ecclesiastical authorities, and that the moderation of all ranks and orders of men, clerical as well as lay, will precede and accom-

pany the dawn of Italian independence. As long as the Italians remain in the state of moral weakness which, for so many centuries, they have exhibited, they need never expect to escape from the sway of the more virtuous nations of the north: they will never be able to face the Germans, whether in the cabinet or the field, until they learn to emulate them in the purity of their national character.

It may very well be doubted whether any of the Italians, and, indeed, any of their Transmontane admirers, know what is really fitted for them in political institutions—what will really do them good—what is really suited to the genius of the people and the requirements of the country. Political institutions are like plants that cannot always bear transferring from one region to another: they require the process of becoming acclimatised, and, on their first introduction into a new country, demand the fostering shelter of the hot-house and the gardener's constant care. Because a representative constitution is supposed to be the acme of human wisdom in the latitude of Great Britain, it does not therefore follow that it will flourish so far south as Naples; and because a national guard is reckoned the *ne plus ultra* of national institutions at Paris, we are by no means sure that it would produce any good results at Rome. It seems, in fact, to us to be one of the monomanias of the present age, that the same Procrustean bed of representative government is laid out for all people that think they require more political liberty than they are at present in possession of; and should the inhabitants of Timbuctoo, of Canton, of Tobolsk, of Alexandria, and of Morocco, take it into their heads, some fine day, to send deputations to the united *quibbances* of London and Paris, requesting the transmission of constitutions for their several states, we have no doubt that a couple of legislative houses, and a corps of national guards, *à pied et à cheval*, would be immediately recommended, as equally applicable to their several wants. It seems to be the privilege of civilised Europeans to think that the right of

governing themselves is the essence of civil freedom: far more true, in the vast majority of cases, would it be to say, that it constituted the essence of political thralldom. It is a social truth, most unpalatable to ninety-nine hundredths of mankind, but not therefore the less true, that ninety-nine men out of a hundred are not fit to govern themselves, even in the relations of social life, and far less in those of political. And so it is with nations: for one nation that has really prospered under the plan of self-government, there are ninety-nine that have brought on themselves evils which, under a less popular system, they would have avoided. If the physical and social condition of a people be taken as a test; if the durability of their institutions, if the dignity and influence of their government, be quoted, as proofs of the advantages of their several forms of political institutions, we really know not any constitutional form to which, *ceteris paribus*, we could appeal as deciding the question against those of a monarchical tendency. If the privilege of taxing themselves to an amount that defies all power of redemption, and cripples the resources of the nation to a point that menaces its existence as an independent power, in the struggle of nations; if the freedom of conducting commercial affairs in such a manner that every seventh year shall bring the whole trading interests of a country to the very verge of bankruptcy; if the balancing of the influence of the several classes so badly, that at length the lower threaten to swallow up the upper in a wild flood of irreligion and anarchical spoliation; if the system of "*propter vitam vitandam perdere causas*" be adopted as the acme of perfection—if all this be considered fit and proper, then let a constitutional monarchy be preached up as the model for every nation under the sun. But we cannot wish so ill to any of our fellow-men as to advise them to relinquish present good, however small, for the prospect of such evil, however seductive. We do not approve of plying the poor Red man with fiery liquors till his tribe becomes exterminated; and in the same way we would withhold the intoxicating draught of self-government from the

lips of those people who hitherto have sucked in their milk, as babes, at the hands of others.

To us it is a bad sign that the Italians should be calling out for representative assemblies, and for national guards. They are not fit for the former, nor can they be so for the next hundred years—we should not congratulate them even if they obtained these dangerous tools, wherewith to play at the hazardous game of legislation: and as for national guards, they do not want them, inasmuch as nobody is going to invade them; and if an invasion were made by a northern nation, we know, by long experience, that the national guard would be perfectly useless. The Italians “don’t fight;” they bluster and talk big, like the Spaniards, and run away ere the first shot is fired. Ten thousand Germans or Frenchmen, may march from one end of Italy to the other without meeting any man that dares fire at them, except from behind a rock or a stone wall. The Italians must be made of sterner stuff, before they take upon themselves the responsibility of bearing arms.

The position of the several sovereigns in Italy is such, that their opposition to the wishes of Austria, if that opposition be real, creates in us some surprise. The King of Sardinia ought to know, by the long and sad experience of those who have preceded him on his slippery throne, that there is no chance of safety for him in a European struggle, unless he depends on the House of Austria. France always has been, and always will be, a treacherous neighbour to Piedmont; and she will never cease coveting Savoy until she has made it her own, or has been deprived even of the power of envy. The Grand Duke of Tuscany is so closely related to the Emperor that family interests alone ought to make their policy identical; and the King of Naples, like the King of Sardinia, has no firmer support for his foreign power than the friendship and countenance of the Court of Schönbrunn. The Pope is certainly an independent prince, and at his wish to keep the Holy See free from all foreign influence we cannot feel surprised: it is

the healthiest, because the least unnatural, symptom of the whole crisis.

For Austria, we can well conceive that the prudent and cautious policy of that ably conducted monarchy must dictate excessive jealousy and suspicion of these popular movements. Austria, more than any other power in Europe, has the truest cause to pride itself on the good results of its peculiar system of government, as demonstrated by the solid and practical wellbeing of the States under its paternal sway. As much as any state of the Continent has it cause to abhor those systems of anarchy which, under the guise of patriotism, lead only to revolution and misery: and as one of the great conservators of the monarchical principle in politics, it is called upon, by its very station and dignity, to check rather than to encourage what may very possibly prove to be only a spurious attempt to gain licentiousness, rather than freedom. Lombardy, no doubt, is allied to its illustrious rulers most unwillingly; but it does not therefore follow that it would be in the least degree more prosperous and happy if left to itself. On the contrary, we have no doubt that, could Lombardy receive at once the full license to establish its own form of government, it would split into as many petty states as there are large cities in it, and would be plunged into all the horrors of civil contest. It is a most fortunate thing for the north of Italy that it is under the strong hand of the most steady and respectable power in Europe—one whose rulers will never set it a bad example, who are able to protect it from all aggression, and who watch over its social and internal progress with unceasing care. The Lombards, like the Irish agitators, may cry out for “Repeal of the Union;” but the granting of that repeal would be the signing of the death-warrant of national prosperity. Austria is no enemy to rational, well-balanced liberty: there is no country in the world where *real* liberty and happiness are more widely diffused, or more intensely felt. Its people are free from the clamours of noisy and frothy patriotism, which, when stripped of its false clothing, proves nothing more than vulgar and self-

interested ambition. They enjoy all the blessings of good government, and are able each man to sit under his own fig tree, and to see all around him in a state of unmixed prosperity. Such a power as this will not readily give way to the declamations and "pronunciations" of the rabble; it will rather wait for the amelioration of the national character; and, when it finds its subjects fit for some of the introductory processes of self-government, it will concede them.

We could wish to see the other powers of Italy taking advice from Austria, and not hastening onwards too rapidly along that path, wherein a return is so unpleasant and so difficult. Far better would it be for them to be too slow than too hasty with political innovation: the safety of such a retardatory course is certain, whereas the success of a more rapid advance is exceedingly problematical.

As for England, whatever tends to the real benefit of Italy must tend also to her advantage. She has so many commercial, if not political relations with that country, that the well-being of a considerable class of her customers cannot but promote the interests of her own traders. But Italy revolutionised will not be the Italy that now imports large quantities of our goods, and that pays for them in valuable products of first-rate necessity to the English consu-

mer. Italy, well governed and prosperous, will always offer a good mart for British goods; and therefore, upon this ground alone, Great Britain is especially concerned to see that the Peninsula remains quiet and healthy. But, to take a higher view of the state of things, it is the true interest of England—whatever Radical orators and Whig statesmen may think—to ally herself with the friends of order in Europe, and to avoid all connexion with the promoters of wars and tumults. France would be delighted at seeing Italy convulsed from one end to the other, were not the crafty occupant of her throne afraid of thereby injuring the solidity of his own dynasty. But for England, there can be no second course to pursue; and having gained her own freedom through the long experience and the severe trials of centuries, she can never honestly encourage other nations to hope for similar results by the proceedings of a few months and weeks. If she does, or rather if her ministers tamper with the revolutionary party in Italy, or elsewhere, instead of supporting the cause of steady government, she abdicates the high position she holds in the European family, and deserves to lose those multifarious advantages,—those numerous possessions, which she holds only on the tenure of being the great supporter of reasonable freedom and international justice.



## THE PERIODICAL LITERATURE OF AMERICA.

BRITISH readers are not unacquainted with the American newspaper press, as, not to mention the numerous extracts from transatlantic papers in the columns of London journals, the merits of that press formed, but a few years ago, a topic of controversy between two London Quarterlies. But of American magazines and reviews they seldom hear any thing. This is certainly in no degree owing to the scarcity of these publications, for they are as numerous, in comparison, as the newspapers, have a very respectable circulation, (in some cases nearly four thousand,) and that at the not-remarkably low price of four or five dollars *per annum*. Neither is it to their insignificance at home, for their editors make a considerable figure in the literary world, and their contributors are sufficiently vain of themselves, as their practice of signing or heading articles with their names in full would alone show.\* Indeed Willis's idea (so ridiculed by the *Edinburgh*,) of a magazine writer becoming a great lion in society, is not so very great an absurdity if applied to American society. Nor is this due to the fact that their topics are exclusively local; for there is scarcely a subject under heaven of which they do not treat, and a European might derive some very startling information from them. The *Democratic Review*, for example, has a habit of predicting twice or thrice a-year that England is on the point of exploding utterly, and going off into absolute chaos.†

"Perhaps," interrupts an impatient non-admirer of things American generally, "it is because they are not worth hearing any thing about." And this suggestion is not so far from truth as it is from politeness. Considering the great demand for periodical literature in the New World, one is surprised to find it so bad in point of quality. Not that the monthly and quarterly press is disfigured by the violence and exaggeration that too often deform the daily. Over-spiciousness is the very last fault justly chargeable upon it. In slang language, it would rather be characterised by the terms "slow," "seedy," "remarkably mild," and the like. Crude essays filled with commonplace truisms, verses of the true *non in non homines* cast, tales such as shop-boys and milliners' girls delight in, and "critical notices" all conceived in the same spirit of indiscriminating praise, make up the columns of the monthlies; while the one or two more pretending publications which now represent the quarterly press, are of a uniformly subdued and soporific character.

Now the first phenomenon worthy of notice is, that this has not always been the case. It was very different eight or nine years ago. The three leading cities of the north, New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, had each its Quarterly: the *Knickerbocker*, a New York magazine, boasted a brilliant list of contributors, headed by Irving and Cooper, and its articles

\* One of the superficial peculiarities of American magazines is that the names of all the contributors are generally paraded conspicuously on the cover, very few seeking even the disguise of a pseudonym. The number of "most remarkable" men and women who thus display themselves in print is surprising.

† This periodical is particularly unfortunate in its predictions. Last year one of them was absolutely falsified before its appearance. The *Democratic* introduced a biographical sketch of an eminent politician, with the announcement that "before another number was issued, the people of his State would have re-elected him to the highest office in their gift." Accident delayed the publication of this prophecy for a short time, and it appeared the very day after Mr ——— had been defeated by a large majority. Thereupon some editors on the other side stated that the *Democratic Review* was to be discontinued, "as we learn from its own columns," which may have been a good joke or not, according to tastes. Certainly the editor of the *Democratic* did his best to make it so, by publishing a serious and angry contradiction of the report.

were frequently copied (sometimes without acknowledgment,) into English periodicals. This change for the worse is worth investigating, at least as a matter of curiosity.

"I don't know that it is a change for the worse," says a prim personage in spectacles. "If your periodical literature dies out entirely, you need not be very sorry. I shouldn't be if ours did." And then come some murmurs of "light," "superficial," "unsound," and more to the same effect.

"My good sir, this in the face of Maga! not to mention the *Quarterly* and the *Edinburgh*. With such *faits accomplis* against you, what can you say?"

"I don't believe in *faits accomplis*. They are the excuse of the timid man, and the capital of the unprincipled man. *Fait accompli* means, in plain English, that 'because it is so, therefore it ought to be so'—a doctrine which I, for one, will never assent to."

"Well, there is something in that last position of yours. We will condescend, therefore, to argue the question. Let me ask you, then,

"First, Do you see any *prima facie* improbability in supposing that a man may write a very good essay, who could not write two good volumes octavo, or a racy and interesting sketch, who could not put together a readable novel: or a few graceful poems, without having matter enough for a volume of poetry?"

"Secondly, Is a treatise necessarily profound, because it is long; or superficial, because it is of practicable dimensions?"

"Thirdly, When you use the term 'superficial,' do you really believe and mean to imply that periodical writers are in the habit of discussing subjects which they do not understand? Would you say, for instance, that Macaulay's reviews denote a man ignorant of history, or that Sedgwick knows less geology than the man who wrote the *Vestiges of Creation*, or that

Mitchell knew less Greek than Lord Brougham?"

"But perhaps it is the literary criticism to which you object. You are an author yourself, perhaps, though we have not the pleasure of recollecting you. You have written a good-sized volume of *Something, and Other Poems*, and cannot bear that your thoughts and rhymes should be scrutinised and found fault with by a reviewer—that your immortal fire should be tested in so earthly a crucible. In that case you will find many more or less distinguished names to sympathise with and encourage you. There is Bulwer, with whom the word critic is an exponent of every thing that is low, and mean, and contemptible; and on our side of the water (sorry are we to say it) a much milder man than Bulwer—Washington Irving—has spoken of the critical tribe as having little real influence, and not deserving more influence than they have; while of the small fry of authorlings, there is no end of those who are ready to rate the reviewer roundly for 'finding fault with his betters.' One cannot even condemn an epic of impracticable length and hopeless mediocrity—say, not so much as hint that verses are not necessarily poetry—without being assailed by an unceremonious *argumentum ad hominem*—'You couldn't make better.\* And perhaps the critic could not. It is more reasonable to suppose that he wouldn't if he could. entertaining the commendable conviction, that to spend a day, much more a month or a year, in writing middling verse, is an awful waste of time. But what an absurd irrelevancy of counter-charge! Suppose Brummell had found fault with the Nugge or Buckmaster of his day for misfitting him, and the schneider had replied, 'Mr Brummell, you couldn't make as good a coat in a year.' 'Very probably not,' the beau might have retorted: 'but my business is to wear the coat, and yours to make it.' Must a man be able to concoct a *bisque d'ecrissime*

\* We have heard this argument again and again in America, generally in reference to the seediest of verses; and there could not be a greater proof of the vagueness and erroneousness of American public opinion as to the nature and object of criticism, and the qualifications for exercising it.

himself, before he can venture to hazard an opinion on the respective merits of the *Trois Frères* and the *Café Anglais*? Or shall he be denied the right of giving a decided vote and holding a decided opinion in politics, because he has not ability or opportunity to become a cabinet minister to-morrow? In seeking to put down, or affecting to despise criticism, the author makes a claim which no other distinguished character ventures. The artist does not insist on controlling the judgment of his contemporaries,\* still less the statesman. Did a premier fluninate his dictum to the effect that no journalist had a right to find fault with his measures, he would raise a pretty swarm of hornets about his ears. By what precedent or analogy, then, can the poet, or novelist, or historian, set himself up as autocrat in that realm of letters, which is proverbially a republic?

"Besides, suppose for a moment that all professional critics were Sir-Peter-Lauried in the most complete manner, who should help to guide the popular mind in determining on the merits of a work? Are we to trust the written puffs of the author's publisher, or the spoken puffs of his friends? Or are authors only to judge of authors, and is it quite certain that in this way we shall always obtain unprejudiced and competent judgments? Or shall we make an ultimate appeal to the public themselves, and decide a book's merits by its sale—a test that would put Jim Crow infinitely before Philip Van Artevelde? No doubt a *bad* critic is a very bad thing; but it is not a remarkably equitable proceeding to judge of any class by the worst specimens of it; and surely it is no fairer to condemn critics *en masse*, because some of them have formed erroneous judgments or uttered predictions which time has falsified, than it would be to condemn authors *en masse*, because many of them have written stupid or dangerous books. Let us ask ourselves soberly what a critic is—not the caricature of one that Balwer would draw, but such an idea of one as any dispassionate and

well-informed man would conceive. In the first place, criticism depends very much on taste, and taste is of all faculties that which is founded on and supported by education and cultivation. Therefore the critic must be a liberally educated man in the highest sense of the term. And as he has to be conversant with niceties of thought and expression, philology and the classics should have formed a prominent element in his education. We should be very suspicious of that man's critical capacity, who had not thoroughly studied (by which we do not mean being able to speak) at least one language besides his own. Then, as a matter of course, before beginning to write about books, he must have read many books of all sorts, and not only read, but studied and comprehended them. All which will help us to see why the professional critic is likely to be a better judge of books than the professional author, because the preparation of the former renders him eminently eclectic; while the latter is apt to have a bias toward peculiarities of his own, and thus to judge of others by a partial standard.

"Next, the critic must be a courageous and independent man. His judgment upon a book must be entirely irrespective of any popular outcry for or against it. If he is at all apt to float with the opinions of others, he cannot be the adviser and assistant of the public, but will only encourage accidental error or premeditated deception. For a similar reason, he will keep all personal and private considerations out of view. He must not be supposed to know the author, except as exhibited in his works. But while personality is the bane of criticism, partisanship, moral or political, is so far from being a hindrance to the critic, that it is actually an aid to him. If he has legitimate grounds for praising a coadjutor or condemning an opponent, he will write all the better for his partisanship; for, indulging that partisanship, he feels himself, if he be an honest partisan, to be also serving the public. We do not pretend to have enumerated all the requisites for a critic. There

\* As a general rule, that is: we in America have lately met with some striking exceptions.

are some natural qualities, which, if not indispensable, are at least a great assistance. Thus we find men who have the same immediate perception of styles that portrait painters have of countenances, and can immediately assign to any anonymous writing its author, though the peculiarities which distinguish that author be so slight that it is not easy to illustrate, much less to explain them. And thus, if you ask such a man, 'How do you know that — wrote this? What turn of expression or traits of style can you point to?' He will reply, 'I can't give you any reason, only I am sure it is so;' and so you will find it to be. He knows it, as it were, by intuition." But we have already said quite enough on the general question; so let us leave our friend to wipe his spectacles, and come back to our particular case.

In examining the causes of the inferiority of American periodical literature, the most readily assignable, and generally applicable is, that its contributors are mostly unpaid. It is pretty safe to enunciate as a general rule, that, when you want a good thing, you must pay for it. Now the reprints of English magazines can be sold for two dollars *per annum*, whereas a properly supported home magazine or review cannot be afforded for less than four or five. Hence no one will embark a large capital in so doubtful an undertaking; and periodical editorship is generally a last resource or a desperate speculation. One of the leading magazines in New York—perhaps, on the whole, the most respectable and best conducted—was started with a *borrowed* capital of 300 dollars, (say £65.) But it is hardly necessary to remark that the proprietors of a periodical should have a fair sum in hand to begin with, that they may secure the services of able and eminent men to make a good start. The syllogistic conclusion is obvious. At the same time, the editor finds at his disposal a most tempting array (so far as quantity and variety are concerned) of gratuitous contributions; for there is in America a mob of—not "gentlemen" altogether—men and women who "write with ease," and whose "easy writing" seldom escapes the correlative pro-

verbially attached to easy writing. This is, in a great measure, owing to the system of school and collegiate education, which, by working boys and girls of fourteen and upwards at "compositions" and "orations" about as assiduously as Etopians are worked at "longs and shorts," makes them "writers" before they know how to read, and gives them a manner before they can have acquired or originated matter. Most of these people are content to write for nothing; they are sufficiently paid by the glory of appearing in print; many of them could write no better if they were paid. And it certainly is a temptation to be offered a choice gratis among a variety of articles not absolutely unreadable, while you would be compelled to pay handsomely for one good one.

But the specific evils of such a system are numerous. In the first place, it prevents the editor from standing on a proper footing towards his contributors. Many a man who is not so engrossed with business but that he can afford to write for nothing, would nevertheless find an occasional payment of forty or fifty dollars a very timely addition to his income, and would prefer that way of making money to many others. But, in comparison with the editor, he appears positively a rich man, and as such is ashamed to ask for any pecuniary recompense. He feels, therefore, as if, he were doing a charitable and patronising, or at least a very friendly act, in contributing, and will be apt to take less and less trouble with his contributions, and write chiefly for his own amusement; while the editor, on his part, does not like to run the chance of offending a man who can write him good articles occasionally, and feels a delicacy about declining to insert whatever the other writes.

Next, it often stands in the way of honest criticism. Men can be paid in flattery as well as in dollars, and the former commodity is more easily procurable than the latter. If the editor eulogises the author of "— and other Poems," as at least equal to Tennyson, there is a chance that some of the "other poems," may come his way occasionally. Of course, if he were able and willing to

pay for good articles, he could always command the services of good contributors, and need not stoop to so unworthy a practice.

Thirdly, it destroys all homogeneity and unity of tone in the periodical, by preventing it from having any permanent corps of writers. The editors must furnish good articles now and then, to carry off their ordinary rapid matter; and, accordingly, they are sometimes under the disagreeable necessity of paying for them;\* but not sufficiently often to make it worth the while of a writer to whom the pecuniary consideration is an object, to attach himself permanently to any of their concerns. Hence, those men who expect to derive any appreciable part of their income from writing in periodicals, are continually changing their colours, and essentially migratory. And as the principal attraction of the unpaid writers is their variety, which is best provided for by frequently changing the supply of them, while one great inducement to themselves is the gratification of their vanity, which is best promoted by their appearing in the greatest number of periodicals, they also become migratory and, without permanent connexion. Accordingly it is not uncommon for a periodical to change its opinions on men and things three or four times a-year. Frequently, too, these changes are accompanied by disputes about unsettled accounts and other private matters, which have an awkward tendency to influence the subsequent critical and editorial opinions of both parties. Now and then they lead to libel suits,—sometimes to still greater extremities. Mr Colton, editor of the *American Review*, had occasion to dispense with the services of a young Kentuckian with whom he was at first connected. (It is but justice to the former gentleman to say, that there were no short-comings on his part; his only error seems to have been entangling himself with an unworthy assistant in the first place.) The discharged assistant forthwith issued a pamphlet against Mr Colton, of which the

gentleman had the good sense to take not the slightest notice, and his example was pretty generally followed. Furious at this contempt, the Southerner attacked his late principal in the street with a life-preserver. Fortunately Mr Colton possessed a fair share of what never comes amiss with an editor, especially an American editor,—personal prowess. In the scuffle which ensued, he upset his assailant, and carried off the *spolia opima* in the shape of the bludgeon aforesaid.

But the worst consequence of all is, the suspicion cast upon all offers from periodicals to really eminent writers, by the failure of editors, (through bad faith, or inability, or both,) to fulfil promises made to their contributors. Some of these cases are positively startling. In one instance a distinguished author was promised, or given to understand, that he would have as much as one thousand dollars a-year. He wrote for two years steadily, and never received two cents. Another case occurred very recently. A comic or would-be-comic periodical was started in imitation of *Punch*, and the proprietors offered ten dollars a page for all accepted articles. This they paid for a few weeks, and then, having secured on credit a supply for some time longer, deliberately broke their word, and would at this very time, if solvent, owe to a number of small litterateurs in New York, small sums of five and ten dollars. In this case, retribution was speedy, for the whole affair broke down in less than a year.

We see, then, one great radical cause of inferiority in American periodical literature, affecting it in all its departments. But there are other influences which especially conspire to pervert and impede criticism. Some of these will be obvious, on referring back to our hints at the requisites for a critic. We said that he should be in the highest sense of the term a liberally educated man. Now this is what very few of the American periodical writers, professed or occasional, are. The popular object of education in the new world is to make men speak fluently

\* Even then, the price is what in Great Britain would be considered small. The *American Review* pays two dollars (8s. 8d.) a page, and some of the other periodicals from a dollar to a dollar and a half.

and write readily about any thing and every thing—speaking and writing which, from their very fluency and readiness, tend to platitudes and commonplace. Those studies which depend on and form a taste for verbal criticism, are pursued in a very slovenly and unsatisfactory manner; the penchant being for mathematics, from their supposed practical tendencies.\* Men read much, but they do not “mark, learn, and inwardly digest.” Their reading is chiefly of new books, a most uncritical style of reading, to which the words *reference*, *comparison*, *illustration*, are altogether foreign. Again, we said that our critic must not only be able to form, but ready to express his own opinion—in short, that he must be bold and independent. Now this is no easy or common thing in America, not so much from want of spirit and fear of the majority as from want of *habit*: the democratic influence moulding all minds to think alike. At the same time, it must be admitted that a spurious public opinion does often exercise a directly repressing influence. Cooper says, in his last novel, that the government of the United States ought to be called the *Gossipian*, and certainly Mrs Grundy is a very important estate in the republic. Then there are many powerful interests all ready to take offence and cry out. The strongest editor is afraid of some of these. Thus the *Courier and Enquirer*, which, all things considered, must be said to stand at the head of the New York daily press, is completely under the dictation of John Hughes and the Papist faction in that city. By *under the dictation*, we mean that it never inserts any thing in favour of Protestantism, nor omits any opportunity of saying something in favour of Romanism.† And if these influences have such power over a newspaper which has mercantile

intelligence, advertisements, and other great sources of support, much more must they affect a magazine or review. One great aim of an American magazine, therefore, is to tread on nobody's moral toes, or, as their circulars phrase it, “to contain nothing which shall offend the most fastidious”—be the same Irish renegade, repudiator, or Fourierite. Accordingly, nearly all the magazines and reviews profess and practise political neutrality; and the two or three exceptions depend almost entirely on their political articles and partisan circulation. It was once mentioned to us by the editor of a Whig (Conservative) Review, that he had one Democratic subscriber. And we know another editor who is continually apologising to his subscribers, and one half of his correspondents, for what the other half write. This has not always been the case. The *Southern Literary Messenger* was established to write up “the peculiar institution,” and therefore only suited to and intended for the southern market; but there was a time when, under the management of Mr E. A. Poe, an erratic and unequal, but occasionally very brilliant writer, it had considerable circulation in the north. And the “Democratic Review,” while it contained and paid for good articles, was subscribed to and even written for by many Whigs.

Another enemy of true criticism in America is *provincialism*. There is no literary metropolis which can give decisive opinions, and the country is parcelled out among small cliques, who settle things their own way in their own particular districts. Thus, there are shining lights in Boston, who are “small potatoes” in New York; and “most remarkable men” in the West, whom no one has remarked in the East. Sometimes, indeed, these cliques continue to ramify and extend

\* It is hardly necessary to expatiate on the absurdity of this fallacy. Every man who reads any thing better than newspapers, finds frequent use for his classics in the way of explaining quotations, allusions &c., while nothing can be imagined more utterly useless in every-day life than Conic Sections and Differential Calculus, to any man not professionally scientific. But because arithmetic is the introductory branch of mathematics, and also the foundation of book-keeping, it is thought that working a boy at mathematics will make him a good man of business.

† On one occasion, when a converted priest was lecturing against Romanism, the *Courier and Enquirer* recommended the intervention of that notorious popular potentate Judge Lynch, who intervened accordingly.

their influence into other places. This is effected by a regular system of flattery,—“tickle me and I’ll tickle you;” nor is there even an endeavour to conceal this. For instance, when the classical lion of a certain clique had been favourably reviewed by a gentleman in another city, whose opinion was supposed to be worth something, the periodical organ of the clique publicly expressed its thanks for the favour, and in return, dug up a buried novel of the critic’s, and did its best to resuscitate it by a vigorous puff. Here was a fair business transaction with prompt payment. We have observed that the tendency of American reviewing is to indiscriminate praise. The exceptions to this, (setting aside some rare extravagances which resemble the efforts of a bashful man to appear at ease, attempts to annihilate Cooper, or Warren, or Tennyson, for instance) usually spring from some of the private misunderstandings we have alluded to; e.g. two *litterateurs* quarrel, one of them is kicked out of doors, and then they begin to *criticise* each other’s writings. And the consequence is, that it is next to impossible to pass an unfavourable opinion upon any thing, without having personal motives attributed to you, and getting into a personal squabble about it. When an author, or an artist,\* or an institution is condemned, the first step is to find out, if possible, the writer of the review, and the next to assail him on private grounds. Indeed, the author’s friends do not always stop at pen and paper. Some years ago, an English magazinist charged a false

versifier of the West with having “realised” some of his inspirations,—a very absurd claim by the way, as there was nothing in the disputed stanzas, which would have done any man much credit. Soon after, the Kentucky papers announced that a friend of the lady had gone out express by the last steamer, for the purpose of “regulating” the Englishman. What the result was we have never heard.

Such are some of the causes which militate against the attainment of a high standard in American periodical literature. For some years it went on very swimmingly *on credit*; but it is exceedingly doubtful, to say the least, if the experiment could be successfully repeated. We have seen that many of these obstacles are directly referable to the fact that the editorship of Monthlies and Quarterlies, does not tempt men of capital into it; and it is not difficult to perceive that such of the others as are surmountable, can be most readily overcome by remunerating those engaged in the business. If good critics are well paid, it will be worth men’s while to study to become good critics; and if a periodical is supported with real ability, it will make its way in spite of sectional or party prejudices, as we have seen was the case in some instances. And since it is plain that the republication of English magazines must interfere with the home article, the conclusion seems inevitable that the passing of an International Copyright Law would be the greatest benefit that could be conferred on American periodical literature.

\* These attempts at undue influence and direct intimidation are not confined to the natives; foreigners are very quick at catching them. This very winter an Italian musician endeavoured to expel one of the editors of the *Courier and Enquirer* from his concert-room, because that paper had not seen fit to praise him so much as others did, or as he himself wished and expected.

## IRELAND AND THE MINISTERIAL MEASURES.

It is unnecessary to remind our readers, that on more than one occasion we pointed out, to the late so-called Conservative administration the dangers to which they were exposing the country, and the misfortunes which were sure to arise from the fatal policy which they had adopted for the government of Ireland. We told them on those occasions, that the lax manner in which the laws were administered, and the indecisive conduct of the Executive, would lead to the state of things which we then foresaw, and which all parties now deplore. We warned them, that tampering with the incipient evil, instead of boldly striking at its root, would advance its growth instead of diminishing its power; and that the welfare of all classes imperatively demanded at their hands the repression not only of crime itself, but of those causes to which the origin of crime was clearly traceable. Unhappily our advice was unheeded. The Peel government persevered in the same course which its Whig predecessors had pursued, augmented the obstacles which impeded the due administration of the laws, and retarded the pacification of the country by the culpable lenity which marked their proceedings against those who perpetrated crime, as well as towards those, still more criminal, who countenanced and abetted its commission.

The law which empowered the Crown to challenge improper jurors, rendered a dead letter by the Whigs in order to conciliate Mr O'Connell, was allowed so to remain by the Tories; and thus accomplices of the criminals in the dock became arbiters of their associates' fate in the jury-box; and it is unnecessary to say how much the impunity procured by this means tended to increase the audacity of the violators of the law, and to deter the mass of the people from having recourse to the tribunals of the country for justice and protection.

An association openly aiming at the dismemberment of the empire was

not only allowed to pursue its seditious course in peace, but its leader was flattered and courted in the senate, until, emboldened by the subserviency of his opponents, and pressed on by the impatience of his followers, he assumed such a menacing position, as compelled the interference of the constituted authorities. He was condemned, imprisoned, released, and permitted again to talk his treason and boast his triumph to an ignorant and excitable people, who witnessed his success without being able to appreciate the causes to which it was attributable. While the feelings of the people were being acted upon by the orators of Conciliation Hall, the English press accomplished the triumph of agrarian outrage by the course which, with few exceptions, was adopted by the leading organs of public opinion. The unfounded statements of the demagogues, both lay and clerical, were adopted with avidity, and commented on with surpassing ability. In every instance the falsehood of those premeditated lies was subsequently established, but that did not prevent the adoption of every future tale, even though emanating from the same polluted source. The strictures based on those untruths were assiduously copied into the Irish papers; and, palliating as they did the crimes of the peasantry, by the ridicule, contempt, and detestation which they excited against the owners of the land, they tended not only to provoke and encourage the peasantry to resistance of the law, but the effect produced by their simulated horrors on the public mind tied up the hands of the Executive, and rendered the acquiescence of Parliament, in such measures as might be necessary for the preservation of the public peace, a thing scarcely to be expected or hoped for, even had the administration the good sense or the manliness to determine on demanding them. The writers in the English press denounced the landlords, under all circumstances, and for all manner of causes. If one of them dispossessed some of his tenantry who held por-



tions of the soil too small to afford them support, even though given for nothing, in order that the holdings of the others should be enlarged to such a size as would enable them to live in comfort, he was denounced as an exterminator, even though he largely remunerated, and then at his own expense sent the dispossessed to countries where land was abundant and labour remunerative, and to which the most affluent of their neighbours were every day voluntarily emigrating. If, deterred by the abuse of the press and the denunciations of the priest, he allowed them to continue in the same state of misery and destitution in which he found them, he was represented as heedless and unfeeling, and the poverty of his tenantry (which, though willing, he dared not remedy) was made an article of dittay against him. If he endeavoured to enforce his rents, he was a tyrant. If he allowed them (as did Mr Ormsby Jore.) from mistaken compassion, to run *ten and twelve years in arrear*, he was pronounced to be "culpably negligent." In fact, no matter what he did, he was wrong; and in their desire to convict the Irish proprietors, the press acted on the principle of the Cork juror—"If he did not murder the man, my Lord, he stole my gray mare."

To the many internal causes which tended to aggravate the evils of Ireland, another, and one arising from circumstances of an extraneous nature, was added. The British minister determined to abolish the corn laws—to shelter himself against the attacks of his betrayed followers, and to enlist public sympathy in his support. He *fabricated* an Irish famine a year before that scourge actually visited the land; and, to prove the sincerity of his convictions and the truth of his statements, he had recourse to the establishment of food depots at the public expense, and to the system of public works, which effectually demoralised the bulk of the population; and the pernicious consequences of these measures, although now fully admitted, are yet far from having arrived at that portentous magnitude which they are daily threatening to assume.

While those continued and unre-

mitting attacks of the English press led the peasantry to look with distrust and hatred on the class above them, the system of gratuitous relief and remuneration without labour, which Sir Robert Peel was forced to adopt, in order to evince his own conviction as to the truth of his statements in the House of Commons, told with fearful effect on the morals of the people; for if it was no crime to destroy a tyrant, so it was considered no disgrace to beg instead of to earn; and men who a few months before would have blushed at the thoughts of receiving public relief, were seen daily seeking for their rations, although they had cows, horses, and sheep; and in many instances profitable employment, which they abandoned to obtain gratuitous support. With a feeble and apathetic government, and with a powerful and talented press advocating their cause, influencing public opinion in their favour, and attributing with success to the misconduct of others the misery and destitution fairly assignable to their own indolence and dishonesty, it is not much to be wondered at, that the Irish peasantry should have become still more reckless and inattentive, than they were before. When the principal protection which the law provided for the due administration of justice was withdrawn, it is not surprising that they should have become still more turbulent and criminal; and with the fierce denunciations of the lay and clerical demagogues ringing in the ears of an excitable and ignorant people, we cannot marvel at the scenes of horror and the deeds of death now enacting in their degraded country. And yet even the appalling catalogue laid before Parliament, gives but a faint idea of the fearful state of society in Ireland. It is but a list of the "*faits accomplis*," and cannot depict the condition of those unhappy men who "live in death," who know their doom has been sealed, whose execution is openly spoken of as a thing certain to occur, who have no protection but God's mercy to rely on, and who are so circumstanced, in many instances, as not to have the means of fleeing from a country which has become the charnel-house of their class. And who can paint the feelings

of the wives and families of those unfortunates? We ourselves know instances of their sufferings which would harrow the soul of any person possessed of the smallest portion of humanity.

But the other day, the wife of a clergyman, as amiable and charitable a man as lives, drove into a neighbouring town, and in the shop of a tradesman heard an expression of regret that certain gentlemen in the neighbourhood were so soon to be murdered, and amongst others, her own husband, whose charities and attention to the poor she vainly hoped would have secured his safety. Hurrying home, she found he had gone to attend one of his congregation, to whose sick bed he had been summoned. Distracted by her apprehensions, she went to an adjacent police station, and sent two of the men in the direction her husband had taken. He returned alive—her precaution had saved him,—but when she learned from his lips that the call was but a snare to bring him within reach of his assassins, the shock overpowered a weak constitution; she fell in a fit, and died entreating with her last breath mercy for the father of her children from the assassins, by whom in her delirium she fancied him to be surrounded. She left a large and helpless family, whose only protection is a broken-hearted and a doomed man; and yet there are to be found in the Senate those who protect the system to which this amiable woman has fallen a victim, by refusing to support even the paltry measure introduced by the government for its suppression.

We had hoped, when parliament was summoned at an unusual season to deliberate upon the state of Ireland, and when the condition of that country was so strongly alluded to in the speech from the throne, that effectual measures would have been resorted to for the suppression of crime, and for the protection of the lives and properties of the well-disposed portion of the Irish people. We did hope that the clear-sightedness and decision of Lord Clarendon had prevailed; that at last a man was found capable of threading his way through the maze of Irish difficulties, and of

enforcing his views on the apathetic feelings of her Majesty's advisers. But we have been disappointed, and either the present lord lieutenant is not so competent for the performance of the arduous duties attached to his office as we had supposed, or his exertions are paralysed, and his counsels are rejected by the imbecile administration to whose control he is subject.

The condition of Ireland is admitted by all parties to be such as no civilised country ever before presented; and what are the remedies propounded for its amelioration? Simply this, that two hundred additional police should be employed—that the carrying of arms, or their possession by a certain class of persons, in certain districts where crime has *previously* prevailed, should be a misdemeanour, and that the expenses of the proceedings to enforce those enactments should be levied on the inhabitants of the disturbed districts. But Sir George Grey, while he read his list of horrors, was most cautious lest he should offend the feelings of (what the member for Cork termed) "the most endearing and religious people on the face of the earth," by implicating more than four or five counties in the conspiracy which he denounced; and too tenacious of the constitutional privileges of the Irish assassins to propose their general disarmament, or the violation of the sanctity of their homes by the efficient remedy of nocturnal domiciliary visits. No: those visits are only to be paid by day, when the parties suspected of the violation of the law may have full notice of the approach of the constabulary, and, as a consequence, full time to remove the arms of which they may be possessed; and they are *only* to be made in search of arms, and not at all as a means of deterring "the endearing" people from leaving their homes at night, to perpetrate the murders which they now accomplish by day. Another clause is added, on the efficacy of which Sir George Grey seems to place great reliance, but which is of so ludicrous a nature that we scarcely know how to notice it seriously. "The justices and constables shall have the power to call on all persons between the ages of sixteen and

sixty, residing or living in the district, to assist in the search for and pursuit of the persons charged with the commission of crime; and thus," triumphantly exclaims the Home Minister, "it will be the duty of every person to join in such pursuit, and do his utmost to assist in discovering and apprehending the offender; and any person refusing to assist in such pursuit and search, would be guilty of a misdemeanour, and would be liable to be imprisoned with or without hard labour for any term not exceeding two years." There is an old adage that "one man may take a horse to the water, but twenty can't make him drink;" and so it will be found in reference to the operation of this most sapient enactment. The justice or the constable may call out the lieges, but can they induce or compel them to guide them to the haunt of the murderer? "Not a bit of it:"—they will join most willingly in the pursuit, but it will certainly be to mislead the pursuers; and, as the police force is generally found sufficient to vindicate the law, if they can only arrive when the crime is being perpetrated, they will not summon any assistance except in those cases where the outrage has been committed previous to their arrival; and in such instances, the culprits will have had full time to escape, and the witnesses of the deed, ample opportunities of arranging their plans for his protection. We assure Sir George he will find that this clause, all-powerful as he hopes its operation to prove for the repression of crime, will remain a dead-letter on the statute-book; for no magistrate, who is acquainted with the feelings of the people, would be so silly as to expect efficient support or correct information from them; and no officer who understood his duty, would hamper himself with a mob of assistants, whose undoubted object it would be to deceive and thwart him in its discharge. A story is told, that, during Lord Anglesey's administration, when Whiteboy offences were prevalent in the South of Ireland, a Cabinet Council was summoned, at which the then Chancellor, (Sir Anthony Hart,) having been called upon to give his opinion as to the best remedy to be adopted for their

repression, at once, with the feelings of an Englishman, declared,—"that he would order the sheriff to call out the 'posse comitatus.'" "By my sowl," interposed Chief Baron O'Grady, in his broad Munster brogue, "my Lord Chancellor, that's just what we want to avoid!—'the posse's' out already: may be you could give us some method of getting them to stay at home." And so it will be with "the posse" of Sir George Grey, if ever called out; they will prove an encumbrance instead of an assistance to the officers of justice. But what a lamentable state of ignorance as to the state of Ireland does the proposal of those most absurd remedies indicate, on the part of our present rulers! Every one at all acquainted with the country, knows that the assassin is *never* selected from the inhabitants of the immediate neighbourhood where the crime is to be committed: and yet, by this enactment, only the persons resident in such districts are to be disarmed, or deprived of the right of openly carrying arms. And thus, by residing beyond or by stepping over the ditch which bounds the proscribed locality, the murderer may assert his right of bearing arms, and defy the police to deprive him of his gun; or, by altering his position so as to avoid the forbidden ground, he may coolly wait the advent of his victim without the slightest danger of molestation. "On the very day that Major Mahon was murdered," continues Sir George Grey, "two persons were seen lurking about, who it was strongly suspected were the murderers." There was, indeed, no moral doubt that they were the persons by whom the fatal act was committed. Now, if the police had been armed with the powers which were sought for by this bill, those persons might have been arrested: the fatal weapons would have been taken from them, and they would have been amenable to the law for a misdemeanour, in carrying arms contrary to the provisions of this act, or for having arms concealed for the purpose of carrying them to effect a murderous object." Now we deny the Right Honourable Baronet's conclusions. This enactment could not have prevented the assassination of Major Mahon, for his murderers had

only to choose a locality where it would not be in operation. Neither will it at all affect the commission of other meditated murders; *for there is now organised* (and we give the information to her Majesty's government, if they are not already in possession of it,) *a new society,\* who have regular hired assassins in their pay, for the purpose of pursuing, wherever they may be found, the denounced persons who have fled the country and escaped their vengeance.* This may appear incredible; but it is well known and openly spoken of in the disturbed districts. One of those bravos, the other day, in Dublin, entered the office of a marked man, who is agent to an English gentleman, a large proprietor in a western county; he inquired for the person of whom he was in search, but who was fortunately absent. Suspicion having been excited by his contradictory replies to questions which were put to him touching his business, and from the well known fact that the gentleman he desired to see was denounced, he was given into custody, and on his person was found a case of loaded pistols. Now, there can be no doubt that this man meditated murder; yet he walked off with his arms, and we should be glad to learn how this enactment, even though it were on the statute book, could have interfered with his proceedings. Galway, from whence he came, might be proclaimed, but it is not possible that Dublin, where he purposed to commit the deed, should ever come under its operation. We admit that a general and stringent Arms act would have afforded, both in this and Major Mahon's case, probable protection, and possibly might have saved many other victims from a premature and bloody death. And whose fault is it that such is not in existence? Whose but that of the administration of which the Home Secretary is an influential member? To overthrow a hostile government, and obtain the reins of power for themselves, they sacrificed the peace of Ireland and the lives of multitudes

of most estimable persons; and now they unblushingly come to parliament to ask the enactment of a measure which they must well know will prove but a mockery and a delusion, as a substitute for the efficient law which their factious opposition blotted from the statute book. Have those men hearts to feel or consciences to be smitten?—if so, what must their sufferings be at the record of each successive murder, which adds another victim to those already sacrificed by their fatal and unprincipled policy.

While those provisions of the proposed law, to which we have already alluded, are utterly inefficient and valueless for the repression of crime, there is another clause in the bill which inflicts a positive and unmerited injustice. The proclaimed district is to pay the expense of the additional police force, necessary for its pacification. Now, the gentry and large farmers, who are the victims of the system sought to be repressed, and not its supporters, will be the persons upon whom this heavy charge must principally fall. The guilty have little or no land, and, consequently, will be exempt from the increased taxation; and thus the pockets of the peaceable and well-disposed will be picked, although their persons may not be protected. We do not understand why government, which is bound to protect the lives and properties of its subjects, should mulct those whose safety is their peculiar charge, because additional expense is rendered necessary to root out crime, generated and fostered by its own incompetency or neglect. But this is an administration of political economists, and the loyal and peaceable portion of the Irish nation need not expect ordinary security without the payment of an extraordinary price for it, upon the same principle that the struggling English trader could only obtain monetary assistance, at a rate of interest too enormous to leave the aid useful.

No wonder that Mr John O'Connell should express his "agreeable disappointment at the measures proposed," when, in common with the

generality of the public, he expected that the melancholy state of things would have compelled even the Whigs to originate something more stringent and effective. Nor need we be surprised, that his gratitude overcame his discretion. This was but natural, even though it exposed him to the lash of his more circumspect rival. We have waded through the entire debates on the state of Ireland, from the school-boy puerilities of Mr Adair, to the cold-blooded per centages of Sir George Grey, and we have discovered nothing which would lead us to anticipate the adoption of such measures, or of such a system of government, as would ensure the pacification, and, as a consequence, the prosperity of that unhappy country. Enough there is of the cuckoo cries of "developing resources," "introducing capital," "creating domestic manufactures," &c. &c.; but we would ask those holiday declaimers how resources are to be developed, or capital introduced, or manufactures fostered, in a country where property has no rights, and where life has no protection?

Whoever ventures to propose for the government of Ireland a system, stringent and effective enough to secure the enjoyment of the fruits of industry, and the preservation of life, is at once met with the cry of, "you have tried coercion long enough, and it has failed—try a conciliatory policy now, and you must surely succeed." But the truth is, that although both systems have been tried, neither have been judiciously applied; and it is to the shuffling and changing of successive administrations, that all the evils which now curse the land are mainly attributable. "You tried coercion for centuries," the Irish patriot will exclaim, "and what are you the better for it?"

It is true, that in former days, the Irish peasant was ground to the dust, and trampled on, when he was faithful, trustworthy, honest, and submissive. It is true the Popish priest was persecuted, and a price set upon his head when he was intelligent, educated, loyal, and pious. But it is equally true, that when the Roman Catholic layman was placed upon a full equality with his Protestant fellow countryman, and the Roman Catholic

priest was recognised by the law, and protected in the discharge of his duties, another and an equally mischievous course of policy was adopted towards both. A sort of political saturnalia was allowed the emancipated slaves, and they were taught to riot in the enjoyment of newly acquired liberty. They were misled and corrupted by cunning and designing demagogues, while the government, which should have enforced submission to the laws when they had removed all just causes of complaint, remained passive, until the minds of the people were poisoned by false representations. Then first was yielded to political combination as a matter of expediency, that which, if conceded at all, should only have been granted as a matter of right. And when, by intimidation and violence, the representation of the country was vested in the heads of agitation, it became an object of the last importance to each of the political parties who rule the country to procure the popular support; and, to accomplish this, no sacrifice of principle was considered too great, and no concessions to democratic principles too exorbitant. The Whigs, after they had coerced with success, were obliged to abandon their protective policy because they were denounced as "base, brutal, and bloody;" and then, adopting the other tack, they boldly launched their bark on the sea of conciliation. The lowest, and least intelligent class of men, and those who, from their callings and station in life, were most exposed to intimidation, were placed indiscriminately on the criminal jury lists. The right which the Crown enjoys of challenging improper jurors, was forbidden to be exercised, and, to consummate the glorious triumph of liberality, "the beloved Normanby" commenced his tour of grace, and, in the plenitude of his mercy, liberated those malefactors who had been consigned to the restraint of the gaols by the vindicated laws of their country. The Peel government followed in the same course as to the administration of the law, established the poor-houses, issued the land commission, and suggested the principle of tenant-right. They permitted the most unbounded liberty

of speech and of action ; they allowed hundreds of thousands of men to unite in military array, for the purpose of dismembering the empire ; they endowed Maynooth, founded the godless colleges, and recognised the temporal rank of the Roman Catholic prelates, by placing them in royal commissions above the heads of temporal peers. They complimented O'Connell on his patriotism, after they had been compelled by his boastful menaces to prosecute him for sedition, and connived at his escape when they had procured his conviction. And after all those conciliating measures, may we not ask, what has conciliation accomplished ? The answer is obvious : its result is to be *read* in the list of crimes which have annihilated all law in Ireland—it is to be *heard* in the wailings and lamentations of those who have been made widows and orphans by the system of assassination which it has generated and protected.

But if we find that neither unreasonable persecution on the one hand, nor unjustifiable concessions on the other, have been productive of good, is that a reason why we should not now have recourse to temporary measures which are indispensable to secure the action of the law, and the lives of the Queen's Irish subjects ? What is coercion, after all, but an extraordinary means to enforce the law, and to support the constitution, when the ordinary means have failed ? In England, the law is respected and obeyed, and the people have sense and discrimination enough to perceive that their own welfare and safety are identified with its maintenance. But in Ireland, the case is widely different : we think it was Swift who said, " that what was considered morally wrong in other countries was considered morally right in Ireland,"—and if the Celt be not enlightened enough to appreciate, he must be taught to respect, the blessings which the British constitution confers upon him.

The utter inefficacy of the measures for which the Whig administration now seek the sanction of Parliament is not all that we have to deplore. On reading the debate, there will be found in the tone of the ministerial speeches, in their promises, and still more in their

omissions, much to be lamented. Instead of boldly insisting on the vindication of the law as the primary object to be accomplished, they, to use Sir Robert Peel's expression, "hold parley with the assassins;" and instead of denouncing with firmness, they palliate, as far as decency will permit, the conduct of the Irish conspirators, and studiously avoid all allusion to the transgressions of the priests. Crime, they say, must be repressed, but "a sop is thrown to Cerberus" at the same time, and an additional stimulus is given to agitation by the announcement, that a landlord-and-tenant bill is under the consideration of the government. Now we tell her Majesty's ministers that they never laboured under a greater delusion, than to suppose that any measure which they or any other administration can venture to propose to Parliament, on this subject, will be sufficient to meet the views or satisfy the wishes of the Irish peasantry ; and furthermore, that even although they did *apparently* succeed in accomplishing this object, by other means than a transfer of the property of the land from the present proprietors to their tenantry, they would be just as far as ever from effecting the pacification of Ireland. The visionary and prosy Mr Scrope, or the egotistical Mr Crawford, may occupy themselves in talking and attempting legislation on a subject which the one does not understand, and the other is incapable of explaining ; but any man of common sense who comprehends and considers the question, must at once perceive that great danger must attend on any attempt to legislate for the exercise of private rights, and that in this instance it would be an utter impossibility to satisfy the wishes of one party without absolutely sacrificing the just rights of the other. And, after all, what is this mysterious measure of "tenant-right," which like the wand of Aladdin is at once to restore peace and establish order, and to which the prosperity and happiness of the Protestant north is so often and so erroneously attributed ? If it be what the advocates for its universal adoption represent it,—namely, "The right of the occupying tenant to dispose of the interest derivable from the improvement of his farm, should he fall

into arrear or wish to emigrate, and the possession of what remains of the purchase-money after paying all rent due, as a recompense for his labour, skill, and expenditure,"—we at once answer that nothing can be more reasonable, unexceptionable, or just; but is any man so silly as to suppose that such a measure, if carried, would satisfy the desires of the Munster peasant? As Mr O'Connell used to say, he would cry "Thank you for nothing,"—he is much better off at present than he could be under any such arrangement; he in reality not only makes the want of tenant-right an excuse for his indolence and dishonesty, but he uses it as a cloak for his meditated spoliation.

Mr Griffith, the government valuator, stated in his examination before Lord Devon's commission, that his valuation was based upon the market price of certain articles of agricultural produce, which, at the time he commenced his proceedings, were *ten per cent* higher in value than they were at the time when the act which authorised his valuation was passed; and that, consequently, being restricted to the respective values attached to each article in the schedule of that act, his valuation was in the first instance ten per cent *under* what it would have been had he not laboured under such a restriction. He further says, that while in the north the rent actually paid amounted in most instances to from thirty to fifty per cent *above his valuation*, in the western counties it was not much if at all more than the value he had put upon the land; and yet, he adds, the peasantry in the north, paying those high rents, were industrious, prosperous, and happy, while those in the west, who held better land on so much more reasonable terms, were steeped in misery and crime. It is then manifestly unjust to attribute the poverty of Connaught to the exorbitance of the rents, or the prosperity of Ulster to the moderate price exacted for the land. But then the northern tenant is secured remuneration for his toils if he wish to dispose of his tenant-right:—admitted,—but the southern and western tenant has still the advantage, for he sells or is compensated where he has never made any

improvements at all. There is no absolute law to protect the right of the tenant in either case: but whereas custom, a due regard to justice, and we may also add, to his own interests, induce the northern landlord to consent to a sale which will secure not only his rent, but a thriving instead of a failing tenant,—intimidation and violence compel the southern landlord not only to forgive all rent due by a defaulting tenant, (and that in most cases amounting to three or four years) but also, after he has been put to heavy legal expenses, to *compensate* him for leaving his house a wreck and his land a wilderness. Under such circumstances, can it be supposed for a moment that any landlord would refuse a tenant the right to sell, thereby avoiding the loss of his arrears; or that he would prefer to evict at a heavy legal expense, and then in the end remunerate, in order that he might conciliate the outgoing tenant, and thus escape being shot?

Tenant-right is as really, though not so ostensibly, enjoyed in the south as in the north; and if we hear of *sales* of tenant-right in the one and not in the other locality, the difference arises from the fact that the northern tenant having improved his land, advertises his interest in it and sells, while the southern tenant having deteriorated, instead of having improved his farm, compensates himself for "his right of possession" by muleting his landlord, and levying a species of black mail under the name of "good-will" money from his successors. Is any man weak enough to suppose that, if the southern tenant was secured by law a right to sell that which his indolent and lawless habits will not permit him to make, (improvements on his farm) such a contingent right would in any wise reconcile him to his condition, or render him more obedient to the law? Before the emancipation act passed, it was said by the leaders of the people, "Grant us this, and you secure peace and tranquillity to the land;" and the same has been said with regard to every other concession which they exacted. Peace was to follow the abolition of the tithes, the enactment of the Reform Bill, and the recognition of the right of the

destitute to obtain support from the land: but what has been the consequence? Each successive triumph of the Popular Party has but imboldened their pretensions, and confirmed them in the doctrine which they have been assiduously taught — that “to succeed they have only to combine:” — and so it will be with tenant-right; give them what their advocates *profess to ask for*, and you will have them clamorous for more. This tenant question has been adopted as a sort of safety-valve to secure an escape for the leaders of repeal, now that the delusion on that question can no longer be upheld; and its agitation is prosecuted with vigour by the priests, because, by means of it, they hope not only to strike down their hated rivals, the landlords, but to secure the overthrow of all those legal rights by which the possession of property is guaranteed.

It is not, we presume, contemplated that land should be held without payment of any rent, save what the tenant may see fit to give the owner of it, after he has secured from the produce of his farm enough for his own “comfortable and independent subsistence.” Neither do we suppose that government will sanction a law, by which the tenant in possession shall remain so in perpetuity, subject to the payment of such surplussage of his profits as he shall find it convenient to bestow upon his landlord: yet those are precisely the doctrines laid down at the tenant-right demonstrations, and any thing granted short of these will be considered as a blinking of the question, and treated as an attempt to delude and deceive the people.

It has been said that the well-conducted tenant has no security of tenure, and consequently that he will not labour, when he is not guaranteed the just remuneration for his toils. Now, it is a curious circumstance, and ought to show the groundlessness of their complaints on this head, that at the great popular demonstrations of Holy Cross, Cashell, Kilmakthomas, or Wexford, not one single case was brought forward where tenants have been deprived of their land, or despoiled of the value of their improve-

ments, so long as they honestly met their engagements. There was abundance of declamation. “The tenant *might* be turned adrift after improving the condition of his land,” but there was not a single fact adduced to show that he had been so treated. We have gone fully into this question, for the purpose of disabusing the minds of the ministry, and of showing them, that if they hope, by the concession of a landlord-and-tenant bill, (founded on the demands of its parliamentary advocates), to effect a change for the better in the conduct and condition of the Irish people, they will find themselves grievously disappointed. Every step which the present government have taken to meet the wishes of the popular party in Ireland, has but led them still deeper into the mire of social disorder. They repealed the Arms Act, and by that most reprehensible proceeding, mainly produced the state of anarchy and confusion which now exists; and within one short year they are themselves compelled to pronounce condemnation on their own imprudence. They most recklessly squandered the public money on useless or mischievous works, sooner than expend it on the improvement of the land, lest by benefitting the Irish proprietor they should displease their patrons, the priests. They created a spirit of insubordination and idleness amongst the people, by giving employment on public works where no return was exacted by their numerous and overpaid staff for the wages which were given, and where multitudes were employed who did not require it, on the nomination of the priests, while many who did were excluded from its benefits; and, to complete the climax of their blunders, they conceded out-door relief, at a time, and under circumstances, which must render such a measure not only a curse to Ireland, but a grievous burden on the other portions of the British empire. It has been declared by the minister that in twenty-two unions the rental twice over would not be sufficient to support the pauper inhabitants; while many of the popular Irish members maintain that there are three times that number of unions placed in similar circumstances, and



in which the means of subsistence must come from the Imperial treasury.

But are the Whig ministry sincere in their declarations against Irish crime, and is incompetency their only fault?—alas! we cannot believe it. There are amongst them shrewd and sensible men, who must have perceived that they have been hitherto acting in error, and there can scarcely be one so besotted or ignorant, as not to see that to the policy they have pursued is to be attributed the ruin of the country. But at the same time, they well know that they must obey the dictates of their task-masters the Irish priests, or surrender their power; and they yield themselves bound hand and foot, sooner than abandon office which they have made so many and such shameful sacrifices of principle to obtain. Thirty-seven Irish members are completely in the hands of the priests, and this is a political power which Lord John Russell's cabinet has not the courage or the strength to defy.

While her Majesty's ministers and their supporters draw the most appalling pictures of the state of society in Ireland, and recount horrors which are enough to curdle the blood, they one and all abstain most scrupulously from attributing those evils to the causes which have really produced them—they studiously avoid touching the sore spot. It is admitted that priests denounce men from the altars, and that such persons become immediate victims. "Did you denounce this man from the altar?" asked a coroner the other day of a reverend gentleman who was giving evidence at an inquest. "I did." "And he was murdered immediately after?" "Yes, he was murdered at five o'clock on the same day." Now here is a palpable admission made by a man on his oath. He does not seek to screen himself from the consequences of his act; he seems rather to pride himself on the speedy execution of his decree. Henry the Second exclaimed, "Have I no friends to rid me of such a torment?" and Becket was sacrificed; a Roscommon priest, from the altar of God, and on his holy Sabbath, cries to his infuriated auditors, "*This man is worse than*

*Cromwell, yet he lives,*" and Major Mahon is savagely slaughtered! Is there any notice taken of the conduct of those men by the law-officers of the Crown?—any condemnation pronounced upon it by her Majesty's ministers? Not at all: although the crime of the one is admitted on his oath, and the truth of the accusation against the other is undenied—both, though in the eyes of God and the law equally criminal as the wretch who executed their commands, are "honoured and at large;" and while such things pass before our eyes, we are told, that "to the wonderful and praiseworthy exertions of the Roman Catholic priesthood," we are mainly indebted for not having the country in a worse condition than it really is!

It may be said that government cannot punish priests for such monstrous conduct—"there is no law which will reach the offenders." Be it so; but why is not such a law enacted now, with the full knowledge of the facts, which we have stated, and of many equally criminal instances of priestly aggression which must have been reported to them? The ministry introduce measures for the repression of crime, without the slightest allusion to this practice of denunciation, which may be considered as the very source of it. They propose to punish the peasant who commits the assassination, "but they grant entire immunity to the priest who points out the victim and counsels the act." We are told, however, by an authority which seldom errs, (*The Times* newspaper,) that there is actually in existence a law fully competent to deal with those transgressions. And we are the more inclined to coincide with the opinion given in *The Times*, when we see, by proceedings lately taken in the Court of Queen's Bench in Ireland, that there is on the Statute-Book a law rendering those who conceal a murderer liable to be indicted as accessories after the fact. Now, perhaps, in the whole range of legislation, nothing could be hit upon more likely to stem the torrent of crime than such an enactment; and yet we find that owing either to the ignorance of the law-officers of the Crown, or the connivance of the government, it has been allowed to

remain a dead letter, and is only dragged from its hiding-place, when the Viceroyal power has been intrusted to a man of more political honesty than his predecessors.

But though Lord Clarendon may enforce the law against the peasant, dare he put that which would punish the priests into operation?—Their influence in the House forbids the supposition.

Mr O'Connell managed the power which he had created with his well-known skill and discretion; but since the sceptre has fallen into the hands of his feeble successor, the real props of agitation have openly assumed the position which they have long, though secretly filled. To them every "ruined rascal" who betakes himself to the "last resource" of patriotism must now address himself. Formerly, the candidate was expected to pay (say £2000) for his seat: now, it may be secured by the utter abandonment of principle, and unbounded submission to the will of the Donors: then, aspirants with some appearance of propriety and decency of conduct were required; now, both qualifications may be dispensed with. The more degraded the man, the more fit he will be considered "to do those acts which the less vile refuse to execute;" he may be a blackleg, a swindler, or an open adulterer, and it will be no bar to his advancement in the eyes of the Roman Catholic bishops, who, while they profess to admire virtue, have no objection, if it secure their purposes, to patronise vice: and who, while they preach peace and goodwill, tolerate, if they do not approve, the encourager to murder. In what other country in the world could men have acted as it is admitted those priests have acted, without being reached by the strong arm of the law? of what other Christian church than that which is ruled over by the "bigoted McHale," and the "vulgar and vindictive Higgins," would they have been allowed to continue members?

The Irish Roman Catholic priests are said to have unbounded influence over their flocks, and we believe it: yet can a more conclusive evidence of their unworthiness be adduced than the state in which we find the people subjected

to their spiritual care, and who are so fatally obedient to their dictates? A dignitary of the church, Archdeacon Laffan, contrasts the pusillanimous conduct of the cowardly Saxon, who bears his sufferings with patience because "he can do nothing like a man," with the gallantry of his true-hearted Tipperary boys, who remove those who inconvenience them by the bullet! Can we then be surprised at the criminal conduct of the unfortunate persons consigned to such teaching? When such men are placed in authority over those who proclaim God's word, can we be astonished to read the account given by the priests' own organ, *The Tipperary Vindicator*, of the posthumous honours paid by the well-instructed and Christian people of Tipperary to the memory of departed worth? What a testimony do the facts recorded bear, to the zeal and efficacy with which his doctrines have been promulgated and enforced by the meek and christian Laffan!

A few months ago, we read the following description of the proceedings which took place at the funerals of Fogarty, Rice, and Hayes, the executed murderers of the late Mr Clarke. There was no doubt of their guilt, no declaration of their innocence, and no grounds whatever to question the justice of the verdict which condemned them to die. They were not men roused by oppression to execute "the wild justice of revenge." No; they were regular matter-of-fact men of business; hired bravos, ready to perpetrate any murder they were paid for committing, and who had never been injured by the person they deprived of life. In other countries, the carcasses of such wretches would have been shunned; contact with them would have been considered a pollution: and assisting at their obsequies as little better than participation in their crimes: but not so in "virtuous and moral Tipperary," the vineyard consigned to the spiritual labours of the venerable and apostolic Laffan. "The bottles of the unfortunate men," says *The Vindicator*, "were conveyed in funeral procession to the homes of their respective relatives. . . . They were laid out and waked as if they had not been strangled by the rope of the hangman. They were surrounded by those who

mourned for them with as keen a sympathy, and as tender an affection, as if they had died each on his humble pallet of straw; hundreds flocked around the corpse-houses from all directions; and we shall leave others to conjecture whether the sight was calculated, in the present alleged state of the country, by the advocates of a Coercion Bill, to induce tranquillity, or to rake up the fires of desperation and revenge. They had funerals. The funeral of Fogarty took place on Saturday. It was attended, we understand, by some thousands, who followed his remains to the grave in crowds more numerous, with feelings more interested, than if he had otherwise gone out of the world. . . . Hayes and Rice were buried on Sunday. There were forty cars, a strong body of equestrians, and a vast crowd of pedestrians accompanying the former. The latter was attended by one of the largest funeral processions remembered for a long time in the district through which the remains were conveyed." What a lesson are we taught by those revelations! "Funeral honours paid to convicted murderers!" and the demoralisation so wide-spread, as to induce the attendance of even the more respectable class of farmers, whose presence was attested by the "forty jaunting cars and the large body of equestrians," who swelled the ranks of the admirers of assassination. Some say that the Irish criminals are few, others, that the mass of the population is tainted with the fatal leprosy: in either case the conduct of government should be to repress crime with a strong hand, and with a celerity which would strike terror into the hearts of the malefactors. The government have to deal with a revolutionary priesthood and a demoralised people, and it is not by such paltry expedients as their present measures, that the one can be checked in their career, or the other awed into submission; and to enact remedial measures while all laws are openly set at defiance, would be but a ridiculous farce. The ministry must be aware, although they have dishonestly concealed the fact, that the same spirit of outrage which is evinced by acts of assassination in the five counties they have alluded to, is prevalent in all the

other midland and western counties, and is rapidly extending itself towards the north. Neither are those outrages now perpetrated solely against those who transgress the agrarian code in respect to the management of their estates. Assassination is found a safe, ready, and efficient remedy for every violation of the popular will. Mr Baily was shot, because, as chairman of a board of guardians, he refused indiscriminate out-door relief. Mr Hassard, because he prosecuted a steward for theft; a widow had her brains beaten out because she was about to marry another husband; and a man named Burns was murdered at Belturbet, merely because he thought fit to change his religion. There is a spirit of anarchy abroad, which nothing but strong and decisive measures can arrest, and which nothing short of martial law will enable the executive to cope with.

Our space will not permit us to comment as fully as the importance of the subject would require, on the other remedial measures suggested for the benefit of Ireland by men who argue that, because such would be beneficial in other countries, therefore they must be well adapted for that apparently incomprehensible island. We will merely say that it is an error to suppose that the waste lands of Ireland can be cultivated with success by the state, or with any degree of advantage as regards the location of the superabundant population. The expense of their reclamation would amount to much more than the price at which the very best ground can be purchased; and it would be manifestly absurd to undertake, at the public expense, such an immense and profitless work, while three-fourths of the richest soils in the country are in a state of semi-cultivation; and where, by judicious advances, which are sure to be repaid, an equal amount of employment may be afforded by the landlords without any loss to the state. Neither do we conceive that the location of the peasantry on properties under the control of the government is at all judicious; experience teaches us the reverse. On the estates of the Crown in Roscommon, agrarian outrages in that county had their origin. From mismanagement or other

causes which we have not heard explained, the tenants on the Crown lands were permitted to run many years in arrear; and now they refuse to pay any rents whatsoever, on the ludicrous pretence "That Queen Victoria never took out administration to King William the Fourth!" And thus they have been allowed, by their successful resistance to the Crown, to encourage others in a similar course of conduct towards her Majesty's lieges, who are, in their eyes, but the subordinate owners of the soil.

The difficulty of dealing with the subject of emigration, when the task is undertaken by men who are not practically acquainted with the state of Ireland, and the feelings and habits of the Irish people, is made manifest by the speeches delivered on the scheme in parliament. Mr Hawes, when the question was brought forward last session, refused to sanction any government system, on the grounds that voluntary emigration was proceeding at too rapid a rate already; and that it would be much better to keep the people at home. Now, while we advocate a measure which would remove a certain portion of the population, who can have no permanent occupation afforded them on account of the numbers congregated in particular localities, and who consequently must become a charge upon the resources of the country, we quite agree with the under-secretary of the colonies, that nothing can be more lamentable or more ruinous to the prosperity of Ireland than the removal of those persons who emigrate at their own expense. But, paradoxical as it may appear to the honourable gentleman, the system which we consider absolutely necessary, would act as a most effectual check to the abandonment of their country by the industrious and comparatively wealthy, which he so justly laments. Those industrious and well-conducted men ought to be the "thews and sinews" of the land; but they are driven from their homes by the insecurity of life and property in their wretched country. They cannot extend their operations in proportion as they acquire wealth. They dare not venture to enlarge the size of their farms, although they see

the land uncultivated and lying waste around them. Death is the penalty they are certain to pay, if they take the ground from which others have been removed, no matter what may have been the cause of their expulsion. They therefore realise their property, and carry their capital and their industry to other countries, where they can freely use the one, and fearlessly enjoy the fruits of the other; while the idle and profligate ruffian who is the means of driving them from the land of their birth, revels in his crimes with impunity, and derives a legal support from the community which he oppresses—he either cannot, or he will not emigrate. Now, it is clear, that if a system were adopted by which men who become a charge on the public should have the option of leaving the country at the public expense—of course we mean exclusively at the expense of Ireland—and that at the same time the laws were so vigorously administered, as to prevent the possibility of their earning a livelihood by the commission of crime at home; the country would get rid of the worst and most irreclaimable culprits, and society be relieved from the crimes and the oppressions which they practise; industry would be protected, and prosperity would advance. Lord Clarendon may seek, by his well-intended advice and his remonstrances, to stay the march of crime: but his efforts will only evince his ignorance of the habits and prejudices of the people he has to govern. He may subscribe his money to communicate agricultural knowledge to those, whose poverty and misery lead him to suppose that they only require instruction to become industrious and happy; but he should know, that those persons to whom he so praiseworthy wishes to impart information, are *in fact the best skilled agriculturists the country can produce*. They compose the migratory hordes who annually proceed to Scotland and England. There is not a man amongst them above sixteen years of age, who has not practical experience in the very best systems pursued in those countries to which they resort; and we would "wager a ducat," that scores of boys may be found in Ennis and in Galway,

who could instruct his paid lecturers in the performance of the nicest operations of agriculture. The Irish Viceroy feelingly deplored the disappointment of his hopes with regard to the Irish Fisheries; when giving audience to the Clare deputation. "When I came to this country," said his lordship, "I indulged in the hope of promoting the prosperity of the Irish Fisheries; but I have been grievously disappointed. When the nets and gear were redeemed from the pawn-office, the men would not use them, or go to sea, unless they were fed; and when they were fed, they caught no fish." The same spirit which actuated the fisherman in this instance, actuates the agricultural peasant. He will not till his land, not because he is ignorant of the best method of doing so with success, but because he prefers idleness to industry, and gratuitous support to honest independence.

We respect Lord Clarendon's talents, and admire the honesty with which he has set about discharging the high and arduous duties of his office: but we tell him that the pacification of Ireland can never be effected by the powers now at his disposal, nor yet by the emasculated measures proposed by the ministry for the adoption of parliament. Neither need he calculate on any assistance in his efforts from the diplomatic devices of

her Majesty's advisers. Lord Minto may carwig the Pope but the Pope's influence is set at defiance by the Irish bishops, when it happens not to be exerted in the furtherance of their own particular views. The present pontiff's predecessor issued his commands, that both priests and prelates should abstain from agitation, and avoid those political festivals where some of their body had covered themselves with such well-merited disgrace; but his encyclical letter was treated as so much waste paper, and had only the effect of increasing the custom it was intended to abolish. The Viceroy can have no hope or expect no succour but from the efficiency of the laws, and their unpromising administration. Military tribunals must be substituted for civil ones. No juror in the present state of the country will hazard his personal safety by the due discharge of his duties, when he sees no chance of obtaining adequate protection. Summary justice must supersede the ordinary law's delay; immediate punishment must follow upon conviction; agitation of every kind must be suppressed; and the disturbers of the public peace must be dragged forth and made amenable for their crime, whether they be found beneath the smock frock of the peasant, or the cassock of the priest.

## BLACKWOOD AND COPYRIGHT IN AMERICA.

In connexion with an article in this Number from our able American contributor, it may be interesting to the readers of *Maga* to be informed of her precise position at present on the other side of the Atlantic, where she is figuring as the champion of the rights of authors, and the leader of an important revolution in literature.

Whether we consider the claims of literary men to the property of their works as founded on inherent right, to be controlled only by the superior good of the community,—or as supported by a mixture of moral and equitable considerations, having reference to the reward and encouragement of learning and talent, it is undeniable that, without some protection of this kind, the fairer and better productions of literature will fail, and their place be occupied by a rank and unwholesome growth, offensive to the senses and noxious to social life. Even the selfish and short-sighted policy of our American brethren, which, in extending the privilege of copyright to their own countrymen, has denied it to foreigners, is found to operate in the most prejudicial manner upon their native literature; as no American publisher is likely to pay its due price for any composition of domestic genius, when he can please his customers and fill his pocket by reprinting, without any remuneration to the author, the most successful productions of the British press. The repression of such a system of piracy in America, would benefit alike the foreigner, whose copyright is thus pilfered, and the American man of letters whose talent is borne down by so di-advantageous a competition.

The publishers of the *Magazine* had for many years been aware that a cheap American reprint of the work was in regular circulation to a very large extent and they were naturally desirous to put an end to such an injustice.\* While they were turning their attention to

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\* It may be worth while to insert here a copy of the American advertisement of the April Number, in which a denunciation of American piracy, which had been inserted in an article on the "Model Republic," is actually put forward as a *puff* of the reprint.

**Blackwood's Magazine**

FOR APRIL, will be published TO MORROW MORNING.

## CONTENTS.

- I. Cromwell.
- II. Lays and Legends of the Thames. Part III.
- III. Letters on the Truths contained in Popular Superstitions, No. 2—Vampirism. No. 3—Spirits, Goblins, Ghosts.
- IV. A New Sentimental Journey.
- V. The Fighting Eighty-Eighth.
- VI. Lord Sidmouth's Life and Time.
- VII. How they manage Matters in the Model Republic.
- VIII. Horæ Catalinæ—No. 2.
- IX. Lessons from the Famine.

Extract from the article on the "Model Republic":—

"When these malignant pages arrive in New York, every inhabitant of that good city will abuse us heartily, except our publisher. But great will be the joy of that furious individual, as he speculates in secret on the increased demand of his agonized public. Immediately he will put forth an advertisement, notifying the men of 'Gotham' that he has on board a fresh sample of British Insolence, and hinting that, although he knows they care nothing about such things, the forthcoming piracy of *Maga* will be on the most extensive scale."

Price of BLACKWOOD, 3 dol. a-year. Single numbers 25 cents.

L. SCOTT & CO. Publishers,

112 Fulton Street.

the subject, they received in the early part of the past year, a communication from an American gentleman, suggesting as an effectual means of redress, the insertion in the Magazine, from time to time, of an article from a native or naturalized citizen of the United States, who should establish a copyright in his own person, or that of an assignee, and thus either protect the whole work or compel the publishers of the pirated edition to reprint it in an imperfect form, such as would materially check their success, and, in either way, break up the system.

The tone and talent of this communication seemed to the publishers to recommend their correspondent as himself well qualified to lead the way in this most righteous enterprise, and the result was, the appearance in the October number of the article "Maga in America," which has been highly relished on both sides of the Atlantic. Of this article a proof was despatched to Mr Jay, a solicitor of eminence in New York, who, with the utmost promptitude, registered the copyright in his own name, and, presenting himself to Messrs Scott, the reprinters, inquired if they were about to publish the Magazine, as usual, that month, as he thought it right to inform them that, by so doing, they would be placed in a delicate position. On hearing an explanation, Messrs Scott were considerably taken aback, and, although unwilling to acknowledge that the game was up, they seemed to have a painful consciousness that such was the case. The negotiation terminated in the meantime, in their agreeing, after various letters, and not a little conversation, to pay a sum as copyright, before they issued the October number, and a like amount for each succeeding number, until a further arrangement were made. It would have been very easy for the proprietors to have brought the reprinters under heavy responsibilities, by giving them no hint of their movements, and allowing the October number to be published as usual, when Messrs Scott would have become liable to a severe penalty for every copy sold. This was not done, as no blame is attached personally to Messrs Scott, who have merely acted under a bad system, in which any one publisher might think himself free to seize an advantage which was open to all.

This movement has been most cordially welcomed by the American press, and it will be a source of great pleasure and pride to the Messrs Blackwood if the step they have taken should in any degree, however humble, assist in establishing an international copyright, which alone can effectually check a system of reprinting which is ruinous to American authors, and only very moderately profitable to American publishers, who are compelled, by the fear of rival reprints, to sell at a price which leaves a narrow margin of profit, even with no expense but paper and print. They are also in their turn afflicted with a host of smaller weekly pirates, who select the best, or at least the most attractive articles from all the periodicals, and serve them up in a cheap form, not without seasoning sometimes of a very questionable character both in taste and in morals.

The more operose contemporaries of Maga will learn with some surprise—whether pleasant or painful, it would be presumptuous to say—that the buoyancy of her contents seems to be used to float off a few hundred copies of their ponderous productions, which might otherwise be stranded without help or hope. It appears that subscribers are obtained to no less than four quarterly publications, by the inducement that, on such condition, they will receive *Blackwood* at two-thirds of the price.

*Edinburgh, January 1, 1843.*

# BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

NO. CCCLXXXVIII.

FEBRUARY, 1848.

VOL. LXIII.

## THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

RUSSIA is the most extraordinary country on the globe, in the four most important particulars of empire,—its history, its extent, its population, and its power.

It has for Europe another interest,—the interest of alarm, the evidence of an ambition which has existed for a hundred and fifty years, and has never paused; an increase of territory which has never suffered the slightest casualty of fortune; the most complete security against the retaliation of European war; and a government at once despotic and popular; exhibiting the most boundless authority in the sovereign, and the most bodiless submission in the people: a mixture of habitual obedience, and divine homage: the reverence to a monarch, with almost the prostration to a divinity.

Its history has another superb anomaly: Russia gives the most memorable instance in human annals, of the powers which lie within the mind of individual man. Peter the Great was not the restorer, or the reformer of Russia: he was its moral creator. He found it, not as Augustus found Rome, according to the famous adage, "brick, and left it marble:" he found it a living swamp, and left it covered with the fertility of laws, energy, and knowledge: he found it Asiatic, and left it European: he removed it as far from Scythia, as if he had placed

the diameter of the globe between: he found it not brick, but mire, and he transformed a region of huts into the magnificence of empire.

Russia first appears in European history in the middle of the ninth century. Its climate and its soil had till then retained it in primitive barbarism. The sullenness of its winter had prevented invasion by civilised nations, and the nature of its soil, one immense plain, had given full scope to the roving habits of its half-famished tribes. The great invasions which broke down the Roman empire, had drained away the population from the north, and left nothing but remnants of clans behind. Russia had no Sea, by which she might send her bold savages to plunder or to trade with Southern and Western Europe. And, while the man of Scandinavia was subduing kingdoms, or carrying back spoil to his northern crags and lakes, the Russian remained, like the bears of his forest, in his cavern during the long winter of his country; and even when the summer came, was still but a melancholy savage, living like the bear upon the roots and fruits of his ungenial soil.

It was to one of those Normans, who, instead of steering his bark towards the opulence of the south, turned his dreary adventure to the north, that Russia owed her first connexion with intelligent mankind.

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*Secret History of the Court and Government of Russia, under the Emperors Alexander and Nicholas.* By H. SCHNITZLER. Two vols. Bentley: London.

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The people of Novgorod, a people of traders, finding themselves overpowered by their barbarian neighbours, solicited the aid of Ruric, a Baltic chieftain, and, of course, a pirate and a robber. The name of the Norman had earned old renown in the north. Ruric came, rescued the city, but paid himself by the seizure of the surrounding territory, and founded a kingdom, which he transmitted to his descendants, and which lasted until the middle of the sixteenth century.

In the subsequent reign we see the effect of the northern pillage: and an expedition, in the style of the Baltic exploits, was sent to plunder Constantinople. This expedition consisted of two thousand canoes, with eighty thousand men on board. The expedition was defeated, for the Greeks had not yet sunk into the degeneracy of later times. They fought stoutly for their capital, and roasted the pirates in their own canoes, by showers of the famous "Greek fire."

Those invasions, however, were tempting to the idleness and poverty, or to the avarice and ambition of the Russians: and Constantinople continued to be the great object of cupidity and assault, for three hundred years. But the city of Constantine was destined to fall to a mightier conqueror.

Still, the northern barbarian had now learned the road to Greece, and the intercourse was mutually beneficial. Greece found daring allies in her old plunderers, and in the eleventh century she gave the Grand-duke Vladimir a wife, in the person of Anna, sister of the emperor Basil II; a gift made more important by its being accompanied by his conversion to Christianity.

A settled succession is the great secret of royal peace: but among those bold riders of the desert, nothing was ever settled, save by the sword; and the first act of all the sons, on the decease of their father, was, to slaughter each other; until the contest was settled in their graves, and the last survivor quietly ascended the throne.

But war, on a mightier scale than the Russian Steppes had ever wit-

nessed, was now rolling over Central Asia. The cavalry of Genghiz Khan, which came, not in squadrons; but in nations, and charged, not like troops, but like thunderclouds, began to pour down upon the valley of the Wolga. Yet the conquest of Russia was not to be added to the triumphs of the great Tartar chieftain; a mightier conqueror stopped him on his way, and the Tartar died.

His son Tonsi, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, burst over the frontier at the head of half a million of horsemen. The Russian princes, hastily making up their quarrels, advanced to meet the invader; but their army was instantly trampled down, and, before the middle of the century, all the provinces, and all the cities of Russia, were the prey of the men of the wilderness. Novgorod alone escaped.

The history of this great city would be highly interesting, if it were possible now to recover its details. It was the chief depot of the northern Asiatic commerce with Europe; it had a government, laws, and privileges of its own, with which it suffered not even the Khan of the Tartars to interfere. Its population amounted to four hundred thousand—then nearly equal to the population of a kingdom. In the thirteenth century it connected itself still more effectively with European commerce, by becoming a member of the Hansatic League: and the wonder and pride of the Russians were expressed in the well-known half-profane proverb, "Who can resist God, and the great Novgorod?"

There is always something almost approaching to picturesque grandeur in the triumphs of barbarism. The Turk, until he was fool enough to throw away the turban, was the most showy personage in the world. The Arabs, under Mahomet, were the most stately of warriors, and the Spanish Moors threw all the pomp, and even all the romance, of Europe into the shade. Even the chiefs of the "Golden Horde" seemed to have had as picturesque a conception of supremacy as the Saracen. Their only city was a vast camp, in the plains between the Caspian and the Wolga; and while they left the provinces in

the hands of the native princes, and enjoyed themselves in the manlier sports of hunting through the plains and mountains, they commanded that every vassal prince should attend at the imperial tent to receive permission to reign, or perhaps to live; and that, even when they sent their Tartar collectors to receive the tribute, the Russian princes should lead the Tartar's horse by the bridle, and give him a feed of oats out of their *cap of state!*

But another of those sweeping devastators, one of those gigantic executioners, who seem to have been sent from time to time to punish the horrible profligacies of Asia, now rose upon the north. Timour Khan, the Tamerlane of European story, the Invincible, the Lord of the Tartar World, rushed with his countless troops upon the sovereignties of Western Asia. This universal conqueror crushed the Tartar dynasty of Russia, and then burst away, like an inundation, to overwhelm other lands. But the native Russians again made head against their Tartar masters, and a century and a half of sanguinary warfare followed, with various fortunes, and without any other result than blood.

Without touching on topics exclusively religious, it becomes a matter of high interest to mark the vengeance, furies, and massacres, of heathenism, in every age of the world. Yet while we believe, and have such resistless reason to believe, in the Providential government, what grounds can be discovered for this sufferance of perpetual horrors? For this we have one solution, and but one: stern as the inflictions are, may they not be in mercy? may not the struggles of barbarian life be permitted, simply to retard the headlong course of barbarian corruption? may there not be excesses of wickedness, extremes of national vice, an accumulation of offences against the laws of moral nature, (which are the original laws of Heaven,) actually incompatible with the Divine mercy? Nothing can be clearer to the understanding, than that there are limits which the Divine Being has prescribed to his endurance of the guilt of man, and prescribed doubtless for

the highest objects of general mercy; as there are offences which, by human laws, are incompatible with the existence of society.

The crimes of the world before the flood were evidently of an intense iniquity, which precluded the possibility of purification; and thus it became necessary to extinguish a race, whose continued existence could only have corrupted every future generation of mankind.

War, savage feuds, famines, and pestilences, may have been only Divine expedients to save the world from another accumulation of intolerable iniquity, by depriving nations of the power of utter self-destruction, by thinning their numbers, by compelling them to feel the miseries of mutual aggression, and even by reducing them to that degree of poverty which supplied the most effective antidote to their total corruption.

Still, those sufferings were punishments, but punishments fully earned by their fierce passions, savage propensities, remorseless cruelties, and general disobedience of that natural law of virtue, which, earlier even than Judaism or Christianity, the Eternal had implanted in the heart of his creatures.

In the fifteenth century Russia began to assume a form. Ivan III. broke off the vassalage of Russia to the "Golden Horde." He had married Sophia, the niece of the Greek emperor, to which we may attribute his civilisation; and he received the embassies of Germany, Venice, and Rome, at Moscow. His son, Ivan IV., took Novgorod, which he ruined, and continued to fight the Poles and Tartars until he died. His son Ivan, in the middle of the sixteenth century, was crowned by the title of Czar, formed the first standing army of Russia, named the *Strélitzes*, and established a code of laws. In 1598, by the death of the Czar Feodor without children, the male line of Ruric, which had held the throne for seven hundred and thirty-six years, and under fifty-six sovereigns, became extinct.

Another dynasty of remarkable distinction ascended the throne in the beginning of the seventeenth century. Michael Romanoff, descended

from the line of Ruric by the female side, was declared Czar. His son Alexis was the father of Peter the Great, who, with his brother Ivan, was placed on the throne at the decease of their father, but both under the guardianship of the Princess Sophia. But the Princess, who was the daughter of Alexis, exhibiting an intention to seize the crown for herself, a revolution took place in 1689, in which the Princess was sent to a convent. Ivan, who was imbecile in mind and body, surrendered the throne, and Peter became sole sovereign of Russia.

The accession of Peter began the last and greatest period of Russian history. Though a man of fierce passions and barbarian habits, he had formed a high conception of the value of European arts, chiefly through an intelligent Genevese, Lefort, who had been his tutor.

The first object of the young emperor was to form an army; his next was to construct a fleet. But both operations were too slow for his rapidity of conception; and, in 1697, he travelled to Holland and England for the purpose of learning the art of ship-building. He was forced to return to Russia after an absence of two years, by the revolt of the Strelitzes in favour of the Princess Sophia. The Strelitzes were disbanded and slaughtered, and Peter felt himself a monarch for the first time.

The cession of Azof by the Turks, at the peace of Carlowitz in 1699, gave him a port on the Black Sea. But the Baltic acted on him like a spell; and, to obtain an influence on its shores, he hazarded the ruin of his throne.

Sweden, governed by Charles XII., was then the first military power of the north. The fame of Gustavus Adolphus in the German wars, had given the Swedes the example and the renown of their great king; and Charles, bold, reckless, and half-mad, despising the feebleness of Russia, had turned his arms against Denmark and Poland. But the junction of Russia with the "Northern League" only gave him a new triumph. He fell upon the Russian army, and broke it up on the memorable field of Narva, in 1700.

Peter still proceeded with his original vigour. St Petersburg was founded in 1703. The war was prosecuted for six years, until the Russian troops obtained a degree of discipline which enabled them to meet the Swedes on equal terms. In 1708, Charles was defeated in the memorable battle of Pultowa. His army was utterly ruined, and himself forced to take refuge in Turkey. Peter was now at the head of northern power. Frederic Augustus was placed on the throne of Poland by the arms of Russia, and from this period Poland was under Russian influence.

Peter now took the title of "Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias." In 1716 he again travelled in Europe. In 1723 he obtained the provinces on the Caspian, by an attack on Persia. But his vigorous, ambitious, and singularly successful career was now come to a close. The death of a Russian prince is seldom attributed to the course of nature; and Peter died at the age of fifty-two, a time when the bodily powers are still undecayed, and the mental are in the highest degree of activity. The day, still recorded by the Russians with the interest due to his extraordinary career, was the 28th of January 1725. In thirty-six years he had raised Russia from obscurity to a rank with the oldest powers of Europe.

We hasten to the close of this sketch, and pass by the complicated successions from the death of Peter to the reign of the Empress Catherine.

The Russian army had made their first appearance in Germany, in consequence of a treaty with Maria Theresa; and their bravery in the "Seven Years' War," in the middle of the last century, established their distinction for soldiership.

Peter III. withdrew from the Austrian alliance, and concluded peace with Prussia. But his reign was not destined to be long. At once weak in intellect, and profligate in habits, he offended and alarmed his empress, by personal neglect, and by threats of sending her to a convent. Catherine, a German, and not accustomed to the submissiveness of Russian wives, formed a party against him. The people were on her side; and, what was of more importance, the Guards

declared for her. An insurrection took place; the foolish Czar, after a six months' reign, was dethroned July 1762, was sent to a prison, and within a week was no more. The Russians assigned his death to poison, to strangulation, or to some other species of atrocity. Europe talked for a while of the "Russian Tragedy!" but the emperor left no regrets behind him; and "Catherina, Princess of Anhalt Zerb-t," handsome, young, accomplished, and splendid, ascended a throne of which her subjects were proud; which collected round it the elite of Germany, its philosophers and soldiers; which the empress connected with the *beaux esprits* of France, and the orators and statesmen of England; and which, during her long, prosperous, and ambitious reign, united the pomp of Asia with the brilliancy and power of Europe. The shroud of the Czar was speedily forgotten, in the embroidered robe which Catherine threw over the empire.

But the greatest crime of European annals was committed in this bold and triumphant reign. Russia, Prussia, and Austria, tempted by the helplessness of Poland, formed a league to seize upon portions of its territory; and the partition of 1772 took place, to the utter astonishment of Europe, but with scarcely a remonstrance from its leading powers.

Poland had so long been contented to receive its sovereign from Russia, its religious disputes had so utterly weakened the people, its nobility were so profligate, and its peasantry were so poor, that it had lost all the sinews of national defence. It therefore fell an easy prey; and only waited, like a slave in the market, till the bargain for its sale was complete.

In 1793, a second partition was effected. In the next year, the Polish troops took up arms under the celebrated Kosciusko; but the Russians advanced on Warsaw with a force which defied all resistance. Warsaw was stormed, twenty thousand gallant men were slain in its defence, Suwarroff was master of the unfortunate capital; and, in 1795, the third and last partition extinguished the kingdom.

Having performed this terrible exploit, which was to be as terribly

avenged, the career of Catherine was closed. She died suddenly in 1796.

Paul, her son, ascended the throne, which he held for five years; a mixture of the imbecility of his father, and the daring spirit of his mother. Zealous for the honour of Russia, yet capricious as the winds, he first made war upon the French Republic, and then formed a naval league to destroy the maritime supremacy of England. This measure was his ruin; England was the old ally of Russia,—France was the new enemy. The nation hated the arrogance and the atheism of France, and resolved on the overthrow of the Czar. In Russia the monarch is so far removed from his people, that he has no refuge among them in case of disaster. Paul was believed to be mad, and madness, on a despotic throne, justly startles a nation. A band of conspirators broke into his palace at midnight, strangled the master of fifty millions of men, and the nation, at morning, was in a tumult of joy:

His son, Alexander, ascended the throne amid universal acclamation. His first act was peace with England. In 1805, his troops joined the Austrian army, and bore their share in the sufferings of the campaign of Austerlitz. The French invasion of Poland, in two years after, the desperate drawn battle of Eylau, and the disaster of Friedland, led to the peace of Tilsit. Alexander then joined the Continental system of Napoleon; but this system was soon found to be so ruinous to Russian commerce, as to be intolerable. Napoleon, already marked for downfall, was rejoiced to take advantage of the Russian reluctance, and instantly marched across the Polish frontier, at the head of a French and allied army amounting to the astonishing number of five hundred thousand men.

Infatuation was now visible in every step of his career. Instead of organising Poland into a kingdom, which would have been a place of retreat in case of disaster; and, whether in disaster or victory, would have been a vast national fortification against the advance of Russia, he left it behind him; and, instead of waiting for the return of spring, commenced his campaign on the verge of winter, in the land of winter itself, and madly ran

all the hazards of invading a boundless empire of which he knew nothing, of which the people were brave, united, and attached to their sovereign; and of which, if the armies had fled like deer, the elements would have fought the battle.

Napoleon was now *infatuated* in all things, infatuated in his diplomacy at Moscow, and infatuated in the rashness, the hurry, and the confusion of his retreat. His army perished by brigades and divisions. On the returning spring, three hundred thousand men were found buried in the snow; all his spoil was lost, his veteran troops were utterly destroyed, his fame was tarnished, and his throne was shaken.

He was followed into France by the troops of Russia and Germany. In 1814, the British army under Wellington crossed the Pyrenees, and liberated the southern provinces of France. In the same year, the Austrian, Prussian, and Russian armies marched to Paris, captured the capital, and expelled Napoleon. The battle of Waterloo, in the year after, destroyed the remnant of his legions in the field, threw him into the hands of the British government, and exiled him to St Helena; where he remained a British prisoner until he died.

Alexander died in 1825, at the age of forty-eight, and, leaving no sons, was succeeded by his brother Nicholas, the third son of Paul—Constantine having resigned his claims to the throne. We pass over, for the moment, the various events of the present imperial reign. Its policy has been constantly turned to the acquisition of territory; and that policy has been always successful. The two great objects of all Russian cabinets, since the days of Constantine, have been the possession of Turkey and the command of the Mediterranean. Either would inevitably produce a universal war; and while we deprecate so tremendous a calamity to the world, and rely on the rational and honorable qualities of the Emperor, to rescue both Russia and Europe from so desperate a struggle, we feel that it is only wise to be prepared for all the contingencies that may result from the greatest mass of power that the world has ever seen, moved by a despotic will,

and that will itself subject to the common caprices of the mind of man.

The volumes to which we shall now occasionally refer, are written by an intelligent observer, who began his study of Russia by an office under her government, and who has, since that period, been occupied in acquiring additional knowledge of her habits, finances, population, and general system of administration. A Frenchman by birth, but a German by descent, he in a very considerable degree unites the descriptive dexterity of the one with the grave exactness of the other. His subject is of the first importance to European politicians, and he seems capable of giving them the material of sound conclusions.

The author commences with the reign of Alexander, and gives a just panegyric to the kindness of his disposition, the moderation of his temper, and his sincere desire to promote the happiness of his people. Nothing but this disposition could have saved him from all the vices of ambition, profligacy, and irreligion; for his tutor was La Harpe, one of the savans of the Swiss school, a man of accomplishment and talent, but a scoffier. But the English reader should be reminded, that when men of this rank of ability are pronounced hostile to religion, their hostility was not to the principles of Christianity, but to the religion of France; to the performances of the national worship, to the burlesque miracles wrought at the tomb of the Abbé Paris, and to that whole system of human inventions and monkish follies, which was as much disbelieved in France as it was disdained in England.

In fact, the religion of the gospel had never come into their thoughts; and when they talked of revelation, they thought only of the breviary. The Empress Catherine, finding no literature in Russia, afraid, or ashamed of being known as a German, and extravagantly fond of fame, attached herself to the showy pamphleteers of France, and courted every gale of French adulation in return. She even corresponded personally with some of the French *litterateurs*, and was French in every thing except living in St Petersburg, and wearing the Russian diadem. She was even so

much the slave of fashion as to adopt, or pretend to adopt, the fantasies in government which the French were now beginning to mingle with their fantasies in religion.

She wrote thus to Zimmerman, the author of the dreamy and dreary work on "Solitude," "I have been attached to philosophy, because my soul has always been singularly republican. I confess that this tendency stands in strange contrast with the unlimited power of my place."

If the quiet times of Europe had continued, and France had exhibited the undisturbed pomps of her ancient court, Alexander would probably have been a Frenchman and *philosophe* on the banks of the Neva; but stirring times were to give him more rational ideas, and the necessities of Russia reclaimed him from the absurdities of his education.

La Harpe himself was a man of some distinction—a Swiss, though thoroughly French and revolutionary. After leaving Russia, he became prominent, even in France, as an abettor of republican principles, and was one of the members of the Swiss Directory. La Harpe survived the Revolution, the Empire, and the Bourbons, and died in 1838.

The commencement of Alexander's reign was singularly popular, for it began with treaties on every side. Paul, who had sent a challenge to all the sovereigns of Europe to fight him in person, had alarmed his people with the prospect of a universal war. Alexander was the universal pacificator: he made peace with England, peace with France, and a commercial treaty with Sweden. He now seemed resolved to avoid all foreign wars, to keep clear of European politics, and to devote all his thoughts to the improvement of his empire. Commencing this rational and meritorious task with zeal, he narrowed the censorship of the press, and enlarged the importation of foreign works. He broke up the system of espionage—formed a Council of State—reduced the taxes—abolished the punishment by torture—refused to make grants of peasants—constituted the Senate into a high court of justice divided into departments, in order to remedy the slowness of law proceedings—

established universities and schools—allowed every subject to choose his own profession; and, as the most important and characteristic of all his reforms, allowed his nobility to sell portions of land to their serfs, with the right of personal freedom: by this last act laying the foundation of a new and free race of proprietors in Russia.

The abolition of serfdom was a great experiment, whose merits the serfs themselves scarcely appreciated, but which is absolutely necessary to any elevation of the national character. It has been always opposed by the nobles, who regard it as the actual plunder of their inheritance; but Alexander honourably exhibited his more humane and rational views on the subject, whenever the question came within his decision.

A nobleman of the highest rank had requested an estate "with its serfs," as an imperial mark of favour. Alexander wrote to him in this style: "The peasants of Russia are for the most part *slaves*. I need not expatiate on the degradation, or on the misfortune of such a condition. Accordingly, I have made a vow not to increase the number: and to this end I have laid down the principle *not* to give away peasants as property."

The Emperor sometimes did striking things in his private capacity. A princess of the first rank applied to him to protect her husband from his creditors, intimating that "the emperor was above the law."

Alexander answered, "I do not wish, madam, to put myself above the law, even if I could, for in all the world I do not recognise any authority but that which comes from the law. On the contrary, I feel more than any one else the obligation of watching over its observance, and even in cases where others may be indulgent, I can only be just."

The French war checked all those projects of improvement; and the march of his troops to the aid of Austria in 1805, commenced a series of hostilities, which, for seven years, occupied the resources of the empire, and had nearly subverted his throne. But he behaved bravely throughout the contest. When Austria was beaten and signed a treaty, Alexander refused

to join in the negotiation. When Prussia, under the influence of counsels at once rash and negligent—too slow to aid Austria, and too feeble to encounter France—was preparing to resist Napoleon in 1805, Alexander, Frederic William, and his queen Louisa, made a visit by torch-light to the tomb of Frederic the Great in Potsdam; and there, on their knees, the two monarchs joined their hands over the tomb, and pledged themselves to stand by each other to the last.

When Prussia was defeated, Alexander still fought two desperate battles; and it was not until the advance of the French made him dread the rising of Poland in his rear, that he made peace in 1802.

At this peace, he was charged with bartering his principles for the extension of his dominions by the seizure of Turkey, and even of the extravagance of dividing the world with Napoleon. But these charges were never proved.

We, too, have our theory, and it is, that the fear of seeing Poland in insurrection alone compelled Alexander to submit to the treaty of Tilsit; but that he felt all the insolence of the French Emperor, in demanding the closing of the Russian ports against England; and felt the treaty as a chain, which he was determined to break on the first provocation. We think it probable that the knowledge of the "secret articles" of that treaty was conveyed from the Russian Court to England; and, without pretending to know from what direct hand it came, we believe that the seizure of the Danish fleet, which was the immediate result of that knowledge, was as gratifying to Alexander as it was to the English cabinet, notwithstanding the diplomatic wrath which it pleased him to affect on that memorable occasion.

But other times were ripening. It has been justly observed, that the Spanish war was the true origin of Napoleon's ruin. He perished by his own perfidy. The resistance of Spain awoke the resistance of Europe. All Germany, impoverished by French plunder, and indignant at French insults, longed to rise in arms. The Russians then boldly demanded the emancipation of their commerce, and

issued a relaxed tariff in 1811. British vessels then began to crowd the Russian ports. Napoleon was indignant and threatened. Alexander was offended, and remonstrated. The French Emperor instantly launched one of his fiery proclamations; declared that the House of Romanoff was undone; and, on the 24th of June 1812, threw his mighty army across the Niemen.

We pass over the events of that memorable war as universally known; but justice is not done to the Russian emperor, unless we recollect how large a portion of the liberation of Europe was due to his magnanimity. To refuse obedience to the commercial tyranny of Napoleon, where it menaced the ruin of his people, was an act of personal magnanimity, for it inevitably exposed his throne and life to the hazards of war with a universal conqueror. On the declaration of war, he determined to join his armies in the field, another act of magnanimity, which was prevented only by the remonstrance of his generals, who represented to him the obstacles which must be produced by the presence of the emperor. But, when the invasion of France was resolved on, and negotiations might require his presence, he was instantly in the camp; and was of the highest importance to the final success of the campaign. He threw vigour into the councils of the Austrian generalissimo, and, with the aid of the British ambassador, actually urged and effected the "March to Paris."

In Paris, however, his magnanimity was unfortunate, his generosity was misplaced, his chivalric feelings had to deal with craft, and his reliance on the pledges of Napoleon ultimately cost Europe one of the bloodiest of its campaigns. A wiser policy would have given Napoleon over to the dungeon, or sent him before a military tribunal, as he had sent the unfortunate Duc d'Enghien, with not the thousandth part of the reason or the necessity, and the peace of the Continent would thus have been secured at once. But a more theatrical policy prevailed. The promises of a man who had never kept a promise were taken; the stimulant of an

imperial title was kept up, when he ought to have been stripped of all honours; an independent revenue was issued to him, which was sure to be expended in bribing the officials and soldiery of France; and, by the last folly of a series of generous absurdities, Napoleon was placed in the very spot which he himself would have chosen, and probably *did* choose, for the centre of a correspondence between the corruption of Italy and the corruption of France.

The result was predicted by every politician of Europe, except the politicians of the Tuileries. France was speedily prepared for revolt; the army had their tricoloured cockades in their knapsacks. The Bourbons, who thought that the world was to be governed by going to mass, were forced to flee at midnight. Napoleon drove into the capital, with all the traitors of the army and the councils clinging to his wheels, cost France another "March to Paris," the loss of another veteran army, and himself another exile, where he was sent to linger out his few wretched and humiliated years in the African Ocean.

The Holy Alliance was the first conception of Alexander on the return of peace. It died too suddenly to exhibit either its good or its evil. It has been calumniated, because it has been misunderstood. But it seems to have been a noble conception. France, which laughs at every thing, laughed at the idea of ruling Europe on principles of honour. Germany, which is always wrapped in a republican doze, reprobated a project which seemed to secure the safety of thrones by establishing honour as a principle. And England, then governed by a cabinet doubtful of public feeling, and not less doubtful of foreign integrity, shrank from all junction with projects which she could not control, and with governments in which she would not confide. Thus the Holy Alliance perished. Still, the conception was noble. Its only fault was, that it was applied to men before men had become angels.

The author of the volumes now before us is evidently a republican one—of the "Movement"—one of that class who would first stimulate mankind into

restlessness, and then pronounce the restlessness to be a law of nature. Metternich is of course his bugbear, and the policy of Austria is to him the policy of the "kingdom of darkness." But, if there is no wiser maxim than "to judge of the tree by its fruits," how much wiser has that great statesman been than all the bustling innovators of his day, and how much more substantial is that policy by which he has kept the Austrian empire in happy and grateful tranquillity, while the Continent has been convulsed around him!

No man knows better than Prince Metternich, the shallowness, and even the shabbiness, of the partisans of overthrow, their utter incapacity for rational freedom, the utter perfidy of their intentions, and the selfish villany of their objects. He knows, as every man of sense knows, that those Solons and Catos of revolution are composed of lawyers without practice, traders without business, ruined gamblers, and the whole swarm of characterless and contemptible idlers, who infest all the cities of Europe. He knows from full experience that the object of such men is, *not* to procure rights for the people, but to compel governments to buy their silence; that their only idea of liberty, is liberty of pillage; and that, with them, revolution is only an expedient for rapine and a license for revenge. Therefore he puts them down; he stifles their declamation by the scourge, he curbs their theories by the dungeon, he cools their political fever by banishing them from the land; and thus governing Austria for nearly the last forty years, he has kept it free from popular violence, from republican ferocity, from revolutionary bloodshed, and from the infinite wretchedness, poverty, and shame, which smites a people exposed to the swindling of political impostors.

Thus, Austria is peaceful and powerful, while Spain is shattered by conspiracy; while Portugal lives, protected from herself only under the guns of the British fleet; while Italy is committing its feeble mischiefs, and frightening its opera-hunting potentates out of their senses; while every petty province of Germany has its beer-drinking conspirators; and while



the French king guards himself by bastions and batteries, and cannot take an evening's drive without fear of the blunderbuss, or lay his head on his pillow without the chance of being awakened by the roar of insurrection. These are the "fruits of the tree;" but it is only to be lamented that the same sagacity and vigour, the same determination of character, and the same perseverance in principle, are not to be found in every cabinet of Europe. We should then hear no more of revolutions.

The life of the Russian emperor was a cloudy one. The external splendour of royalty naturally captivates the eye, but the realities of the diadem are often melancholy. It would be scarcely possible to conceive a loftier preparative for human happiness than that which surrounds the throne of the Russians. Alexander married early. A princess of Baden was chosen for him, by the irresistible will of Catherine, at a period when he himself was incapable of forming any choice. He was married at sixteen, his wife being one year younger. He never had a son, but he had two daughters, who died. And the distractions of the campaign of Moscow, which must have been a source of anxiety to any man in Russia, were naturally felt by the emperor in proportion to the immense stake which he had in the safety of the country.

For some years after the fall of Napoleon, Alexander was deeply engaged in a variety of anxious negotiations in Germany, and subsequently, he was still more deeply agitated by the failing constitution of the empress. The physicians had declared that her case was hopeless if she remained in Russia, and advised her return to her native air. But she, in the spirit of romance, replied, that the wife of the Emperor of Russia must not die but within his dominions. The Crimea was then proposed, as the most genial climate. But the emperor decided on Taganrog, a small town on the sea of Azof, but at the tremendous distance of nearly fifteen hundred miles from St Petersburg.

The present empress has been wiser, for, abandoning the romance, she spent her winter in Naples, where she seems to have recovered her health. The

climate of Taganrog, though so far to the south, is unfavourable, and in winter it is exposed to the terrible winds which sweep across the desert, unobstructed from the pole. But Alexander determined to attend to her health there himself, and preceded her by some days to make preparations. A strange and singularly depressing ceremony preceded his departure. For some years he had been liable to melancholy impressions on the subject of religion. The Greek church, which differs little from the Romish, except in refusing allegiance to the bishop of Rome, abounds in formalities, some stately, and some severe. Alexander, educated under the Swiss, who could not have taught him more of Christianity than was known by a French *philosophe*, and having only the dangerous morals of the Russian court for his practical guide, suffered himself, when in Paris, to listen to the mystical absurdities of the well-known Madame de Krudener, and from that time became a mystic. He had the distorted dreams and the heavy reveries, and talked the unintelligible theories which the Germans talk by the fumes of their meerschaums, and propagate by the vapours of their swamps. He lost his activity of mind; and if he had lived a few years longer, he would probably have finished his career in a cell, and died, like Charles V., an idiot, in the "odour of sanctity."

The preparation for his journey had the colouring of that superstition which already began to cloud his mind.

It was his custom, in his journeys from St Petersburg, to start from the cathedral of "Our Lady of Kasan." But on this occasion, he gave notice to the Greek bishop, that he should require him to chant a service at four o'clock in the morning, at the monastery of St Alexander Newski, in the full assembly of ecclesiastics, at which he would be present.

On this occasion every thing took an ominous shape, in the opinion of the people. They said that the service chanted was the service for the dead, though the official report stated that it was the *Te Deum*. The monastery of St Alexander Newski is surrounded by the chief cemetery of

St Petersburg, where various members of the reigning family, who had not worn the crown, were interred, and among them the two infant daughters of the emperor. The popular report was, that the ecclesiastics wore mourning robes; but this is contradicted, whether truly or not, by the official report, which states that they wore vestures of crimson worked with gold.

Just at dawn the emperor came alone in his calèche, not even attended by a servant. The outer gates were then carefully reclosed, the mass was said, the old prelate gave him a crucifix to accompany him on his journey, the priests once more chanted their anthem, they then conducted him to the gate, and the ceremonial closed.

But the more curious feature of the scene was to follow.

Seraphim, the old prelate, invited the emperor to his cell, where, when they were alone, he said, "I know your Majesty feels a particular interest in the *Schinnik*." (These are monks who live in the interior of the convents in the deepest solitude, following strictly all the austerities prescribed to their order, and are venerated as saints.) "We for some time have had a *Schinnik* within the walls of the Holy Lavra. Would it be the pleasure of your majesty that, he should be summoned?"—"Be it so," was the reply, and a venerable man, with an emaciated face and figure, entered. Alexander received his blessing, and the monk asked him to visit his cell. Black cloth covered the floor, the walls were painted black, a colossal crucifix occupied a considerable portion of the cell. Benches painted black were ranged around, and the only light was given by the glimmer of a lamp, which burned night and day before the pictures of saints! When the emperor entered, the monk prostrated himself before the crucifix, and said, "Let us pray." The three then knelt and engaged in silent prayer. The emperor whispered to the bishop, "Is this his only cell? where is his bed?" The answer was, "He sleeps upon this floor, stretched before the crucifix."—"No, sire," said the monk, "I have the same bed with every

other man; approach, and you shall see." He then led the emperor into a small recess, screened off from the cell, where, placed upon a table, was a black coffin, half open, containing a shroud, and surrounded by tapers. "Here is *my* bed," said the monk, "a bed common to man; there, sire, we shall all rest in our last long sleep."

The emperor gazed upon the coffin, and the monk gave him an exhortation on the crimes of the people, which, he said, had been restrained by the pestilence, and the war of 1812, but when those two plagues had passed by, had grown worse than ever.

But we must abridge this pious pantomime, which seems evidently to have been *got up* for the occasion, and which would have been enough to dispirit any one who had left his bed at four in the morning in the chill of a Russian September.

The emperor at length left the convent, evidently dejected and depressed by this sort of theatrical anticipation of death and burial, and drove off with his eyes filled with tears.

On his journey he was unattended. He took with him but two aides-de-camp, and his physician, Sir James Wylie, a clever Scotsman, who had been thirty years in the imperial service. The journey was rapid, and without accident, but his mind was still full of omens. A comet had appeared. "It presages misfortune," said the emperor; "but the will of Heaven be done."

The change of air was beneficial to the empress, who reached Taganrog after a journey of three weeks; and the emperor remained with her, paying her great attention, and constantly accompanying her in her rides and drives. The season happened to be mild, and Alexander proposed to visit the Crimea, at the suggestion of Count Woronzoff, governor of the province. This excursion, with all its agreeabilities, was evidently a trying one to a frame already shaken, and a mind harassed by its own feelings. He rode a considerable part of the journey, visited Sebastopol, inspected fortifications in all quarters, received officers, dined with governors, visited places where endemics made

their haunt; ate the delicious, but dangerous fruits of the country, received Muftis and Tartar princes; in short did every thing that he ought not to have done, and finally found himself ill.

He remarked to Sir James Wylie, that his stomach was disordered, and that he had had but little sleep for several nights. The physician recommended immediate medicine, but Alexander was obstinate. "I have no confidence," said he, "in potions; my life is in the hands of Heaven; nothing can stand against its will." But the illness continued, and the emperor began to grow lethargic, and slept much in his carriage. With a rashness which seems to be the prevalent misfortune of sovereigns, he still persisted in defying disease, and suffered himself to be driven every where, visiting all the remarkable points of the Crimea, yet growing day by day more incapable of feeling an interest in any thing. He was at length shivering under intermittent fever, and he hurried back to the empress. On being asked by Prince Volkonski, whom he had left as the manager of his household, what was the state of his health,—"Well enough," was the answer, "except that I have got a touch of the fever of the Crimea." The prince entreated him to take care of his health, and not to treat it as he "would have done when he was twenty years old." On the next day his illness had assumed a determined character, and was declared to be dangerous, and a typhus.

Unfortunately, at this period, an officer of rank arrived with details of one of those conspiracies which had been notoriously on foot for some time. His tidings ought to have been concealed; but sovereigns must hear every thing, and the tidings were communicated to the emperor. He was indignant and agitated. The empress exhibited the most unwearied kindness; but all efforts were now hopeless. On the 1st of December he sank and died.

The blow was felt by the whole empire; during the long journey of four months, from Taganrog to St Petersburg, where the body was interred in the church of St Peter and

St Paul, the people crowded from every part of the adjoining country to follow the funeral; and troops, chiefs, nobles, and the multitude, gave this melancholy ceremonial all the usual pomp of imperial funeral rites, and more than the usual sincerity of national sorrow.

Europe had been so often startled by the assassination of Russian sovereigns, that the death of Alexander was attributed to conspiracy. Ivan, Peter III., and Paul I., had notoriously died by violence. It is perfectly true, that the life of Alexander was threatened, and that his death by the typhus alone saved him from at least attempted assassination. It was subsequently ascertained that his murder had been resolved on; and one of the conspirators, a furious and savage man, rushed into their meeting, exclaiming at the delay which had suffered Alexander to die a natural death, and thus deprived him of the enjoyment of shedding the imperial blood.

The origin of those conspiracies is still among the problems of history. Nothing could be less obnoxious than the personal conduct and character of Alexander. His reign exhibited none of the banishments or the bloodshed of former reigns. He was of a gentle disposition; his habits were manly; and he had shared the glory of the Russian victories. The assassinations of the former sovereigns had assignable motives, though the act must be always incapable of justification. They had perished by intrigues of the palace; but the death of Alexander was the object of a crowd of conspirators widely scattered, scarcely communicating with each other, and united only by the frenzy of revolution.

In the imperfection of the documents hitherto published, we should be strongly inclined to refer the principle of this revolutionary movement to Poland. That unhappy country had been the national sin of Russia; and though Moscow had already paid a severe price for its atonement, from Poland came that restless revenge, which seemed resolved, if it could not shake Russia, at least to embitter the Russian supremacy.

The death of Alexander had disappointed the chief conspirators. But

the conspiracy continued, and the choice of his successor revived all its determination.

The house of Romanoff had received the diadem by a species of election. Michael Romanoff, a descendant of the house of Ruric only by the female line, had been chosen by all the heads of the nation. The law of primogeniture was declared. But Peter the Great, disgusted by the vices or the imbecility of his son Alexis, had changed the law of succession, and enacted, that the sovereign should have the choice of his successor, not even limiting that choice to the royal line. Nothing is so fatal to the peace of a country as an unsettled succession; and this rash and prejudiced change produced all the confusions of Russian history from 1722 to 1797, when the Emperor Paul restored the right of primogeniture in the male line, in failure of which alone was the crown to devolve on the female line. In which case, the throne was to devolve on the princess next in relation to the deceased emperor; and, in case of her dying childless, the other princesses were to follow in the order of relationship. Alexander, in 1807, confirmed the act of Paul, and strengthened it by an additional act in 1820; stating, that the issue of marriages, authorised by the reigning emperor, and those who should themselves contract marriages, authorised by the reigning emperor, should alone possess the right of succession.

Alexander had left three brothers—the Grand-duke Constantine, born in 1779; the Grand-duke Nicholas, born in 1796; and the Grand-duke Michael, born in 1798: two of his surviving sisters had been married, one to the Grand-duke of Saxe-Weimar, and the other to the King of Holland. Thus, according to the law of Russia, Constantine was the next heir to the throne.

The singular commotion which gave so melancholy a prestige of the reign of Nicholas, receives a very full explanation from this author. The Grand-duke Constantine had the countenance of a Calmuck and the manners of a Calmuck. But those were the countenance and manners of his father Paul. The other sons re-

sembled their mother, the Princess of Wirtemberg, a woman of striking appearance and of commanding mind. Constantine was violent, passionate, and insulting; and in his vicereignty of Poland rendered himself unpopular in the extreme. The result was, that Alexander dreaded to leave him as successor to the throne. Constantine, when scarcely beyond boyhood, had been married to one of the princesses of Saxe-Cobourg, not yet fifteen. They soon quarrelled, and at the end of four years finally separated. In two years after, proposals were made to her to return. But she recollected too deeply the vexations of the past, and refused to leave Germany. Constantine now became enamoured of the daughter of a Polish count, and proposed to marry her. The Greek Church is stern on the subject of divorce, but its sternness can give way on due occasion. The consent of the emperor extinguished all its scruples, and Constantine divorced his princess, and married the Polish girl; yet, by that left-handed marriage, which precludes her from inheriting titles or estates. But the emperor shortly after conferred on her the title of Princess of Lowitz, from an estate which he gave her, and both which were capable of descending to her family.

It was subsequently ascertained that, at this period, Alexander had proposed to Constantine the resignation of his right to the throne; either as the price of his consent to the divorce, or from the common conviction of both, that the succession would only bring evil on Constantine and the empire. That Alexander was perfectly disinterested, is only consonant to his manly nature, and that Constantine had come to a wise decision, is equally probable. He knew his own failings, the haste of his temper, his unpopularity, and the offence which he was in the habit of giving to all classes. He probably, also, had a sufficient dread of the fate of his father, whom, as he resembled in every thing else, he might also resemble in his death. His present position fulfilled all the wishes of a man who loved power without responsibility, and enjoyed occupation without relinquishing his ease. The transaction

was complete, and Alexander was tranquillised for the fate of Russia.

When the intelligence of the emperor's death reached St Petersburg, Nicholas attended the meeting of the Senate, to take the oath of allegiance to Constantine. But they determined that their first act should be the reading of a packet, which had been placed in their hands by Alexander, with orders to be opened immediately on his decease. The president broke the seal, and found documents dated in 1822 and 1823, from Constantine, resigning the right of succession, and from Alexander accepting the resignation. Constantine's letter stated thus: "Conscious that I do not possess the genius, the talents, or the strength, necessary to fit me for the dignity of sovereign, to which my birth would give me a right, I entreat your imperial majesty to transfer that right to him to whom it belongs, after me; and thus assure for ever the stability of the empire.

"As to myself, I shall add, by this renunciation, a new guarantee and a new force to the engagement which I spontaneously and solemnly contracted on the occasion of my divorce from my first wife. All the circumstances in which I find myself strengthen my determination to adhere to this resolution, which will prove to the empire and to the whole world the sincerity of my sentiments."

Another of those documents appointed Nicholas as the heir to the throne. The Senate now declared that Nicholas was emperor. But he refused the title, until he had the acknowledgment from Constantine himself, that he had resigned. The suspense continued three weeks. At length the formal renunciation of Constantine was received, Nicholas was emperor, and the day was appointed to receive the oath of allegiance of the great functionaries of the army and of the people. The emperor dated his accession from the day of the death of Alexander, December the 1st, 1825.

The interregnum was honourable to both the brothers; but it had nearly proved fatal to Russia: it unsettled the national feelings, it perplexed the army, and it gave sudden hopes to the conspirators against the throne.

The heads of the conspiracy in St Petersburg were, Sergius, Prince Troubetskoi; Eugene, Prince Obalenskoi, and Conrad Ryleieff. The first was highly connected and highly employed, colonel of the Etat Major, and military governor of Kief. The second was a lieutenant in the imperial guard, poor, but a man of talent and ambition. In Russia all the sons of a prince are princes, which often leaves their rental bare. The third was simply a noble, educated in the corps of cadets, but who had left the army, and had taken the secretaryship of the American company. He was a man of letters, had written some popular poems, and was an enthusiastic republican. Connected with those were some general officers and colonels, whose revolutionary spirit might chiefly be traced to their expulsion from employment, military disgrace, or disappointed ambition. The Russian campaigns in France, and the residence of the army of occupation, under the command of the great English general, had naturally given the Russian troops an insight into principles of national government, which they could not have acquired within the Russian frontier. The pretext of the conspirators was a constitutional government, which the talkers of St Petersburg seemed to regard as the inevitable pouring of sudden prosperity of all kinds into the empire. The old illusion of all the advocates of change is, that every thing depends on government, and that government can do every thing. There cannot be a greater folly, or a more glaring fiction. Government can do nothing more than prevent the existence of obstacles to public wealth. It cannot give wealth, it cannot create commerce, it cannot fertilise the soil, it cannot put in action any of those great instruments by which a nation rises superior to its contemporaries. Those means must be in the people themselves, they cannot be the work of cabinets; governments can do no more than give them their free course, protect them from false legislation, and leave the rest to Providence.

The Russian conspirators called themselves patriots, and professed to desire a bloodless revolution. But to

overthrow a government at the head of five hundred thousand men, must be a sanguinary effort; and there could be no doubt that the establishment of a revolutionary government in Russia would have been the signal for a universal war.

On the 24th and 25th of December, the conspirators met in St Petersburg, and as Nicholas was to be proclaimed on the next day, they determined to lead the battalions to which they respectively belonged, into the great square, seize on the emperor, and establish a provisional government. They were then to raise a national guard, establish two legislative chambers, and proclaim liberty to Russia. The question next arose, what was to be done with the members of the imperial family after victory. It was answered significantly, that "circumstances must decide." At this anxious moment one of the members told them that information had been given to the emperor. "Comrades," said he, "you will find that we are betrayed, the court are in possession of much information; but they do not know our entire plans, and our strength is quite sufficient." A voice exclaimed, "the scabbards are broken, we can no longer hide our sabres."

Reports of various kinds now came crowding on them. An officer arrived to say that, in one of the armies, one hundred thousand men were ready to join them. A member of the Senate came to tell them that the council of the empire was to meet at seven o'clock the next morning, to take the oath to the emperor. The time for action was now fixed. The officers of the guard were directed to join their regiments, and persuade them to refuse the oath. Then all kinds of desperate measures were proposed. It was suggested that they should force open the spirit shops and taverns, in order to make the soldiery and populace drunk, then begin a general pillage, carry off banners from the churches, and rush upon the winter palace. This, the most mischievous of all the measures, was also the most feasible, for the number of unemployed peasants and idlers of all kinds was computed at seventy thousand and upwards, and from their

poverty and profligacy together, there could be little doubt that, between drunkenness and the prospect of pillage, they would be ready for any atrocity. "When the Russians break their chains," says Schiller, "it will not be before the freeman, but before the slave, that the community must tremble."

It must be acknowledged that some were not equally ferocious. But when a military revolt has once begun, who shall limit it to works of wisdom, moderation, or security? If the revolt had succeeded, St Petersburg must have been a scene of massacre.

We shrink from all details on this painful subject. The conspirators remained in deliberation all night. As the morning dawned, they went to the barracks of their regiments, and told the soldiers that Constantine was really their emperor, that he was marching to the capital at the head of the army from Poland, and that to take the oath to Nicholas would consequently be treason. In several instances they succeeded, and collected a considerable body of troops in the Great Izaak Square. But there they seem to have lost their senses. An insurrection which stands still, is an insurrection ruined. They were rapidly surrounded by the garrison. Terms were offered, which they neither accepted nor refused. The gallant Milarodowitch, the hero of the Russian pursuit of the French, advancing to parley with them, was brutally shot. When all hope of submission was at an end, when the day was declining, and alarm was excited for the condition of the capital during the night, artillery was brought to bear upon them; and, after some firing on both sides, the mutineers dispersed. The police were then let loose, and numerous arrests were made.

In five months after, a high court was constituted for the trial of the leaders. A hundred and twenty-one were named in the act of accusation, many of them belonging to the first families, and in the highest ranks of civil and military employment. But the sentence was the reverse of sanguinary. Only five were put to death in St Petersburg, the remainder were chiefly sent to Siberia. But Siberia is now by no means

the place of horrors which it once was. It is now tolerably peopled; it has been partially civilised; the soil is fertile; towns have sprung up; and, though the winter is severe, the climate is healthy. Many of the families of the exiles were suffered to accompany them; and probably, on the whole, the exchange was not a calamitous one, from the anxieties of Russian life, the pressure of narrow circumstances in Europe, and the common disappointments to which all competitors for distinction, or even for a livelihood, are exposed in the crowded and struggling population of the west, to the undisturbed existence and sufficient provision, which were to be found in the east of this almost boundless empire.

Among the anecdotal parts of these volumes, is a slight account of the appearance of the Duke of Wellington as ambassador to Russia, in the beginning of the new reign. Count Nesselrode, on the accession of the Czar, had sent a circular to the European courts, stating his wishes for amicable relations with them all. But England dreaded to see a collision with Turkey, and Canning selected the Duke as the most important authority on the part of England. The Duke took with him Lord Fitzroy Somerset as his secretary. On his arrival at Berlin, he was treated with great distinction by Frederic William. Gneisenau, at the head of the Prussian general officers, paid him a visit in his hotel; and he was fêted in all directions. General officers were sent from St Petersburg to meet him on the Russian frontier. The emperor appointed a man-ion for him, beside the palace of the Hermitage, paid him all the honours of a Russian field-marshal, (he was then the *only* one in the service,) placed him on a footing with the princes of the imperial family, and was frequently in his society. The people were boundless in their marks of respect.

But the Duke is evidently not a favourite with the Frenchman—and we do not much wonder at this feeling in a Frenchman, poor as it is. Without giving any opinion of his own, he inserts a little sneer from the work of Lacretelle on the “Consulate and the Empire.” On this authority, Wel-

lington is “a general of excellent understanding, *phlegmatic* and *tenacious*, proceeding not by *enthusiasm*, but by *order*, *discipline*, and *slow combinations*, trusting but little to *chance*, and employing about him all the popular and vindictive passions, from which he himself is *exempt*.” By all which, M. Lacretelle means, that the Duke is a dull dog, without a particle of genius; simply a plodding, positive man, who, by mere toil and time, gained his objects, which any Dutchman could have gained as well, and which any Frenchman would have scorned to gain. With this French folly we have not sufficient time, nor have we sufficient respect for the national *falling*, to argue.

But the true view of Wellington's character as a soldier would be, *brilliance* of conception. What more brilliant conception than his first great battle, Assaye, which finished the Indian war? What more brilliant conception than his capture of Badajoz and Ciudad in the face of the two armies of Massena and Soult advancing on him from the south and north, and each equal to his own force; while he thus snatched away the prize in the actual presence of each, and left the two French generals the mortification of having marched three hundred miles a-piece, only to be lookers-on? What more brilliant conception than his march of four hundred miles, without a stop, from Portugal to Vittoria; where he crushed the French army, captured one hundred and fifty pieces of cannon, and sent the French king and all his courtiers flying over the Pyrenees? What, again, more brilliant conception, than his storming the Pyrenees, and being the first of the European generals to enter France? and, finally, his massacre of the French army, with Soult, Ney, and Napoleon at their head, on the crowning day of Waterloo?

But all this was mere “*pugnacity* and *tenacity*,” and sulkiness and stupidity, because it was not done with a theatrical programme, and with the air of an opera-dancer. Yet M. Lacretelle's sketch, invidious as he intends it to be, gives, involuntarily, the very highest rank of generalship to its object. For, what higher qualities can a general have, than

trusting nothing to chance, being superior to enthusiasm—which, in the French vocabulary, means extravagance and giddiness—and acting by deep and effective combinations, which, as every man knows, are the most profound problems and the most brilliant triumphs of military genius? Let it be remembered, too, that in the seven years' war of the Peninsula, Wellington never had twenty-five thousand English bayonets in the field; that the Spanish armies were almost wholly disorganised, and that the Portuguese were raw troops; while the French had nearly two hundred thousand men constantly recruited and supplied from France:—Yet, that Wellington never was beaten, that he met either six or seven of the French field-m Marshals and beat them all; and that at Waterloo, with a motley army of recruits, of whom but thirty thousand were English—and those new troops—and ten thousand German, he beat Napoleon at the head of seventy-two thousand Frenchmen, all veterans; trampled his army in the field, hunted him to Paris, took every fortress on the road, captured Paris, destroyed his dynasty, dissolved the remnants of the French army on the Loire; and sent Napoleon himself to expiate his guilt and finish his career, under an English guard, in St Helena.

We need not envy the Frenchman his taste for "enthusiasm," his scorn of "science," his disdain of "profound combinations," and his passion for winning battles by the magic of a village conjuror.

M. Schnitzler disapproves even of the physiognomy of the Duke. "His nose was too aquiline, and stood out too prominently on his sunburnt countenance, and his features, all strongly marked, were not devoid of an air of pretension." He objects to his appearing "without a splendid military costume, to improve his appearance!" And yet, all this foolery is the wisdom of foreigners. No man, however renowned, must forget "the imposing," Hannibal, or Alexander the Great, would have been nothing in their eyes, except in the uniform of the "Legion of Honour." His walking, and walking without attendants, through the streets, was a horror,

rendered worse and worse by his "wearing a black frock-coat and round hat." Even when he appeared in uniform on state occasions, "he was equally luckless;" for the costume of a Russian field-marshal, which had been given to him by Alexander, did not fit him, and was too large for his thinness. On the whole, the Duke failed, as we are told, to "gain any remarkable success in the Russian salons." The countesses could make nothing of him; the princesses smiled on without his returning the smile; the courtiers told him *bons mots* without much effect; and the politicians were of opinion that a Duke so taciturn had no tongue.

Still the emperor's attentions to him continued; and, on the day of distributing medals to the army, he gave Wellington the regiment of Smolensk, formed by Peter the Great, and of high reputation in the service.

But he succeeded in his chief object, which referred to Greece; and which ultimately, in giving independence to a nation, the classic honours of whose forefathers covered the shame of their descendants,—and by a succession of diplomatic blunders, has turned a Turkish province into a European pensioner, enfeebling Turkey without benefitting Europe, and merely making a new source of contention between France, Russia, and England.

The career of Nicholas has been peaceable; and the empire has been undisturbed but by the guilty Circassian war, which yet seems to be carried on rather as a field of exercise for the Russian armies, than for purposes of conquest.

But all nations now require something to occupy the public mind; and an impression appears to be rising in Russia, that the residence of the sovereign should be transferred to Moscow. Nothing could be more likely to produce a national convulsion, and operate a total change on the European policy of Russia, and the relations of the northern courts. Yet it is by no means improbable, that the singular avidity of the Russian court to make Poland not merely a dependency, but an integral part of the empire, by the suppression of its very name, the change of its language, and the transfer of large portions of its



people to other lands, may have for its especial purpose the greater security of Russia on the West, while she fixes her whole interest on a vigorous progress in the South.

There are some problems which still perplex historians, and will probably perplex them for many an age; and among those are, the good or evil predominant in the Crusades, the use of a Pope in Italy, (where he obviously offers, and must *always* offer, the strongest obstacle to the union of the Italian States into a national government,) the true character of Peter the Great, and the true policy of placing the capital of Russia in the northern extremity of the empire.

It appears to be now at least approaching to a public question,—Whether Peter showed more of good sense, or of savage determination, in building a magnificent city in a swamp, where man had never before built any thing but a fisherman's hut; and in condemning his posterity for ever to live in the most repulsive climate of Europe? Some pages in these volumes are given to the inquiry into the wisdom of deserting an ancient, natural, and superb seat of empire in the South, for a new, unnatural, and decaying seat of sovereignty in the vicinity of the Arctic circle; of retarding the progress of civilisation by the insuperable difficulties of a climate, where the sea is frozen up for six months in the year, and the rivers and land are frozen up for nine! The question now is, Whether Peter had not equally frozen up the Russian energies, impeded the natural prosperity of the empire, and flung the people back into the age of Ivan I.?

Of course, no one doubts that the Russian empire is of vast extent and substantial power; but its chief power is in its central provinces, and in its faculty of expansion into the south. Its northern provinces defy improvement, and can be sustained only by the toil of government.

The probable view of the case is, that Peter was deluded by his passion for naval supremacy. He had seen the fleets of Western Europe trained in their boundless but ever-open seas; and he determined to have a fleet in a sea which, throughout the winter, is a sheet of ice, and where the ships

are imbedded as if they were on dry ground. He had then no Black Sea for his field of exercise, and no Sebastopol for his dockyard. He touched upon no sea but the Baltic; and, under the infatuation of being a naval power, he threw the Russian government as far as he could towards the North Pole.

Moscow should have remained the Russian capital. With an admirable climate, at once keen enough to keep the human frame in its vigour, and with the warm summer of the south, to supply all the vegetable products of Europe; its position commanding the finest provinces of Western Asia, Russia would have been mistress of the Black Sea a century earlier, had probably been in possession of Asia Minor, and have fixed a Viceroy in the city of the Sultans.

The policy of Catherine II. evidently took this direction; she made no northern conquests; she withdrew her armies on the first opportunity from the Prussian war, in which Russia had been involved by the blunders of her foolish husband; and though she engaged in that desperate act by which Poland was partitioned—an act which, though pernicious, was originally pacific—the whole force of her empire was thrown into southern war.

This policy is still partially maintained. The war of the Caucasus, an unfortunate and unjustifiable war, now exhibits the only hostilities on which Russia expends any portion of her power. The success of that war would evidently put the eastern, as well as the northern shore of the Black Sea, in her possession. The southern shore could then make no resistance, if it were the will of Russia to cast an eye of ambition on the land of the Turk. We by no means infer that such is her will: we hope that higher motives, and a sense of national justice, will rescue her reputation from an act of such atrocity. But Asia Minor, on the first crash of war, would be open to the squadrons of the Scythian. This policy was interrupted in the reign of Alexander only by the French war. When the providential time was come for the destruction of Napoleon, his rage of conquest acted the part for him which the false prophets

were accustomed to act for the kings of Judah and Israel. It urged him headlong to his ruin, and all his distinguishing qualities were turned to his overthrow. His ardour in the field became precipitancy; his sagacity became a fierce self-dependence; the old tactic which had led him to strike the first blow at the capitals of Europe, urged him into the heart of the wilderness; his diplomatic confidence there exposed him to be baffled by the plain sense of Russia, and his daring reliance on his fortune stripped him of an army and a throne.

But, when Russia had recovered from this invasion, her first efforts were pointed in the old direction. She recommenced the Turkish war, seized Moldavia and Wallachia, crossed the Balkan, threatened Constantinople, and, with the city of Constantine in her grasp, retired only on the remonstrances of the European powers.

M. Schnitzler imagines that the direction of Russian conquest will be towards Germany, and contemplates the all-swallowing gluttony which is to absorb all the states from the Vistula to the Rhine. We wholly differ from those views. The condition of Europe must be totally changed before the policy of Russia will attempt to make vassals of these iron tribes. It would have too many battles to fight,

and too little to gain by them. To attempt the absorption of any one leading German power would produce a universal war. Poland is still a thorn in its side; and it would take a century to convert its intense hostility into cordial obedience. Prussia and Austria are the political "Pillars of Hercules" which no invader *can* pass; and if Germany can but secure herself from the restless and insatiable ambition of France, she need never shrink from the terrors of a Tartar war.

If war should inflame the Continent again, the Russian trumpets will be heard, *not* on the Elbe, but on the shores of the Propontis. Asia Minor and Syria will be a lovelier and a more lucrative prey; while probably Egypt will be the prize which will draw to the waters of the Mediterranean, the maritime force of the world.

On the whole, the volumes of this Franco-German are intelligent, and may be studied with advantage by all who desire to comprehend the actual condition of an empire, which extends from the Baltic to the Sea of Kamtschatka, which contains seven millions of square miles, nearly sixty millions of souls, is capable of containing ten times the number, and which is evidently intended to exercise a most important influence on the globe.

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## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A GERMAN HEADSMAN.

THE peculiar and powerful interest attaching to narratives of remarkable crimes, and of their judicial investigation, is abundantly evidenced by the avidity with which that class of literature is invariably pounced upon by the public. Independently of the romance incidental to the subject, of the doubts and intricacies and conflicting circumstances of extraordinary criminal trials, well calculated to captivate the imagination of the vulgar, and rivet attention on their recital,—such cases possess a psychological interest, making itself felt by the least intelligent of readers, appealing with almost equal force to the scantily educated and to the scholar, to inexperienced youth and thoughtful age. By the former, it is true, the exact process by which such narratives lay hold upon the feelings and imagination, may not be easily detected, but the charm, if unseen, is not the less potent. The great success and enduring reputation of books of this kind, are the best proof of their strong and universal fascination: Whilst the legal works of GAYOT DE PITAVAL are long since shelved and forgotten, the title of his *Causes Célèbres*\* continues as familiar to our ear as those of the most notable literary productions of our own century; the book itself—of frequent reference, and found in every library of importance—has obtained the honours of repeated translation, and of reproduction in numerous forms. Those twenty volumes, it might be thought, were an ample supply of this species of reading, sufficient to stock the world and blunt the public appetite for such records. But the varieties of the subject are inexhaustible, as much so as the infinite shades and capricious directions of human pas-

sions, the unceasing diversity and perverse ingenuity of human crime. And Richer's continuation of what Pitaval began, found as eager readers as its compiler could reasonably desire. In later times, two Germans, Messrs Hitzig and Häring, have edited with considerable success a work of a similar nature.† Others doubtless will appear. There can be no lack of materials. Each successive half-century yields matter for a new and lengthy series. Meanwhile, and although civilisation, impotent wholly to check crime, is also unable to strip its annals of novelty and pungency, the remarkable criminal records of ruder ages are frequently recurred to and reproduced, as wilder and more romantic in their nature than those of a recent day. Alexander Dumas has collected from various quarters a voluminous work of this nature; and, although its greater portion was already a thrice-told tale, the book is one of the most popular of his multifarious productions. Fernbach the celebrated jurist, the impartial narrator and critic of the extraordinary history of Caspar Hauser, the indefatigable labourer in the arid vineyard of the law, whose lightest literary pastime would to most men have been toil,‡ deemed it not unworthy his learned pen to collate and comment two volumes of trials,§—volumes familiarised to the English reader by a recent translation. His well-stored mind and skilful handling imparted new depth and value to the subject, and doubtless the book would not so long have awaited a transfer into our language, but for the warlike circumstances and interrupted Continental communication of the period at which its first edition appeared. The interest of such narratives is no way

*Das Große Malefizbuch.* HERAUSGEGEBEN VON WILHELM V. CHEZY. Landshut: 1847.

\* *Causes Célèbres et Intéressantes*, by FRANÇOIS GAYOT DE PITAVAL. Paris: 1734.

† *Neues Pitaval.* Leipzig: 1842-6.

‡ He beguiled his leisure by a metrical translation of, and commentary on, the Indian poem, *Gita Govinda*.

§ *Merkwürdige Criminalrechtsfälle.* ERFURT, 1808-11. A third edition appeared in 1838, under the title of *Merkwürdige Verbrechen*.

diminished from their scene being in a foreign land; indeed, it is most engrossing when exotic, since the illustrations of the peculiar laws and characteristics of other nations is then superadded to that of the eccentricities of crime. And, perhaps, the most fertile field at the disposal of the curious in such matters, is afforded by that wide country, claiming to include in its bond of brotherhood every land wherein the German tongue resounds. The variety of the laws by which the kingdoms and provinces of Germany have at different times been governed, tends greatly to diversify its criminal calendar. And, doubtless, in many old libraries, private and public, in the dusty and rarely-opened book-cases of provincial barons and *Freiherrn*, on the shelves of museums, and in municipal collections (scarce less neglected and unread) of ancient books and manuscripts, much curious reading of this description, well worthy of publicity, lies buried and forgotten.

It is from a literary lumber-room of this kind, we suspect, that Mr Chézy has extracted the contents of the three curious volumes now before us, containing, as their old French name implies, details of crimes and malefactors. "What we," he tells us in his preface, "are wont to call criminal archives, were in many places styled by our forefathers 'Malefice-books,' records kept partly by the public executioner, who, in his capacity of torturer, had frequent occasion to share in criminal investigations." From this passage, and from the expression *herausgegeben* (edited) in the title-page, we understand that the "*Grosse Malefizbuch*" is not to be viewed as an original composition, which the word *verfasser*, (author) employed in the preface, might have led us to believe. This makes a certain difference in the critical view to be taken of the book. Were it a mere fiction, intended as an imitation of the probable style of the headman, inditing, chiefly as matter of duty, but yet not without a certain rude feeling and interest in the task, the crimes and circumstances his sanguinary profession brought under his notice, we should admit some skill in the tone adopted. But, as an editor, Mr Chézy has performed his part in a lazy and

slovenly fashion. He appears to have contented himself with merely modernising the orthography, and (slightly) the language. With excellent staff to work upon, he had it in his power to make a very complete and remarkable book: he has been contented to put forward a meagre and deficient one. We would not have had him greatly alter the text.\* Here and there a little curtailment might have been advantageously practised, or a paragraph judiciously interpolated. But the volumes should have been richly garnished with notes and commentaries, instead of being wholly without them. From the first page to the last not a line appears—at the end of each volume we vainly seek an appendix—explanatory of the singular usages so frequently referred to, referred to usually in as cursory and off-hand a way as if they were matters of present custom, to which all men were still habituated, and concerning which none needed enlightenment. Mr Chézy seems conscious of his fault, for he tells us, in a half apologetic tone, to bear in mind that he is a poet, and not a scholar. No great depth of scholarship was essential for what we would have had him do. A very moderate amount of study and patience would have put him in possession of the necessary information. Its want is woefully felt as we wander through his bald pages, at whose foot not the smallest fragment of a note attracts the reader's eye, and removes the tantalised feeling with which he encounters distant and unexplained allusions, and is compelled to guess their purport. "This work," says Mr Chézy, "intended to represent men and circumstances as they once may have been, is not confined within the limits of the documental authority. The *Malefizbuch* may be styled a poetical Pitaval." In view of this professed design of poetising his materials, and of conveying, through a romantic medium, information concerning old times and obsolete customs, we can but repeat that the author's performance has fallen short of his project. But the subject was too good to be wholly spoiled, even by the clumsiest treatment, with which, however, it would hardly be fair to charge Mr Chézy, whose faults are rather of

omission than commission. And the anathemas we are tempted, in our progress through his pages, to invoke upon his head, are frequently checked by the occurrence of interesting passages and striking incidents.

The three volumes of the *Malefizbuch* are various in the form and nature of their contents, although all bear reference to the same subject, and illustrate, in different points of view, the criminal laws and customs of a rude, cruel, and superstitious period. Besides the absence of notes, the author is guilty of the common German carelessness about dates and places, and is often very vague in his indication of both. This is especially the case with his first volume, which many readers will consider the best, by reason of a certain melancholy interest running through it. We are appealed to for our sympathy with the misfortunes of an executioner's son, who, after absenting himself from his country, and obtaining an education superior to his station, is compelled to accept the loathsome inheritance of his father, and wield axe and work rack in obedience to the law's stern dictates. This volume (each volume has a special title, independently of the general one) is called "Ten Narratives from Master Hammerling's Life and Memoirs." They are chapters rather than detached narratives, for a connecting thread runs through them, and they in fact form a complete history of the childhood and youth of *Meister Hämmerling*, the German Jack Ketch. The name of the latter personage upon an English title-page, would be suggestive of little beyond the drop at Newgate, and penny tracts sold at street corners. But none who have any acquaintance with the German headsman of the middle ages, will be so unjust as to class him with the vulgar and prosaic official who executes in England the last sentence of the law. Formerly, by the laws of the empire, the *Scharfrichter* was held *ehrbar* or of honourable repute. The broad bright sword was the only instrument of death he condescended to touch, and consequently his dealings were with men of gentle blood, for whom decapitation was especially reserved. Infamous chastisements were inflicted

by the dishonouring hands of the *Henker* or common hangman, who was considered *unrichig* or infamous. Gradually, the two offices were blended in one, the headsman's privileges were abridged or became totally obsolete; and the grim romance attaching to the stern saturnine man who, on days of notable executions, appeared on the scaffold in bright scarlet mantle, and peaked hat with sable feather, and with one flashing sweep of his terrible blade severed heads from shoulders of well-born criminals, was dissipated and forgotten. Still, on the crowded and diversified canvass of the middle ages, the strange figure stands prominently forth, recalling, by its associations, many a dark deed and wild legend. But the change is great since then. "The executioner now-a-days," says Mr Chézy, "is a citizen like any body else, an elector and eligible: if he possess enough property, he may be sent as deputy to the second Chamber, and perhaps give his vote against capital punishment. The headsman of former centuries has faded into a tradition: and a poet may therefore be allowed to sketch his portrait once more, perhaps for the last time, in all its different aspects and mysterious horrors." And without further prelude, we are introduced to the last minister of the law, a meek and melancholy man, who remembers, one still Sabbath morning, that it is his bounden duty to keep up the record in the *Malefizbuch*, begun by his great-grandfather the first of his race who could write. Whilst pondering over this necessity, he incidentally recapitulates some of his privileges and advantages; how he is of as good descent after his kind as the best nobleman in the holy Roman empire, tracing back his genealogy to the days of Henry the First of Germany, surnamed the Fowler, who nominated his ancestor to the office of executioner, since when the family has held house and ground, goods and profits, in fief of the crown. And how he is no way subject to the authorities of the land, further than that he is bound to serve them with sword, axe, wheel and cord, with ladder, screws and tongs, pitch, sulphur and rods, either in his own person or by his assistants, as

his letter of privileges dictates. Neither is he infamous, like those of his men who remove dead beasts and do such like unclean work; and, whoever addresses him with contemptuous speech, shall be fined according to law of the empire, as if he had insulted a lord of the council. Finally, when the number of unfortunates slain by his hand shall exceed five hundred, the headsman has a right, if it so please him, to abandon his charge, and mix once more upon equal terms with his fellow-citizens. After this recapitulation, Master Hammerling takes up his own history from the day of his birth, when he was laid in his father's arms as he returned from burning an old witch upon the market-place. This he finds set down in his father's handwriting, and also how he was christened by the name of Berthold, on the very day on which Black Hannah, the child-murderess, was executed; whilst her accomplice, long Heinz, was compelled to look on at the execution, and was then flogged out of the town and district. The latter would have been hung, had not the executioner saved him, in virtue of an old privilege, which he exercised less out of love for Heinz than for fear of its becoming annulled by disuse. Had a daughter instead of a son been born to him, he had a right to save the poor girl who had fallen victim to a base seducer. So was it set forth in the headsman's charter.

Berthold Benz traces back his recollections to a very early period of his childhood, and in his manner of narrating them there is a quaint sad simplicity, by no means unattractive. "My mother, God help her!" he says, "right well do I remember her; and though I should live a hundred and many hundred years, I still shall ever have her before me, with her kindly blue eyes and her ringlets of the same colour as the flax which she drew from the distaff with her slender white fingers, and sent whirling round the spindle. We were always alone: my father went about his affairs, and of the servants none came near us in our apartment, or in our little flower-garden—parted by hedge and fence from the rest of the court—save and

except fat Grethel, a sturdy broad-footed Swabian girl, my mother's cousin, and taken in by her for the love of God." And Berthold was happy at his mother's knee, and in his childish fancy deemed the headsman's hereditary dwelling, with its high surrounding wall, to be little short of a fortress, and held the vaulted sitting-room, with its three narrow windows, at least equal to any hall in the proud castle that towered upon the cliff beyond the stream. But his tranquil happiness lasted not long; the troubles of the doomsday's son had an early beginning. "On a sudden, my dearest mother wept more than she smiled, grew pale and yet paler, weak and still more weak, until at last she was unable to lead me out into the garden. At the same time I ceased to see my father. Neither at meals, nor as formerly, in the chamber, of a morning, was he visible, and however early I got up, the answer to my questions always was that he had already gone out. And one day, Heaven only knows how it happened, dear mother was gone, and when I screamed and wept for her, Swabian Grethel beat me, and said that "*she* was my mother now." From this day, Berthold's sufferings began. Hated by his stepmother, neglected by his father, who was infatuated with his young wife,—he was left to run wild with the executioner's assistants. After a while, a brother was born, and then his lot became still harder. He was sent to sleep amongst the hay in the loft; and the sole notice he obtained from his father was when the latter instructed him in the duties of his office. But old Benz was a harsh teacher, and the child preferred to receive his lessons from Arnulph, the chief assistant, who took him with him to the town and on rambles in the forest; taught him to sever cabbage-heads at a single stroke, and told him, as they sat together upon the top of the lonely gallows-tree, wonderful tales and strange anecdotes of their craft and its professors. These Berthold drank in with greedy ear; and, although terrified at first by the sight of the grim black gallows, of the mouldering skeletons depending from it, and the ill-omened birds that croaked and

hovered around its summit, he soon got used to his "father's workshop," gladly climbed the ladder to his lofty perch, and enjoyed the terror of the passing horseman whom an unexpected greeting in Arnulph's harsh voice caused to spur his steed in terror, and hasten on his road. "The Thief's Thumb," one of the narratives of this practical joker and hangman, is not without its wild interest, but we cannot dwell upon episodes; our object being rather to exhibit the headsman's social position and peculiar privileges. One of the latter—and not the least curious—is shown in the chapter headed "Vom Rosenthal,"—from the Valley of Roses—in which Berthold's adventures may properly be said to begin.

"Regularly each Saturday evening after vespers, my father (now in heaven) went into the town, turned from the market-place into the alley known as the Rosenthal, which winds, narrow and dark, in the direction of the prison and behind St Kummerniss, and struck, at regular intervals, three heavy blows upon the door of a great dark house, bearing the sign of the Elephant. Thereupon, an old woman gave him entrance, ushered him into a spacious arched hall, and placed a wooden stoup of wine and a loaf of bread upon the table. Whilst he ate and drank, a number of young women entered the room, every one of whom handed him a silver coin, sometimes exchanged a word with him, and then walked away in silence. Almost all these women had a strange look, the lustre of their staring eyes was quenched, their features were drawn, their cheeks pale, and their clothes hung loosely upon them; they looked shyly at my father, but kindly at me, as though they would gladly have kissed and caressed me. This, however, as I afterwards found, was strictly forbidden them; and once, when a young girl extended her hand to pat my cheek, my father exclaimed, 'Away with you, hussy!' and struck her upon the face. Whereupon the poor girl slunk from the room, bleeding at mouth and nose, and pursued by the laughter of her companions."

At times, Benz would leave his son in the lower room, whilst he searched

the house to see that no strangers were there at that forbidden hour. Then Berthold often heard screams and sounds of quarrel; and one evening that the uproar was greater than usual, he crept in alarm from the apartment, and found his way through the back door into a court, where a few trees grew, and at whose further end was a grass-plot, on which linen lay bleaching. "On the grass, near the fountain, sat a pretty child, keeping the geese and fowls and grunting swine from the bleaching-place, with a long stick, and when she saw me, she smiled kindly at me. I went up to her, took the little maid's hand, and asked her name.

"I am called Elizabeth. And you?"

"They call me Benz,' I replied, and, although Arnulph had constantly warned me never to say who I was, unless asked, I thoughtlessly added: 'and I am the headsman's boy.'

"I shuddered at the words as I spoke them, and expected Elizabeth to shrink from me with disgust. Instead of that she said, quite friendly,

"Sit down by me, Benz, and help me to watch the linen."

"I thought myself in heaven; since dear mother had left me, I had never known the joy of a smile from a sweet face. In a moment we two children were the best of friends, sat hand in hand beside each other, laughed and chattered unceasingly, and forgot the whole world besides. I asked little Elizabeth who were her parents. She looked at me in amazement with her great black eyes, knew not what I meant, and was only the more bewildered by my attempted explanation. At last I heard my father's whistle, kissed my new friend, and ran into the house. On my way home, I told my father what had happened, and he said the little maid was an orphan, whose mother had died in the house, and whom old Sarah had taken charge of. A father, however, she had never had, at least to his knowledge. Thenceforward, I went nowhere so willingly as to the town. I no longer cared that the passengers avoided us, and that boys pursued us with scoff and insult. I knew that a kind greeting and a loving kiss awaited me, and

little Elizabeth was soon as dear to me as my blessed mother; so that, in my dreams, their two figures blended into one. It was very different afterwards, when the heavenly purity, in whose full glory my mother had departed, had left Elizabeth for ever.

"Thus, I came to the age of twelve, and grew a tall strong lad, skilful and active; already I was so expert with the sword that with a horizontal cut I sent the blade between blocks piled on each other, and without in the least injuring them. I also tied a noose with a dexterity that filled Arnulph with proud joy, and he declared me fully qualified to officiate upon the scaffold. It happened one day that my father, plagued with the gout, ordered me to go alone to the town, and to fetch the tribute from the well-known house of the Elephant. He made me promise not to let the women caress me, and to lose none of the bright pfennings they had to give me. I obeyed his orders, and brought him home the full amount. But I did not tell him what had happened to me by the way. When the boys, who usually ran after us, saw that I was alone, they ventured much nearer than formerly; and amongst them I particularly remarked a fair-haired lad, who had always been the most spiteful and violent of them all, and whom his companions sometimes called Engolf, sometimes by the nickname of Bully-bird. He was the son of a patrician, of the noble Herr Hahn of Baumgarten, and was somewhat older than myself. This time he followed me to the very threshold of the house, and just as the door was opened he struck at me. I warded his blow, and returned it with one upon the nose, which knocked him down, and gave me time to enter the house."

Berthold's persecutors awaited his exit to take their revenge, but he provided himself with a stick for defence, and, moreover, Elizabeth showed him an opening in the garden wall, choked with bushes and rubbish, and leading into a timber-yard, through which he passed unseen, and of which he thenceforward availed himself on his frequent visits to his playfellow. Engolf, however,

watched him, and at last, on a certain afternoon, as he turned into the timber-yard, he heard a shout of "Huzza! the hangman's boy!" and was set upon by a number of lads, from whom he escaped with difficulty, and severely beaten, by the help of Elizabeth, who dragged him into the garden as he fell senseless from a blow on the head. In the house of the Elephant he lay for some time, too ill for removal, carefully tended by his child-mistress, and by the wretched but kind-hearted women. About that period, however, the "Lutheran heresy" had begun to take root in the town, and a certain Dr Neander preached furiously against gambling and drunkenness, and against such establishments as that in which Berthold was confined by his wounds; "against all those things, in short, which, according to old usage and to the emperor's statutes, paid tribute to the headsman. This pleased the women beyond measure; with yellow envy they had long seen their husbands, lovers, and sons, wager away their fair white *groschen* at skittles and dice and cards; the headsman's daughters in the Rosenthal were a yet sharper thorn in their eyes; and now, supported by the preacher's frantic harangues, they raised such an infernal outcry that a noble councillor trod our rights under foot for the sake of peace, forbade all games of chance, and sent his officers to seize the loose women at the Elephant, and put them across the frontier. This occurred just at the time I lay ill in the Rosenthal." Berthold was carried home to his stepmother, who would not receive him, and Arnulph made him a bed in the hounds' kennel, for which piece of humanity his violent mistress beat him, and procured his dismissal. And throughout the book we hear no more of the rough but well-meaning journeyman hangman. Berthold's father came to visit his son and dress his wounds, but the henpecked headsman dared not take him into his house. The poor boy lay suffering and hungry, tormenting himself on account of Elizabeth, whom the authorities had removed from the Rosenthal, and given in charge to people of better



repute than those who had had care of her infancy; but who those people were, and where he should seek his little friend, Berthold knew not. And when he recovered, his step-mother and her son ill-treated him, and drove him from their presence; and, Arnulph having left, he had no friend or companion but the shaggy hounds with which he slept.

At this point of his youthful tribulations, Master Hammerling ceases to discourse of himself, and abruptly transports us to the sign of the Thistle, an isolated public house, consisting partly of the ruins of an old watch-tower, and much frequented by students, who on bright summer evenings loved to sit under the trees and lie upon the grass before its door, until the tolling bell warned them to return to the town before gates and bridges were closed for the night. This inn was kept by a strange old couple, childless, avaricious, and, as it was reported, passing rich, who went by the names of Father Finch and Mother Blutrude. They professed great poverty, and were furious if any doubted it, which few cared to do, since a certain rash scoffier had suddenly fallen sick, and gradually withered away and expired, in consequence, it was supposed, of certain unholy incantations of Mother Blutrude. The fear of her incantations, however, did not deter a reckless and debauched student from laying a plan for appropriating her concealed treasures. He found means to ingratiate himself with the old people, and to conceal himself in a nook at the top of the old tower, whence he saw them in the dead of night counting a large sum in silver coin. He only waited their departure to possess himself of the store, when he heard them talk of removing to the same place a large amount of Hungarian ducats they had bestowed elsewhere, and he resolved to wait where he was for this richer booty. He waited so long, that hunger, thirst, want of sleep and greed of gold bewildered his weak brain, and drove him mad. With delirious eagerness he filled his cap and pockets with the silver, rushed down the high steep staircase, forced the door with his foot, and bursting into the public room, seized

Father Finch by the throat, and demanded his gold. The guests came to the rescue, dollars and crowns were scattered on the floor, and at last the madman was dragged away to prison, whilst old Finch drove every one from his house, barred the door, and set to work with his wife to collect the treasure. Benz and his son were in the town when the lunatic student was carried by, and soon afterwards a boy came running in with news that Father Finch had committed suicide from anxiety and despair. Straightway the headsman ordered one of his men to fetch his great sword and get ready his cart, and then he took the road to the Thistle, followed by an inquisitive mob, pressing as close to his heels as their aversion to his calling would allow. He went to exercise one of the most remarkable privileges of his office. What this was may best be told in the words of Mr Chezy's hangman.

"We found the old house surrounded by gaping idlers, whom nothing short of my father's presence could have induced to open a path. They gave way before his threatening gesture and raised voice, and we reached a loft where the gray-headed sinner hung from a strong staple, his stiffened feet almost touching an iron chest, from which Blutrude, who cowered in a corner, never diverted her gaze. Soon after us came councillors, writers, and bailiffs, then a man bearing the sword, which the headsman took, and after cutting down the dead, he drew a circle round the corpse as far as his weapon's point could reach. Then he raised his voice and said:

"I stand as headsman on my property and heritage, or do any here say nay?"

"Then one of the council replied: 'None say nay. You are headsman within the precincts of the city and in the Count's domain. Master Benz; act then according to your sealed rights and privileges, and with God's help, as we are ready to give you ours.'

"My father continued: 'Thus runs the emperor's decree: Whosoever any one, with sinful hand, shall take his own life, there is every thing, in hall or chamber, cellar, barn, or

stable, the headsman's property, so far as he, standing beside the corpse, can reach with his sword above his head, below his feet, and on all sides. Have I spoken well?"

"On my soul and conscience," replied the councillor, "you have spoken well. And so take hence what to thee pertaineth."

And, in spite of old Blutrude's screams and protestations, the treasure-chest was conveyed away in the headsman's cart. Whilst this went on, Berthold, in rambling over the house, found Elizabeth, who had been given into the tender care of the hostess of the Thistle. The little hand-maid was delighted to meet her old friend, and they were engaged in affectionate colloquy when Blutrude, furious at the loss of her pelf, fell upon them with blows and abuse. Berthold cared little for her violence to himself, but when she attacked Elizabeth his forbearance deserted him, and, apostrophising her as a witch, he expressed a passionate hope that the day would come when he should set fire to her death-laggots. The effect of this wish is described in a singular passage:—"She shrank from me and was silent. Whether it was that my words sounded prophetically to her evil conscience, or that my boyish glance already possessed that peculiar power which has since often made strong men quake, and given noble horses the mad staggers, Blutrude reeled aside like a drunken person, allowed me to take leave of Elizabeth undisturbed, and for some time afterwards did not regain her usual vigour and malice." This strange power, attributed to himself by the headsman, is referred to further on in the volume, when a horse shies and is seized with staggers at the mere glance of Berthold's eye. That the gaze of the public executioner might have a strong effect upon men, in an age when he was regarded with a feeling of superstitious horror, would have nothing to surprise; nor is it astonishing that an old woman, already suspected of witchcraft, should be terrified and tongue-tied by a hint of tar-barrels from the mouth of the hangman's son. The power of his evil eye upon horses is more difficult to explain and credit. But admitting the substance and inci-

dents of the book before us to be extracted from *bona fide* chronicles, and there is not wanting a certain amount of internal evidence corroborative of the editor's assertion to that effect, such passages as this are highly curious illustrations of the superstitions of that day. In most parts of the world the evil eye has been a favourite belief. The French have their *Malvais-œil*, the Germans their *Schelange*, the Italians the *Malocchio*; and if in any of those countries mesmerism had been invented and practised two or three hundred years ago, its disciples would, in all probability, have been held endowed with the power attributed to himself by Berthold Benz.

The dismissal of Arnulph, his chief aide-de-camp, had left the headsman short-handed, and in vain he sought some one to supply his place; so that after having, for very many years, put his hand to no instrument of punishment save the broad short sword, the chief emblem of his office, he suddenly found himself compelled to descend to lower functions, and to break a murderer on the wheel. At this execution a rare incident occurred, showing another of the *Scharfrichter's* privileges. The culprit was bound upon the grating, and Benz dealt him the first blow, upon the shin. The bone snapped, and the unhappy victim, a man of gigantic frame and strength, maddened by extremity of agony, wrenched out the cramp-iron to which his right wrist was bound, and extended his arm to ward off the coming blow. Thereupon a forward young man stepped thoughtlessly out of the crowd, seized the criminal's arm and drew it back, whilst one of the executioner's assistants again drove in the iron. Then the headsman laid down his wheel, stepped up to the imprudent youth, clapped his hand upon his shoulder and said, "Now art thou mine till thy day of death." Voluntary aid given to the executioner entailed perpetual servitude, inevitable and infamous. In this instance, the volunteer, by trade a turner from Nuremberg, and who was also a professional pugilist, was compelled, in spite of prayers and repugnance, to strip his jerkin and assist in the horrible execution then going forward,

after which he mournfully accompanied his new mates to the executioner's dwelling. House and home, his honest name, and a loving and expectant bride, were all for ever lost to him by this one rash act. And the only hope he dared indulge was, that his family and friends might never learn his fate, but deem him dead in distant parts. The cruel severity with which Master Benz enforced his privilege was requited to him by his pressed recruit, who found undue favour in the eyes of Grethel. The Nuremberger, however, absorbed in grief, took little heed of the lady's amorous advances; and she, incensed by his indifference, applied to old Blutrude for a love-philter. All this forms a part of the romantic plot which is made the vehicle for exhibiting the public and private existence of the headsman of the middle ages, and we need but briefly touch upon it. The Nuremberg Joseph drank the potion, which reminded him, by its exhilarating effects, of "the foaming, reaming drink he had once tasted at his master's wedding at Namur, in Brabant, and which the Walloons fetch from the county of Champagne, in France, to thin their blood, clogged by thick barley beer." Soon, however, the young man repented of deceiving Benz, who was kind to him after his rough fashion; and one morning that the headsman called him to his room, to eat a savoury pottage his wife had prepared, but for which he himself felt little appetite, Veit (the Nuremberger) thought the moment opportune to make a clean breast, and, whilst eating, began his confession. Meanwhile Grethel, superintending in the kitchen the breakfast of her household, missed and asked for her favourite. "He is in the master's room," was the reply, "eating the pottage." The headsman's wife grew pale as death, for the pottage was poisoned. She hurried into the room just as Veit, after completing his confession, fell in convulsions upon the floor; and her husband, indignant at her infidelity, stripped his leathern girdle and furiously beat her, loading her with opprobrious epithets. She escaped from his hands, and ran into the town,

exhibited the cuts upon her face and arms to the authorities, accused her husband of this ill-treatment, and of having poisoned his assistant in a moment of groundless jealousy. Benz was forthwith arrested. Appearances were strong against him. He had gone out of his way to invite his servant to eat the mess intended for himself. And when the effects of the poison manifested themselves, he had beaten his wife instead of rendering assistance to the sufferer, who had died soon afterwards. His protestations of innocence were discredited; and as he persisted in not confessing a crime he had not committed, he was conducted to that torture-chamber whose horrors he had so often superintended. He shrunk not at sight of the rack, but stood upon his rights and privileges; repudiated the jurisdiction of the city council, and appealed to a higher tribunal. "My lords would not listen to this, and appealed, in their turn, to the special privileges of the town; but the strange headsman, whom they had summoned to their assistance, pulled down to the wrist the shirt sleeves he had rolled up, put on his doublet, and declared, with steadfast voice, that he must certainly, in execution of a legal judgment, torture his own son, if required, but that he would not act against the Emperor's ordinances, or lay hand upon a brother-craftsman in obedience to an arbitrary command." So the counsellors, finding the executive fail them, and being also, as it would appear, legally in the wrong, were compelled to concede Master Benz's claim to be arraigned before another court of judicature. The delay was the headsman's salvation. Count Ruprecht, a sort of lord of the manor, and nobleman of great weight in the district, obtained admission to his dungeon, under pretence of consulting him about a disease, which "leech and surgeon, wise-women and farriers, had been unable to cure." From this it would appear that in those days the executioner either dabbled in the medical art, or was supposed to possess prescriptions (perhaps charms) of efficacy in certain cases. We have been unable to trace any particulars connected with this belief; and Mr Chézy, although he must have access

in Germany to many more sources of such information than are open to us, leaves his readers, as usual, wholly in the dark.

The brief dialogue in the dungeon is curious and characteristic. The Count, straitened in his finances, covets the iron chest with a golden lining, taken by Benz from beneath the feet of Father Finch the suicide. In consideration of its receipt, he engages to rescue the executioner from his unpleasant position. The latter, although innocent, is by no means confident of acquittal, and accepts the terms. Then says the Count to the headsman, with touching confidence, "You have been known to me for many years as an honourable man, I require no other guarantee than your word. And I pledge my honour as a nobleman to rescue you, either by craft or by the strong hand." Recourse to violence was unnecessary. The Count revived an old tribunal, long in disuse, which sat under an aged oak by the river's brink, and consisted of himself alone. The council had little fancy for giving up their prisoner, but yielded to menaces in the emperor's name, and Benz was brought before this primitive court. The burgomaster supported the accusation, but, on the other hand, seven nobly-born persons deposed on oath to the prisoner's innocence, and Etzel the emp-bearer, a stalwart retainer of the Count's, renowned in all the country-side for his reckless courage and powerful arm, threw his glove into the ring, and challenged to mortal combat any who should question it. Thrice the herald proclaimed the defiance, but none took it up; the sun went down, and the Count declared the charge unfounded and the prisoner free. This was the first and last time Count Ruprecht asserted his right to hold this penal tribunal. And subsequently an imperial decree declared the judgment null and the Count's privilege obsolete. But before that came, to pass, the headsman's innocence was established, and the true culprit discovered.

During his captivity, Benz had reflected on his unkindness to his first-born, and resolved to repair past injustice by better treatment. On returning home, his first inquiry was

for Berthold. The answer was, that the boy had run away. The truth was, that his stepmother had had him conveyed to a long distance from his father's house, and by frightful menaces deterred him from returning. And now she wheedled her husband out of a pardon, and things resumed their old course in the headsman's house. We pass over a good deal of episodical matter, having little to do with the main subject of the book; amongst other things, a long account of a son of Count Ruprecht, who was sent on his travels in charge of a learned preceptor and bad horseman, one Dr Wohlgemuth, on whom the scamp of a pupil played an infinity of mischievous tricks, proving that travelling tutors three hundred years ago had by no means a sinecure. After an absence of some duration, Berthold returns home in the suite of this young Count Ulrich, finds Elizabeth still at the sign of the Thistle, and his old enemy Engolf and other dissolute companions persecuting her with their insolent addresses, to which she turns a deaf ear. She has not forgotten Berthold; their childish affection has grown into love, and they mutually plight their troth. Soon afterwards, Berthold sets out on a three years' pilgrimage, during which to learn surgery and farriery, and Count Ruprecht promises that, on his return, none but he shall shoe his horses and cure his servants. But the headsman's son has higher aspirations, and resolves to become a physician. At Heidelberg and Paris the three years pass quickly by in diligent study, and at the end of that time he has conquered the doctor's gown, and returns to his native place as Dominus Bertholdus. As he draws near to the town, he prays in heart for a good omen to welcome his return; but none is vouchsafed him, and in its stead he meets Engolf and has an angry colloquy. At the little inn he sees Elizabeth, who betrays great agitation on beholding him, for a report had been set about of his death. At a ball to which he accompanies her, held at the old house of the Elephant, now converted into a respectable inn, he meets Engolf, who coarsely taunts him with taking up with his cast-off mistress. Elizabeth

cannot repel the imputation, Berthold spurns her from him, and strikes Engolf; a fight ensues, blood is shed, and the headsman's son is obliged to conceal himself for a while. Then comes some more extraneous matter, until we find Berthold established as assistant in the house of Master Baldwin the physician, who one day sends him to attend the infliction of torture on an old woman accused of witchcraft. In the wrinkled wretch bound upon the rack, he recognises old Blutrude, and here, after seven years' separation, he meets his father.

"The headsman had grown old in those seven years: his silver hair hung scantily over his temples; his high bald brow was crossed with furrows; his long beard resembled thick snow-flakes: but still he was strong and vigorous. From his short and muscular neck his broad shoulders spread in powerful development: his long arms were nervous, his fists of iron; his eyes glittered as in the days of his prime: and the dusky red of his countenance bore witness that the old man had not yet abandoned the pleasures of the bottle, in spite of the gout, whose presence was indicated by his wide shapeless boots of soft buckskin. On beholding him, a cold shudder came over me: and yet it needed an effort not to fall into his arms and greet him with the name of father, and offer my aid in his horrible office. Behind him stood his assistant, a stout young fellow, in whose features and reddish hair I recognised Gretzel's son." Here a touch of witchcraft comes in: Blutrude, after terrible tortures, confessing her dealings with the demon, and implicating Gretzel and her son, the former of whom had long been in the habit of accompanying her once in the year to a witches' sabbath upon the Blocksberg, whilst an evil spirit assumed her form in her husband's couch. Upon receiving this startling information, old Benz falls down, struck with apoplexy, and presently expires, in spite of the remedies applied by Berthold, who in his emotion betrays himself as the headsman's son. He is immediately seized, and put in irons. His life is in danger, for he has incurred the penalty of the gallows by daring to mix with his

fellow-men, and to forget the stigma and isolation prescribed by his birth. But the executioner being dead, his youngest son accused of witchcraft, and the prison full of criminals, several of whom are soon to be put to the torture, the authorities let Berthold go free, on condition of his assuming his father's office. To this he consents, as the only means of escaping the halter, and at once takes possession of the house whose threshold he had expected never again to cross.

The closing chapter of the volume, entitled "The Headsman's Wedding," is perhaps the most striking and original of the whole book. Berthold's installation in his father's house and office had not long occurred, when he was called upon to exercise the latter, and to put to the rack his old and bitter foe Engolf of Baumgarten, accused of conspiracy against the state. Even under the torture, the prodigate found sneers and sharp words to address to his executioner, and boasted of his base triumph over the unhappy Elizabeth, then in prison on the charge of murdering her infant. Whilst in a state of frenzy, she had thrown it into the water. Maddened by his enemy's taunts, the head-man exercised to the very utmost the tortures at his command, and tugged and strained till every joint of the unhappy wretch was dislocated, and the team stood upon his lips. At last Engolf confessed his crime and was released from the hands of him who had crushed his body, and whose heart he had broken. Then Berthold received orders to hold himself ready, in three days from that time, to execute Elizabeth, condemned to die by the sword.

"It was a hard trial for me, when, upon the eve of this execution, I had to betake myself to her prison, to share, according to old custom, the culprit's last meal. The priest had just left her when I entered the narrow cell, and she sat buried in thought. Her head sunk upon her breast, her long black hair falling like a veil over her face, her hands folded in her lap. The poor girl could not make up her mind to die, and wildly implored her former lover to save her, ignorant that she was to perish by his hand. But his feelings towards her had undergone a total change; indignation and

contempt had replaced affection ; and he beheld her despair and heard her entreaties without a spark of compunction. "You must die, Elizabeth," he said, "and truly by no other hand than mine."

"She gazed at me with expanded eyeballs, her features, distorted by despair, gradually assumed a milder expression, a scarcely perceptible smile crossed her pale lips. 'Death from your hand is sweet,' she at last said. 'Here is my heart, strike! why delay? I am ready.' These gentle words broke down my anger ; I had to lean against a pillar in order not to sink to the ground, and had hardly strength to reply. 'Will you not understand me, Elizabeth? Have you forgotten whose son I am?'" Then she told him how a traveller had come to the inn, and had said (probably at Engolf's instigation) that Berthold was dead. And how, after that, the seducer had perseveringly envied her with his wiles, and at last, by aid of a potion old Blutrude supplied, had effected her ruin. And as the headsman heard her sad tale, his anger was converted into pity. He partook her last repast, and at parting they pressed each other's hands in friendship. But the love Berthold once had cherished for the orphan playmate of his boyish days had fled for ever.

That same night the tribunal condemned Engolf to the gallows. All the grace his anguished parent could obtain for him was that he should die by the hands of the headsman himself, not of an inferior executioner—and in his own clothes, booted and spurred. This favour cost fifty marks of gold, and a bequest to the hospital of all the property his father could will away.

With the dawn, Berthold repaired to the city, where the sentence was read in the public market-place, and "a white wand was broken and thrown in fragments at the feet of the child-murderess." Then Elizabeth was delivered over to the executioner, who lifted her into the cart, where a Capuchin monk took his place beside her, and the melancholy procession to the scaffold began. On the way, Berthold's men encouraged him, exhorting him to strike the blow on Eli-

zabeth's slender neck with the same firmness and precision with which, just before he left the house, he had severed that of an old wether. They considered him fortunate, that his first essay with the sword should be made on a meek and unresisting girl, and not on some tough old culprit, who would spitefully shrug his shoulders, so as to disappoint the aim and bring shame upon the headsman. "At last we stood, Elizabeth and I, face to face between the three pillars, gazed at each other, and shook hands for the last time. Then I bound her eyes, bid her kneel down, and whilst an assistant, standing on one side, with body bent forward, and outstretched arm, held up her head by the long hair, I threw off cloak and doublet, grasped the sword with both hands, and, settling myself firmly on my feet, prepared to give the cut that should deprive her of life. Mute and breathless with expectation, the mob looked up at the scaffold ; the monk ceased to mutter his prayers aloud, but moved his lips in silence ; the stillness of death reigned around. I felt a dizziness in my brain ; instead of one head I saw three, and I turned about, and asked in a loud voice, which of them the law commanded me to strike off. The populace began to murmur, my assistants exchanged meaning smiles and scornful glances, the magistrate impatiently called to me to make an end : Elizabeth stirred not and made no sign. Then I had pity on the youth and beauty of the murderess : I felt I should never be able to strike her death-blow, and a sudden resolution took possession of my soul, the resolution to save her. I sank the sword's point, leant upon its hilt, and, claiming my privilege, demanded Elizabeth for my wife. Thereupon the murmurs of the crowd were converted into loud rejoicings, and whilst I supported the fainting girl in my arms, the people insisted I should at once conduct her to the altar. My Lords of the Council knew well that I was in my right, and none ventured to hinder or object. Followed by the noisy mob, we returned to the city, and within the hour the priest of St Kimmerniss united me to Elizabeth.

Then she once more ascended the cart, which drove away with her, this time at a brisk trot instead of a funeral pace, whilst I went to the council-house to hang Engolf. . . . The body remained hanging till sunset, then I took it down, laid it in the coffin, and went my way home."

"There was revel and jubilee in the house. With song and dance, and play, and flowing jugs, the servants celebrated the headman's wedding day. And when the hour came, I led Elizabeth to her chamber, drew my father's sword from its scabbard, and placed it in the bridal bed between her and myself. There it has ever since remained."

With this singular and thoroughly German incident, the headman's memoirs, as conveyed in autobiographical form, conclude, although we may presume the greater portion of the other volumes to be derived from similar records, moulded into a different shape by Mr Chézy. The second volume consists of one long narrative, entitled "Hildebrand Pfeiffer," a story of the seventeenth century. An executioner plays an important part in it, but is not the hero of the tale, as in Benz's narrative. Hildebrand Pfeiffer is a man of five-and-thirty, of handsome face and person, who has studied long and successfully at Heidelberg, Prague, and Paris, and has learnt surgery at Cologne, where we now find him. Possessed by the demon of pride and ambition, he sees no better way of attaining the brilliant position he covets, than through the medium of the philosopher's stone, at whose discovery he ardently labours under the guidance of Doctor David da Silva, or Master Wood, as the vulgar translated his Portuguese name—a learned physician and ex-teacher at the high school, to whom Hildebrand serves as assistant and amanuensis. Besides dabbling in white magic, the old Jew-leech is shrewdly suspected of dealing in the blacker sort, but this does not prevent scholars flocking to gather wisdom from his lips, and sick persons sending for him so often as their fears of death prevail with their avarice to pay his heavy fee. And he has long been left unmolested to his mysterious pur-

suits, when, in an evil hour, he sends his old servant, in company with a young maiden, to gather mandragora at the gallows' foot. The plant is to be employed in some alchemical conjuration, and is valuable only if gathered at the witching hour by a perfect virgin. The one selected is Adelgnude, a beautiful girl, who loves Hildebrand, and is beloved by him. Unfortunately, upon the night selected for plucking the mystical mandrake, the headman and his assistants repair to the place of execution to inter the corpse of a suicide, and there detect and seize the two women, the elder of whom throws the blame of her unholy proceedings upon Da Silva and Hildebrand. There is, perhaps, rather too much of witchcraft in the volume, but some of the incidents are very wild and original. With more skill and care, and power of description, Mr Chézy might have constructed a three volume romance of a striking kind out of the materials he has loosely and hastily crammed into a third of the space. There is a certain Count Philippus, or Philipps, of whom much was to be made, but he is neglected, and roughly sketched. He comes to Cologne to raise troops for the emperor, and is very successful in his recruiting, having mustered a strong body of idle artisans, debauched students, and desperadoes of all kinds. In the joy of his heart he drinks himself ill; Hildebrand attends him, and wins his heart by tolerating the flagon, when the soldier had expected to be put on diet of drugs and spring water. The Count's levies are drawn up, and about to march away, when the police make their appearance at Dr Da Silva's door, to arrest him and his assistant on a charge of witchcraft. Warned in time, Hildebrand conceals himself amongst the men at arms, and follows Philipps to the field as body-surgeon. It is the period of the thirty years' war, and the ambitious mediciner, interrupted in his pursuit of the grand secret of gold-making, conceives the more feasible project of rising to eminence and wealth by deeds of arms. He is confirmed in his new aspirations by the gift of a sword, manufactured by

the headsman, and supposed to confer invincibility on him who wields it. There is a remarkable chapter, from which we gather the details of this superstition. Hannadam, the executioner, has his fortified dwelling in the suburbs of Cologne, and one evening a Lutheran officer rides up from the adjacent Swedish camp, and endeavours to induce him, by the bribe of a well-filled purse, to make him a charmed sword. From the battlements of his little fortress, Hannadam holds converse with the Swede, who complains that he has had his foot in the stirrup for twenty years, and is still a cornet, whilst his comrades of equal standing have risen to high rank. He holds it high time to look after his promotion.

"'Undoubtedly it is,' said the headsman jeeringly. 'A forty-year old cornet cuts a poor figure. I will promote you to a majority.'

"'So you shall,' replied the horseman, 'and I will tell you how. But first answer a question,—you are a popish idolator?'

"'Infernal heretic!' shouted the executioner. 'Would you have me set my dogs at you?'

"The Swede was astounded by this burst of anger. He had intended no harm, but in the simplicity of his heart had designated the Roman Catholics by the epithet that from childhood upwards he had heard and used.

"'If you are no idolator,' he replied very quietly, 'give me back my purse.'

"The headsman laughed.

"'I am papist enough,' he said, 'to take example by my priests, and restore no offering.'

"'Indeed,' said the cornet. 'But I begin to see what offended you. Never fear, you shall not hear the word again.'

"'You will do wisely not to repeat it. And now say what you would for your money.'

"'Did I not tell you I cannot get promotion?'

"'Well—'

"'Well? In the name of all the idols, I would have a charmed sword, such as only a headsman and a Romanist can make.'

"The purse fell jingling at the Swede's feet.

"'Begone!' cried the headsman. 'I am no sorcerer.'

"'The charmed sword is a matter of white magic, seeing it is made under invocation of the holy Trinity and of the blessed cavalier, St Martin, without aid of the powers of darkness. To-night is favourable to its forging—such a night will not for a long time recur—for me, perhaps, never—with the like concurrence of fortunate circumstances. Do my bidding, and take the rich reward. After midnight, red Mars is in the ascendant, and in the direct aspect of Venus. That is the lucky hour to put the weapon together. The blade must be a sword that has served upon the scaffold, and severed a criminal's head from his body; the wood of the hilt must be part of the wheel upon which some poor sinner has been broken; the guard must be of the metal of chains in which a murderer has been hung. You need put it but loosely together; the armourer shall complete the work. The blade is the most important; let it be long and slender, not above two fingers broad, and with a single edge. The Tubal's-fire you of course have: our executioners, also, keep that. Will you prepare the sword. master?'

"'I would do so,' replied the headsman, 'and have all things needful;—but the fire is wanting.'

"'Impossible!' exclaimed the cavalier.

"'But nevertheless true,' replied Hannadam. 'I have only lately inherited my charge; I found the lamp in the forge extinguished, and since then no oak has been struck by lightning.'

"The Swede cursed and swore like a blind heathen, rode disconsolately away, and forgot, in his disappointment, to reclaim the purse he had again thrown up to the headsman. The latter whistled a peasant's dance between his teeth, and gave orders to raise the drawbridge.

"'You told the man an untruth,' said his wife gently; 'the lamp now burning in the smithy received its light from a blasted oak.'

"The headsman laughed. 'I know it right well, darling,' he replied; 'but it will be long before I give such a sword to an unbelieving



heretic, for him to use against those he styles idolators. I will at once to work, and prepare the weapon. In our days a blade is not to be despised, from whose mere glitter the foe will fly by dozens."

At midnight the sparks flew fast in the headsman's smithy, and the wondrous weapon was prepared. The Swede might well have found it useful in the severe action between his countrymen and the Imperialists, which took place the following day within sound and sight of the city. The battle over, Count Philipps and Hildebrand rode up to Hannadam's dwelling; and the Count, whose vassal the headsman was, demanded admittance and lodging. Hildebrand showed some repugnance to enter the house of the executioner. "No need to fear," said the Count. "According to imperial charter, the headsman's office is honourable; and, moreover, he and his household will have sufficient sense not to touch us. His bread, his wine, his meat do not defile those partaking them, neither does his roof dishonour those it covers. But you must have the goodness to see to our horses yourself. At the worst, my nobility is good enough to shield us from stain even in the knacker's dwelling."\* So the count and the leech take up their quarters in the house of Hannadam, whose wife is no other than that beautiful Adelgunde, with whom Hildebrand had been deeply in love, and whom he had now long mourned as dead. She had been tried at Cologne on a charge of witchcraft, having been detected gathering mandragora at midnight beneath the gallows, and had been put to the torture; but Hannadam, to whose lot it fell to inflict it, was touched by her beauty, and handled her gently. In a conversation with Count Philipps, he explains to him how it is in the executioner's power greatly to aggravate or lighten the agony he is ordered to inflict. Finally, Hannadam marries her, in virtue of the privilege already exemplified in the story of Berthold Benz.

She is a somnambulist, and having seen her former lover enter the house, (although her husband does all in his power to keep her from sight of him, and even confines her in her room,) she gets up in the night, and by a most perilous path across the roof of the house, reaches Hildebrand's chamber, bearing with her the sword of her husband's manufacture, which she gives to her lover, bidding him use and conquer with it. Taking little heed of the supposed power attributed to the weapon, Hildebrand nevertheless girds it on, and the next day joins Colonel Madelon's regiment of cuirassiers. Distracted at finding Adelgunde the wife of another man, he covets death, and resolves to seek it in action. The count unwillingly parts with him, on condition of his returning that evening to his post. But evening comes, the fight is over, the wounded count looks anxiously for his leech, and Hildebrand appears not. The cuirassiers are far away, pursuing the beaten foe.

Time passes—the exact period is not defined—and we again meet the warlike physician, who is brought before us in a very remarkable chapter, detailing the punishment and degradation, at the headsman's hands, of an entire regiment that has disgraced itself in action. At that period the affairs of the Imperialists were in any thing but a flourishing state. At Leipzig—on the same ground where, eleven years previously, Gustavus Adolphus had beaten Tilly—the Swedes, under the gallant T. stenson, had gained a signal victory over the Archduke Leopold-William; a victory shameful to the German name from the cowardice and want of discipline of a portion of the troops engaged. The remnant of the beaten army rallied near Prague, whose gates, some time after the fight, a regiment of cavalry was seen to approach, its ranks thinned less by hostile sword than by scandalous desertion. Deep shame sat upon the bearded countenances of the horsemen, and their hearts were

\* The office of knacker (*Schinder, Abdecker*) in recent times often united with that of public executioner, was formerly exercised by his knaves and subordinates, (German, *hekersknechte*; French, *Välets de Bourreau*) and was held especially infamous.

oppressed by apprehension of punishment; for rumour said that the corps was ordered to Prague to answer for its misconduct. The officers were even more cast down than the men; they spoke in whispers, consulting each other how they might best justify themselves, and proposing to throw all the blame on their subordinates. On the other hand, the private soldiers did not scruple to say above their breath, that "a sensible housekeeper begins to sweep his stairs from the top." The regiment was close to the town, ordering its ranks previous to entrance, when a young officer came up at full gallop, saluted the colonel courteously but coldly, and said:

"I am the bearer of an unpleasant order."

"Duty is duty, Sir," replied the commanding officer; "be good enough to deliver your message."

This was to the effect that the men should dismount, lead their horses into the town with lowered colours and without trumpet-sound, and then, so soon as the beasts were put up, repair to the market-place with swords at side, officers as well as men. This reception was ominous of even worse things than had been anticipated: and many a soldier regretted he had not followed an example abundantly supplied him, and deserted immediately after the battle. In two hours time, however, the regiment arrived with downcast eyes at the appointed place of muster. They marched two and two, with long intervals between the files. At the entrance of the narrow streets were pickets of dismounted dragoons, four deep, their musketoon on their arms, their drawn swords hanging from their wrists; the doors and windows of the houses were lined with carabineers, their weapons at the recover. A major and a provost-marshal were there on horseback, the latter attended by his men, who stood round a couple of carts. As each rank of the cuirassiers reached the square, the major commanded them to halt, and then gave the word "Draw swords!" followed by "Ground arms!" Whereupon every man, without distinction, had to lay his naked sword upon the ground,

before he was allowed to move forwards. The cornets did the same with their colours, and the provost's men took up swords and standards and put them in the carts. The disarmed soldiers formed up as prisoners in the square, and their hearts misgave them when they saw it arranged as for an approaching execution. True, there was neither scaffold nor gallows, but in the centre stood the gloomy man in the red cloak, his assistants behind him, between an iron vice and a pile of brushwood. A hedge of halberds surrounded the whole square. On one side a crowd of military officials of high rank sat upon their horses, to try the offenders, if indeed trial could be said to await men manifestly already condemned. Hard upon the circle of military pressed the populace; windows, roofs, and balconies were thronged with curious spectators; but it was as much as the nearest of them could do to catch a few words of what passed, when the disarmed regiment appeared before the court-martial.

The heads of accusation were tolerably well known, and resolved themselves into the one undeniable fact that the regiment, at first victorious, but afterwards repulsed, had fled in shameful haste and confusion, communicating its panic to the rest of the cavalry, leaving the infantry exposed, and causing the loss of the already half-won fight. These circumstances were too notorious to need proof; and the chief question was, whether the soldiers had fled in spite of every exertion of their officers, or whether the latter had been, by their pusillanimity, the chief causes of the disaster. This question it probably was that was debated for nearly two hours, and produced such violent dissensions amongst the prisoners, that the intervention of the guard was required to keep them from coming to blows. The bystanders could not distinguish words, but only a confused clamour of voices, which suddenly ceased at the blast of a trumpet. The prisoners drew back; the judges consulted together for a moment; and then there was an abrupt and uneasy movement, amongst, behind, and in front of them, the motive of which immediately became apparent. The

spectators knew not whither first to turn their eyes. Here policemen bound the officers' hands behind their backs; in another place the provost's men separated the soldiers by tens, something in the way in which a tithe-owner counts the sheaves in a field. Drums were placed on end, with dice upon their heads: yonder the brushwood blazed up in bright flames, which the headsman's helpers fed with the colours and decorations of the regiment, whilst their master snapped sword-blade after sword-blade in his iron vice. With mournful eyes the officers saw their flags consumed and their weapons broken at the hangman's hands. The most painful death would have been sweet and welcome compared to this moral agony. Despondingly they sank their heads, and those esteemed themselves fortunate whose hair was long enough to hide their shame-stricken countenances.

Whilst the officers endured the curious or spiteful gaze of the throng, the men threw dice for their lives upon the sheep-skin tables. He of each ten who threw the lowest, was immediately seized by the executioners, who bound his hands and placed him with the group of officers. And the closing act of this terrible ceremony was performed by the public crier, who proclaimed the whole regiment, from the lieutenant-colonel down to the last dragoon, as "*Schelm*" or infamous knaves. After which the mob dispersed, streaming through lanes and alleys to the place where the officers and tenth men were to be hanged. The remainder of the regiment were conveyed to a place of security, till such time as they could be sent to dig fortifications in Hungary, or to labour on the wharves of a seaport.

Hildebrand Pfeiffer is amongst those saved from death to undergo slavery; but he contrives to escape his doom, and is next seen dwelling, a pious ascetic and penitent, in a mountain hermitage, under the name of Father

Gregorius. Enthusiastic in whatever he does, he passes his time prostrate before a crucifix, lacerating his shoulders with many stripes. His despair arises partly from grief at the loss of Adelgunde, and partly from shame at having been branded as a dastard with the rest of Madelon's cuirassiers. His old friend and patron, Count Philipps, finds him out, reasons with and consoles him, and makes him his chaplain. But after he has long been esteemed for his piety and eloquence, he offends the Count by a diatribe against the prevalent belief in witchcraft, whose absurdity his good sense and early education enable him to recognise. There is an extraordinary scene at a convent, where Adelgunde, who deserted her husband's house on the night of her interview with Hildebrand, has taken refuge. She falls into a manner of ecstasy, repeats Solomon's Song in Latin, and commits other extravagances, greatly to the scandal of the sisterhood, and of Father Bonaventura, the convent chaplain. Finally, both Hildebrand and Adelgunde are burnt for sorcery. There is a vein of interest in the tale to the very end, although the book, in an artistic sense, is roughly done. The style is crabbed, and the dialogue quaint, but often effective. The final volume of the *Malerbuch*, under the agreeable title of "*Galgenvogel*," (Gallow-bird-) contains four tales of very middling merit, and is altogether the worst. It differs from the other two as saying little concerning the headsman and his functions, further than that he steps in at the close of each tale, to execute the sentence of the law on the criminals whose offences and adventures it narrates. M. Chézy announces his store of materials to be by no means expended, and promises a further series should this one find favour. If it does so, he must attribute the success to the interest inseparable from the subject, not unlikely to attract readers in spite of the editor's negligence, and of the book's manifold deficiencies.

## EDINBURGH AFTER FLODDEN.

THE great battle of Flodden was fought upon the 9th of September 1513. The defeat of the Scottish army, which was mainly owing to the fantastic ideas of chivalry entertained by James IV., and his refusal to avail himself of the natural advantages of his position, was by far the most disastrous of any recounted in the history of the northern wars. The whole strength of the kingdom, both Lowland and Highland, was assembled, and the contest was one of the sternest and most desperate upon record.

For several hours the victory seemed doubtful. On the left the Scots obtained a decided advantage; on the right wing they were broken and overthrown; and at last the whole weight of the battle was brought into the centre, where King James and the Earl of Surrey commanded in person. The determined valour of James, imprudent as it was, had the effect of rousing to a pitch of desperation the courage of the meanest soldiers; and the ground becoming soft and slippery from blood, they pulled off their boots and shoes, and secured a firmer footing by fighting in their hose.

"It is owned," says Abercromby, "that both parties did wonders, but none on either side performed more than the King himself. He was again told that by coming to handy blows he could do no more than another man, whereas, by keeping the post due to his station, he might be worth many thousands. Yet he would not only fight in person, but also on foot; for he no sooner saw that body of the English give way which was defeated by the Earl of Huntley, but he alighted from his horse, and commanded his guard of noblemen and gentlemen to do the like and follow him. He had at first abundance of success, but at length the Lord Thomas Howard and Sir Edward Stanley, who had defeated their opposites, coming in with the Lord Dacre's horse, and surrounding the King's battalion on all sides, the Scots were so distressed that, for their last defence, they cast themselves into a ring; and being resolved to die nobly with their sovereign, who scorned to ask quarter, were altogether cut off. So say the English writers, and I am apt to believe that they are in the right."

The combat was maintained with desperate fury until nightfall. At the close, according to Mr Tytler, "Surrey was uncertain of the result of the battle: the remains of the enemy's centre still held the field; Home, with his Borderers, still hovered on the left; and the commander wisely allowed neither pursuer nor plunder, but drew off his men and kept a strict watch during the night. When the morning broke, the Scottish artillery were seen standing deserted on the side of the hill; their defenders had disappeared; and the Earl ordered thanks to be given for a victory which was no longer doubtful. Yet, even after all this, a body of the Scots appeared unbroken upon a hill, and were about to charge the Lord-Admiral, when they were compelled to leave their position by a discharge of the English ordnance.

"The loss of the Scots in this fatal battle amounted to about ten thousand men. Of these, a great proportion were of high rank; the remainder being composed of the gentry, the farmers, and landed yeomanry, who disdained to fly when their sovereign and his nobles lay stretched in heaps around them." Besides King James, there fell at Flodden the Archbishop of St Andrews, thirteen earls, two bishops, two abbots, fifteen lords and chiefs of clans, and five peers' eldest sons, besides La Motte the French ambassador, and the secretary of the King. The same historian adds—"The names of the gentry who fell are too numerous for recapitulation, since there were few families of note in Scotland which did not lose one relative or another, whilst some houses had to weep the death of all. It is from this cause that the sensations of sorrow and national lamentation occasioned by the defeat were peculiarly poignant and lasting—so that to this day few Scotsmen can hear the name of Flodden without a shudder of gloomy regret."

The loss to Edinburgh on this occasion was peculiarly great. All the

magistrates and able-bodied citizens had followed their King to Flodden, whence very few of them returned. The office of Provost or chief magistrate of the capital was at that time an object of high ambition, and was conferred only upon persons of high rank and station. There seems to be some uncertainty whether the holder of this dignity at the time of the battle of Flodden was Sir Alexander Lauder, ancestor of the Fountainhall family, who was elected in 1511, or that great historical personage, Archibald Earl of Angus, better known as Archibald Bell-the-Cat, who was chosen in 1513, the year of the battle. Both of them were at Flodden. The name of Sir Alexander Lauder appears upon the list of the slain; Angus was one of the survivors, but his son, George, Master of Angus, fell fighting gallantly by the side of King James. The city records of Edinburgh, which commence about this period, are not clear upon the point, and I am rather inclined to think that the Earl of Angus was elected to supply the place of Lauder.\* But although the actual magistrates were absent, they had formally nominated deputies in their stead. I find, on referring to the city records, that "George of Tours" had been appointed to officiate in the absence of the Provost, and that four other persons were selected to discharge the office of bailies until the magistrates should return.

It is impossible to describe the consternation which pervaded the whole of Scotland when the intelligence of the defeat became known. In Edinburgh it was excessive. Mr Arnot, in the history of that city, says,—

"The news of their overthrow in the field of Flodden reached Edinburgh on the day after the battle, and overwhelmed the inhabitants with grief and confusion. The streets were crowded with women seeking intelligence about their friends, clamouring and weeping. Those who officiated in absence of the magistrates proved themselves worthy of the trust. They issued a proclamation, ordering all the inhabitants to assemble in military array for defence of the city, on the tolling of the bell and commanding, that all women, and especially strangers, do repair to their work, and not be seen upon the street *clamor and cryand*; and that women of the better sort do repair to the church and offer up prayers, at the stated hours, for our Sovereign Lord and his army, and the townsmen who are with the army."

Indeed the council records bear ample evidence of the emergency of the occasion. Throughout the earlier pages, the word "Flodden" frequently occurs on the margin, in reference to various hurried orders for arming and defence; and there can be no doubt that, had the English forces attempted to follow up their victory, and attack the Scottish capital, the citizens would have resisted to the last. But it soon became apparent that the loss sustained by the English was so severe, that Surrey was in no condition to avail himself of the opportunity; and in fact, shortly afterwards, he was compelled to disband his army.

The references to the city banner, contained in the following poem, may require a word of explanation. It is a standard still held in great honour and reverence by the burghers of Edinburgh, having been presented to them by James the Third, in return for their loyal service in 1482. This banner, along with that of the Earl Marischal, still conspicuous in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates, was honourably brought back from Flodden, and certainly never could have been displayed in a more memorable field. Maitland says, with reference to this very interesting relic of antiquity,—

"As a perpetual remembrance of the loyalty and bravery of the Edinburghers on the aforesaid occasion, the King granted them a banner or standard, with a power to display the same in defence of their king, country, and their own rights. This flag is kept by the Convener of the Trades; at whose appearance therewith, it is said that not only the artificers of Edinburgh are obliged to repair to it, but all the artisans or craftsmen within Scotland are bound to follow it, and fight under the Convener of Edinburgh as aforesaid."

\* The Earl of Angus was succeeded in the Provostship of Edinburgh by Alexander, Lord Home, Great Chamberlain of Scotland, in 1514.

## I.

News of battle!—news of battle!

Hark! 'tis ringing down the street:

And the archways and the pavement

Bear the clang of hurrying feet.

News of battle? Who hath brought it?

News of triumph? Who should bring

Tidings from our noble army,

Greetings from our gallant King?

All last night we watched the beacons

Blazing on the hills afar,

Each one bearing, as it kindled,

Message of the opened war

All night long the northern streamers

Shot across the trembling sky:

Fearful lights, that never beckon

Save when kings or heroes die.

## II.

News of battle! Who hath brought it?

All are thronging to the gate:

“Warder—warder! open quickly!

Man—is this a time to wait?”

And the heavy gates are opened:

Then a murmur long and loud,

And a cry of fear and wonder

Bursts from out the bending crowd.

For they see in battered harness

Only one hard-stricken man,

And his weary steed is wounded

And his cheek is pale and wan.

Spearless hangs a bloody banner

In his weak and drooping hand—

God! can that be Randolph Murray,

Captain of the city band?

## III.

Round him crush the people, crying,

“Tell us all—O tell us true!

Where are they who went to battle,

Randolph Murray, sworn to you?

Where are they, our brothers—children?

Have they met the English foe?

Why art thou alone, unfollowed?

Is it weal, or is it woe?”

Like a corpse the grizzly warrior

Looks from out his helm of steel,

But no word he speaks in answer,

Only with his armed heel

Chides his weary-steed, and onward  
 Up the city streets they ride ;  
 Fathers, sisters, mothers, children,  
 Shrieking, praying by his side.  
 " By the God that made thee, Randolph !  
 Tell us what mischance hath come ; "  
 Then he lifts his riven banner,  
 And the asker's voice is dumb.

## IV.

The elders of the city,  
 Have met within their hall :  
 The men whom good King James had charged  
 To watch the tower and wall.  
 " Your hands are weak with age," he said,  
 " Your hearts are stout and true ;  
 So bide ye in the Maiden Town,  
 While others fight for you.  
 My trumpet from the Border-side  
 Shall send a blast so clear,  
 That all who wait within the gate  
 That stirring sound may hear.  
 Or, if it be the will of heaven  
 That back I never come,  
 And if, instead of Scottish shouts,  
 Ye hear the English drum,—  
 Then let the warning bells ring out,  
 Then gird you to the fray,  
 Then man the walls like bughers stout,  
 And fight while fight you may.  
 Twere better that in fiery flame  
 The roofs should thunder down,  
 Than that the foot of foreign foe  
 Should trample in the town !"

## V.

Then in came Randolph Murray—  
 His step was slow and weak,  
 And, as he doffed his broken helm,  
 The tears ran down his cheek :  
 They fell upon his corslet,  
 And on his mailed hand,  
 As he gazed around him wistfully,  
 Leaning sorely on his brand.  
 And none who then beheld him  
 But straight were smote with fear,  
 For a bolder and a sterner man  
 Had never couched a spear.

They knew so sad a messenger  
 Some ghastly news must bring :  
 And all of them were fathers,  
 And their sops were with the King.

## VI.

And up then rose the Provost,  
 A brave old man was he,  
 Of ancient name, and knightly fame,  
 And chivalrous degree.  
 He ruled our city like a Lord  
 Who brooked no equal here,  
 And ever for the townsmen's rights  
 Stood up 'gainst prince and peer.  
 And he had seen the Scottish host  
 March from the Borough-muir,  
 With music-storm and clamorous shout  
 And all the din that thunders out,  
 When youth's of victory sure.  
 But yet a dearer thought had he,  
 For, with a father's pride,  
 He saw his last remaining son  
 Go forth by Randolph's side,  
 With casque on head and spur on heel,  
 All keen to do and dare ;  
 And proudly did that gallant boy  
 Dunedin's banner bear.  
 O woful now was the old man's look  
 And he spake right heavily—  
 "Now, Randolph, tell thy tidings,  
 However sharp they be!  
 Woe is written on thy visage,  
 Death is looking from thy face :  
 Speak, though it be of overthrow—  
 It cannot be disgrace!"

## VII.

Right bitter was the agony  
 That wrung that soldier proud :  
 Thrice did he strive to answer,  
 And thrice he groaned aloud.  
 Then he gave the riven banner,  
 To the old man's shaking hand,  
 Saying—"That is all I bring ye  
 From the bravest of the land!  
 Aye! ye may look upon it—  
 It was guarded well and long,  
 By your brothers and your children,  
 By the valiant and the strong.



*Edinburgh after Flodden.*

[Feb.

One by one they fell around it,  
As the archers laid them low,  
Grimly dying, still unconquered,  
With their faces to the foe.  
Aye! ye well may look upon it—  
There is more than honour there,  
Else be sure I had not brought it  
From the field of dark despair.  
Never yet was royal banner  
Steeped in such a costly dye;  
It hath lain upon a bosom  
Where no other shroud shall lie.  
Sirs, I charge you, keep it holy,  
Keep it as a sacred thing,  
For the stain ye see upon it  
Was the life-blood of your King!”

VIII.

Woe, and woe, and lamentation!  
What a piteous cry was there!  
Widows, maidens, mothers, children,  
Shrieking, sobbing in despair!  
Through the streets the death-word rushes,  
Spreading terror, sweeping on—  
“Jesu Christ! our King has fallen—  
O great God, King James is gone!  
Holy Mother Mary, shield us,  
Thou who erst didst lose thy Son!  
O the blackest day for Scotland  
That she ever knew before!  
O our King—the good, the noble,  
Shall we see him never more?  
Woe to us, and woe to Scotland!  
O our sons, our sons and men!  
Surely some have ‘scaped the Southron,  
Surely some will come again!”  
Till the oak that fell last winter  
Shall uprear its shattered stem—  
Wives and mothers of Dunedin—  
Ye may look in vain for them!

IX.

But within the Council Chamber  
All was silent as the grave,  
Whilst the tempest of their sorrow  
Shook the bosoms of the brave.

Well indeed might they be shaken  
 With the weight of such a blow,  
 He was gone—their prince, their idol,  
 Whom they loved and worshipped so !  
 Like a knell of death and judgment  
 Rung from heaven by angel hand,  
 Fell the words of desolation  
 On the elders of the land.  
 Hoary heads were bowed and trembling,  
 Withered hands were clasped and wrung  
 God had left the old and feeble,  
 He had ta'en away the young.

## X.

Then the Provost he uprose,  
 And his lip was ashen white,  
 But a flush was on his brow,  
 And his eye was full of light.  
 "Thou hast spoken, Randolph Murray,  
 Like a soldier stout and true ;  
 Thou hast done a deed of daring  
 Had been perilled but by few.  
 For thou hast not shamed to face us,  
 Nor to speak thy ghastly tale,  
 Standing—thou, a knight and captain—  
 Here, alive within thy mail !  
 Now, as my God shall judge me,  
 I hold it braver done,  
 Than hadst thou tarried in thy place,  
 And died above my son !  
 Thou needst not tell it. He is dead.  
 God help us all this day !  
 But speak—how fought the citizens  
 Within the furious fray ?  
 For, by the might of Mary,  
 'Twere something still to tell  
 That no Scottish foot went backward  
 When the Royal Lion fell !"

## XI.

"No one failed him ! He is keeping  
 Royal state and semblance still ;  
 Knight and noble lie around him,  
 Cold on Flodden's fatal hill.  
 Of the brave and gallant-hearted,  
 Whom ye sent with prayers away,  
 Not a single man departed  
 From his monarch yesterday.

Had you seen them, O my masters !  
 When the night began to fall,  
 And the English spearmen gathered  
 Round a grim and ghastly wall !  
 As the wolves in winter circle  
 Round the leaguer on the heath,  
 So the greedy foe glared upward,  
 Panting still for blood and death.  
 But a rampart rose before them,  
 Which the boldest dared not scale :  
 Every stone a Scottish body,  
 Every step a corpse in mail !  
 And behind it lay our monarch  
 Clenching still his shivered sword :  
 By his side Montrose and Athole,  
 At his feet a southern lord.  
 All so thick they lay together,  
 When the stars lit up the sky,  
 That I knew not who were stricken,  
 Or who yet remained to die.  
 Few there were, when Surrey halted  
 And his wearied host withdrew :  
 None but dying men around me,  
 When the English trumpet blew.  
 Then I stooped, and took the banner,  
 As ye see it, from his breast,  
 And I closed our hero's eyelids,  
 And I left him to his rest.  
 In the mountains growled the thunder,  
 As I leaped the woeful wall,  
 And the heavy clouds were settling  
 Over Flodden, like a pall."

## XII.

So he ended. And the others  
 Cared not any answer then ;  
 Sitting silent, dumb with sorrow,  
 Sitting anguish-struck, like men  
 Who have seen the roaring torrent  
 Sweep their happy homes away,  
 And yet linger by the margin,  
 Staring idly on the spray.  
 But without the maddening tumult  
 Waxes ever more and more,  
 And the crowd of wailing women  
 Gather round the Council door.

Every dusky spire is ringing  
 With a dull and hollow knell,  
 And the Miserere's singing  
 To the tolling of the bell.  
 Through the streets the burghers hurry,  
 Spreading terror as they go ;  
 And the rampart's thronged with watchers  
 For the coming of the foe.  
 From each mountain top a pillar  
 Streams into the torpid air,  
 Bearing token from the Border  
 That the English host is there.  
 All without is flight and terror,  
 All within is woe and fear—  
 God protect thee, Maiden City.  
 For thy latest hour is near !

## XIII.

No ! not yet, thou high Dundin,  
 Shalt thou totter to thy fall ;  
 Though thy bravest and thy strongest  
 Are not there to man the wall.  
 No, not yet ! the ancient spirit  
 Of our fathers hath not gone.  
 Take it to thee as a buckler  
 Better far than steel or stone.  
 O remember those who perished  
 For thy birth-right at the time.  
 When to be a Scot was treason,  
 And to side with Wallace, crime !  
 Have they not a voice among us.  
 Whilst their hallowed dust is here  
 Hear ye not a summons sounding  
 From each buried warrior's bier ?  
 Up !—they say—and keep the freedom  
 Which we won you long ago :  
 Up ! and keep our graves unsullied,  
 From the insults of the foe !  
 Up ! and if ye cannot save them,  
 Come to us in blood and fire :  
 Midst the crash of falling turrets,  
 Let the last of Scots expire !

## XIV.

Still the bells are tolling fiercely,  
 And the cry comes louder in :  
 Mothers wailing for their children,  
 Sisters for their slaughtered kin.

All is terror and disorder,  
 Till the Provost rises up,  
 Calm, as though he had not tasted  
 Of the fell and bitter cup.  
 All so stately from his sorrow,  
 Rose the old undaunted Chief,  
 That you had not deemed, to see him,  
 His was more than common grief.  
 "Rouse ye, Sirs!" he said, "we may not  
 Longer mourn for what is done:  
 If our King be taken from us,  
 We are left to guard his son.  
 We have sworn to keep the city  
 From the foe, whatever they be,  
 And the oath that we have taken  
 Never shall be broke by me.  
 Death is nearer to us, brethren,  
 Than it seemed to those who died,  
 Fighting yesterday at Flodden  
 By their lord and master's side.  
 Let us meet it then in patience,  
 Not in terror or in fear;  
 Though our hearts are bleeding yonder.  
 Let our souls be steadfast here.  
 Up, and rouse ye! Time is fleeting,  
 And we yet have much to do,  
 Up! and haste ye through the city,  
 Stir the burghers stout and true!  
 Gather all our scattered people,  
 Fling the banner out once more.—  
 Randolph Murray! do thou bear it,  
 As it erst was borne before:  
 Never Scottish heart will leave it,  
 When they see their monarch's gore!

## xv.

"Let them cease that dismal knelling!  
 It is time enough to ring,  
 When the fortress-strength of Scotland  
 Stoops to ruin like its King.  
 Let the bells be kept for warning,  
 Not for terror and alarm:  
 When they next are heard to thunder,  
 Let each man and stripling arm.  
 Bid the women leave their wailing,—  
 Do they think that woeful strain,  
 From the bloody heaps of Flodden  
 Can redeem their dearest slain?

Bid them cease, or rather hasten  
 To the churches, every one ;  
 There to pray to Mary Mother,  
 And to her anointed Son,  
 That the thunderbolt above us  
 May not fall in ruin yet ;  
 That in fire, and blood, and rapine,  
 Scotland's glory may not set.  
 Let them pray,—for never women  
 Stood in need of such a prayer !  
 England's yeomen shall not find them  
 Clinging to the altars there.  
 No ! if we are doomed to perish,  
 Man and maiden, let us fall :  
 Let a common gulf of ruin  
 Open wide to whelm us all !  
 Never shall the ruthless spoiler  
 Lay his hot insulting hand  
 On the sisters of our heroes  
 While we bear a torch or brand !  
 Up, and rouse ye, then, my brothers,—  
 But when next ye hear the bell  
 Sounding forth the sullen summons  
 That may be our funeral knell,  
 Once more let us meet together,  
 Once more see each other's face ;  
 Then, like men that need not tremble,  
 Go to our appointed place.  
 God, our Father, will not fail us  
 In that last tremendous hour,—  
 If all other bulwarks crumble,  
 He will be our strength and tower ;  
 Though the ramparts rock beneath us,  
 And the walls go crashing down,  
 Though the roar of conflagration  
 Bellow o'er the sinking town ;  
 There is yet one place of shelter,  
 Where the foeman cannot come,  
 Where the summons never sounded  
 Of the trumpet or the drum.  
 There again we'll meet our children,  
 Who, on Flodden's trampled sod,  
 For their King and for their country  
 Rendered up their souls to God.  
 There shall we have rest and refuge,  
 With our dear departed brave,  
 And the ashes of the city  
 Be our universal grave !”

## SUBJECTS FOR PICTURES.

## A LETTER TO EUSEBIUS.

DEAR EUSEBIUS, — Your letter of inquiry reached me at Gratian's, just at the moment we were setting off to pay a visit of a few days to our friend the Curate, who had ensconced himself in happiness and a curacy about an easy day's ride from his former abode. From that quarter I have no news to tell you, but that the winning affability even of Gratian cannot obtain a smile or look of acknowledgment from Lydia Prateapace. She passes him in scorn. We found the Curate and his bride on his little lawn, before the door of the prettiest of clerical residences. She was reading to him, and that I know will please you; for I have often heard you say that a woman's reading inspires the best repose of thought, and gives both sweetness and dignity to reflection; that then, the true listener is passive under the fascination and sense of all loveliness, and his ideas rise the fairer, as the flowers grow the brighter that bend to the music of the sweet-voiced brook. If every reviewer had such a reader, criticism would fall merciful as the "gentle dew,"—ink would lose its blackness. They rose to greet us with the best of welcomes; and like less happy lovers,

"That day they read no more."

The house is simply, yet elegantly furnished. To the little library with its well-filled shelves of classical and English literature, female fingers had lent a grace—there were flowers, and the familiarity of work, to humanise the severest author in this living depository of the thoughts of all ages. The spirit of Plato might look through his mesmerised binding and smile. The busts of ancient poets seemed to scent the fragrance, and bow their heads thankful. I could not resist the pleasure of patting our old acquaintance Catullus on the back, as I passed, which Gratian saw, and said—"Ay, ay, that's the rogue to whom I sacrificed swine." A few spaces unoccupied by books, were filled with choice prints from pictures by Raffaele. The most appropriate was the "School of

Athens," not the least pleasing that portrait of the "gentle musician." The Curate saw how much these prints attracted my notice, and said that he would give me a treat on the morrow, as he expected a package of prints all framed and glazed, which a wealthy relative, with whom, however, he added, he was not very well acquainted, had sent him—and he expected us to attend the unpacking. It is a present, he said, to furnish my curacy, but I know nothing of the giver's taste. I wished at the time, that my friend Eusebius had been present at the unpacking; for I did not augur much of the collection, and I thought the grace of his, that is, of your wit, Eusebius, might be wanted either in admiration or apology. For if you happened not to like the picture.

"I'll warrant you'll find an excuse for the glass."

Shall I describe to you our doings and our sayings on this occasion? imagine the case before us—and in the words of another old song,

"It is our opening day."

Well—it is opened—now, Eusebius, I will not particularise the contents. The giver, it is to be presumed, with the patriotic view of encouraging native art, had confined his choice, and had made his selection, entirely from the works of modern English painters and engravers. And do not imagine that I am here about to indulge in any morose and severe criticism, and say, all were bad. On the contrary, the works showed very great artistic skill of both kinds; indeed, the work of the needle and graver exhibited a miraculous power of translation. That the subjects were such as generally give pleasure, cannot be denied; they are widely purchased, go where you will, in every country town as in the metropolis; the printsellers' windows scarcely exhibit any other. These prints were therefore according to the general taste,—and therefore the Curate must be expected to be highly gratified with

his present. Perhaps he was—but he certainly looked puzzled; and the first thing he said was, that he did not know what to do with them. “Are they not framed and glazed?” said Gratian: “hang them up, by all means.” “Yes,” said the bride, delightfully ready to assume the conjugal defence, “but where? You would not have me put the horses and dogs in my boudoir; and the other rooms of our nest have already pictures so out of character that these would only be emblems of disagreement; and I am sure you would not wish to see any thing of that nature here—yet.” But let me, Eusebius, take the order of conversation.

GRATIAN.—There is a queen tamer of all animals, and though I would not like to see the Curate’s wife among the monsters, I doubt not she could always charm away any discordance these pictures might give. And look now at the noble face of that honest and well-educated horse. He would be a gentleman of rank among the Lycabimms. I love his placid face. It reminds me of my old pet bay Peter, and many a mile has he carried his old master that was so fond of him. I have ridden him over gorse and road many a long day. He lived to be upwards of thirty-three, and enjoyed a good bite and annuity, in a fat paddock, the last seven or eight years of his life.

AQUILUS.—Gratian’s benevolence, you see, regulates his tastes: he loves all creatures, but especially the dumb: he speaks to them, and makes eloquent answers for them. You know he has a theory respecting their language.

CURATE.—And Gratian is happy therein: I wish I had more taste of this kind, for these things are very beautiful in themselves: they are honest-looking creatures. In that I have been like Berni:

“Piacevagli i cavalli  
Assai, ma si par-sava del videre,  
Che modo non avea da comparalli.”

LYDIA.—If they are honest, there are some sly ones too. What say you to this law-suit of Landseer’s? I think I could make a pet of the judge.

AQUILUS.—Great as Landseer is, I like this but little. The picture

was surprisingly painted, but when you have admired the handiwork, there is an end. The satire is not good: something sketchy may have suited the wit, but the labour bestowed makes it serious: we want the shortness of fable to pass off the “*animati parlanti*.”

CURATE.—Gratian, who ought to order a composition picture of “The Happy Family” all living in concord, knows all the race, in and out of kennel, and should tell us if these dogs are not a little out of due proportion one with the other.

GRATIAN.—I think they are; but do not imagine I could bear to look upon the “Happy Family,” though the piece were painted by Landseer. I never saw them in a cage but I longed to disenchant them of the terror of their keeper. They all looked as if they could eat each other up if they dared. No, no—no convent and nursery of heterogeneous natures, that long to quarrel, and would tear each other to pieces but for fear of their superior. I love natural instincts, and am sure the “Happy family” must have been sadly tortured to forget them.

CURATE.—I certainly admire these animal portraits, they seem to be very like the creatures; but I really have no gallery-menagerie where I can put them. They appear to me to have been painted to adorn the stable residences of noblemen, gentlemen of the turf and kennel. You smile, Aquilins, but I mean it not to their dispraise, for in such places they might amuse in many an idle hour, and give new zest to the favourite pursuits.

AQUILUS.—I only smiled at the thought, that though many such noblemen and gentlemen “go to the dogs,” they would not quite like to see them among the “family portraits,” and was therefore pleased at your appropriating these productions to the stable and the kennel. I am not surprised that you do not know what to do with them. I believe Morland was the first who introduced pigs into a drawing-room; for my own part, I ever thought them better in a sty.

GRATIAN.—Hold there, I won’t allow any one to rub my pigs’ backs



but myself, and you know I have a brace of Morlands, pigs too, in my dressing-room.

LYDIA.—And if the pictures in any degree make you treat your animals more kindly, Morland deserves praise; and, in that case, all such works should be encouraged by the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

AQUILUS.—If Gratian is kind of his own nature, his familiarity with all creatures is of another kinship than such as art can bestow. He would have given a litter of straw to Morland himself, had he met him in one of his unfortunate predicaments, and thus have made him happy. But I fear we are not quite safe in thus commending our choice artists, on the score of the humanity they are likely to encourage.

CURATE.—Why not? Has not Landseer dedicated to "the Humane Society" the portrait of the noble Retriever; and is that not his "chief mourner," promoting affection between man and beast?

GRATIAN.—"*O si sic omnia*." I love all field sports, and river sports too: but it is when horse, dog, and man all agree in the pleasure, and the bit of cruelty—for such, I suppose, we must admit it to be—is kept out of sight as much as possible, that we are willing to adopt the Benthamite principle into the sporting code, "the greatest happiness to the greatest number." Yet I don't like to refine away feeling in this way, and say, many enjoy, and one poor creature is hunted. I rather put it all upon nature. There is an instinct to hunt and be hunted, and perhaps there is a reciprocal pleasure. I like our good old sporting songs; they dwell upon the health and enjoyment of refreshing animation, the sociality, the good humour (and sometimes with a nice touch of pity too) of sport; they take no pleasure in dwelling upon the hard, the cruel necessity.

AQUILUS.—Then are our ballad-makers more tender-hearted than our painters!

GRATIAN.—And there is need they should be; for some of our painters, and not only ours, but of all countries, have, to my mind, too much indulged in representations of cruelty. I have

often wondered how many of the old pictures, your martyrdoms of saints, came to be painted. Who could take pleasure in looking at them?

CURATE.—The best were works of high genius, and were painted for religious places; and though cruelty is necessary to the story of martyrdom, it is seldom made the subject—it is the triumph, the angelic choir, and the crown, and the sublime faith,—all combine to make the sublime subject; the mere act then becomes but the accessory: and such pictures, seen in their proper places—the chapels for which they were painted, and with the mind under a religious impression—are of the noblest interest, of most improving contemplation. I have heard such pictures condemned, because they have been seen in uncongenial places, and under antagonistic impressions. They are not for banquet-rooms, nor bill-rooms; nor to be commingled with the low-life subjects of the Dutch school, nor amidst the *omnium-gothorum* of galleries. The art cannot offer a higher pleasure than the contemplation of these sublime productions of Italian genius, seen when and where they should be exhibited, and alone. I have seen some that make their own sanctity, which seems to spread from them in a divine light, and diffuse itself into the outer obscure, in which all that is unuttering and minute is buried: and the great work of mind has created its own architecture, and filled it with the religious awe under which we gaze and wonder. And are we not the better?

AQUILUS.—I fear this age of domestic life is against the reproduction of such works. All that can adorn the home, the house, and not the temple, we make the object of emulous search. Even our churches, if they would be allowed to receive such works, open as they are but an hour or so in the week, could scarcely have influence, and make such creations felt. In Italy, the passer-by has but to draw aside the curtain, and enter, and receive the influence. In such places, the martyrdoms of saints gave conviction of the holiness of faith, the beauty and power of devotion.

GRATIAN.—True; you will teach me the more to admire old Italian art.

I confess, the great power you describe has but seldom come home to my feelings; perhaps they are naturally more congenial with home subjects; and I have been too often disgusted with pictures of horrors. A friend of mine I once found copying a picture of the flaying a saint. There was a man unconcernedly tearing away his skin; and the raw flesh was portrayed, I dare say, to the life. He told me it was a fine picture. I maintained that it was too natural. It was, in fact, a bad picture, for the subject was cruelty; unconcealed, detestable cruelty, not made the means of exhibiting holy fortitude. There was nothing in it to avert the absolute disgust such a sight must raise. I would as soon live in the shambles, or in a dissecting-room, as have such a picture before my eyes continually. My friend thought only of the painting: the naturalness and the skill that drew it and coloured it to the quick—not to the life. I have seen so many of the Italian pictures of a gloomy cast, that, for my part, I have rather enjoyed the cheerful domestic scenes of life and landscape of the best Flemish masters, and English too.

CURATE.—Art has no power of injunction, or the hand of many an artist would be stayed from perilling a profanation. Minds of all grades have been employed in the profession. The Italians have not been exempted from a corruption of taste and of power. Yet, without question, the grandest and the most touching creations of art have been the work of Italian hands, and the conceptions of Italian minds. I fear I am telling but admitted truisms.

AQUILIUS.—I know not that. I doubt if the pre-eminence will be admitted as established. What works do our collectors mostly purchase—your men of taste, your caterers for our National Gallery, those to whose taste and discernment not only our artists, but the public, are expected to bow? We have heard a great deal of late of encouraging the fine arts. We have had a premier supposed to be supreme in taste. Nay, as if he would cultivate the nation's taste, show the importance of art, encourage collecting, and teach how to collect, has he not, of late, opened his house

almost to the public, and exhibited his collection; and what did it show? doubtless, beautiful specimens of art, but specimens of the great, the sublime, the pathetic? Alas, no! I did not see mention made of a single Italian picture. Now, what would you think of the taste of a man who should profess to collect a library of poets, and should omit Homer, and Æschylus, and Dante, and point with pride to the neatly-bound volumes of the minor poets, and show you nothing higher than the "Pastor Fido," or the "Gentle Shepherd?"

LYDIA.—Or in a musical library should discard Handel?

GRATIAN.—Well, that is strange, certainly; but if we are becoming a more home-comfort-seeking people, is it not right to encourage the production of works for that *home market*? I cannot agree to put in the background our more domestic artists—and at least they avoid the fault of choosing disgusting subjects.

AQUILIUS.—Do they? I am not quite sure of that: we shall see. I suspect they fail more in that respect than you will gladly admit.

GRATIAN.—Now, what fault can you find with my favourite Landseer? Do you not like to see the faithful, poor dumb creatures ennobled by his pencil, and made, as they ought to be in life, the humble companions of mankind?

CURATE.—If humble, not ennobled!

GRATIAN.—Master Curate, do you not read—"Before honour cometh humility?"

AQUILIUS.—I agree with you, Gratian. I quite love his pictures: they are wonderfully executed, with surprising truth, and in general his subjects, if not high, are pleasing. Yet I hardly know how to say, in general, there are so many exceptions. I could wish he were a little less cruel.

LYDIA.—Cruel! how can that be? his pet dogs, his generous dogs, and horses, and that macaw, and the familiar monkey, and that dear begging dog. The most gentle-minded lady I am acquainted with is working it in tambour—and has been a twelve-month about it!

GRATIAN.—And has he not a high poetic feeling? Can you object to

the "Sanctuary," and the "Combat,"—I believe that is the title of the picture—where the stag is waiting for his rival?

AQUILUS.—They are most beautiful, they are poetical; there is not an inch of canvass in either that you could say should have a touch more or less. The scenery sympathises with the creatures; it is their wild domain, and they are left to their own instincts. There is no exhibition of man's craft there, let them enjoy their freedom. Even in the more doubtful "Sanctuary," we have the assurance that it is a "Sanctuary;" but I see, Gratian, that your memory is giving you a hint of some exception. What think you of the fox—not hunted as you would have him painted, wherein "the field" would be the sport—but just entering the steel trap, where you see the dead rabbit, and think the fox will be overmatched by man's cruel cunning?

GRATIAN.—Why, I had rather hunt him in open field, and give him a chance than trap him.

CURATE.—Even Reynard might say with Ajax, if man must be his enemy—

"*Εν δὲ φάει καὶ ὀλεσσαν.*"

GRATIAN.—I give up that picture; it is not a pleasing subject.

LYDIA.—I am sure you must like his "Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time."

AQUILUS.—What! with its wholesale slaughter of fish, flesh, and fowl, to feed the gross feeders of the convent? I take no pleasure in it: I could take part with the "melancholy Jacques," and rate "the fat and greasy" ones in good round terms. Who wishes a picture of a larder?

LYDIA.—Here is his "Hawking Party;" will not this please you? You at least see the health and joy of the sporting: are not the hawkers delighted?

AQUILUS.—So much the worse, for their part in the transaction is quite subordinate—in the back ground. What is the prominent subject?—the bloody murder of the poor heron. It should have been the accident; it is made the cruel principal: without being squeamishly tender-hearted, I shall never look upon that picture with pleasure. In how different a manner did Wouverman paint his

hawking parties! He represented them as scenes in which ladies might participate—the domain, the mansion-gate, the retinue, the grace, the beauty, the cheering exercise, the pleasure of all, even the animals engaged: he does not make the bloody death the subject.

GRATIAN.—I must confess Wouverman's was the better choice. You seem prepared with a collection of examples.

AQUILUS.—In this I am only taking what is before me; but worse remains for more severe remarks. You have, I see, the "Otter Hunt,"—is it possible that picture can give you any pleasure? What is the sentiment of it?—debasement, cruelty: I say debasing, because it puts human nature in the very worst position: the dogs are using their instinct, and are even then defrauded of their game, which the hunt-man holds up conspicuously in the picture, (and which is in fact the subject), stuck through with his spear, and writhing in agony. Surely this cannot be

"The dauntless  
To set before the Queen."

It is said to be in Her Majesty's possession. There is in Lucian a description of a picture of a Centaur and his family, a magnificent group: the father centaur is holding up a lion's skin to the gaze of his young progeny, to excite them to deeds of courage. If this poor agonised death-writhing otter is to be perpetually before the eyes of our young princes, they will not learn much good from the lesson. For my own part, I look upon the picture with entire disgust, and would on no account have it before my eyes. I know not in what mood I could be to endure it.

LYDIA.—I think we really may dispense with the hanging up this picture anywhere. I cannot bear to look at it. It is a picture to teach cruelty. As a test of its impropriety, imagine it placed as an ornament in our Sunday school: we should have the children brought up savages.

CURATE.—Thanks, dearest Lydia. I well knew this picture would not be to your taste; we will, at all events, set it aside. Happy are we, that our women of England can be mothers of

heroes, without being inured to the cruelty of bull-fights. A Spanish lady, describing an exhibition of the kind, remarked how glorious was the sight, for there were thirteen horses and one man killed. I suspect Aquilius will not quite approve of the "Deer-Stalking" lately exhibited at the Academy.

AQUILIUS.—Certainly not; and for the same reason. It puts man in a degrading position; and our sympathy is for the poor creatures who fly terrified, not seeing their skulking enemies; and one poor creature is knocked over in his wild flight. It is admirably painted; the scene all we could wish; but the story is bad—the moral bad. You look at the picture without feeling a common desire with the hunters: you wish them away. You have their object put before you basely: their attitudes are mean. It is not a work, great as it is in art, that ought to give pleasure.

GRATIAN.—And yet you are not displeased reading Mr Scrope's "Deer-Stalking?" It is only putting his words on canvass.

CERATE.—True; but are they faithfully put? and even so, words and paint are not the same; their power is different. The description of language passes on; you are not allowed to dwell too long on what, if seen embodied, would but shock you, by its being arrested, and made permanent. I remember the description. You at first scarcely know if there is a deer or not; it is only the experienced eye can discover the motion of the ear, or some speck of the creature, at a distance. You enter into the breathless caution of the hunter—his steady and earnest hope; but you see not, or only for a moment, the skulking attitude. The poet—for the prose is poetry—touches with a light and delicate hand that which the less discriminating painter grasps, holds firm, and fixes as his subject.

AQUILIUS.—A just remark. The sentiment is thus made both cruel and mean.

GRATIAN.—Come, then, let us have something we can entirely praise, by the hand of this prince of animal painters. You will at least admire his "Peace" and "War," those two most beautiful and poetical pictures.

AQUILIUS.—The "Peace"—yes. It is most happy; and perhaps the "War," if we take the moral rightly. It might be bought by the Peace Society. Every one must acknowledge the great beauty and feeling of these pictures. I confess, however, I seldom look upon battle-pieces with much pleasure. The horrors of war are not for the drawing-room; and where they are painted for public position, they are generally in very bad taste. I do not mean here to allude to the companion to Mr Landseer's "Peace."

GRATIAN.—How seldom you see a battle-piece,—that is, a battle! You have some one or more incidents of a battle; but, as a whole, it is not represented. I have no idea of a battle, on which depends the fate of empires, from the exhibition of a grenadier running his bayonet through a prostrate foe, a few dead men, and a couple of horses, one rearing and one dead. Such are the usual representations of battles.

AQUILIUS.—Yes—vulgar battles; vulgarising the most important events in history: and yet I do not believe it to be impossible to represent a battle poetically, and more truly, than by such incident as Gratian has described, though the regimentals be most accurately painted—and the gold lace has a great charm for the multitude. And perhaps it was in deference to this common taste, that the chief prize was given to the "Battle of Meeanee" in Westminster Hall.

LYDIA.—I rejoice to listen to the criticism. We will not have battle-pieces in our boudoir; Curates and their wives are for peace. I go with the poet—

"Le lance rotte, gli scudi spezzati,  
L'insigne polverosa, e le bandiere,  
I destrier morti, i corpi arrovesciati  
Fan spettacolo orribile a vedere:  
I combattenti insieme mescolati,  
Senza governo, o ordine di schiere,  
Veder sossopra andare, o que-ti, o quelle,  
A'riguardanti arrivare fa i capelli."

CERATE.—I take my old part of translator, and thus render it, perhaps Aquilius will think too freely, at least in the conclusion—

Lances and shields of broken chivalry,  
Banners and ensigns trampled from their glory  
Down in the dust—Oh! woe too sad to see,  
Rider and horse fallen dead in heaps all gory;

Leaderless squadrons, one tumultuous sea  
Of ruin! Death sole hero of the story.  
And such is war—oh sight the heart to rend,  
And make our rooted hair to stand on end!

**AQUILUS.**—Your verse shall not disenchant me of my criticism upon this bad habit of seeing his subject, into which so great a painter has fallen. After what has been said, I shall not surprise you by objecting to his "Van Amburgh and his Beasts," painted for his Grace the Duke of Wellington—the shrinking, retreating, cowed animals, whom one would wish to see in their wilder or nobler natures. And certainly the painter has made a very poor figure of the tamer: you are angry with the lions and tigers for being afraid of him. He should have been less conspicuous. Poor beasts! within bars, no escape from the hot iron! I had rather see a representation of the tamer within the bars, and the beasts out, longing to get at him. There is a very happy subject for a picture of this kind in the hymn to Aphrodite—where the goddess descends on Ida, and all the savage beasts come fawning about her, when, with a motion of her hand, she dismisses them to pair in the forests. Such noble animals, crouching in obeisance and willing servitude to a divinity, to beauty, and to innocence, make a picture of a finer sentiment. This taming reduces the dignity of the brute, without raising the man.

**CURATE.**—The tamed animals are not honoured in their portraiture: nor is it much consolation that the great duke beholds their quailing. Statius attempted a consoling compliment of this kind, upon the occasion of a much admired beast, "*Leo Mansuetus*," being killed by the blow of a flying tigress, in the presence of the emperor. After describing the scene, he adds—

"*Magna tamen subiti tecum solatia lethi  
Victæ feres, quod te mesti, Populusque Patresque,  
Ceu notus cadere tristi Gladiator arena,  
Ingenuere mori: magni quod Cæsaris ora  
Inter tot Sythias, Libycasque, et littores  
Kheni,  
Et Pharia de gonte feras, quas perdere vile est,  
Unius amissi tetigit jactura leoni.*"

**AQUILUS.**—We are rivals in rhyme, and you know I freely translate:

perhaps you will admit this as a version—

Yet this your consolation, ye poor beasts.  
Whene'er the duke his guests illustrious  
feasts,  
Th' illustrious guests, as an uncommon treat,  
Shall see the lions, while they talk and eat.  
Oft from their plates shall hit their half-killed  
jaws.  
To wonder at your whiskers, manes, and  
claws,  
And only wish, the painter to rebuke,  
To see Van Amburgh killed before the duke.

**GRATIAN.**—I am umpire: that is not a version, but a perversion.

**AQUILUS.**—Then it the better suits the picture. I must, however, admit that, to criticise at all, there is need to be out of the fascination of the work. It is quite marvellous in power. We are treating of subjects for pictures, and consequently their sentiment—the why they should or should not please. It is to be regretted that so great an artist should not *adum* well conceive the poetry of sentiment.

**CURATE.**—We are not yet really lovers of art, or we should not be so confined in our taste. The excellence of this one painter excludes others from their due praise, and patronage too. Go to our exhibitions, you are surprised at the number of our artists: look at the print-sellers' windows, and you would wonder at their fewness. I cannot remember, at this moment, a print from a work of any modern British painter, of moral importance and dignified sentiment.

**LYDIA.**—There is one of Mr Eastlake's, his beautiful scriptural subject.

**AQUILUS.**—True; but we have not yet emancipated the nation from their puritan horror of sacred subjects—which are, after all, the greatest and best. We import these from the Germans.

**GRATIAN.**—We have been a nation of country gentlemen—fond of field-sports: and this our national character has had much to do with our taste in art. Hence nothing answers so well as horses and dogs.

**CURATE.**—Yet I am inclined to say "*cave canem*." By the bye, why do the old painters, Paul Veronese, for instance, in his celebrated large picture of the marriage feast, introduce great dogs, where they evidently should not be? I have

met lately, somewhere, with the supposition that the bones which the painters calined to make dryers were the bones thrown under the tables for the dogs, and that such was the practice. But there is a passage in "*Laurentius Pignorius de servis*," which seems altogether to contradict the notion, and indeed to reprove painters who introduced these large dogs in their pictures; and particularly, it should seem, one who represented Lazarus and the dogs in the same room with Dives. His argument is curious—that the dogs which were admitted upon these occasions were little pet animals, and that it is so shown by the passage in chap. xv. verse 27. of St Matthew, where they are said to pick up the crumbs, and that it is shown to have been so by ancient sculpture. He says that this introduction is become such an admitted taste, that whoever would be bold enough to set himself against it would in vain endeavour to correct the bad taste of the painter. It is a curious passage,—I have the book here, and will turn to it: I read it only the other day. Here it is, and I more readily offer it as it speaks sensibly of a disgusting subject, unfit for painting.

"*Erant autem et qui pone januam canem pictum haberent, ut apud Petronium Trimalchio. At quid ad hæc pictores nostri qui in triclinio dicitur Lazarum delinquant? Potestne quidquam ineptius aut cogitari aut fingi? scilicet janitores admisissent hominem sententem ulceribus, dorso ipsi luituri quiddam oculos nauseabundi domini ostendisset. Canes vero inhumanes illi Villatici et Venatici, num oblectabant cœnantes dominum? Apagæ! Catellæ quidem in deliciis tricliniaribus habiti sunt, ut testatur mulier Chanaana apud Mattheum, et indicant sculpturæ antiquorum marmorum: Cæterum Molossos, et ejus generis reliquos, nemo in convivium, nisi amens aut rusticus recepisset. At quisquis pictorum nostrorum pene omnium pravitatem corrigere voluerit, otium desperaverit omnino: adeo ineruditi sunt, adeo cognitionem omnium antiquitatis turpiter abjecerunt."*

GRATIAN.—I suppose the little pets admitted to the table were the small

Melitan dogs, such as Lucian speaks of in his "*Private Tutor*." The Greek philosopher and teacher was requested by the lady of the house in which he was tutor to take charge of her dear little pet, which, being carried in his arms as he was stuffed into the back carriage with the packages and lady's maids, disgraced the philosopher by watering his beard.

AQUILUS.—A kind of King Charles's breed. I remember a gentleman telling me, many years ago, that he was dining in Rome with Cardinal York, and one of these little creatures was handed round after dinner, upon which occasion the cardinal said, "Take care of him, for he and I are the last of the breed."

LYDIA.—Poor creatures! that is a touching anecdote. It ought to be written under Vandyke's celebrated picture of the unfortunate Charles and his family, in which the breed are so conspicuous. I think my sweet Pompey is one of them, notwithstanding the cardinal's protest, and I shall love the little pet the more for the royal familiarity of his race. I must have his portrait.

GRATIAN.—Or his statue, that he may rival Pompey the Great. Why his picture? has not Landseer painted him to the life in that fine picture where he is all play, with the ribbon about him to show whose pet he is, and the great mastiff lying so quiet, stretched out below him? It is his very portrait, and when he dies you should get the print, and I have his epitaph for you to write under it.—

In marble statue the Great Pompey lives,  
Lide to the little Pompey Landseer gives.  
And little Pompey play'd the Roman's part,  
And almost won a world—his Lydia's heart:  
Then died, to prove that dogs shall have  
their day,

And men no more, whatever parts they play.  
Great Cesar at his feet in painted state—  
Shall little Pompey envy Pompey great.  
How true the pencil, and no truer pen,  
Alike the history paints of dogs and men.

AQUILUS.—Do you mean to be the general epitaph-maker for your church-yard? Take care you infringe not on the sexton's privilege.

GRATIAN.—If we discuss this matter farther, we shall have Aquilus and the Curate diverging into their poetries: so, my dear good lady, I must look at your flower-garden:

here now, an arm for an old man; and—have you an orchard?—I can help you there a little. And a word in your ear—depend upon it, wherever there is an orchard there should be a pig or two in it. Come, I must look at your stock; we'll talk about pictures after tea. See, my friend Curate, I'm off with your wife; not quite so active as a harlequin, but you and Aquilius may follow as pantaloons and clown. So let us keep up the merry farce: no,—entertainment of life, and I don't care who best plays the fool.

Now, Eusebius, what shall I do? will you have an interlude? Your wit will reply that you have had one already. Will you have music? Yes, I think you said, but your's is all on one string. Shall it be as a chorus in a Greek play? Why do dogs howl at music? They have an intuitive suspicion of what the strings are made, and think they might as well begin by tolling the bell for themselves, or rehearse the howl! The interlude is over—while we are asking about it, the bell rings, the tea-things are removed—and the prints laid on chairs round the room. We resume the discussion.

AQUILIUS.—I have been considering what are the most popular subjects as we see them exhibited in the shop windows, and I find that even Landseer has his rival in the popular approbation. Go where you will you see specimens of the style—mawkish sentimentality, Goody Families, Benevolent Visitors, Teaching Children. There is nothing more detestable than these milk-and-water affectations of human kindnesses; all the personages are fools, and as far as their little senses will let them, hypocrites. Whence do these Puritan performances come?—the lamentable thought is, where do they go?—a man cannot paint above himself. A soft artist paints soft things.

LYDIA.—Don't mention the things! I am sure they make hypocrites. I saw one the other day in a cottage; it was of the "Benevolent Visitors"—I am not sure of the title; if any good ladies gave it, it was a vile vanity; if bought as a compliment, it was a worse corruption.

GRATIAN.—Do you know that we have historical painters for modern saintology, and that a picture was

actually painted of St Joanna Southcote, for the chapel at Newington Butts, in a sky-blue dress, leading the devil with a long chain, like a dancing bear, surrounded by adoring angels? I met with the anecdote in a very amusing book of Mr Duncan's, the "Literary Conglomerate," wherein he treats of the subjects of pictures.

AQUILIUS.—I know it; I only quarrel with him for classing Hogarth with the comic painters. To me, he is the most tragic of all modern, I would almost say of all painters. The tragic power of two of the series of "Marriage à la mode," is not surpassed in art. The murdered husband, the one: the other, the death of the adulteress. They are too tragic for any position but a public gallery. He was the greatest of moral painters; and the most serious, the gravest of satirists. He is so close to the real tragedies of life, and his moral is so distinct, that he seems to have aimed at teaching rather than pleasing. And perhaps, if the truth were known, it might be that he has in no small degree improved the world in its humanities. He has pictured vice odious in the eyes of the pure, but not so as to quench their pity; and has made it so wonderfully human, that we shudder as we acknowledge the fiend's lies of our nature. He exhibited strongly that man is the instrument of his own punishment, and that there was no need of painted monsters and demons to persecute him. He showed the scorpion that stings himself to death. He brought the thunder at 'lightning, the whirlwind, not from the clouds to expend their power on the fair face of the earth, but out of the heart, to drive and crush the criminals with their own tempestuous passions. And is not this tragic power? is such a man to be classed among the painters of drolls? His pictures would convert into sermons, and would you call the preacher of them a buffoon?

GRATIAN.—There is, indeed, little drollery in Hogarth: even his wit was a sharp sword, so sharp that the spectator is wounded, and dangerously, before he is aware of it.

CURATE.—I could not live comfortably in a room with his prints. I

would possess them in my library as I would Crabbe's *Tales*, but would not have them always before my eye. Nor would I, indeed, some of the finest works of man's genius—as Raffaele's "Incendio." I would have them to refer to, but a home is, or ought to be, too gentle for such disturbance.

GRATIAN.—There is an anecdote told of Fuseli, that when on a visit to some friend at Birmingham, a lady in a party said to him—"Oh, Mr Fuseli, you should have been here last week, there was such a subject for your pencil, a man was taken up for eating a live cat."—"Madam," said the veritable Fuseli, "I paint terrors, not horrors." For my own part, life has so many terrors, and horrors too, that I should prefer mitigating their effect, by having more constantly before me the agreeabilities—pleasant domestic scenes, soft landscapes, or such gay scenes and figures as my favourite Teniers occasionally painted, or the sunny De Hooge; or why not bring forward some of our pleasant home-scene English painters? Did you not see, and quite love, that little delight of a picture, the hay-making scene in the Vicar of Wakefield, by our own, and who will be the wide world's own, Mulready? Such scenes ravish me. Did you not long to walk quietly round and look in the vicar's face, as he and Mrs Primrose sat apart with their backs to you? Mulready, you see, had the sense to leave something to the imagination.

AQUILUS.—Yes, pictures of this kind have a very great charm: they are for us in our domestic mood, and that is our general mood—they should gently move our love and pity. But I cannot conceive a greater mistake than to make "familiar life" as it is called, doleful, uncheerful subjects, that are out of the rule of love and pity, very easily run into the class of terror; there is scarcely a between, and if one—it is insipidity.

GRATIAN.—Now, I shall probably commit an offence against general taste if I confess that, in my eyes, Wilkie is very apt to paint insipid subjects. He seems too often to have been led to a matter of fact, because it had some accessories that would paint rather well, than because

the fact was worth telling, either for its moral or its amusement. Some of his pieces, notwithstanding their excellent painting and perfectly graphic power, rather displease me. I never could take any interest in his celebrated "Blind Fiddler." It may be nature, but there is nothing to touch the feelings in it: had I been present, I should not have given the man a sixpence. And as for the hideous grimace-making boy, I could have laid the stick with pleasure on his back. I don't think I could ever have kissed the ugly child.

AQUILUS.—Wilkie was a man of great observation, great good sense, manifest proof of which his correspondence sets forth; but that necessary virtue of a painter of familiar life, which he possessed in so great a degree, observation, led him oftener to look for character than beauty. Oddity would strike him before regularity. Nor was he a cheerful painter. His "Blind Man's Buff," is contrived to be without hilarity, and it is singularly unfortunate in the sharp angles of hips and elbows. His best picture of this kind is certainly the "Chelsea Pensioners"—or "Battle of Waterloo," very finely painted; but there is an acting joy in it,—it is joy staid in its motion, and bid sit for its portrait. So his "Village Wake" in our national gallery, is not joyous as a whole; the figures are spots, and the mass of the picture is dingy. Pictures, like poems, should not only be fair but touching, "*dulcia sunt*," and this is more imperatively essential to domestic scenes. The story should always be worth telling. Painters seem to have taken it into their heads that any thing, which presents a good means for exhibiting light and shade and colour, makes a picture. If an incident or scene be not worth seeing, it is not worth painting.

GRATIAN.—That is never more true than when they are figure pieces. Our likings and our antipathies are stronger in all representations of the ways and manners of men, than in all the varieties of other nature. We can bear a low and mean landscape, but degraded humanity seldom is, and never ought to be pleasing.

CURATE.—Aristotle determines that brutishness is worse than vice. Vice



is a part of our nature, but brutishness unhumanises the whole nature. It is certainly astonishing that painters can take a delight, not having a moral end in the performances, to select the low scenes—the utter degradation of civilisation, and therefore worse than any savage state—as subjects for pictures. How is it that in a drawing-room a connoisseur will look with complacency—more than complacency—upon a painted representation of beastly bores drinking, whose presence, and the whole odour of which scene, in the reality, he would rush from with entire disgust?

**AQUILUS.**—Yet I must, in a great measure, acquit the Dutch and Flemish school of such an accusation. The painters who worked these abominations were really but few,—the majority aim to represent innocent cheerfulness. How often is Teniers delightful in his clear refreshing skies, cheerful as the music to which his happy party are dancing, in the brightness of a day as vigorous as themselves. Cheerfulness, rational repose, and sweetest home affections, often make the subjects of their pictures; and these impart a like pleasantness, a like sympathy, in the mind of the spectator. Having such a variety of these pleasantries and sympathies to choose from, it is astonishing that any artist should select for his canvass a subject unpleasant and even disgusting. I remember, a great many years ago, a picture exhibited, I think at the Academy, which at the time was thought a wonder, and, I believe, sold for a great deal of money. It was "The Sore Leg," by Heaphy:—there was the drawing off of the plaster, and the horrors of the disease painted to the life, and the pain. Is it possible that, for the mere art of the doing, any human being, unless he were a surgeon, should receive the slightest pleasure from such a picture? It is enough to mention one of the kind; but there have been many.

**LYDIA.**—I dare say, then, you will, with me, disapprove of such a subject as "The Cut Finger." Surely it is very disagreeable.

**GRATIAN.**—Entirely so: but he painted a much worse thing than that. I do not see why any country gentleman should take pleasure in seeing

such a "Rent Day," as this celebrated artist has painted. There is a painful embarrassment, uncomfortable miscalculation, reluctant payments, much more dissatisfaction than joy. I really cannot quite forgive him for making the principal figure hump-backed. This is not the characteristic of toil, labour, and industry. Doubtless the figure is from nature; but he never preferred beauty of form, when character stood by. But there is one of his pictures I consider perfectly brutish—for it is a scene arising out of that brutishness which is the necessary result of artificial and civilised life: which, unless for a moral purpose, it is best to keep out of sight,—at least in all that pertains to the ornament of domestic life. I allude to his picture, "Distraint for Rent." It is a subject only fit for the contemplation of a bailiff, to keep his heart in its proper case-hardened state, by familiarising him with the miseries of his profession. I have been told that Wilkie did not approve of this subject, but that it was given him as a commission, which he could not well refuse.

**AQUILUS.**—I would have all such subjects prohibited by Act of Parliament. Have a committee of humanity, (we can do nothing now without committees,) and fine the offending artists. Is the man of business, in this weary turmoil of the daily world, to return to his house, after his labour is over, and see upon his walls nothing but scenes of distress, of poverty, of misery, of hard-heartedness—when he should indulge his sight and his mind with every thing that would tend to refresh his worn spirits, avert painful fears, either for himself or others, and should tune himself, by visible objects of rational hilarity, into the full and free harmonies of a vigorous courage, and health of social nature? His eye should not rest upon the miseries of "Distraint for Rent," Heaphy's "Sore Legs," no, nor even "Cut Fingers." In this wayfaring world of many mishaps, however homely be the mis, let them be clean and cheerful, that we may set out again in an uncertain sky, where we must expect storms, with beautiful thoughts for our companions; that, by encour-

ragement of a confiding reception, become winged angels, with a radiant plumage, brightening all before our path, and seen brightest and most heavenly under a lowering cloud.

LYDIA.—Thanks, Aquilius, you are poetical, and therefore most true; so low and mean thoughts—what! are they to accompany us, whether they show themselves in words or in pictures? I fear me, they are bad angels, and are doing their evil mission in our hearts, alas! and in our actions. It has been said, as an encouragement to our charity, that “men have received angels unawares.” It may be said, too, as a warning lest we receive evil, that men may receive demons unawares. Beautiful Una—the lion licked your feet because you were so pure. so good.

Shall I tell it to you. Eusebius? Yes, your eyes will glisten as they read, for dearly do you love happiness. Here the Curate drew his bride, his wife, closer to him, kissed her honest forehead, and rested his cheek upon it for a little space, and with a low voice murmured,—“My beautiful Una.” He then turned to us with a smile, and I think the smallest indication of moisture in his eye, which might have been more but that the bright angel of his thought had cleared it away, and said,—Excuse me; yet, to be honest, excuse is not needed: my two dearest of friends must and do rejoice in the loving truth of my happiness.

GRATIAN.—No, no, my good friend, don't make excuse, it would be our shame were it needed. You have given us one subject for a picture, whose interest should set my brushes in motion were I twenty years younger, and might hope to succeed. But this I will say, my memory has a picture gallery of her own, and in it will this little piece have a good place. Now, I like this conversation on art, because you know I have been all my life a dauber of canvasses—dauber! even Aquilius, who has so much addicted himself to the art, has praised some of my performances. I have painted many a sign for good-natured landlords, in odd places, where my fishing excursions have led me; and old Hill, honest old Hill, the fisher of Mill-slade, has a bit of canvass of mine, the

remembrance of a day, which I believe he will treasure a little for my sake, and more for its truth, to his last day. I must show the Curate's wife old Hill. I hit him off well,—am proud of that portrait, and often look at my old companion from my easy chair. I sometimes now dabble with my tube colours, and make a dash at my remembrances of river scenes. Nature and I have been familiar many a long year. I love the breezy hill, and the free large moor, that takes up the winds and tosses them down the grooved sides, to go off in their own communing with the waterfalls. I love, too, the quiet brook, and rivers stealing their way by green meadows, and the elms, that stand like outposts on the banks, keepers of the river. Have we not, in our discussion, too much omitted to speak of landscape,—even including the sea-shores? And in landscape we certainly have painters that please. As a true fisherman and painter-naturalist I could not resist, the other day, purchasing Lewis's river scenes. How happily—the more happily because his execution is so unstudied, so accidental—does Lewis, with his etching and mezzotint effects, put you into the very heart of river scenery; and then how truly do you trace it upwards and downwards. We have some good landscape painters.

AQUILIUS.—We have; and of late years they have greatly improved in subjects. They at least now look for what is beautiful. The old dead stump, the dunghill, and horse and cart, the pig and the donkey, are no longer considered to be the requisites for English landscape. One has seen publications called English landscape, which must give foreigners a very miserable idea of our country. Cottage scenery, too, has had its day. The old well is dry—the girl married, it is to be hoped, and the pitcher broken. The lane and gipsies, the cross sticks and the crock, are not dissolving but dissolved views. In time, the turnpike road and ruddled sheep going to the butcher will be thought but ill to represent the pastoral. When the mutton has been eaten up—and I hope the artists get their fair share—I wish they would be satisfied, and know when they have had

enough. The Act of Parliament we spoke of, should exclude creatures with the riddle on their backs, and butcher-boys, and men in smock-frocks and low hats, and pitchforks. We have had enough of this kind of pastoral; they are not the "gentle shepherds," that should people the Arcadia within England, or any other. I would have Rosalind and her farm, without the clown. The French and Dresden china shepherds and shepherdesses, as we see them prettily smiling, and garlanding their pet lambs, as something extra parochial, and *sui generis*, show at least this happiness, that they do not eat their bread by the sweat of their brows. All landscape that reminds you of "the curse of the earth, of the dire necessity of toil, of the beggarly destitution test," of dingy earths and dirty weather, are, you may be sure, far out of the hearing of Pan's pipe. He does not adjust his lips to music for the overseer and excise-man, nor rate collectors. Nay, when Pan retires to visit his estate in Arcadia, and Robin Hood reigns, he will have no such ink-horn gentry partake of his venison. The freedom of nature loves not the visible restrictions of law. I would be bold enough to lay it down as a truth, that it is as possible to get poetry out of the earth, as swedes and mangel-wurzel. Let landscape painters look to it, lest they get into bad habits before the act is out, and, of a hard necessity, incur the penalty.

GRATIAN.—Stay, stay.—where are you running to? Surely if a painter takes a *bona fide* view, you would not have him turn the milk-maid out of the field, to bring in Diana and her train.

AQUILUS.—Views! oh, I thought we were speaking of Pastoral. That is quite another thing; I am somewhat of Fuseli's opinion, who said, speaking contemptuously, "I mean those things called Views."

CRUATE.—But you will admit, Aquilus, that we have real scenes that are very beautiful, always pleasing to look at, and therefore fit to be painted. Is there not our lake scenery?

AQUILUS.—There is; and as our subject is art, I should say such scenery

is more valuable for what it suggests, than for what it actually represents in the painter's mirror. In fact, nature offers with both hands: it requires a nice discretion to tell which hand holds the true treasure. She may purposely show you the ornament to deceive.

"So may the outward shows be least themselves,

The world is still deceived with ornament."

It was the leaden casket, in which was hidden the perfect beauty of Portia; there was the choice, and made with a judgment that won the prize, and took the inheritance of Belmont.

"You that choose not by the view,  
Chance as fair, and choose as true."

Would you take away from landscape painters the high privilege of genius?—invention—which you allow to historical painters? You do this, if you do not grant to the fullest extent the suggestive character of nature. The musician takes music from the air, which is his raw material; the conception, which works from mere sounds the perfect mystery of power, to shake, to raise, and melt to pity and to love the whole soul, belongs to the mind. And so, for the more perfect work of landscape, the mind must add of its own immortal store, the keeper and dispenser of which is genius.

CRUATE.—You would raise landscape painting to the dignity of a creative, from the lower grade of an imitative art.

AQUILUS.—I would do more; I would make it creative, not only in things like, but, to speak boldly at once, in things unlike itself: but, nevertheless, perfectly congenial: and to be adopted as a recognised mark of submission of all matter to mind, which alone is privileged to diffuse itself over and into all nature, and to animate it with a soul—life; and when that is superadded, and then only, is the sympathy complete between external nature and ourselves. I care not for art that is not creative, that does not construct poetry. From all that is most soft and tender, to all that is most great and rugged, from the sweet to the awful and sublime, there

all art, whether it be of landscape, or historical, (which embraces the poetical), a dominion bounded only by the limitations of the original power with which genius is gifted. Why may there not be a Michael Angelo for trees, as for the human form? Nay, I verily believe, that those landscapes would have the greatest fascination, where there would be, in fact, the greatest unlikeness to usually recognised nature, both in form and colour, provided one part were in keeping with another, so as to bring the whole within the idea of the natural; and where the conception is clearly expressed, and is worthy the dignity of feeling. Hence, suggestive nature is the best nature. We want not height and magnitude, vast distances: if we have the science of form and colour, the materials need not be vast, let them only be suggestive.

GRATIAN.—You laid down some such theory with regard to colour, as a means of telling the story, in your late paper on Rubens. I could not but agree with you there. I see now how you would extend the subject. We certainly do talk too much about “the truth of nature,” not considering sufficiently how many truths there are.

CURATE.—And what a great truth there is that is of our own making, greater than all the others: for, according to the showing of Aquilius, it comes of a divine gift, of the creative faculty, under a higher power; works the wonders in poetry, painting, music, and architecture, fittest for our admiration and our improvement. It is surprising that our landscape painters have not seen this walk within their reach; nearly all confine themselves to the imitative.

GRATIAN.—But in that they have raised their pretensions. We had nothing great or poetical in the least degree in landscape, before Wilson; nay, to a late period, our landscape subjects were of the most limited range. They do now go at least to beautiful nature, and while we have such painters of landscape as Creswick and Stanfield, and Lee, and Danby, (but there you will say is an advance into a higher walk,) for my own part, I shall hesitate before I

give my vote for your more perfect ideal.

AQUILIUS.—The works of the painters you mention are beautiful, fascinatingly so, both from the character of their chosen scenery, and their agreeable manner of representing it. And I rejoice to see, that even these are advancing, are discarding something or other of the old recipes every year. We have at last some better English scenery. We must no longer refer to Gainsborough as *the* painter of English landscape; we find it not, that is, true English scenery, in his pictures, nor in his “studies.”

GRATIAN.—And yet he painted nature, and came upon the world that began to be sick of the attempts at your ideal compositions, the prince of whom, and who won the prize over Wilson, was Smith of Chichester.

AQUILIUS.—Oh, do not dignify his presumptions with the name of ideal.

GRATIAN.—I can’t give up Gainsborough, his sweet cottage scenery, with his groups of rustic figures.

AQUILIUS.—Was there nothing better within the realms of England than beggary and poverty, rags and brambles,—her highest industry, the cart and the plough,—her wealth in stock, the pig, poultry, and doukey?

GRATIAN.—But it was the taste of the day: even our aristocracy were painted not as ideal, but as real shepherds and shepherdesses. A few years ago, there was a picture fished out of some lumber room, where it ought to have been buried till it had rotted, of George the Third’s family group, as cottagers’ children, playing in the dirt before a mud hovel. It was by Gainsborough, and I believe was held at a high price.

AQUILIUS.—This was a descent from the non-natural pastoral of the by-gone age, to the low natural, from which art derived but little benefit. Goldsmith very aptly and wittily satirised the transition state in the Primrose-family-group, in which each individual adopted a singular independence. Venus, Cupids, an Amazon, and Alexander the Great, with Dr Primrose, holding his books on the Whistonian controversy.

CURATE.—One would rather imagine that Goldsmith was severe upon a

the practice of an earlier date. There are several pictures at Hampton Court, and one large one, if I remember, on the stair-wall, in which the statesmen of the day represent the deities of the heathen mythology.

LYDIA.—Yes, and I remember a very ridiculous smaller picture, a portrait of Queen Elizabeth—but it affects the historical. The queen and her train enter on one side of the piece, and on the other Juno, Venus, and Minerva. The goddesses are in every respect outdone, and start with astonishment,—Juno at the superior power, Minerva, the superior wisdom, and Venus the superior beauty of the queen. There must be something very curious in the nature of taste: seeing such pictures, one cannot but reflect, that though they are now perfectly ridiculous, they could not have been so when they were painted. They were men of understanding who sat for their portraits in these whimsical characters: and the queen—it is surprising!—there is surely something involved in it, that history does not touch.

GRATIAN.—It is the more surprising, as Holbein had painted, and his works were before their eyes.

AQUILUS.—It would be not undeserving curiosity to sift the history of allegory—what is the cause that it was then so generally accepted in Europe; infected the poetry and painting of every civilised country. The new aspect of religion had much to do with it: images, pictures, particularly the earlier, representing the Deity, and the Virgin, had become objects of hatred—of persecution. And thus the arts made their escape into the regions of allegory.

CURATE.—Chilling regions, in which even genius with all his natural glow was frost-bitten. An escape from what was believed to what could not be believed. It was the cold fit of the ague of superstition.

GRATIAN.—The devotion of the early painters produced, what nothing but devotion could produce; theirs was a true devotion, notwithstanding the superstition contained in it. The iconoclast spirit has scarcely been yet laid. As we rise from the prostrate position of our fears, the more readily shall we acknowledge the spirituality

of the early painters. They are daily approximating a more just estimation. But we are wandering; we were speaking of landscape: surely, it is difficult to find a subject that shall be altogether unpleasing. I do not remember ever to have seen an outdoor scene, unless it might have been in a town, that did not please with some beauty or other.

AQUILUS.—Indeed! then I think you must have been led away by some associations, in which art had but little share. You have loved “A southerly wind and a cloudy sky,” as the song says, for the sport offered. Be not shocked, Gratian, at the confession, but the truth is, that I see very many outward scenes, that not only give me no pleasure but pain. Shall I confess a still more shocking heterodoxy; I have but little love for the scenery of the country!—am very often displeased with what offers itself, and becomes the common picture. Even in what is denominated a beautiful country. I look more for its suggestive materials in form and colour than for whole scenes. If pictures are to be no more than what we see—even landscapes, the art is not creative; and an imitative, uncreative art, leaves the best faculties of the mind unemployed. What is art without enthusiasm?—and you may be sure that no painter of views, and nothing more, was ever an enthusiast. It is the part of enthusiasm not to copy, but to make. Is it more startling if I assert, that the ideal is more true than the natural? Yet am I convinced that it is so. The natural requires the comparison of the eye: the ideal, as it is the work of the mind, will not be controlled by any comparison, but such as mind can bring. It commands the organ of sight, and teaches it. We all have more or less of this creative faculty; the education of the world is against it, for it is a world of much business, more of doing than of thinking, and more of thinking about what is foreign to feeling, than what cherishes it till it embodies itself in imagination. The rising faculty becomes suppressed. More or less all are born poets—to make, to combine, to imagine, to create; but very early does the time come with most of us, when we are

commanded to put away, as the world calls it, the "childish things."

LYDIA.—Oh, I believe it—the infant's dream is a creation, and perhaps as beautiful as we know it must be pleasing, for there are no smiles like infant smiles.

CURATE.—And past that age, when the external world has given its lessons in pictures, which in practice and education we only imitate, do we not find the impressions then made of a goodness, a beauty, not realised and acknowledged in advanced life, as existing actually in the scenes themselves?

AQUILUS.—At the earlier time, we take up little but what is consonant to our affections: the minor detail is an after lesson; but as to this "natural" of landscapes, which seems to have so long held our artists and amateurs under an infatuation—as they construct it—this mindless thing,—after all what is its petty truth? Could the boy who hides himself under a hedge to read his Robinson Crusoe, put on canvass the pictures his imagination paints, do you think they would be exactly of the skies and the fields every day before his eyes? A year or two older, when he shall feel his spirit begin to glow with a sense of beauty, with the incessant love and heroism of best manhood—see him under the shade of some wide-spreading oak devouring the pages of befitting romance, "The Seven Champions of Christendom," the tale of castles of enchantments, of giants, and forlorn damsels to be rescued. Do you not credit his mind's painting for other scenes, in colour and design, than any he ever saw? The fabulous is in him, and he must create, or look on nothing. He will take no sheep for a dragon, nor farmer Plod-acre for an enchanter, nor the village usher for an armed knight. The overseer will not be his redresser of wrongs. There is vision in his day-dream, but it is painting to the mind's eye; and imagination must be the great enchanter to conjure up a new country, raise rocks, and build him castles; nay, in his action to run to the rescue, he has a speed beyond his limbs' power, an arm that has been charmed with new strength. Now is he not quite out of the locality, the movement and power of any world he

ever saw, of any world to whose laws of motion and of willing he has ever yet been subject? Take his pictures—look at them well; for I will suppose them painted to your sight: nay, put yourself in his place and paint them yourself—forgetting before you do so all you have ever heard said about landscape painting. Have you them? then tell me, are they untrue? No, no, you will admit they are beautiful truth. The lover paints with all a poet's accuracy, but not like Denner. Now, if this mind-vision be not destroyed,—if the man remain the poet, he will not be satisfied with the common transcript of what, as far as enjoyment goes, he can more fully enjoy without art. He will have a craving for the ideal painting, for more truths and perhaps higher truths than the sketch-book can afford. And if he cultivate his taste, and practise the art too, he will find in nature a thousand beauties before hidden, that while he was the view-seeker, he saw not: he will be cognisant of the suggestive elements, the grammar of his mind and of his art, by which he will express thoughts and feelings, of a truth that is in him, and in all, only to be embodied by a creation.

CURATE.—I fear the patrons of art are not on your side. Does not encouragement go in a contrary direction?

GRATIAN.—Patrons of art are too often mere lovers of furniture,—have not seriously considered art, nor cultivated taste. And if it be a fault, it is not altogether their own; it is in character with genius to be in advance, and to teach, and by its own works. It is that there is a want of cultivation, of serious study, among artists themselves. If the patron could dictate, he would himself be the maker, the poet, the painter, the musician,—excellence of every kind precedes the taste to appreciate it. It makes the taste as well as the work: my friend Aquilius has made me a convert. I had not considered art, as it should be viewed, as a means of, as one of the languages of poetry. In truth, I have loved pictures more for their reminiscences than their independent power; and have therefore chiefly fixed my attention on views—actual scenery, with all its particulars.

**AQUILUS.**—What is high, what is great enough wholly to possess the mind, is not of particulars; like our religion, in this it is for all ages, all countries, and must not by adopting the particular, the peculiar one, diminish the catholicity of its empire. "The golden age" is, wherever or however embodied, a creation; and as no present age ever showed any thing like it, that is, visibly so,—what is seen must be nothing more than the elements out of which it may be made.—The golden age—where all is beauty, all is perfect! Purest should be the mind that would desire to see it.

**CURATE.**—The golden age, if you mean by it the happy age, is but one field for art: you seem for the moment to forget, that we are so constituted as to feel a certain pleasure from terror, from fear—from the deepest tragedy—from what moves us to shed tears of pity, as well as what soothes to repose, or excites to gaiety.

**AQUILUS.**—Not so—but as we commenced to discuss chiefly the agreeableness of subjects for pictures, let me be allowed to add, that I

question if what is disgusting should not be excluded from even the tragic, perhaps chiefly from what is tragic. Cruelty even is not necessarily disgusting; it becomes so when meanness is added to it, and there is not a certain greatness in it. There might be a greatness even in deformity, and where it is not gratuitously given, but for a purpose.

**CURATE.**—Yet, has not Raffaele been censured for the painfully distorted features of the Possessed Boy in his "Transfiguration."

**AQUILUS.**—And it has with some show of truth (for who would like to speak more positively against the judgment of Raffaele) been thought that Domenichino, who borrowed this subject from him, has improved the interest by rendering the face of the lunatic one of extreme beauty!

The Curate was here called away upon his parochial duties, and our discussion for the present terminated. Will it amuse you, Eusebius? If not, you have incurred the penalty of reading it, by not making one of our party. Yours ever,

AQUILUS.

#### JERUSALEM.

BY WILLIAM SINCLAIR.

TiRO! City of the Lord! whose name

The angelic host in wonder tells;

The halo of whose endless fame

All earthly splendour far excels—

To thee, from Judah's stable mean,

Arose the Prince from Jesse's stem,

And since hath deathless glory been

With thee, Jeru-salem!

What though thy temples, domes, and towers,

That man in strength and weakness made,

Are, with their priests and regal powers,

In lowly dust and ashes laid!

The story of thine ancient time

Steals on us, as it stole on them,

Thrice hallowed by the lyre sublime

Of thee, Jerusalem!

We see within thy porches, Paul

Uplift the arm, the voice command,

Whose heaven-taught zeal, whose earnest call,

Could rouse or paralyse the land—

Though gold and pomp were his, and more,

For God he spurned the glittering gen,

And cast him prostrate all before

Thy gates, Jerusalem!

Even from the Mount of Olives now,  
 When morning lifts her shadowy veil,  
 And smiles o'er Moab's lofty brow,  
 And beauteous Jordan's stream and vale,  
 The ruins o'er the region spread,  
 May witness of thine ancient fame,  
 The very grave-yards of thy dead—  
 Of thee, Jerusalem !

The temple in its gorgeous state  
 That in a dreadful ruin fell,  
 The fortress and the golden gate  
 Alike the saddening story tell,  
 How he by Hinnom's vale was led  
 To Caiaphas, with mocking shame,  
 That glad redemption might be shed  
 O'er thee, Jerusalem !

Fast by the Virgin's tomb, and by  
 These spreading olives bend the knee,  
 For here his pangs and suffering sigh  
 Thrilled through thy caves, Gethsemane ;  
 'Twas here, beneath the olive shade,  
 The Man of many sorrows came,  
 With tears, as never mortal shed,  
 For thee, Jerusalem !

Around Siloam's ancient tombs  
 A solemn grandeur still must be ;  
 And oh, what mystic meaning looms  
 By thy dread summits, Calvary !  
 The groaning earth, that felt the shock  
 Of mankind's crowning sin and shame,  
 Gave up the dead, laid bare the rock,  
 For fallen Jerusalem !

Kind woman's heart forgets thee not,  
 For Mary's image lights the scene :  
 And, casting back the inquiring thought  
 To what thou art, what thou hast been,  
 Ah ! well may pilgrims heave the sigh,  
 When they remember all thy fame,  
 And shed the tear regrettingly  
 O'er thee, Jerusalem !

For awful desolation lies,  
 In heavy shades, o'er thee and thine,  
 As 'twere to frown of sacrifice,  
 And tell thy story, Palestine ;  
 But never was there darkness yet  
 Whereto His glory never came :  
 And guardian angels watch and wait  
 By thee, Jerusalem !

The lustre of thine ancient fame  
 Shall yet in brighter beams arise,  
 And heavenly measures to thy name  
 Rejoice the earth, make glad the skies ;  
 And, with thy gather'd thousands, then  
 Oh ! Love and Peace shall dwell with them,  
 And God's own glory shine again  
 O'er thee, Jerusalem !



## MY ENGLISH ACQUAINTANCE.

THE spring of the year 183— found me in Paris, whither I had gone, immediately after Christmas, for a fortnight's stay, and where I had remained four months. The prolongation of my visit will not surprise those who appreciate and enjoy the gay metropolis of France, in the most agreeable season. The festivities of the new year, with its gratulations and embraces, and tons of *bûbons*, of racy flavour and ingenious device, were no sooner over, than we found ourselves in full carnival. From the aristocratic regions of the noble Faubourg, where linger, in fossil preservation, the last relics of the *ancien régime*, to the plebeian district of the Marais: from the brilliant hotels of St Honoré and the Chausée, peopled by rose-water exquisites and full-manned lionesses, to the remote and ignoble purlieus of Saints Dennis and Anthony, where tailors and tinkers dwell and thrive and propagate their kind, pleasure and enjoyment reigned. With the old year, the wet season had concluded; a clear bright frost had ushered in the new. Paris got rid of its mud and misery, and turned out in a new paletot and well polished boots for a ramble on the Boulevards. This was for four or five hours of the day: but night was the time to see the noisy dissolute old city in its glory, prancing and capering as madly as if it had stumbled upon the fountain of Jouvence, and had taken a pull at the regenerating element that had restored it to its teens. Appalling was the amount of eating, drinking, and merriment, occurring within its precincts; succulent breakfasts in the forenoon, and fat dinners of many courses in the evening, and riotous suppers at all hours of the night, liquidated by Burgundy in big bumpers, and Champagne in pint tumblers, and stiff punch, stinging hot and burning blue, in bright silver bowls. Then there was dancing, and masquing, and flirting, till day-dawn—of pretty late arrival at that season; sleep was at a discount, and desperate revellers who never took a wink of it, that could possibly be discovered, rushed from

the ball-room to a cool breakfast on oysters and Sauterne, and rose therefrom fresh as cowslips, ready to begin again. Paris was a vortex of gaiety and dissipation, whence, once drawn in, it was scarcely possible to extricate one's-self. I did not make the attempt. I was too well pleased with my sunny *entresol* on the Italian boulevard, with my dainty fare at the adjacent restaurant, with the twinkling feet of the Taglioni, and the melodious quaverings of Rubini and Duprez, then in full song; with my occasional visits to rout and masquerade, and more frequent ones to the hospitable dining rooms and saloons of a few old friends, both French and English. Then, for ride or walk, what better than the Champs Elysées, crowded with ruddy pedestrians, arch grisettes and lounging soldiers; traversed by sledges innumerable of every variety of form—dragon, sphinx, and mermaid, dolphin, lion, swan, enough to stock a mythological museum and a zoological garden—coasting up and down the road, and in the crisp frosty alleys of the Bois de Boulogne, drawn by smoking tomm-speckled steeds half hidden beneath ribbon panoply and high *pommes*, sending silver sounds of countless bells before them, and delighting the eyes of all beholders by the sight of other *belles*, whose clear-toned voices and light-some laugh rang not less sweet and silver than the tinkle of their metal-tongued rivals, through the rare and sun-lit ether, as they sat, sunk in furs and velvets, with bright eyes and ruddy lips, and smooth firm cheeks just slightly mottled by the cold, beside the enviable cavaliers to whose charioteership they confided themselves. In short, the combination of Parisian attractions forbade departure, and I dreamed not of it till February had flown. Then I turned my eyes channelwards, and my thoughts to passports and post-horses, when sudden rumours reached me of eastern gales and virulent influenza raging on Britain's shores; and of March dust, proverbially precious, but practically odious, careering

in dense and blinding clouds through London's tortured streets. This was ample excuse to linger a few weeks longer in my agreeable quarters, until spring came in earnest, and the sun was so warm, and the air so balmy, and the chestnuts in the Tuileries' gardens, just burst into foliage, presented so glorious a mass of tender green, that, although often taking leave, I still was loath to depart. And thus it came to pass that, on a bright fresh April morning, I found myself seated in a Palais Royal coffee-house, in tranquil enjoyment of creaming chocolate, a damp newspaper, and the noiseless attendance of admirably drilled waiters.

I have always loved the Palais Royal, associated as it is with my earliest and most pleasurable recollections of Paris; and with sincere regret have I noted the rapid decline of what was once the heart and focus of the French capital. At the time I now speak of, although its best days were long past, it was still far removed from the deserte and desolate state into which it has since sunk: it had not yet dwindled into a dreary quadrangle of cheap tailors, pinch-beck jewellers, and shops to let, traversed in haste by all who enter it, save by newly-imported provincials, sauntering nurserymaids, and a few old bachelors, who, from long habit, haunt the fabric after the spirit has fled. The melancholy truth is, that the march of morality ruined the Palais Royal. So long as it was the headquarters of dissipation, it thrived and flourished exceedingly: it was merry and much frequented, like the mansion of some rich and jovial profligate, whom all abuse, but from whose well-spread table few care to absent themselves. Then the Palais Royal, to the stranger, almost comprehended Paris: all the luxuries, necessities, amusements, and pleasures of life, were found within its walls: it was the bazaar, the tavern, the harem, and the gaming-house of Europe. The reforms wrought in it since the peace by its present royal owner, however advantageous to its good fame and comeliness, have been grievously detrimental to its vivacity and pocket. In 183-, the last of these changes, the finishing-stroke, as it may be termed, the suppression

of the gambling tables, although fully resolved upon, had not yet taken place. The coffee-houses were still numerous and crowded, the shops magnificent and prosperous; the garden and arcades, now abandoned to mischievous boys, and to plying infants in nurses' arms, were thronged from morn till midnight with visitors of all nations and classes, lured thither by curiosity, or by the demon PLAY. There was always abundant food for observation, if only in the noisy groups who paced the avenues of trees, discussing the chances of the dice or the events of the morning's sitting, and in the flushed or haggard countenances that each moment entered and issued from the doors of the various hells. With a genial sky, a rush-bottomed chair, and the occasional assistance of a son's worth of literature, obtained from the old women who dwell in wooden boxes, and hire out newspapers, an entire day might be passed there with amusement and profit. Occasional incidents, sometimes dramatic enough, varied the monotony, never great. The detection of a pickpocket, a loud-voiced quarrel, often resulting in blows or a challenge, the expulsion from the *rouge et noir* temple of some unlucky wretch, whom ruin had rendered unruly, were incidents of daily occurrence. For those whom the minor drama did not satisfy, there was an occasional bit of high tragedy, in the shape of a suicide from losses, or an arrest for fraud. Not long before the time I speak of, a group of persons, standing in the garden, were startled by the fall of a body at their feet. It was that of a gamester, who, after losing his last franc, had thrown himself from the elevated window of the pandemonium where his ruin had been consummated.

"I believe I have the pleasure of seeing Mr —," said a voice in English, as I paused for a moment, my breakfast concluded, before the door of the coffeehouse, planning the disposal of my day.

I looked at the person who thus addressed me; and, although I pique myself on rarely forgetting the faces of those with whom I have once been acquainted, I confess that in this instance my memory was completely

at fault. But for his knowledge of my name, I should have concluded my interlocutor mistaken as to my identity. I was at least as much surprised at the perfectly good English he spoke, as at having my acquaintance claimed by a person of his profession and rank. He was a young man of about five-and-twenty, attired in the handsome and well-fitting undress of a sergeant of French light dragoons.\* His dark brown hair curled short and crisp from under his smart green forage-cap, cavalierly placed upon one side of his head; his clear blue eyes contrasted with the tawny colour of his cheek, a tint for which it was evidently indebted to sun and weather; his face was clean shaven, save and except small well-trimmed mustachios and a chin-tuft. Altogether, he was as pretty a model of a light cavalryman as I remember to have seen: square in the shoulder, slender in the hip, well-limbed, lithe and muscular. His carriage was soldierly, without the exaggerated stiffness and swagger commonly found amongst noncommissioned officers of dragoons; and altogether he had a gentlemanly air which I doubt not, would have made itself as visible under the coarse *basane* and druggot of a private soldier as beneath the garb of finer materials and more careful cut, which, in his capacity of *maréchal de logis*, or sergeant, it was permitted him to wear. But my admiration of this pretty model of a man-at-arms did not assist me to recognise him, although, whilst gazing at him, and especially when he slightly smiled at my visible embarrassment, his features did not seem totally unfamiliar to me. I looked, I have no doubt, considerably puzzled. The stranger came to my assistance.

"I see you do not remember me," he said. "Not above four years since we met, if so much; but four years, an African sun, and a French uniform, have made a change. I met you in Warwickshire, at George Clinton's. I have seen you once or twice since; but I think the last time we spoke was when cantering over Harleigh downs. My name is Frank Oakley."

I immediately recollected my man. About four summers previously, whilst

on a flying visit at a country house, whither a friend had taken me, and where I had been made heartily welcome by the hospitable owner, I had formed a slight acquaintance with Mr Frank Oakley, who had then just come of age, and into possession—by the death of his father, which had occurred a twelvemonth previously—of a few thousand pounds. The interest of this sum, which would have been an agreeable and sufficient addition to a subaltern's pay or curate's stipend, or which would have enabled a struggling barrister to bide his briefs, was altogether insufficient to supply the wants and caprices of an idler, especially such an idler as Oakley. Master Francis was what young gentlemen fresh from school or at college, sucking ensigns, precocious templars, *et id genus omne*, are accustomed to call a "fast" man; the said fastness not referring, as Johnson's dictionary teaches us it might do, to any particular strength or firmness of character, but merely to the singular rapidity with which such persons get through their money and into debt. At the time I speak of, Oakley was going his fastest, that is to say, spending the utmost amount of coin, for the least possible value; indeed he could hardly have run madder riot with his moderate patrimony, had he cast his sovereigns into bullets and made pipe-lights of his bank notes. But verily, he had his reward in the open-mouthed admiration of three or four youngsters of his own standing, or a year or two less, then assembled at Harleigh Hall, who looked up to him as something between a hero and an oracle; and in the encouraging familiarity and approval of one or two gentlemen of maturer age, who swore he was a fine fellow, and proved they thought so by winning bets of him at billiards, and by selling him horses that would have fetched "twice the money at Tattersall's," with other bargains of an equally advantageous description. Although we were four days in the same house, meeting each evening at dinner, and occasionally riding and walking in the same group, our acquaintance continued of the very slightest description, and I took my departure without any thing approaching to intimacy having sprung

up between us. Amongst the large party of visitors at the Hall, were not wanting persons of tastes more suited to my own, than those of Oakley and his little knot of flatterers and admirers; and he, on his part, was far too much taken up with his newly-inherited fortune—which he evidently considered inexhaustible—with planning amusements, and inhaling adulatory incense, to pay attention to a man whom, as full fifteen years his senior, he doubtless set down as an old fellow, a “slow coach,” and perhaps even as a member of that distinguished corporation known as the “Fogie Club.” So that when we met in London, during the ensuing season, occasionally in the street and once or twice in a ball-room, a slight bow or word of recognition was all that passed between us. I could perceive, however, that Oakley still kept up the rapid pace at which he had started, and lived, with a few hundreds a year, as if he had possessed as many thousands. The proximity of my quiet club to the fashionable and expensive one into which he had obtained admission, gave me many opportunities of observing his proceedings, and those opportunities, in my capacity of a student of human nature, I was careful not to neglect. I had marked his career and ultimate fate in my mind, and was curious to see my predictions verified, although I sincerely wished they might not be, for they were any thing but favourable to the welfare of Oakley, who, in spite of his follies, had generous and manly qualities. His prodigality was not of that purely egotistical description most commonly found in spend-thrifts of his class. He would give a lavish alms to a whining beggar, as freely as he would throw away a handful of gold on some folly of the moment or extravagant debauch; and I had heard an old one-armed soldier, who sometimes held his horse at the club door, utter blessings, when he had ridden out of hearing, on his kind heart and open hand. These and similar little traits that came under my notice, made me regret to see him going post-haste to perdition. That he was doing so, I could not for one moment doubt. His extravagance knew no limit, and in six months

he must have got through as many years' income. Wherever pleasure was to be had, no matter at what price, Oakley was to be seen.—Upon a revenue overrated at five hundred a-year, he kept half a dozen horses, a cab, and a strange nondescript vehicle, made after an eccentric design of his own, and which every body turned to look at, as he drove down Piccadilly of an afternoon, on his way to the Park. He had his stall at the opera, of course, and an elegant set of apartments in the most expensive street in London, where he gave suppers and dinners of extravagant delicacy to thirsty friends and greedy *danseuses*. The former showed their gratitude for his good cheer by winning his money at cards; the latter evinced their affection by carrying off the costly nicknacks that strewed his rooms, and by taking his diamond shirt-pins to fasten their shawls. In short, he regularly delivered himself over to the harpies. In addition to these minor drafts upon his exchequer, came others of a more serious nature. He played high, and never refused a bet. Like many silly young men, (and some silly old ones,) he had a blind veneration for rank, and held that a lord could do no wrong. Even a baronetcy conferred a certain degree of infallibility in his eyes. No amount of respectable affidavits would have convinced him that if Lord Rufus Slam, who not unfrequently condescended to win a cool fifty of him at *écarté*, did not turn the king each time he dealt, it was only because he despised so hackneyed a swindle, and had other ways of securing the game, equally nefarious but less palpable. Neither would it have been possible to persuade him that Sir Tantivy Martingale, “that prime fellow and thorough sportsman,” as Frank admiringly and confidently styled him, was capable of taking his bet upon a horse which he, the aforesaid Sir Tantivy, had just made “safe to lose.” In short, poor Oakley, who, during his father's lifetime, had been little, if at all, in London, thought himself excessively knowing and fully up to all the wiles, and snares of the metropolis. In reality he was exceedingly raw, was victimised accordingly, and, at the end of a few months in town, found

himself minus a sum that brought reflection, I suspect, even to his giddy head. I conjectured so, at least, when, at the end of the season, I encountered him on a Boulogne steamer, looking fagged and out of spirits. It was only a year since we had met at Harleigh Hall, but that year had told upon him. Dissipation had driven the flush of health from his cheek, and his youthful brow was already care-loaded. I spoke to him, and made an attempt to converse; but he seemed sulky and unwilling; and, on reaching Boulogne, I lost sight of him. After a short tour, I went to winter at Paris, and there I frequently saw him. He had forgotten, apparently, the annoyances that weighed on him when he left London, and was again the gayest of the gay; living as if his purse were bottomless, and his *Gibus* hat the wishing cap of Fortunatus. Nothing was too hot or too strong for him: rated a "fast man" in England, in France he was held a *viveur enragé*. I did not much admire the society he selected: I saw him alternately with the most *roué* and dissolute young Frenchmen of fashion, and with an English set which, if it comprised men against whom nothing positively had could be proved, also included others whose reputation was more than doubtful. At first he was chiefly with the French, whose language, from long residence in the country when a boy, he spoke as one of themselves: then he seemed to abandon them for the English clique, and then he suddenly disappeared. I no longer saw him pacing the Boulevard or riding in the Bois, or issuing at night from the Café Anglais, flushed with wine and bent upon riotous debauch. All his former companions remained, pursuing their old amusements, frequenting the same haunts; but he was never with them. I could not understand his leaving Paris just as the best season commenced, (it was in January that he disappeared,) and at first I supposed him ill. But week after week slipped by, and no Oakley appearing, I made up my mind he had departed, whither I knew not. I was rather vexed at this, for I had made up my mind to watch him to the end of his career. Moreover, although we never spoke,

and had almost left off bowing, my idle habit of observing his proceedings had given me a sort of interest in him. Once only, after his eclipse, did I fancy I caught a glimpse of him. I was fond of long rambles in the low and remote quarters of Paris, through those labyrinths of narrow streets, filthy courts, and rickety houses, where the character and peculiarities of the humbler classes of Parisians are best to be studied. Returning, after dark, from an expedition of this kind, I was surprised by a violent shower in a shabby street of the Faubourg St Antoine, and took refuge under a doorway. Immediately opposite to me was the wretched shop of a *traiteur*, in whose dingy window a cloudy white bowl of mashed spinach, a plate of bonilli, dry as a deal plank, and some triangular fragments of pear, stewed with cochineal and exposed in a sancer, served as indications of the luxurious fare to be obtained within. On one of the grimy shutters, whose scanty coat of green paint the weather had converted into a sickly blue, was the announcement, in yellow letters, that "*Fricot, Traiteur, donne à Boire et à Manger*:" whilst upon the other the hieroglyphical representation of a bottle and glass, flanked by the words "*Bon Vin de Mecon à 8 et 10 S.*" hinted intelligibly at the well-provided state of Monsieur Fricot's cellar. It was one of those humble eating-houses, abounding in the French capital, where a very hungry man may stave off starvation for about the price of a tooth-pick at the *Café* or the *Trois Frères*, and where an exceedingly thirsty one may get comfortably intoxicated upon potato brandy and essence of logwood, for a similar amount. It needs a three days' fast or a paviour's appetite to induce entrance into such a place. I was gazing with some curiosity at the windows of this poor tavern, through whose starred and patched panes, crowded with bottles, and backed by a curtain of dirty muslin, the waving of iron forks and spoons was dimly discernible by the light of two flickering candles, when the door suddenly opened, a man came out, heedless of the rain, which fell in torrents, and walked rapidly away. It was but a second, and he was lost in the dark-

ness of the ill-lighted street, but in that second I thought I distinguished the gait and features of Frank Oakley. But my view of him was very indistinct, and I concluded myself misled by a resemblance. Since that day nothing had occurred to remind me of him, and for a long time I had entirely forgotten the good-hearted but reckless scamp, who for a brief period had attracted my attention.

Frank Oakley, then, it was, who now stood before me under the arcades of the Palais Royal. I held out my hand, with a word or two of apology for my slowness in remembering him.

"No excuse, I beg," was his reply. "Not one in twenty of my former acquaintances recognises the spendthrift dandy in the humble sergeant of dragoons, and in the few who do, I observe, upon my approach, a strong partiality for the opposite side of the street. They give themselves unnecessary trouble, for I have no wish to intrude upon them. I have been four months in Paris, and have constantly met former intimates, but have never spoken to one of them. And I cannot say what induced me to address you, with whom my acquaintance is so slight, except that I should be very glad to have a talk about dear old England, and if I am not mistaken you are a likely man to grant it me."

"With pleasure, Mr Oakley," said I. "I am glad to see you, although I confess myself surprised at your present profession. For an Englishman, I should have thought our own service preferable to a foreign one; and doubtless your friends would have got you a commission—that is—if—"

I hesitated, and paused, for I felt that I was upon delicate ground, getting run away with by my own foregone conclusions, and likely, unintentionally, to wound my interlocutor's feelings. Oakley observed my embarrassment, smiled, and completed my unfinished sentence.

"If I had not money left, after my extravagance, to buy one for myself. Well, I had not; and moreover—but you shall hear all about it, if you care to learn the adventures of a

scapegrace, now, I hope, reformed. And, in return, you shall tell me if London is still in the same place, and as wicked and pleasant as ever; and how it fares with old George Olinton, and all the jelly Warwickshire lads. Have you an hour to spare?"

"Half a dozen, if you like," I replied warmly, for I was greatly taken with the frank manly tone of the young man, whom I had last known as a conceited, frivolous coxcomb. "Half a dozen. Shall we walk?"

"I will not tax your kindness so long," replied Oakley; "and as for walking," he added, glancing from the silver stripe upon his sleeve, indicative of his non-commissioned rank, to my suit of civilian broadcloth, "although I am by no means ashamed of my position, that is no reason for exposing you to the stare and wonder of your English acquaintances, by parading in your company the public promenade. So, if you have no objection, we will step up here. The place is respectable; but unfrequented, I dare say, by any you know."

And without giving me time to protest my utter indifference to the supercilious criticism referred to, he turned into a doorway, upon a pane of glass above which was painted a ship in full sail, with the words "Café Estaminet Hollandais." Ascending a flight or two of stairs, we entered a suite of spacious apartments, furnished with several billiard tables, with cue-racks, chairs, benches, and small tables for the use of drinkers. Several of the windows, which looked out upon the garden of the Palais Royal, were open, in the vain hope, perhaps, of purifying the place from the inveterate odour of tobacco remaining there from the previous night. Although it was not yet noon, the billiard balls rattled vigorously upon more than one of the tables, and a few early drinkers, chiefly foreigners, professional billiard players and non-commissioned officers of the Paris garrison, sipped their Strasburg beer or morning dram of brandy. The further end of the long gallery, however, was unoccupied, and there Oakley drew a couple of chairs to a window, called for refreshment as a pretext for our presence, and seating himself opposite to me,

assailed me with a volley of questions concerning persons and things in England. To these I replied as satisfactorily as I was able, and allowed the stream of interrogation to run itself dry, before assuming, in my turn, the character of questioner. At last, having in some degree appeased Oakley's eager desire for information about the country whence he had been so long absent, I intimated a curiosity concerning his own adventures, and the circumstances that had made a soldier of him. He at once took the hint, and, perceiving that I listened with friendly attention and interest, gave me a detailed narrative of his life since I had first made his acquaintance. He told his story with a spirit and military conciseness that riveted my attention as much as the real pungency of the incidents. Its first portion, relating to his London career, informed me of little beyond what I already knew, or, at least, had conjectured. It was the every-day tale of a heedless, inexperienced youth, suddenly cast without guide or Mentor upon the ocean of life, and striking in turn against all the shoals that strew the perilous waters. He had been bubbled by gentlemanly swindlers—none of your low, seedy rascallions, but men of style and fashion, even of family, but especially of *honour*, who would have paraded and shot him, had he presumed to doubt their word, but made no scruple of genteelly picking his pocket. He had been duped by designing women, spunged upon by false friends, pillaged by unprincipled tradesmen. He never thought of making a calculation—except on a horse-race, and then he was generally wrong,—or of looking at an account, or keeping one; but, when he wanted money, and his banker wrote him word he had overdrawn, he just sent his autograph to his stockbroker, prefixing the words, "Sell five hundred, or a thousand," as the case might be. For some time these laconic mandates were obeyed without remark, but at last, towards the close of the London season, the broker, the highly respectable Mr Cashup, of Change Alley, called upon his young client, whose father he had known for many years, and ventured a gentle remonstrance on such an alarming consumption of capital.

Frank affected to laugh at the old gentleman's caution, and told an excellent story that evening, after a roaring supper, about the square-toed cit, the wise man of the East, who made a pilgrimage to St James's, to preach a sermon on frugality. Nevertheless, the prodigal was startled by the statements of the man of business. He was unaware how deeply he had dipped into his principal, and felt something like alarm upon discovering that he had got through more than half his small fortune. This, in little more than a year! For a moment he felt inclined to reform, abandon dissipation, and apply to some profession. But the impulse was only momentary. How could he, the gay Frank Oakley, the flower of fashion, and admiration of the town, (so at least he thought himself) bend his proud spirit to pore over parchments in a barrister's chambers, or to smoke British Havanas, and spit over the bridge of a country town, as ensign in a marching regiment? Was he to read himself blind at college, to find himself a curate at thirty, with a hundred a-year and a breeding wife? Or was he to go to India, to get shot by Sikhs, or carried off by a jungle fever? Forbid it, heaven! What would Slam and Marlingale, and Mademoiselle Entrechât, and all his fast and fashionable acquaintances, male and female, say to such declension! The thought was overwhelming, and thereupon Oakley resolved to give up all idea of earning an honest living, to "drown care," "damn the consequences," and act up to the maxim he had frequently professed, when the champagne corks were flying at his expense for the benefit of a circle of admiring friends, of "a short life and a merry one." So he stopped in London till the very close of the season, "Keeping the game alive," as he expressed it, to the last, and then started for the Continent. An attempt to recruit his finances at Baden-Baden terminated, as might be expected, in their further reduction, and at last he found his way to Paris. Unfortunately for him, his ruinous career in England had been so short, and his self-conceit, and great opinion of his own knowing, had made him so utterly reject the advice and experience of the very few friends who cared

a rush for his welfare, that he was still in the state of a six-day-old puppy, and as unable to take care of himself. More than half-ruined, he preserved his illusions; still believed in the sincerity of fashionable acquaintances, in the fidelity of histrionic mistresses, in the disinterestedness of mankind in general, or at least, of that portion of it with which he habitually associated. The bird had left half its feathers with the fowler, but was as willing as ever to run again into the snare. And at Paris snares were plentiful, well-baited and carefully covered up.

"I can scarcely define the society into which I got at Paris," said Oakley, when he came to this part of his history. "It was of a motley sort, gathered from all quarters, and, upon the whole, rather pleasant than respectable. It consisted partly of persons I had known in England, either Englishmen or dashing young Frenchmen of fortune, whose acquaintance I had made during their visits to London a few months previously. I had also several letters of introduction, some of which gave me entrance into the best Parisian circles, but these I generally neglected, preferring the gay fellows for whom I bore commendatory scrawls from my London associates. But probably my best recommendation was my pocket, still tolerably garnished, and the recklessness with which I scattered my cash. I felt myself on the high road to ruin, but my down-hill course had given such impetus to my crazy vehicle, that I despaired of checking it, and shut my eyes to the inevitable smash awaiting me at the bottom.

"It was not long in coming. Although educated in France, and consequently speaking the language as a native, I always took more kindly to my own countrymen than to Frenchmen, and gradually I detached myself unconsciously from those with whom I had spent much of my time when first in Paris. I exchanged for the worse, in making my sole companions of a set of English scamps, who asked no better than to assist at the plucking of such a pigeon as myself. At first they treated me with tenderness, fearing to spoil their game by a measure of wholesale plunder. They made

much of me, frequently favoured me with their company at dinner, occasionally forgot their purses and borrowed from mine, forgetting repayment, and got up card parties, at which, however, I was sometimes allowed to come off a winner. But my gains were units and my losses tens. An imprudent revelation accelerated the catastrophe. My chosen intimate was one Harry Darvel, a tall pale man, about five years older than myself, who would have been good-looking, but for the unpleasant shifting expression of his gray eyes, and for a certain cold rigidity of feature, frequently seen in persons of the profession. I afterwards found he exercised. I first made his acquaintance at Baden, met him by appointment at Paris, and he soon became my chief associate. I knew little of him, except that he had a large acquaintance, lived in good style, spent his money freely, and was one of the most amusing companions I had ever had. By this time I began to see through flattery, when it was not very adroitly administered, and to suspect the real designs of some of the vultures that flocked about me. Darvel never flattered me; his manner was blunt, almost to roughness; he occasionally gave me advice, and affected sincere friendship and anxiety for my welfare. 'You are young in the world,' he would say to me, 'you know a good deal for the time you have been in it, but I am an old stager, and have been six seasons in Paris for your one. I don't want to dry-nurse you, nor are you the man to let me, but two heads are better than one, and you may sometimes be glad of a hint. This is a queer town, and there are an infernal lot of swindlers about.' I little dreamed that my kind adviser was one of the most expert of the class he denounced, but reposed full trust in him, and, by attending to his disinterested suggestions, gradually detached myself from my few really respectable associates, and delivered myself entirely into his hands, and those of his assistant Philistines. Upon an unlucky day, when a letter of warning from my worthy old stockbroker had revived former anxieties in my mind, I made Darvel my confidant, and asked counsel of him to repair my broken fortunes. He



heard me without betraying surprise, said he would think the matter over, and that something would assuredly turn up, talked vaguely of advantageous appointments which he had interest in England to procure, assured me of his sympathy and friendship, and bade me not despond, but keep my heart up, for that I had plenty of time to turn in, and meanwhile I must limit my expenses, and not be offended if he occasionally gave me a friendly check when he saw me 'outrunning the constable.' His tone and promises cheered me, and I again forgot my critical position. Little did I dream that my misplaced confidence had sealed my doom. If I had hitherto been spared, it was from no excess of mercy, but because my real circumstances were unknown, my fortune overrated, and a fear entertained of prematurely scaring the game by too rapid an attack. It was now ascertained that the goose might be slaughtered, without any sacrifice of golden eggs. Darvel now knew exactly what I was worth,—barely two thousand pounds. That gone, I should be a beggar. For two days he never lost sight of me, accompanied me every where and kept me in a whirl of dissipation, exerted to the utmost his amusing powers, which were very considerable, and did all he could to raise my spirits. The third morning he came to breakfast with me.

"Dine at my rooms, to-day," said he, as he sat puffing a Turkish pipe, after making me laugh to exhaustion at a ridiculous adventure that had befallen him the night before. 'Bachelor fare, you know—brace of fowls and a gigot, a glass of that Chamberlain you so highly approve, and a little chicken hazard afterwards. Quite quiet—shan't allow you to play high. We'll have a harmless, respectable evening. I will ask Lowther and the Bally. Dine at seven, to bed at twelve.'

"I readily accepted, and we strolled out to invite the other guests. A few minutes' walk brought us to the domicile of Thomas Ringwood, Esq., known amongst his intimates as the Bully, a sobriquet he owed to his gruff voice, blustering tone, and skill as a pugilist and cudgel-player. He was member of a well-known and

highly respectable English family, who had done all in their power to keep him from disgracing their name by his blackguard propensities. In dress and manner he affected the plain bluff Englishman, wore a blue coat, beaver gloves, (or none at all,) and a hat broad in the brim, spoke of all foreigners with supreme contempt, and of himself as *honest* Tom Ringwood. This lip honesty and assumed bluntness were a standing joke with those who knew his real character, but passed muster as perfectly genuine with ingenuous and newly imported youngsters like myself, who took him for a wealthy and respectable English gentleman, the champion of fair play, just as at a race, or fair, boobies take for a bona-fide farmer the portly individual in brown tops, who so loudly expresses his confidence in the chances of the thimble rig, and in the probity of the talented individual who manoeuvres the 'little pea.'

"Ringwood was at his rooms, having 'half a round' with the Oxford Chicken, a promising young bruiser who, having recently killed his man in a prize-fight, had come over to Paris for change of air. There was bottled English porter on the table, sand upon the floor to prevent slipping, and the walls were profusely adorned with portraits of well-known pugilists, sketches of steeple-chases, boxing-gloves, masks, and single-sticks. In the comfortable embraces of an arm-chair sat Archibald Lowther, Honest Tom's particular acquaintance, who, in every respect, was the very opposite of his Achatas. Lowther affected the foreigner and dandy as much as Ringwood assumed the bluff and rustic Briton; wore beard and mustaches, and brilliant waistcoats, owned shirt-studs by the score and rings by the gross, lisped out his words with the aid of a silver toothpick, and was never seen without a smile of supreme amiability upon his dark, handsome countenance. Fortunately, both these gentlemen were disengaged for the evening. The day passed in lounging and billiard playing, varied by luncheon and a fair allowance of liquors, and at half past seven we sat down to dinner. It did not occur to me at the time that, although Darvel's

invitation had the appearance of an impromptu, he did not warn his servant of expected guests, or return home till within an hour of dinner-time. Nevertheless, all was in readiness; not the promised fowl and leg of mutton, but an exquisite repast, redolent of spices and truffles, with wines of every description. I was in high spirits, and drank freely, mixing my liquor without scruple, and towards ten o'clock I was much exhilarated, although not yet drunk, and still tolerably cognisant of my actions. Then came coffee and liqueurs, and whilst Darvel searched in an adjoining room for some particularly fine cigars for my special smoking, Lowther cleared a table, and rummaged in the drawers for cards and dice, whilst Ringwood called for lemons and sugar, and compounded a fiery bowl of *Kirscheusser* punch. It was quite clear we were to have a night of it. Darvel's declaration that he would have no high play in his rooms, and would turn every one out at midnight, was replied to by me with a boisterous shout of laughter, in which I was vociferously joined by Lowther, who, to all appearance, was more than half tipsy. We sat down to play for moderate stakes: fortune favoured me at the expense of Ringwood and Lowther. The former looked sulky, the latter became peevishly noisy and excited, cursed his luck, and insisted on increasing the stakes. Darvel strongly objected; as winner, I held myself bound to oppose him, and the majority carried the day. The stakes were doubled, quadrupled, and at last became extravagantly high. Presently in came a couple more 'friends,' in full evening costume, white-waist-coated and gold-buttoned, patent leather, starch and buckram from heel to eyebrow. They were on their way to a rout at the Marchioness of Montepulciano's, but, seeing light through Darvel's windows, came up 'just to see what was going on.' With great difficulty they were prevailed upon to take a cigar and a hand at cards, and to disappoint the Marchioness. It was I who, inspired by deep potations and unbounded good fellowship, urged and insisted upon their stopping. My three friends did not seem nearly so cordial in their

solicitations, and subsequently, when I came to think over the night's proceedings, I remembered a look of vexation exchanged between them, upon the entrance of the uninvited vultures who thus intruded for their share of the spoil. Doubtless, the worthy trio would rather have kept me to themselves. They suppressed their discontent, however; externally all was honeyed cordiality and good feeling; the Bully made perpetual bowls of punch, and I quaffed the blazing alcohol till I could scarcely distinguish the pips on the cards. But scenes like these have been too often described for their details to have much interest. Enough, that at six o'clock the following morning I threw myself upon my bed, fevered, frantic, and a beggar. I had given orders upon my London agent for the very last farthing I possessed.

Lowther, to all appearance the least sober and worst player of the party, had been chief winner. Ringwood had won a little; Madam Montepulciano's friends did not make a bad night's work of it, although they declared their gains trifling, but as there had been a good deal of gold and some bank-notes upon the table, it was difficult to say exactly how the thing had gone. Darvel, who had frequently made attempts to stop the play—attempts frustrated by Lowther's drunken violence, Ringwood's dogged sullenness, and my own mad eagerness,—was visibly a loser: but what mattered that, when his confederates won? There is honour amongst thieves, and no doubt next day witnessed an equitable division of the spoils.

It was the second day after the debauch before I again saw any of my kind friends. I spent the greater part of the intervening one in bed, exhausted and utterly desponding, revolving in my mind my desperate position. I had no heart to go out or see any body. At last Darvel called upon me, affected great sorrow for my losses, deplored my obstinacy in playing high against his advice, and inveighed against Lowther for his drunken persistence. Anxiety and previous excess had rendered me really unwell; Darvel insisted on sending me his physician, and left me with many expressions of kindness, and a promise to call next

day. All this feigned sympathy was not lavished without an object; the gang had discovered I might still be of use to them. In what way, I did not long remain ignorant. During a week or more that I remained in the house, suffering from a sort of low fever, Darvel came daily to sit with me, brought me newspapers, told me the gossip of the hour, and not unfrequently threw out hints of better times near at hand, when the blind goddess should again smile upon me. At last I learned in what way her smiles were to be purchased. I was convalescent; my doctor had paid his farewell visit, and pocketed my last napoleon, when Darvel entered my room. After the usual commonplace inquiries, he sat down by the fire, silent, and with a gloomy countenance. I could not help noticing this, for I was accustomed to see him cheerful and talkative upon his visits to me; and I presently inquired if any thing had gone wrong.

"Yes—no—nothing with me exactly, but for you. I am disappointed on your account."

"On my account?"

"Yes. I wrote to England some days ago, urging friends of mine in high places to get you a snug berth, and to-day I have received answers."

"Well?"

"No, ill—cold comfort enough. Lots of promises, but with an unmistakable hint that many are to be served before me, and that we must wait several months,—which with those people means several years,—before there will be a chance of a good wind blowing your way. I am infernally sorry for it."

"And I also," I replied, mournfully. There was a short pause.

"How are you off for the sinews of war?" said Darvel.

"You may find some small change on the chimney-piece—my last money."

"The devil! This won't do. We must fill your exchequer somehow. You must be taken care of, my boy."

"Easy to say," I answered, "but how? Unless you win me a lottery prize, or show me a hidden treasure, my cash-box is likely to continue empty."

"Pshaw! hidden treasure indeed! There are always treasures to be found

by clever seekers. Nothing without trouble."

"I should not grudge that."

"Perhaps not; but you young gentlemen are apt to be squeamish. Nasty-particular, as I may say."

"Pshaw!" said I in my turn, "you know I can't afford to be that. Money I must have, no matter how."

"I spoke thoughtlessly, and without weighing my words, but also without evil meaning. I merely meant to express my willingness to work for my living, in ways whose adoption I should have scoffed at a fortnight previously. Darvel doubtless understood me differently—thought dissipation and reckless extravagance had blunted my sense of honour and honesty, and that I was ripe for his purpose. After a minute or two's silence—

"By the bye," he said, "are not you intimate with the young D—s, sons of that rich old baronet Sir Marmaduke D—?"

"Barely acquainted," I replied, "I have seen them once or twice, but it is a long time back, and we should hardly speak if we met. They are poor silly fellows, brought up by a fool of a mother, and by a puritanical private tutor."

"They have broken loose from the apron string then, for they arrived here yesterday on their way to Italy, Greece, and the Lord knows where. Why don't you call upon them? They are good to know. They have swinging letters of credit on Paris and half the towns in Europe."

"I see no use in calling on them, nor any that their letters of credit can be to me."

"Pshaw! who knows? They are to be a month here. It might lead to something."

"To what?" I inquired indifferently. A gust of impatience escaped Darvel.

"You certainly are dull to-day—slow of comprehension, as I may say. Recollect what some play-writing man has said about the world being an oyster for clever fellows to open. Now these D—s are just the sort of natives it is pleasant to pick at, because their shells are lined with pearls. Well, since you won't take a hint, I must speak plainly. Dine to-day at

the table-d'hôte of the *Hôtel W—*. The D—s are staying there, and you are safe to fall in with them. Renew your acquaintance, or strike up a fresh one, whichever you please. You are a fellow of good address, and will have no difficulty in making friends with two such Johnny Newcomes. Ply them with Burgundy, bring them here or to my rooms, we will get Lowther and Ringwood, and it shall be a hundred pounds in your pocket.'

"I must have been a fool indeed, had I doubted for another instant the meaning and intentions of my respectable ally. As by touch of enchanter's wand, the scales fell from my eyes; illusions vanished, and I saw myself and my associates in the right colours, myself as a miserable dupe, them as vile sharpers. So confounded was I by the suddenness of the illumination, that for a moment I stood speechless and motionless, gazing vacantly into the tempter's face. He took my silence for acquiescence, and opened his lips to continue his base hints and instructions. Roused into vehement action by the sound of his odious voice, I grasped his collar with my left hand, and seizing a horsewhip that lay opportunely near, I lashed the miscreant round the room till my arm could strike no longer, and till the inmates of the house, alarmed by his outcries, assembled at the door of my apartment. Too infuriated to notice them, I kicked the scoundrel out and remained alone, to meditate at leisure upon my past folly and present embarrassments. The former was irreparable, the latter were speedily augmented. I know not what Darvel told the master of the house, (I subsequently found he had had an interview with him after his ejection from my room,) but two days later, the month being at an end, I received a heavy bill, with an intimation that my apartments were let to another tenant, and a request for my speedy departure. I was too proud to take notice of this insolence, and too poor, under any circumstances, to continue in so costly a lodging. Money I had none, and it took the sacrifice of my personal effects, including even much of my wardrobe, to satisfy my landlord's demand. I settled it, however, and removed, with a heavy heart, a

light portmanteau, and a hundred francs in my pocket, to a wretched garret in a cheap faubourg.

"You will think, perhaps, that I acted rashly, and should have sought temporary assistance from friends before proceeding to such extremities. But the very few persons who might have been disposed to help me, I had long since neglected for the society of the well-dressed thieves by whom I had been so pitilessly fleeced. And had it been otherwise, I knew not how to beg or borrow. My practice had been in giving and lending. The first thing I did, when installed in my *sixième* at twenty francs a-month, was to write to my uncle in England, informing him, without entering into details, of the knavery of which I had been victim, expressing my penitence for past follies, and my desire to atone them by a life of industry. I craved his advice as to the course I should adopt, declared a preference for the military profession, and entreated, as the greatest of favours, and the only one I should ever ask of him, that he would procure me a commission, either in the British service or Indian army. I got an answer by return of post, and, before opening it, augured well from such promptitude. Its contents bitterly disappointed me. My uncle's agent informed me, by his employer's command, that Mr Oakley, of Oakley Manor, was not disposed to take any notice of a nephew who had disgraced him by extravagance and evil courses, and that any future letters from me would be totally disregarded. I felt that I deserved this; but yet I had hoped kinder words from my dead father's elder brother. The trifling assistance I asked would hardly have been missed out of his unencumbered income of ten thousand a-year. This was my first advertisement of the wide difference between relatives and friends. Gradually I gathered experience, paid for, in advance, at a heavy rate.

"Of course, I did not dream of renewing an application thus cruelly repulsed, but resolved to rely on myself alone, and to find some occupation, however humble, sufficient for my subsistence. I had no idea, until I tried, of the immense difficulty of procuring such occupation. Master of

no trade or handicraft, I knew not which way to turn, or what species of employment to seek. I was a good swordsman, and once I had a vague notion of teaching fencing; but even had I had the means to establish myself, the profession was already overstocked; and not a regiment of the Paris garrison but could turn out a score of *prévôts* to button me six times for my once. I could ride, which qualified me for a postilion, and had sufficient knowledge of billiards to aspire to the honourable post of a marker; but even to such offices—could I have stooped to compete for them—I should have been held ineligible without certificates of character. And to whom was I to apply for these? To my gay acquaintances of the Café de Paris? To the obsequious banker to whom I had come handsomely accredited, and who had given me a sumptuous dinner in his hôtel of the Rue Bergère? To the noble and fashionable families to whom I had brought letters of recommendation, and whom I had neglected after a single visit? To which of these should I apply for a character as groom? And how was I to exist without condescending to some such menial office? To aught better, gentleman though I was, I had no qualifications entitling me to aspire. It was a sharp, but wholesome, lesson to my vanity and pride, to find myself, so soon as deprived of my factitious advantage of inherited wealth, less able to provide for my commonest wants than the rustian-coated mechanic and hob-nailed labourer, whom I had been wont to splash with my carriage-wheel and despise as an inferior race of beings. Bitter were my reflections, great was my perplexity, during the month succeeding my sudden change of fortune. I passed whole days lying upon the bed in my melancholy lodging, or leaning out of the window, which looked over a dreary range of roofs, ruminating my forlorn position, and endeavouring, but in vain, to find a remedy. This was urgent; but no riddling of my brain suggested one, and at last I saw myself on the brink of destitution. A score of five-franc pieces had constituted my whole fortune after satisfying my former extor-

tionate landlord. These were nearly gone, and I knew not how to obtain another shilling; for my kit was reduced to lincin and the most indispensable necessities. I now learned upon how little a man may live, and even thrive and be healthy. During that month, I contrived to keep my expenses of food and lodging within two francs a-day, making the whole month's expenditure considerably less than I had commonly thrown away on an epicurean breakfast or dinner. And I was all the better for the coarse regimen to which I thus suddenly found myself reduced. Harassed in mind though I was, my body felt the benefit of unusual abstinence from deep potations, late hours, and sustained dissipation. The large amount of foot-exercise I took during these few weeks, doubtless contributed also to restore tone and vigour to a constitution which my dissolute career, however mad and reckless, had not been long enough seriously to impair. When weary of my lonesome attic, I would start through the nearest barrier, avoiding the streets and districts where I might encounter former acquaintances, and take long walks in the environs of Paris, returning with an appetite that gave a relish even to the tough and unseasonary viands of a cheap *tableau*.

It chanced, upon a certain day, when striding along the road to Orleans, that I met a regiment of hussars changing their quarters from that town to Paris. The morning sun shone brightly on their accoutrements; the hoofs of their well-groomed horses rang upon the frosty road; the men, closely wrapped in their warm pelisses, looked cheerful, in good case, and in high spirits at the prospect of a sojourn in the capital. I seated myself upon a gate to see them pass, and could not avoid making a comparison between my position and that of a private dragoon, which resulted considerably to my disadvantage. I was not then so well aware as I have since become, of all the hardships and disagreeables of a soldier's life; and it appeared to me that these fellows, well clothed, well mounted, and with their daily wants provided for, were perfect kings compared to a useless, homeless, destitute

being like myself. Their profession was an honourable one; their regiment was their home; they had comrades and friends; and their duty as soldiers, properly done, none could reproach or oppress them. The column marched by, and was succeeded by the rearguard, half-a-dozen smart, sunburned hussars, with carbine on thigh; one of whom sang, in a mellow tenor voice, and with considerable taste, the well-known soldier's song out of *La Dame Blanche*. In their turn, they disappeared behind a bend of the road; but the spirited burthen of the ditty still reached my ears after they were lost to my view—

'Ah, quel plaisir! ah, quel plaisir!

Ah, quel plaisir d'être soldat!'

I repeated to myself, as the last notes died in the distance, and jumping off the gate, I turned my steps towards Paris, my mind strongly inclining to the sabre and worsted lace.

"My half-formed resolution gathered strength from reflection, and on reaching Paris, I proceeded straight to the Champ de Mars. The spectacle that there met my eyes was of a nature to encourage my inclination to embrace a military career, even in the humble capacity of a private trooper. It was a cavalry field-day, and a number of squadrons manœuvred in presence of several general officers and of a brilliant staff, whilst soldiers of various corps,—dragons, lancers, cuirassiers and hussars, stood in groups watching the evolutions of their comrades. Veterans from the neighbouring Hôtel des Invalides—scarred and mutilated old warriors, who had shared the triumphs and reverses of the gallant French armies from Valmy\* to Waterloo—talked of their past campaigns and criticised the movements of their successors in the ranks. Several of these parties I approached within earshot, and overheard, with strong interest, many a stirring reminiscence of those warlike days, when the Corsican firebrand set Europe in a flame, and spread his conquering legions from Moscow to Andalusia. At last I came to a group of younger soldiers, who discussed

more recent if less glorious deeds of arms. The words *Bédouins*, *razzia*, *Algérie*, recurred frequently in their discourse. I started at the sounds. They reminded me of what I had previously forgotten, that there was still a battle-field in the world where danger might be encountered and distinction won. True, I might have wished a better cause than that of encroachment and usurpation; more civilised foes than the tawny denizens of the desert; a more humane system of warfare than that pursued by the French in Africa. But my circumstances forbade over-nicety, and that day I enlisted as volunteer in the light cavalry, merely stipulating that I should be placed in a corps then serving in Africa.

"Should you care to hear, I will give you at a future time some details of my military novitiate and African adventures. The former was by no means easy, the latter had little to distinguish them from those of thousands of my comrades. A foreign service is rarely an agreeable refuge, and that of France is undoubtedly the very worst an Englishman can enter. The old antipathy to England, weakened in the breasts of French civilians, still exists to a great extent amongst the military classes of the population. A traditionary feeling of hatred and humiliation has been handed down from the days of our Peninsular victories, and especially from that of the crowning triumph at Waterloo,—the battle won by treachery, as many Frenchmen affirm, and some positively believe. A French barrack-room, I can assure you, is any thing but a bed of roses to a British volunteer. I was better off, however, than most of my countrymen would have been under similar circumstances. Speaking the language like a native—better, indeed, than the majority of those with whom I now found myself associated—I escaped the mockery and annoyances which an English agent would inevitably have perpetrated. My country was known, however; it was moreover discovered that in birth and education I was superior to those about me, and these

\* "From the cannonade at Valmy may be dated the commencement of the career of victory which carried their armies to Vienna and the Kremlin."—*Alison's History of Europe*, vol. iii. p. 210.

circumstances were sufficient to draw upon me envy and insult. Of the former I took no heed, the latter I promptly and fiercely resented, feeling that to do so was the only means of avoiding a long course of molestation. Two or three duels, whence my skill with the foils brought me out unscathed and with credit, made me respected in my regiment, and whilst thus establishing my reputation for courage, I did my best to conciliate the good-will of those amongst whom I was henceforward to live. To a great extent I was successful. My quality of an Englishman gradually ceased to give umbrage or invite aggression, and, if not forgotten, was rarely referred to.

"I was found an apt recruit, and after far less than the usual amount of drill I was dismissed to my duty in the ranks of my present regiment, with which I returned from Africa at the beginning of this winter, and am now in garrison at Paris. My steady attention to my duties, knowledge of writing and accounts, and conduct in one or two sharply-contested actions, obtained me promotion to the grades of corporal and *fourrier*. For my last advancement, to the highest non-commissioned rank, I am indebted to an affair that occurred a few weeks before we left Africa. A small division, consisting of three battalions and as many squadrons, including mine, moved from Oran and its neighbourhood, for the purpose of a reconnoissance. After marching for a whole day, we halted for the night near a lonely cistern of water. The only living creature we saw was a wretched little Arab boy, taking care of three lean oxen, who told us that, with the exception of his parents, the whole tribe inhabiting that district had fled on news of our approach, and were now far away. This sounded rather suspicious, and all precautions were taken to guard against surprise. Picquets and out-posts were established, the bivouac fires blazed cheerily up, rations were cooked and eaten, and, wrapped in our cloaks, we sought repose after the day's fatigue. Tired though we were, sleep was hard to obtain, especially for us cavalry men, by reason of the uneasiness of our horses, which scarcely

ceased for a moment to neigh and kick and fight with each other. Troopers always look upon this as a bad omen, and more than one old soldier, whilst caressing and calming his restless charger, muttered a prediction of danger at hand. For once, these military prophets were not mistaken. About two hours after midnight, the bivouac was sunk in slumber, the horses had become quieter, and the silence was rarely broken, save by the warning cry of '*Sentinelle, garde à vous!*' when suddenly a few dropping shots were heard, the drum of a picquet rattled a loud alarm, and a shout arose of '*Les Arabes!*' In an instant, the encampment, so still before, swarmed like a hive of bees. Luckily we had all laid down fully accoutred, with our weapons beside us, so that, as we sprang to our feet, we found ourselves ready for action. The general, who alone had a small tent, rushed half-dressed from under his canvass. Our veteran colonel was on foot with the first, cool as on parade, and breathing defiance. '*Chasseurs, to your horses!*' shouted he in stentorian tones, hoarse from the smoke of many battles. At the word we were in the saddle. On every side we heard wild and savage shouts, and volleys of small arms, and the picquets, overpowered by numbers, came scampering in, with heavy loss and in much confusion. There was no moon, but by the starlight we saw large bodies of white shadowy figures sweeping around and towards our encampment. Our infantry had lain down in order, by companies and battalions, according to a plan of defence previously formed, and now they stood in three compact squares, representing the three points of a triangle; whilst in the intervals the squadrons manœuvred, and the artillery-men watched opportunities to send the contents of their light mountain-howitzers amongst the hostile masses. With whoop and wild hurrah, and loud invocations of Allah and the Prophet, the Bedouin hordes charged to the bayonet's point, but recoiled again before well-directed volleys, leaving the ground in front of the squares strewn with men and horses, dead and dying. Then the artillery gave them a round, and we cavalry

dashed after them, pursuing and sabring till compelled to retire before fresh and overwhelming masses. This was repeated several times. There were many thousand Arabs collected around us, chiefly horsemen; and had their discipline equalled their daring, our position would have been perilous indeed. Undismayed by their heavy loss, they returned again and again to the attack. At last the general, impatient of the protracted combat, wheeled up the wings of the squares, reserved the fire till the last moment, and received the assailants with so stunning a discharge that they fled to return no more. The cavalry of course followed them up, and our colonel, Monsieur de Bellechasse, an old soldier of Napoleon's, ever foremost where cut and thrust are passing, headed the squadron to which I belong. Carried away by his impetuosity, and charging home the flying Bedouins, he lost sight of prudence, and we soon found ourselves surrounded by a raging host, who, perceiving how few we were, stood at bay, and in their turn assumed the offensive. Seen in the dim starlight, with their tawny faces, gleaming eyes, white burnous, and furious gesticulations, the Arabs seemed a legion of devils let loose for our destruction. Our ranks were disordered by the pursuit, and we thus lost one of our chief advantages; for the Bedouins, unable to resist the charge in line of disciplined cavalry, are no despicable opponents in a hand to hand mêlée. And this the combat soon became. Greatly out-numbered, we fought for our lives, and of course fought our best. I found myself near the colonel, who was assailed by two Arabs at one time. He defended himself like a lion, but his opponents were strong and skilful, and years have impaired the activity and vigour which procured him, a quarter of a century ago, the reputation of one of the most efficient light dragoons in Buonaparte's armies. There were none to aid him, for all had their hands full, and I myself was sharpest with a brawny Bedouin, who made excellent use of his scimitar. At last I disabled him by a severe cut on the sword arm; he gnashed his teeth with rage, turned his beautiful horse with lightning

swiftness, and fled from the fight before I had time to complete my work. I was glad to be quit of him at any price, as I was now able to strike in by the colonel's side. The old warrior was hard put to it; a sabre cut had knocked off his shako, and inflicted a wound on his high, bald forehead, slight indeed, but the blood from which, trickling into his eyes, nearly blinded him, and he was fain to leave go his reins to dash it away with his hand. The Arabs perceived their advantage, and pressed him hard, when I charged one of them in the flank, bringing the breast of my horse against the shoulder of his, and cutting at the same time at his head. Man and beast rolled upon the ground. M. de Bellechasse had scarcely time to observe from whom the timely succour came, when I dashed in before him, and drew upon myself the fury of his remaining foe. Just then, to my infinite relief, I heard at a short distance a steady regular fire of musketry. It was the infantry, advancing to our support. The Arabs heard it also, and having had, for one day, a sufficient taste of French lead, beat a precipitate retreat, scouring away like phantoms, and disappearing in the gloom of the desert. I was triply recompensed for my share in this action, by honourable mention in general orders, by promotion to the rank of *maréchal de logis*—equivalent to troop sergeant-major in the English service—and by the personal thanks of my excellent old colonel, who shook me heartily by the hand, and swore '*Mille millions de sabres!*' that after successfully guarding his head against Russian, Prussian, and Austrian, Englishman and Spaniard, he would have been ignominiously cut to pieces by a brace of black-faced heathens; but for my timely interposition. Since then, he has shown me unvarying kindness, for which I am indebted chiefly to my preservation of his life, but partly also to his high approval of the summary manner in which I upset, by a blow of my sabre and bound of my horse, one of his swarthy antagonists, reminding him, as he always mentions when telling the story, of a similar feat of his own when attacked on the Russian retreat by three gigantic



Tartars from the Ukraine. Since we have been in garrison here, he has frequently had me at his house, nominally to assist in the arrangement of regimental accounts and orders, but in reality to take opportunities of rendering me small kindnesses; and latterly, I am inclined to think, a little for the pleasure of talking to me of his old campaigns. He soon discovered, what he previously had some inkling of, that my original position in the world was superior to my present one; and I am not without hopes, from hints he has let fall, that he will, at no very distant day, procure my promotion to a cornetcy. These hopes and alleviations enable me to support, with tolerable patience and cheerfulness, the dull ordeal of a garrison life, seldom so pleasantly varied as by my meeting with you. And now, that I have indicted my whole history upon you," added Oakley, with a smile, "I must bid you good bye, for duty calls,—no longer, it is true, to action in the field, but to the monotonous routine of barrack ordinances."

Thanking Oakley for his interesting narrative, I gave him my address, and begged him to visit me. This he promised to do, and we parted. Three days later he called upon me: I kept him to dine with me at my lodgings, and had reason, during an evening of most agreeable conversation, to be more than ever pleased with the tone of his mind and tenor of his discourse. The unthinking rake of former days must have learned and reflected much during his period of adversity and soldiering, to convert himself into the intelligent, well-informed, and unaffected man he had now become. One thing that struck me in him, however, was an occasional absence of mind and proneness to reverie. If there was a short pause in the conversation, his thoughts seemed to wander far away; and at times an expression of perplexed uneasiness, if not of care, came over his countenance. I had only to address him, however, to dissipate these clouds, whencesoever they came, and to recall his usual animated readiness of manner.

A fortnight now elapsed without my again seeing him. I was to return

to England in a couple of days, and was busy one evening writing letters and making preparations for departure, when the bell at the door of my apartment was hastily rung. I opened, and Oakley entered. At first I hardly recognised him, for he was in plain clothes, which had the effect of converting the smart sergeant into an exceedingly handsome and gentlemanlike civilian. It struck me he looked paler than usual, and grave, almost anxious. His first words were an apology for his intrusion at so late an hour, which I cut short by an assurance of my gladness to see him, and an inquiry if I could do any thing for him in England.

"When do you go?" said he.

"The day after to-morrow."

"I want nothing there," was his reply; "but before you go you can render me a great service, if you will."

"If I can, be sure that I will."

"You may perhaps hesitate, when you hear what it is. I want you to be my second in a duel."

"In a duel!" I repeated, greatly astonished, and not over-pleased at the idea of being mixed up in some barrack-room quarrel. "In a duel! and with whom?"

"With an officer of my regiment."

"Of your own rank, I presume?" said I, a little surprised at the sort of assumption by which he called a sergeant an officer, without the usual prefix of "non-commissioned."

"In that case I need not have troubled you," he replied; "I could have found a dozen seconds. But my antagonist is a commissioned officer, a lieutenant of the same regiment with myself, although in a different squadron."

"The devil he is!" I exclaimed. "That becomes cause for court-martial."

"Undoubtedly," replied Oakley, "for me, but no harm can accrue to you. I am your countryman; I come to you in plain clothes and ask you to be my second in a duel. You consent; we go on the ground and meet another man, apparently a civilian, of whose military quality or grade you are in no way supposed cognisant. Duels occur daily in France, as you know, and no notice is taken of them, even

when fatal. I assure you there is no danger for you."

"I was not thinking of myself. But if you escape unhurt from the encounter, you will be shot for attempting the life of your superior."

Oakley shrugged his shoulders, as if to say, "I know that, but must take my chance;" but made no other reply to my remark.

"I will tell you the circumstances," he said, "and you shall judge for yourself if I can avoid the duel. When talking to you of my kind old colonel, I did not tell you of his only daughter, Bertha de Bellechasse, the most beautiful and fascinating of her sex. On our return from Africa, the colonel, in his gratitude for the man who had saved his life, presented me to his wife and child, pronouncing at the same time an exaggerated eulogium on my conduct. The ladies gave me their hands to kiss, and had I shed half my blood in saving that of the colonel, I should have been more than repaid by Bertha's gracious smile, and warm expression of thanks to her father's preserver. Madame de Bellechasse, I suspect, was about to give me her purse, but was checked by a sign from her husband, who doubtless told them, after my departure, as much as he knew of my history,—that I was a foreigner and a gentleman, whom circumstances had driven to don the coarse vest of the private dragoon. He may perhaps have added some of the romantic stories current in the regiment when I first joined. I had never been communicative concerning my past life, which I felt was nothing to boast of; and regimental gossips had drawn upon their invention for various strange tales about the Milord Anglais. When I became domesticated in the corps, and my country was almost forgotten, these fictitious histories ceased to be repeated and fell into oblivion; but some of them were revived for the benefit of the colonel, when, after the action near Oran, he instituted inquiries concerning me amongst his officers. It was not till some weeks later, that he asked and received from me a plain unvarnished account of my very common-place career. It is possible that the sort of mystery previously attaching to me, combined with her fa-

ther's glowing eulogiums and her own gratitude for his preservation, worked upon Bertha's ardent and susceptible imagination, prepossessing her in my favour. For my part, I had been struck to the heart by the very first glance from the dark eyes that sparkled like diamonds beneath their lashes of sable silk; I had been captivated and fettered on the instant, by the smile of enchanting sweetness that played round her graceful lips. For a while I struggled steadfastly against the impulse to adore her; its indulgence I felt would be madness, and could result but in misery. What folly for the penniless soldier, even though time and her father's protection should convert him into an equally penniless officer, to raise his eyes to the rich, the beautiful, the brilliant daughter of the Count de Bellechasse! Rejection, ridicule, contempt, could be the sole recompense of such presumption. M. de Bellechasse, although an officer of Napoleon's, is of old French nobility; his wealth is very great; and if he still continues to serve, it is solely from enthusiastic love of his profession. His daughter is a match for the first in the land. All these and many more such arguments did I again and again repeat to myself; but when had reason a chance against love? Repeatedly did I vow to forget the fair vision that had crossed my path and troubled my repose, or to think of her only as the phantom of a dream, unsubstantial and unattainable. But the resolution was scarcely formed, when I found myself dwelling in rapture on her perfections, recapitulating the few gentle words she had addressed to me, recalling her voice, her look, her gesture—everything about her, even to the most minute details. One moment, in view of the precipice on whose brink I stood, I swore to shun her perilous presence, and to avert my eyes should I again find myself in it: not an hour afterwards I eagerly seized a pretext that led me to her father's house, and afforded me the possibility of another glimpse of my idol. Such glimpses were not difficult to obtain. The colonel's partiality to me daily increased, and when I went to him on regimental matters, and he was alone with his wife and daughter, he would

receive me in the drawing room in their presence, and waiving, for the time, the difference of grade, would converse with me as affably as with an equal, and make me repeat, for the amusement of the ladies, some of our African skirmishes and adventures. Doubtless I should have avoided these dangerous interviews, but how was it to be done without an appearance of ingratitude and discourtesy? Truth to tell, I taxed my invention but little for means of escaping them. I continued to see Bertha, and at each interview my passion gathered strength. She listened with marked attention to my anecdotes of our campaigns. These I always addressed to her father or mother; but without looking at her, I could feel her eyes fixed upon me with an expression of interest, and, I at last ventured to think, of a more tender feeling. About this time the colonel frequently kept me for hours together at his house, arranging regimental papers and accounts, in a room upon the ground floor, set apart for the purpose. Within this room is another, used as a library, and thus it happened that one day, when immersed in states and muster rolls, I beheld the door open, and the fairy form of Bertha upon the threshold. She appeared confused at seeing me; I rose and bowed in silence as she passed through the apartment, but I was taken too much by surprise to have full command over myself, and doubtless my eyes said something of what my lips would gladly have spoken, for before Bertha reached the outer door, her cheeks were suffused with blushes. Again and again these meetings, sweet as transient, occurred. But I will not lose time or weary you by dwelling upon such passages. Neither could I well explain, did I attempt it, how it was that I one day found myself kneeling at Bertha's feet, pouring forth my soul in words of passionate love, and reading with ecstasy upon her sweet countenance a blushing avowal of its return.

"The die thus cast, we abandoned ourselves to the charm of our attachment, sadly embittered by its hopelessness. Since then, I have had almost daily occupation at the colonel's house, and Bertha has found means to afford me brief but frequent interviews. At

these we discussed, but ever in vain, the possibility of breaking our secret to M. de Bellechasse. Frank and affable though he is, the colonel's pride of birth is great, and we were well assured that the disclosure of our correspondence would produce a terrific explosion of fury, consign Bertha to the seclusion of a convent, and draw upon me his hatred and revenge. This morning Bertha came into the room, upon the usual pretext of seeking a book from the library, and the painful and perplexing topic that has long and unceasingly occupied our thoughts, was again resumed. For the first time, she had heard her father state his intention of recommending me in the strongest terms for a commission. This let in a ray of hope upon our despondency: and we resolved that, so soon as the epaulet was on my shoulder, I should hazard a confession to the colonel. The prospect of a termination to our cruel state of suspense, and the possibility, faint though it indeed was, of a result favourable to our wishes, brought a joyful gleam over Bertha's lovely features, which have lately grown pale with anxiety. On my part, I did my utmost to inspire her with hopes I myself scarce dared to entertain, when, as she stood beside me, her hand clasped in mine, a smile of affection upon her countenance, the door suddenly opened, and, before we had time to separate, Victor de Berg, a lieutenant in my regiment, and a suitor of Bertha's, made a step into the room. For an instant he stood like one thunder-struck, and then, without uttering a word, abruptly turned upon his heel and went out. The next minute the sound of his step in the court warned us that he had left the house.

"Overwhelmed with terror and confusion to an extent that precluded reflection, Bertha fled to her apartment, leaving me to deliberate on the best course to adopt. My mind was presently made up. The only plan was to seek Monsieur de Berg, inform him of our mutual attachment, and appeal to his honour and generosity to preserve inviolate the secret he had surprised. I hurried to his quarters, which were at no great distance. He had already arrived

there, and was pacing his apartment in manifest agitation. Since our return from Africa, he had been a declared admirer of Bertha's; by family and fortune he was an eligible suitor, and her father favoured his pretensions, contingent, however, upon his daughter's consent. Dismissing the servant who ushered me in, he addressed me before I had time to enter upon the object of my visit.

"It is unnecessary," he said, in a voice choked with passionate emotion, as I was about to speak. "I can guess all you would say. A single instant informed me of the state of affairs; the half hour that has elapsed since then, has sufficed to mark out my line of conduct. Mr Oakley, I know that by birth and breeding you are above your station. You have forgotten your present position; I will follow your example so far as to waive our difference of military rank. As the friend of Colonel de Bellechasse, I ought, perhaps, instantly to tell him what I have this day learned; as his daughter's suitor, and the son-in-law of his choice, I select another course. Your secret is safe with me. To-night you shall receive a leave of absence, entitling you to quit your uniform; and to-morrow we will meet in the wood of Vincennes, not as officer and sergeant, but as private gentlemen, with arms in our hands. The man whom Bertha de Bellechasse distinguishes by her preference, cannot be unworthy the proposal I now make to you. Do you accept it?"

"I was astounded by the words. Accustomed to the iron rigidity of military discipline, and to the broad gulf placed between officer and soldier by the king's commission, the possibility of a duel between M. de Berg and myself, although it would have been no unnatural occurrence between rivals of equal rank, had never occurred to me. For a moment I could not comprehend the singular and unheard-of proposal; but a glance at my challenger's countenance, on which the passions agitating him were plainly legible, solved the mystery of his motives. He was a prey to jealous fury; and, moreover, the chivalrous generosity of his character, combined,

perhaps, with the fear of irretrievably offending Bertha, prevented his pursuing the course most persons, in his place, would have adopted, and revealing to Colonel de Bellechasse his daughter's predilection for an inferior. By a duel he hoped to rid himself of a favoured rival, whom he might replace in Bertha's heart. It was not necessary she should know by whose hand I had fallen. Such were the reasons that flashed across me, explaining his strange offer of a personal encounter. Doubtless, I defined them more clearly than he himself did. I believe he spoke and acted upon the first vague impulse of a passionate nature, racked by jealousy, and thirsting for revenge upon its cause. I saw at once, however, that by accepting the duel I virtually secured his silence; and overjoyed to preserve my secret, and shield Bertha from her father's wrath at so cheap a price as the exposure of my life, I eagerly accepted M. de Berg's proposal, thanking him warmly for his generosity in thus repudiating the stern prejudices of military rank.

"After fixing hour and weapons, I left him, and then only did the difficulty of finding a second occur to me. For obvious reasons I could not ask the assistance of a comrade; and out of my regiment I had not a single friend in Paris. In my difficulty I thought of you. Our brief acquaintance scarcely warrants my request; but the kindness you have already shown me encourages the hope that you will not refuse me this service. M. de Berg is a man of strict honour, and you may depend on your name and share in the affair remaining undivulged. Even were they known, you, as a foreigner and civilian, would in no way be compromised by the relative position of my opponent and myself, which renders me liable, should the affair get wind, to a court-martial and severe punishment."

Although opposed to duelling, except under circumstances of extraordinary aggravation, I had been more than once unavoidably mixed up in affairs of the kind; and the apprehension of unpleasant results from accession to Oakley's request, did not for an instant weigh with me. I was greatly struck by the romantic and

chivarious conduct of M. de Berg, and felt strong sympathy with Oakley, in the painful and most peculiar position into which his early follies and unfortunate attachment had brought him. Very brief deliberation was necessary to decide me to act as his second. There was no time to lose, and I begged him to put me at once in possession of the details of the affair, and to tell me where I could find De Berg's second. I was not sorry to learn that it was unnecessary for me to see him, and that all preliminaries were in fact arranged. The duel not being one of those that the intervention of friends may prevent, and Oakley having already fixed time and place with his antagonist, my functions became limited to attending him on the ground. It grew late, and Oakley left me for the night. In order to preserve my incognito in the business, for I had no desire to figure in newspaper paragraphs, or to be arraigned before a criminal tribunal, even with certainty of acquittal, we agreed to meet at eight o'clock the next morning, at a certain coffee-house, a considerable distance from my lodgings, whence a cabriolet would convey us to the place of rendezvous.

It was a fresh and beautiful spring morning, when Oakley and myself descended from our hack vehicle, near the little village of St Mandé, and struck into the Bois de Vincennes. There had been rain during the night, and the leaves and grass were heavy with water drops. The sky was bright blue, and the sun shone brilliantly: but over the ground and between the tree trunks floated a light mist, like the smoke of a skirmish, growing thinner as it ascended, and dissipated before it reached the topmost branches. At some distance within the wood, we turned into a secluded glade, seated ourselves upon a fallen tree, and waited. We had come faster than we expected, and were fully a quarter of an hour before our time; but in less than five minutes we heard the sound of steps and voices, soon succeeded by the appearance of three gentlemen, one of whom, by his military gait and aspect, more than by the moustaches so commonly worn in France, I conjectured to be the officer of Chasseurs. In one of his companions I recognised,

after a brief puzzle of memory, a well-known and popular *littérateur*; doubtless M. de Berg, from motives of delicacy, had not chosen to ask the aid of a brother officer in his duel with a military inferior. The black coat and grave aspect of the third stranger sufficiently indicated the doctor, who, on reaching the ground separated himself from his companions and retired a little to one side. The others bowed to Oakley and myself. M. de Berg's second stepped forward, and I advanced to meet him. I was particularly pleased with the appearance of Oakley's antagonist. He was a young man of six or seven and twenty, of very dark complexion, flashing black eyes, and a countenance expressive of daring resolution and a fiery temperament. I should have taken him for an Italian, and I afterwards learned that he was a native of Provence, born within a stone's-throw of Italy. I never saw an ardent and enthusiastic character more strongly indicated by physiognomy, than in the case of this young officer; and I began to understand and explain to myself the feelings that had impelled him to challenge the man preferred by the mistress of his choice, even although that man's position was such as, in the eyes of society, forbade the encounter.

More as a matter of duty than with expectation of success, I asked De Berg's second if there were no chance of this meeting terminating peaceably. He shook his head with a decided gesture.

"Impossible," he said. "I am ignorant of the cause of quarrel: I know not even your principal's name. My friend, who may possibly be equally unknown to you, has asked my assistance, pledging himself that the duel is a just and honourable one, which cannot be avoided, but whose motive he has reasons to conceal even from me. Satisfied with this assurance, reposing implicit confidence in his word, I inquire no further. Moreover, once upon the ground, it is difficult creditably to arrange an affair of this kind."

I bowed without replying. The ground was measured, the pistols loaded, the men placed. The toss-up of a five-franc piece gave the first fire to M. de Berg. His bullet grazed Oakley's cheek, but so slightly as

scarcely to draw blood. Oakley fired in return. The officer staggered, turned half round, and fell to the ground, the bone of his right leg broken below the knee. His second, the doctor, and I, ran forward to his assistance. As we did so, three soldiers, who it afterwards appeared had witnessed, from their concealment amongst the trees, the whole of the proceedings, emerged from the shelter of the foliage, and walked across one end of the open space where the duel had taken place, casting curious and astonished glances in our direction. They had not yet disappeared, when De Berg, whom we had raised into a sitting posture, caught sight of them. He started, and uttered an exclamation of vexation, then looked at Oakley, who had left his ground and stood near to the wounded man.

"Do you see that?" said De Berg, hurriedly, wincing as he spoke, under the hands of the surgeon, who by this time had cut off boot and trousers, and was manipulating the damaged limb.

The soldiers were now again lost to view in the thick wood. It occurred to me that two of them wore dragoon uniforms.

Oakley bowed his head assentingly.

"You had better be off, and instantly," said the lieutenant. "Go to England or Germany. You have leave for a week. I will procure you a prologation: but be off at once, and get away from Paris. Those fellows have recognised us, and will not be prevented talking."

He spoke in broken sentences, and with visible effort, for the surgeon was all the while poking and probing at the leg in a most uncomfortable manner, and De Berg was pale from pain and loss of blood. Oakley looked on with an expression of regret, and showed no disposition to the hasty flight recommended him.

"Well, doctor," said the officer, with a painful smile, "my dancing is spoilt, eh?"

"*Bagatelle!*" replied the man of lancets. "Clean fracture, neat wound, well as ever in a month. Your blood's too hot, *mon lieutenant*, you'll be all the better for losing a little of it."

"There, there," said De Berg kindly to Oakley, "no harm done, you see—to

me at least. I should be sorry that any ensued to you. Away with you at once. Take him away, sir," he added to me, "he risks his life by this delay."

I took Oakley's arm, and led him unresistingly away. He was deep in thought, and scarcely replied to one or two observations I addressed to him whilst walking out of the wood. Our cabriolet was waiting; we got in, and took the road to Paris. "I hope you intend following M. de Berg's advice," said I, "and leaving the country for a while, until you are certain this affair does not become known. He evidently fears its getting wind through those soldiers."

"And he is right," said Oakley. "Two of them are of my squadron, and of those two, one is a bad character whom I have frequently had to punish. He will assuredly not lose this opportunity of revenge."

"Then you must be off at once to England. My passport is already countersigned, and you can have it. There is not much similarity in our age and appearance, but that will never be noticed."

"A thousand thanks. But I think I shall remain in Paris."

"And be brought to a court-martial? To what punishment are you liable?"

"Death, according to the letter of the law. The French articles of war are none of the mildest. But, under the circumstances, I daresay I should get off with a few years' imprisonment, followed, perhaps, by serving in a condemned regiment."

"A pleasant alternative, indeed," said I.

"I am no way anxious to incur it," replied Oakley; "but, in fact, I am as safe in Paris as any where, at least for a day or two; and possibly M. de Berg may find means of securing the silence of the witnesses. At any rate, it will be time enough to-morrow or the next day to make a run of it. I cannot go upon the instant. There is one person I must see or communicate with before I leave."

I guessed whom he meant, and saw, from his manner, he was resolved to remain, so used no farther arguments to dissuade him. Before entering Paris, we dismissed our vehicle and separated; he betook himself to

a small retired lodging, where he had taken up his quarters since the previous evening, and I went home to resume my preparations for departure. I remained in-doors till after dinner, and then repaired to a well-known coffee-house, frequented chiefly by military men. As I had feared, the strange duel between Victor de Berg and a sergeant of his regiment was already the talk of the town. It had been immediately reported by the soldiers who had seen it; M. de Berg was under close arrest, and the police were diligently seeking his antagonist. I left the café, jumped into a cabriolet, and made all speed to Oakley's lodging. He was out. I went again, as late as eleven o'clock, but still he was absent; and I was obliged to content myself with leaving a note, containing a word of caution and advice, which I prudently abstained from signing. I then went home and to bed, not a little uneasy about him. The next morning I breakfasted at the coffee-house, in order to get the news; and the first thing I heard was intelligence of Oakley's capture. He had been taken the previous evening, in the neighbourhood of the colonel's house, around which he doubtless hovered in hopes to obtain sight or speech of Bertha.

Few courts-martial ever excited a stronger interest in the French military world than those held upon Lieutenant Victor de Berg and the *maréchal de logis* Francis Oakley. The case was one almost unparalleled in the annals of military offences. A duel between an officer and a sergeant was a thing previously unheard-of; and the mystery in which its causes were enveloped, aggravated the universal curiosity and excitement. The offenders resolutely refused to throw light upon the subject; it had been vainly endeavoured to ascertain their seconds; the surgeon who attended on the ground had been sought for equally in vain; after placing the first dressings he had disappeared, and another had been summoned to the sufferer's bedside. The wound proved of little importance, and, with the assistance of crutches, De Berg was soon able to get out. Upon their trials, he and Oakley persisted in the same system of defence. When off duty, they said,

they had met in society, and had had a dispute on a subject unconnected with the service; the result had been an agreement to settle their difference with pistols. Oakley refused to state from whom the challenge proceeded; but Lieutenant de Berg proclaimed himself the aggressor, and, aware that the sentence would weigh far more heavily on Oakley than on himself, generously assumed a large share of blame. As to the cause of quarrel, names of the seconds, and all other particulars, both culprits maintained a determined silence, which no endeavours of friends or judges could induce them to break. Colonel de Bellechasse and various other officers visited Oakley in his prison, and did their utmost to penetrate the mystery. Their high opinion both of him and De Berg, convinced them there was something very extraordinary and unusual at the bottom of the business, and that its disclosure would tell favourably for the prisoners. But nothing could be got out of the obstinate duellists, who called no witnesses, except to character. Of these a host attended, for both Oakley and De Berg; and nothing could be stronger than the laudatory testimonials given them by their superiors and comrades. These, doubtless, had weighed with the court, for its sentence was considered very lenient. Oakley was condemned to five years' imprisonment, for attempting the life of his officer; De Berg was reprimanded for his forgetfulness of discipline, in provoking or consenting to a personal encounter with a subordinate, was removed from his regiment, and placed in non-activity, which, under the circumstances, was equivalent to dismissal from the service, less the disgrace.

I remained in Paris till the sentence of the court was known. Although by no means desirous to be brought forward in the business, I was willing to waive my repugnance if, by so doing I could benefit Oakley. With some difficulty I obtained access to him, begged him to prescribe a course for my adoption, and frankly to tell me if my evidence could be of service. He assured me it could not; there was no question of the fairness of the duel, and the sole crime was in the

breach of military discipline. This crime my testimony could in no way palliate. He requested me to see M. de Berg, and to tell him that, to avoid the possibility of the cause of the duel becoming known, he should refuse to answer questions, plead guilty to the charge, and state, as sole extenuation, that the quarrel occurred off duty, and had no connexion with military matters. This commission I duly executed. Another which he intrusted to me I found greater difficulty in performing. It was to procure information concerning Bertha de Bellechasse. After some unsuccessful attempts, I at last ascertained that she had been for some days confined to her bed by indisposition. This was sad news for Oakley, and I was loath to convey them to him, but I had promised him the exact truth. Fortunately I was able to tell him at the same time that the young lady's illness was not of a dangerous character, although the species of nervous languor which had suddenly and unaccountably seized her, caused great alarm to her parents, and especially to the colonel, who idolised his only child. Oakley was sadly depressed on learning the effect upon Bertha of his imprisonment and dangerous position, and made me promise to keep him informed of the variations in her state of health. This I did; but the bulletins were not of a very satisfactory nature, and in Oakley's pale and haggard countenance upon the day of trial, attributed by the spectators to uneasiness about his own fate, I read the painful and wearing anxiety the illness of his mistress occasioned him.

The sentence was no sooner published, than every effort was made to procure Oakley's pardon, or, failing that, a commutation of his punishment. Colonel de Bellechasse used all the interest he could command; Monsieur de Berg set his friends to work; and I, on my part, did every thing in my power to obtain mercy for the unfortunate young man. All our endeavours were fruitless. The minister of war refused to listen to the applications by which he was besieged. In a military view, the crime was flagrant, subversive of discipline, and especially dangerous as a precedent in an army where promotion from the

ranks continually placed between men, originally from the same class of society and long comrades and equals, the purely conventional barrier of the epaulet. The court-martial, taking into consideration the peculiar character of the offence, had avoided the infliction of an ignominious punishment. Oakley was not sentenced to the *boulet*, or to be herded with common malefactors; his doom was to simple imprisonment. And that doom the authorities refused to mitigate.

Some days had elapsed since Oakley's condemnation. Returning weary and dispirited from a final attempt to interest an influential personage in his behalf, I was startled by a smart tap upon the shoulder, and looking round, beheld the shrewd, good-humoured countenance of Mr Anthony Scrivington, a worthy man and excellent lawyer, who had long had entire charge of my temporal affairs. Upon this occasion, however, I felt small gratification at sight of him, for I had a lawsuit pending, on account of which I well knew I ought to have been in England a month previously, and should have been, but for this affair of Oakley's, which had interested and occupied me to the exclusion of my personal concerns. My solicitor's unexpected appearance made me apprehend serious detriment from my neglect. He read my alarm upon my countenance.

"Ah!" said he, "conscience pricks you, I see. You know I have been expecting you these six weeks. No harm done, however; we shall win the day, not a doubt of it."

"Then you are not come about my business?"

"Not the least, although I shall take you back with me, now I have found you. A very different affair brings me over. By the bye, you may perhaps help me. You know all Paris. I am come to look for an Englishman."

"You need not look long," said I, glancing at a party of unmistakeable Britons, who stood talking broad Cockney on the Boulevard.

"Aye, but not *any* Englishman. I want one in particular, the heir to a pretty estate of eight or ten thousand a-year. He was last heard of in



Paris, three years ago, and since then all trace of him is lost. 'Tis an odd affair enough. No one could have expected his coming to the estate. A couple of years since, there were two young healthy men in his way. Both have died off,—and he is the owner of Oakley Manor."

"Of what?" I exclaimed, in a tone of voice that made Scrivington stagger back, and for a moment drew the eyes of the whole street upon us. "What did you say?"

"Oakley Manor," stammered the alarmed attorney, settling his well-brushed hat, which had almost fallen from his head with the start he had given. "Old Valentine Oakley died the other day, and his nephew Francis comes into the estate. But what on earth is the matter with you?"

For sole reply I grasped his arm, and dragged him into my house, close to which we had arrived. There, five minutes cleared up every thing, and convinced Scrivington and myself that the man he sought now languished, a condemned criminal, in a French military prison.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon what all will conjecture; superfluous to detail the active steps that were at once taken in Oakley's behalf, with very different success, now that the unknown sergeant had suddenly assumed the character of an English gentleman of honourable name and ample fortune. Persons of great influence and diplomatic weight, who

before had refused to espouse the cause of an obscure adventurer in a foreign service, suffered themselves to be prevailed upon, and interceded efficaciously for the master of Oakley Manor. It was even said that a letter was written on the subject by an English general of high distinction to an old opponent in arms. Be that as it may, all difficulties were at length overcome, and Oakley received his free pardon and discharge from the French service. And that equal measure of clemency might be shown, De Berg, upon the same day, was allowed to resume his place in his regiment.

I would tell how the news of her lover's pardon proved more potent than all the efforts of the faculty to bring back joy to Bertha's heart and the roses to her cheek; how Colonel Comte de Bellechasse, on being informed of the attachment between his daughter and Oakley, and of the real cause of the duel, at first stormed and was furious, but gradually allowed himself to be mollified, and finally gave his consent to their union; how De Berg exchanged into a regiment serving in Africa, and has since gained laurels and high rank in the pursuit of the intangible Abul-el-Kader. But I have no time to expatiate upon any of these interesting matters, for I leave town to-morrow morning for Oakley Manor, to pay my annual visit to

MY ENGLISH ACQUAINTANCE.

## OUR WEST INDIAN COLONIES.

It is full time that the nation should be roused to an acute sense of the perilous position in which it has been placed, by a hitherto unparalleled union of quackery, conceit, and imbecility. The system of legislation which we have been pursuing for many years, under the guidance of rival statesmen, each attempting to outdo the other in subserviency to popular prejudice, is a manifest and admitted departure, on almost every point, from the principles of that older system through which we attained the culminating point of our greatness. We do not complain of such changes as are inevitable from altered circumstances, and in some degree from the altered spirit of the times—but we protest against social changes, forced on, as if in mere wantonness, against warning and against experience, either for the sake of exhibiting the dexterity of the operator, or for the poorer and meaner object of attaining the temporary possession of power. We look in vain, both in the past and present Cabinet, for that firm purpose, presence, and honesty which were considered, in old times, the leading characteristics of the British statesman. We can see, in the drama of late events, nothing but the miserable spectacle of party degenerating into coterie, and coterie prostituting itself to agitation and corrupt influence, for the sake of the retention of office. It may be that such is the inevitable result of the triumph of the so-called liberal principles; and, indeed, the example of America would go far to prove that such principles cannot co-exist along with a high state of political morality and honour; but that, at all events, is no excuse for the conduct of the men who, reared under better training, have led us insensibly to the path down which we are now proceeding with such recklessness and with such precipitation.

The commercial crisis of the last year may well furnish the electors of these kingdoms with some topics for their anxious and solemn consideration. That momentous and uncalled-for change in the currency, effected by the Acts of 1844, is already brought

under the active notice of the legislature; and though the process may be tedious—for the whole subject-matter, it seems, is to pass through the weary alembic of a committee—we are not without hopes that the common sense of the nation will be vindicated in this important particular. Recent events, too, have somewhat shaken the faith of many in the efficacy of that celebrated panacea called Free-trade, without the promise of a foreign reciprocity. A few more quarterly accounts, with their inevitable deficits, and an augmentation of the income-tax, will serve still further to demonstrate the true nature of the blessings which we are destined to enjoy under the system hatched by Cobden, and adopted by Russell and by Peel. Even now the credit of the great free-trade apostle, formerly so extensive, is somewhat impaired by the novel views he has promulgated for contracting the expenditure of the State. The true means, as we are now told, for insuring the success of the experiment of Free-trade, are the disbandment of our standing army, and the abolition of our war navy; and pitiful stuff to this effect has actually been enunciated by the man to whom Sir Robert Peel avowed himself indebted for the most important lesson in political economy which he had learned throughout the course of a long—would we could add a consistent—career of statesmanship! Well, indeed, might some of the old friends and supporters of Mr Cobden recoil in astonishment from this display of weak and miserable fatuity! Well might they stand aghast, and even doubt the evidence of their senses, at hearing such doleful folly from the lips of their quondam oracle! If this is all the wisdom which the Manchester manufacturer has gathered in the course of his recent travels—if these are the deductions he has made, the fruits he has collected from Barcelona banquets and Leghorn demonstrations, we give him joy of his augmented knowledge of the world, his increased political sagacity, and his extended experience of the motives and actions of mankind!

Mr Cobden, we shrewdly suspect, has served his turn, and must now submit quietly and gradually to lapse into the obscurity out of which he was borne by the force of circumstances. He can afford to do it; and the nation, we believe, will not think the less of him for retiring under the cover of his former victory. On his part the contest was strenuously, and we believe honestly, conducted. The principles he advocated became triumphant, not through the will of the nation, or the conviction of the majority of its representatives, but through a singular combination of craft, weakness, and ambition. How those principles, when reduced to practice, and in full operation, may work, is the problem which all of us are trying in our different spheres to solve. Hitherto the results of the experiment have been a palpable national loss, with extensive individual suffering, and a diminution of employment to the labouring classes, and though other causes may for the present be adduced as tending to these calamitous circumstances, time, the great expositor of human affairs, must soon decide in favour of the one party or of the other.

We have thought it our duty of late to speak out so strongly and so fully on the subject of the internal commercial state of Great Britain, that we need not, on the present occasion, resume the argument, although that is far from exhausted. Indeed, our intention in the present article is to entreat the attention of the people of this country, and of Parliament, to a case which will brook no delay,—which is of imminent and paramount interest to us all; and which, if not now considered as justice and humanity demand,—if not speedily adjusted, without the interposition of those formalities and delays which are the last refuge of a tottering ministry,—must not only entail the ruin of our oldest, our fairest, and our most productive colonies, but sacrifice British capital already invested, on the faith of public honesty, to an enormous extent, and finally leave a blot upon our national honour. It is after the most careful review of the whole circumstances and evidences of the case, — after the perusal of almost

every document of authority which could throw light upon the subject,—after personal communication with parties whose means of knowledge are unequalled, and whose high character places them beyond the suspicion of any thing like self-interest or dissimulation,—that we deliberately state our opinion, *that not only are our West Indian and sugar growing American colonies at this moment in imminent danger of being abandoned; but, through the course of reckless legislation pursued by her Majesty's present Ministers, THE SLAVE TRADE, in all its horrors, has received direct and prodigious encouragement.*

We do hope and trust, that, notwithstanding all the political slang and misrepresentation with which, of late years, hired and uneducated adventurers have inundated the country, it is not necessary to point out to the thoughtful and well-disposed portion of our countrymen the extreme importance of maintaining the relations which have hitherto subsisted between Great Britain and her colonies. These relations have been notoriously the envy of every maritime state of Europe; they have proved invaluable to us in times of difficulty and danger; and in peace they have contributed greatly to our wealth, our commerce, and our aggrandisement. In the words of a colonial writer, whose pamphlet is now lying before us,—

“Great Britain had for ages acted on the grand principle of creating a world for herself out of the countries of each hemisphere, to which her ships might carry the treasures of her factories and mines, and from which, in return, they might bring the products of each clime, not as from a foreign state, but an integral part of the empire. Her colonies fostered her marine establishment, which again united the most distant of her territories with the parent country in one mighty whole; (free trade substitutes foreign nations for colonies, with what result the world will see;) affording all the advantages which could be derived from trading with other nations in different parts of the world, without any of the drawbacks necessarily attending commercial intercourse, liable to interruption from war, or the capricious policy of people having different manners and customs from our own. She regulated this trade as she thought proper, her colonies going hand-in-hand with her, and, excepting in

one unhappy instance, that of the Americans where she unjustly attempted to take their money to pay her expenses, concord and prosperity marked the career of the nation and its dependencies. In an evil hour her manufacturers, elated with their good fortune, began to dream of making cloth for the whole globe. Political economists, instigated by them, advanced the specious and deceitful doctrines of free trade. The very phrase has a catching sound to men who are not disposed to study the interests of one country as opposed to those of another, and the belief in the infallibility of tenets so strenuously recommended gaining ground, until it became too strong for the government of the country, the humiliating spectacle was presented to the nation of a minister, who during a long public career, had been the most zealous opponent of the new doctrines, proposing to carry them into effect."

We now arrived at the point,—or rather we had reached it in 1846,—when free trade interests, and those of colonial establishments, came into direct and unquestionable collision. The Whig party, taking their stand upon the maxim of "buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market," thought fit to extend to the article of sugar the same immunity which Sir Robert Peel had previously bestowed upon corn. The Sugar Act, which received the royal assent upon the 18th August 1846, was, at all events, a bold and a decided measure. It utterly repudiated the principle laid down in former Sugar Acts, the last of which, contained in the Statute Book, (21th April 1845,) broadly recognised the distinction between sugars which were the produce of free and of slave labour. This distinction is now utterly and entirely done away with. There is, indeed, attached to the act, a schedule which, until the year 1851, provides for a reduced sliding scale of differential duties in favour of the British colonist. Thus, in the article of sugar, muscovado or clayed, there is a difference of duty, for the present year, in favour of the colonies, of six shillings per cwt., which is to decrease at the rate of one shilling and sixpence per annum, until the equalisation is effected. This difference, however, is, as we

shall undertake to show, at the present moment merely nominal; and, even were it otherwise, utterly insufficient and unjust. But, at present, let us attend to the principle of the later act, which, as we apprehend, embodies two positions.

1st, That the sugar-growing colonies of Great Britain stand in need of no protection whatever; and, 2dly, That it is wrong to put any prohibitory duty in the way of the free use and consumption of slave-grown sugar in this country.

The first position is, of course, a matter of statistics, which we shall argue exclusively upon that ground. There are, indeed, certain topics connected with it, bearing less or more upon questions of public faith and general expediency, which we cannot entirely throw aside; but we shall attempt, if possible, to avoid all declamation, and to give a plain and distinct statement of the facts, as they have reached us through various channels. The second position involves questions of a more serious nature. We have, hitherto, believed that if any Briton were deliberately asked the question, what principle or what act of universal philanthropy and benevolence he was most proud of as displaying the Christian character of his country, he would, without hesitation, refer to the struggles and sacrifices which have been made for the abolition of slavery throughout the world, and more especially to the stringent and costly measures adopted by Great Britain for putting down the infamous and most inhuman traffic in human flesh and blood. We say that, hitherto, such has been our belief, and most devoutly do we wish that we had no cause whatever to alter it. But we cannot look at the complexion of the late measures, and at their notorious results, without being convinced that the race for power, and the thirst after mammon, which are daily becoming more and more undisguised in the political movements and revolutionary legislation of this country, are weaning us from our finer and our humaner instincts, destroying our once generous sympathies, and rendering us wilfully blind to our

duties to God and man, whenever a temporary interest appears thrown into the opposite scale. Of these two positions let us now address ourselves to the first, not because it is in any degree the more important, but because, very unfairly, it has been made the excuse and the palliation for the other. The two positions, indeed, are so interwoven, as to be in some respects entirely inseparable.

It is hardly necessary here to do more than remind our readers of the great and generous effort made by this country for the abolition of slavery in our colonies. For that purpose the nation agreed, without a murmur, to pay the large sum of twenty millions sterling—a sacrifice to principle and philanthropy which every one must allow to be unparalleled in the annals of the world. At the same time we must not allow our praise or admiration of this act to hurry us into extravagance or exaggeration. The sum of twenty millions so granted was not a boon, but merely compensation to a class of British subjects for the compulsory surrender of a property which the law entitled them to hold. The institution of slavery in the colonies, be it specially remembered, was not the work of the planters, but of the British nation and crown. The lands of Jamaica and other West Indian colonies were originally patented on the special condition that they should be cultivated by slaves, for the promotion of the national wealth; and the policy so originated was continued under the sanction of laws equally sacred with those which relate to any other species of property whatever. Nay, more, it was from Jamaica, and not from the mother country, that the first proposals for a partial suppression or cessation of the slave-trade proceeded. The importations from Africa had become so great, that the people of that colony requested that for some time the trade might be stopped; and their petitions were rejected, on the ground that any such measure would be injurious to the mercantile interests of England. But at last, to use the words of the writer whom we have already quoted—

“The country became aware of the cruelty and injustice of that infamous

traffic, and abolished it. Years afterwards, she awoke as from a dream, and began to abuse the planters for possessing slaves; declared they had no right to hold them in bondage (although she sold those slaves to them); had them valued by commissioners whom she appointed; paid eight shillings in the pound of this valuation, and set them free, without any consideration whatever for the landed property, buildings, and machinery, amounting to much more than the aggregate price of the slaves, which were to be rendered useless and valueless from want of labourers. The appraisement by those commissioners, as directed by the Act, was based on the average sales in each colony for eight years preceding the passing of the bill, which was in 1833. The value of the slave property was thus distinctly ascertained. The land, buildings, and machinery were not taken into consideration, because neither the Parliament nor the people admitted that they were to be placed in jeopardy by the emancipation of the slaves. On the contrary, an opinion prevailed that, with a free population, the planters would be more prosperous than they had ever been.”

Of the inadequacy of this compensation, however large it may appear upon paper, there cannot be a doubt. Enormous sums had been expended in the cultivation of the estates, in the building of works, and the transportation of machinery, all of which were jeopardied, and, as the sequel has proved, most frightfully deteriorated in consequence of the measure. But the public demand that slavery should cease for ever throughout the British dominions was peremptory; and, in pursuance of this laudable desire, the government of the day did not hesitate to adopt a course which will ever be a dangerous precedent; to

“Wrest once the law to their authority;  
And for a great right do a little wrong.”

“This frightful experiment,” as it was termed by Lord Stanley, then colonial secretary, was therefore decidedly of the nature of a compulsory bargain, forced by the people of Great Britain, no doubt from most praiseworthy motives, upon the holders of lands and slaves in the colonies. The terms of that bargain ought to have been adhered to by Parliament with the strictest good faith and scrupulosity. They had, on the part of the nation, expended a sum of twenty

millions upon an experiment, the success or failure of which involved an amount of property which it would be very difficult to estimate, but certainly not short of two hundred millions sterling. The greater portion of this, be it remarked, was British capital, expended under the sanction and with the full consent of the British Government; and no one can doubt the fact that so large an interest as that was never before put in peril for the sake of any experiment whatever. Still it was made; and we maintain that the voluntary payment of the twenty millions gave the Government or people of this country no shadow of a right to depart from one iota of the bargain which they had forced the colonists to accept. The Act of 1833, which emancipated the slaves, also provided that, for six years more, they should remain in a state of apprenticeship, obviously for the purpose of preventing any violent outbreak, or an entire cessation of that labour which hitherto had been compulsory. The intermediate period, considering the risk which was incurred, was by no means a long one. It was not a boon to the planters, but a distinct condition, from which no consideration whatever should have induced the Government to swerve.

We need not detain our readers with any account of the manner in which emancipation was carried out. It was submitted to by the colonists, not without apprehension, but in the best possible spirit. Every thing was done to facilitate the plans of Government; and on the 1st of August 1834, there was no longer a slave throughout the whole of the British dominions. In closing that eventful session of the Jamaica House of Assembly, the Governor, Lord Mulgrave, used the following terms:—"In conclusion, I must express my firm belief that, in your future difficulties, your ready recognition of the natural rights of your fellow men will meet its best reward in the revived diffusion of national sympathy, and the cheerfully continued extension of British protection." These are honeyed words—let us now see how the promise has been kept.

Immediately after the Emancipation Act was passed, the produce of the West Indian estates began rapidly

to decline, and their value to be correspondingly depreciated. This was the inevitable consequence of the abridgment of the working hours, and of the withdrawal of a great number of labourers altogether from plantation employment. In fact, the want of adequate labour began to be felt most painfully throughout the colonies. Notwithstanding this the planters went on, making every exertion they could, under peculiarly difficult circumstances.

The increased expense, occasioned by the altered circumstances of the colonies, soon absorbed more than the compensation-money which they had received, and in addition, they were urged by Government to provide "more fully for the administration of justice, for the consolidation of the criminal law, for establishing circuit courts, amending the workhouse laws, improving the state of gaols for better prison discipline, establishing weekly courts of petit sessions, providing places of confinement for prisoners, raising an efficient police, &c.;" things, no doubt, very desirable in themselves, but not to be accomplished save at a grievous cost, which, of course, was thrown entirely upon the shoulders of the planters. The following extract from the answer of the Jamaica Assembly, in reply to the Governor's address at the opening of that chamber on 4th August 1835, will show the state of the colonies at the close of the year immediately subsequent to emancipation: "Seeing large portions of our neglected cane-fields becoming overrun with weeds, and a still larger portion of our pasture lands returning to a state of nature; seeing,\* in fact, desolation already overspreading the face of the land, it is impossible for us, without abandoning the evidence of our own senses, to entertain favourable anticipations, or to divest ourselves of the painful conviction, that progressive and rapid deterioration of property will continue to keep pace with the apprenticeship, and that its termination must (unless strong preventive measures be applied) complete the ruin of the colony."

We now come to a matter extremely painful in itself, inasmuch as it involves a gross, flagrant, and dishonourable breach of our plighted

faith. The colonies which had already suffered so much, even under the apprentice system, again became the object of fierce attack by the Liberal party in England. Every one knows how easy it is to get up a shout upon any vague pretext of humanity, and how frequently the credulity of the people of England has been imposed on by specious and designing hypocrites. With this set of men, Africa has been for many years a pet subject of complaint. They have made the wrongs of the negro a short and profitable cut to fame and fortune, and their spurious philanthropy has never failed to engage the support of a large number of weak but well-meaning individuals, who are totally ignorant of the real objects which lie at the bottom of the agitation. Utterly regardless of the nature of the bargain so recently and solemnly made, throwing aside and trampling upon national honour with unparalleled effrontery, these men began to denounce apprenticeship in the colonies as something worse than slavery, and to demand its instant abolition. The subject of declamation was a popular one, and unfortunately it gathered strength. No one thought of the condition of the colonists, who had been already subjected to so much hardship, and to whom the continuance of apprenticeship for a certain period had been solemnly and advisedly guaranteed. The spirit of our constitution does not recognise the presence of any representation of the colonies within the walls of the Imperial Parliament: and although it is popularly, or rather ludicrously, said that Jamaica is as much a portion of the British dominions as Yorkshire, we have no hesitation in meeting out to the one a measure of injustice which no Parliament and no Minister would dare to venture in the case of the other. To our shame therefore be it said, that the agitation, so subversive of good faith and of public morals, was crowned with success. Two years of the apprentice period were curtailed. A robbery to that extent—for it was nothing else—was perpetrated upon the unfortunate colonists, and on the 1st of August 1838, unqualified freedom was granted to the negro population.

The following were the immediate and extremely natural consequences:—"There was no violence; the mass of the labouring population being left in quiet possession of the houses and grounds on the estates of their masters. For successive weeks universal idleness reigned over the whole island. The plantation cattle, deserted by their keepers, ranged at large through the growing crops, and fields of cane, cultivated at great cost, rotted upon the ground for want of hands to cut them. Among the humbler classes of society, respectable families, whose sole dependence had been a few slaves, had to perform for themselves the most menial offices. Still the same baneful influence continued to rule the Government. In all cases of difference, the stipendiary magistrates supported the emancipated mass against the helpless proprietor, and even took an active part in supporting the demands of the people for an extravagant rate of wages, alike injurious to both classes."

So much for the "sympathy" which was extended to the colonists for their ready acquiescence in the Act of Emancipation! Like most Whig promises, it had served its purpose, and was thereafter cast aside and forgotten. It might naturally be supposed that this violent curtailment of the period of apprenticeship, would, out of mere shame, have impressed ministers with the propriety of doing something for the relief of the colonies—not by way of actual pecuniary assistance, which was never asked—but by giving every facility in their power to the introduction of free labour from every quarter whence it could be hired or obtained. However, a course diametrically opposite was immediately pursued; and, up to the present time, no facilities whatever for procuring labour have been given to the colonists, and every obstacle has been thrown in the way of the importation of free labourers from the coast of Africa.

Under such a system the decline of the colonies was, as a matter of course, inevitable. The following is the Jamaica statement of the relative amount and value of the exports of that island at various periods:—

"The destructive result to property, by a reference to the exports of our three great staples—sugar, rum, and coffee, on the colony, will be best manifested

	Hhds. Sugar, at £20.	Punch, Rum, at £10.	Lbs. Coffee, at 60s. per 100 lbs.	Annual Value.
Average of the five years ending 1807, last of the African trade .	131,962	50,462	23,625,377	£ 3,852,621
Average of the five years ending 1815, date of Registry Act . . .	118,490	48,726	24,394,790	3,568,903
Average of the five years ending 1823, date of Canning's Resolutions.	110,924	41,046	18,792,009	3,192,637
Average of the five years ending 1833, last five of slavery . . .	95,353	35,505	17,645,602	2,791,478
Average of the five years ending 1843, first five of freedom . . .	42,453	14,185	7,412,498	1,213,284

"Up to 1807, the exports of Jamaica progressively rose as cultivation was extended. From that date they have been gradually sinking; but we more especially entreat attention to the evidence here adduced of the effect of emancipation, which, in ten years, reduced the annual value of the three principal staples from £2,791,478, to £1,213,284, being in the proportion of seven to sixteen, or equal, at five per cent., to an investment of about thirty-two millions of property, annihi-

lated. We believe the history of the world would be in vain searched for any parallel case of oppression, perpetrated by a civilised government upon any section of its own subjects."

In other places the alteration and decline has been even more startling. The following table exhibits the state of exports from British Guiana, at intervals of three years, beginning with 1827, and ending as above with 1843:—

Year.	Sugar. Hhds.	Rum. Punchons.	Molasses. Casks.	Cotton. Bales.	Coffee. lbs. Dutch.
1827	71,168	22,362	28,226	15,904	8,063,752
1830	69,717	32,939	21,189	5,423	9,502,756
1833	63,415	17,824	44,508	3,699	5,704,482
1836	57,142	24,202	37,088	3,196	4,801,352
1839	38,491	16,070	12,134	1,364	1,583,250
1843	35,738	8,296	24,937	24	1,428,100

And during the whole period of those changes, there was a constantly augmenting consumption in the mother country of all the articles of colonial produce!

The causes of this extraordinary decline of production are abundantly clear, and the facts now adduced ought to cover with confusion those ignorant and pragmatical personages who averred that, under a system of free trade, no loss whatever would be sustained by the planters. No doubt, had free labour been ready and attainable, the loss would have been much diminished; but the misfortune was, that free labour could not be found within the colonies to any thing like the

required extent; and neither time nor opportunity were afforded to the planters to obtain it elsewhere. The friends of the African have either persuaded themselves, or endeavoured to clear the public into the belief, that the negro has attained a point of civilisation and docility from which a large proportion of the inhabitants of the British islands are at this moment very widely removed. They promised, on his behalf, that when emancipated, he would set down seriously to work, and, with a heart full of gratitude, proceed to earn his wages by toiling in the service of his employer. It is well for those gentlemen that they did not offer any tangible



forfeit in the event of the failure of their protégé. The negro is perhaps more fully alive than any other class of mankind to the luxury of undisturbed idleness. He has few wants, and those few are easily supplied in such a splendid island as Jamaica, where his provision ground, with the smallest possible amount of cultivation, will afford him every necessary, and some of the luxuries of life. What he cannot raise for himself must, of course, be obtained by labour; but a very slight portion indeed of the primal curse now lights upon the emancipated negro, who has no ambition, and consequently no motive to persevere. Nor, indeed, can we wonder at this, if we only reflect seriously on the scenes which are visible at home. Do we not all know how difficult it is to rouse the western Highlander to any thing like active exertion? How many thousands of the Irish are there at this moment who will not work, preferring to depend for life itself upon the precarious existence of a miserable root, which, of all articles of human food, requires the smallest degree of culture? And can we, while such things happen among Christians, in a land where the severity of the climate ought to be of itself a sufficient inducement to exertion, wonder that the negroes, who have neither the same advantages, nor the same cogent motives for labour, should abandon themselves to a life of lazy sensuality, and look upon the neglected cane-fields and choked coffee-plantations with an eye of utter indifference?

The great object of the planters, therefore—for the existence of the colonies seemed to depend upon the success of their endeavours,—was to obtain labour at any cost, from any quarter whatever. It has been perfectly well ascertained that the constitution of Europeans will not admit of their pursuing out-door labour in a tropical climate, and therefore white labour is out of the question. The natives of Madeira, indeed, have been tried, but they are unfit for the work, and even were it otherwise, the supply from that quarter is limited. Coolies were brought out from the East Indies at an enormous expense, equal to two-fifths of their wages for a period of five

years, and after all, it was found that two Coolies could hardly perform the task which one African can accomplish with ease. Instead of assisting these efforts towards emigration, government, as if actuated by the most rancorous hatred to the colonies, threw a formidable obstacle in their way. We borrow the following passage from the pamphlet of the Guiana Planter.

“This very large importation of people was effected at the expense of the planters exclusively, who lavished their means freely on what they fondly believed to be the only chance that remained. Government, goaded by the *ris a terro*, threw an impediment in the way, which was the abolition of all contracts formed out of the colony to which the immigrant was destined. This, like a two-edged sword, operated both ways; it prevented people from going to a distant country where they had to search for work; they felt that without an assurance of employment for a limited period, they would be embarking on a very precarious undertaking; and the planter could not derive the desired benefit from the labour of immigrants unless they were bound to remain with him for a certain space of time. Nevertheless, so fully aware were the latter of the necessity for additional labour, that they continued to import them, trusting to their remaining where they were located, notwithstanding the cancelling of the agreements; and the intending immigrants, who were chiefly Madeira people, after a time, learned from their friends, already settled in the colony, that there would be no lack of work for them.

“Want of contracts operates injuriously in another way still, besides the one we have mentioned; it is found that immigrants for the first six months require much care and attention, and also considerable outlay, because they then undergo a seasoning to the climate. Now, planters are not inclined to take a man from the ship under the prospect of paying more for medical attendance, wine, and nourishment, than his labour is worth, provided he is at liberty to depart as soon as he finds himself strong enough. The impolicy of refusing to us the privilege of entering into agreements for at least twelve months, out of the colony, is herein exemplified, and there is considerable reason to fear that there will be great backwardness in applying for the next batches of Coolies on this account, as they will not enter into contracts here. Every man says, ‘I am not in a hurry, I shall wait until I can get seasoned people.’

It is well known that of the last lots of Portuguese and Coolies, (those of 1845-6,) nearly one-half have been since that period on the sick list, most of them not seriously ill, but in that feeble and inert state which change of climate is apt to produce."

From all this, and from the experience of centuries, it is evident that the African alone is physically suited to undergo with ease and without danger the fatigue of field labour in the climates which are suited for sugar cultivation. We shall presently allude to the obstacles which have been thrown in the way of [obtaining a supply of free labour from that quarter; and we think we shall be able to convince the most scrupulous reader, that the line of conduct adopted by the pseudo friends of the African, is one most admirably calculated to foster the state of barbarism, cruelty, ignorance, oppression, and crime, which is the melancholy characteristic of the inhabitants of that unhappy country. In the meantime, let us go back to the history of our colonies, whose singular case of unmerited persecution is by no means yet brought to a close.

In 1842, a Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire into the state of the West India colonies, and from their report, which is now before us, we make the following extracts. Resolved.—

"That, unhappily, there has occurred, simultaneously with the amendment in the condition of the negroes, a very great diminution in the staple productions of the West Indies, to such an extent as to have caused serious, and, in some cases, ruinous injury to the proprietors of estates in those colonies.

"That while this distress has been felt to a much less extent in some of the smaller and more populous islands, it has been so great in the larger colonies of Jamaica, British Guiana, and Trinidad, as to have caused many estates, hitherto prosperous and productive, to be cultivated for the last two or three years at considerable loss, and others to be abandoned.

"That the principal causes of this diminished production, and consequent distress, are, the great difficulty which has been experienced by the planters in obtaining steady and continuous labour, and the high rate of remuneration which

they give for the broken and indifferent work which they are able to procure.

"That the diminished supply of labour is caused partly by the fact that some of the former slaves have betaken themselves to other occupations more profitable than field labour; but the more general cause is, that the labourers are enabled to live in comfort, and to acquire wealth, without, for the most part, labouring on the estates of the planters for more than three or four days in a week, and from five to seven hours in a day; so that they have no sufficient stimulus to perform an adequate amount of work.

"That this state of things arises partly from the high wages which the insufficiency of the supply of labour, and their competition with each other, naturally compel the planters to pay; but is principally to be attributed to the easy terms upon which the use of land has been obtainable by negroes.

"That many of the former slaves have been enabled to purchase land, and the labourers generally are allowed to occupy provision grounds subject to no rent, or to a very low one: and in these fertile countries, the land they thus hold, as owners or occupiers, not only yields them an ample supply of food, but in many cases a considerable overplus in money, altogether independent of, and in addition to, the high money wages which they receive.

"That one obvious and most desirable mode of endeavouring to compensate for this diminished supply of labour, is to promote the immigration of a fresh labouring population, to such an extent as to create competition for employment.

"That for the better attainment of that object, as well as to secure the full rights and comforts of the immigrants as freemen, it is desirable that such immigration should be conducted under the authority, inspection, and control of responsible public officers.

"That it is also a serious question, whether it is not required by a due regard for the just rights and interests of the West Indian proprietors, and the ultimate welfare of the negroes themselves, more especially in consideration of the large addition to the labouring population which it is hoped may soon be effected by immigration, that the laws which regulate the relations between employers and labourers in the different colonies, should undergo early and careful revision by their respective legislatures."

This document is a very important and valuable one, more especially when considered in connexion with

the subsequent measures of the government. It bears out unequivocally all the statements which we have already made regarding the decay of the colonies, the cessation of the emancipated negroes from work, and the necessity of some large and comprehensive scheme for promoting immigration. It does even more; for the tenor of the last paragraph clearly shows that, upon a calm and dispassionate review of the case, an impression had forced itself upon the minds of the committee, that the work of emancipation had been carried out too precipitately, or that some effectual means for regulating and sustaining labour should have been taken by the legislature, at the period when they violently curtailed the stipulated term of apprenticeship. Indeed, subsequent experience has shown, that some such measure ought to have been enacted, if only for the sake of raising the condition of the negro in the social scale.

As after events have shown, the report of this committee, though fair and impartial in its views of the case, was calculated grievously to mislead the planters as to the course which the Parliament of Great Britain was likely to pursue, in dealing with them and with their interests. They saw an admission recorded of the hardship of their case, coupled with a recognition of their right to some effectual remedy; and the natural consequence was, that they again took courage, and did every thing in their power to redeem past losses by renewed exertion and expenditure. It did seem that at last some portion of that sympathy, which had been so early promised, but so woefully neglected, was likely to be accorded to them by the mother country; and in that delusive belief they determined to struggle on. Had they at that time obtained the slightest inkling of what was to follow, their course would have been widely different. Whatever might have become of the estates, an enormous amount of new capital, embarked on the faith that Government would at least deal with them in a just and open manner, would have been saved, and the ruin which is now impending over many families, not only in the colonies but here, would have been averted. But

with Parliament urging and stimulating them to fresh exertion, how was it possible to refuse? What possible grounds had they then for suspecting that the protection which had been accorded to them in the most solemn manner, and for which they were bound to give an equivalent, would be withdrawn; that Britain, who had forced the Emancipation Act upon her own colonies, and who had announced, in a voice of thunder, her future determined opposition to the existence of the traffic in slaves, would at once descend from that position and become the customer of less scrupulous countries, the largest encourager of that odious traffic in the world, and that to the detriment and ruin of her oldest and most valuable colonies, which she had forcibly deprived of their labour?

The reciprocal relations which existed between the mother country and the West Indian colonies were these. Up to the year 1844, the rate of duty levied upon colonial sugar was £1, 4s., while that imposed upon sugar grown in foreign countries, was £3, 3s. Thus a protective balance of thirty-nine shillings per cwt. was left in favour of the colonies. In return,—and we adopt this statement from *The Economist*, a journal bitterly opposed to the West Indian claims,—“1st, They were confined to the British markets for their supplies of lumber, food, and clothing; 2dly, They were prevented importing fresh labour, under what we always deemed an unworthy suspicion—that immigration would degenerate into a slave trade, and immigrant labour into slavery; 3dly, They were precluded the privilege of sending their produce to Europe in any but British ships, which not unfrequently entailed an extra cost of two to three pounds a ton upon their sugar; 4thly, And at home, out of regard to the landed interest, their rum was subjected to a high discriminating duty in favour of British-made spirits, and their sugar and molasses were entirely excluded from our breweries and distilleries.” These sentiments are coloured by the peculiar views of the talented journal from which they are drawn, but in the main they are true; and the writer ought to have added, that the West Indian planters were also subjected to

high protective duties in favour of the home refiner.

Such was the system of reciprocity established between the mother country and these colonies, until the spirit of innovation, which so peculiarly marks the present age, and which, if persevered in, must sever the last remaining ties which have hitherto kept the integral parts of the British empire united throughout the world, was brought to bear upon these devoted countries.

The first innovation was made in 1844, when free labour sugar only was admitted upon more favourable terms than before. To that measure, coupled as it was with a distinct assurance that the Government would continue steadily to oppose the introduction of slave-grown sugar into this country at competing prices, no opposition was offered. Another slight alteration of the duties took place in 1845; but it was not until the succeeding year, 1846, that the Whigs, in their zeal for free trade, and with the view of gaining, at any cost, a little temporary popularity at the outset of their accession to office, determined, without warning and against remonstrance, to give the *coup-de-grace* to the colonies, and to throw the markets of Britain entirely open to the kidnapper and the oppressor of the slave!

The act of 1846, as we have already said, provides a differential scale of duties on the imports of sugar, by which, for the present year, the colonist has to compete with the slave-master at a nominal advantage only of six shillings, and at the expiry of four years the duties will be entirely equalised. Here, then, are the final results of that *sympathy and protection*, which were promised by an official of Lord Melbourne's Government to the deluded West Indians in 1834! Here are the fruits of that agitation, and toil, and sacrifice, which Britain cheerfully undertook, in the cause of Christianity and truth, and, to the honour of our race, for the emancipation of the negro, and the utter suppression of the odious traffic in human flesh and blood! Here is the denouement of that series of international treaties by which Britain proclaimed herself the champion paramount of freedom, and the vindicator of the African liber-

ties! Was there ever, we ask, upon record, a similar instance of defalcation of principle and of perfidy? Of violated principle, because, disguise it as they may, the results of the late measure must tend, and have already tended, to an enormous increase in the exportation of slaves from Africa; and Britain, so long as this law remains on her statute-book, dare not again claim credit on the score of her vaunted humanity. Of perfidy, because, in carrying out emancipation in her own colonies, then utterly free from the imputation of participating in that unholy trade, a distinct pledge was given on the part of Britain, that, whatever might be the result, free labour should not be subjected to undue competition with the compulsory efforts of the slave! View the case in any light you will, and the inconsistency and treachery of the authors of the measure become more odious and apparent.

In order that we may understand the true position of the colonies, and the situation in which they have been placed, confessedly by no fault of their own, it will be necessary to ascertain what is the present cost of production of sugar there, under the entailed and crippled system of free-labour, as compared with that of the slave-growing colonies. We apprehend that it will not be denied by any, that the soil, climate, and natural position of Jamaica and of British Guiana are in no way inferior to any in the known world for the growth and cultivation of the sugarcane. No statement to the contrary has ever yet been hazarded; and so far as the application of capital can go in rendering production cheap, the British colonies have unquestionably the advantage of the others. Let us look then to the matter of cost.

According to one authority, the Planter of British Guiana, it would be as follows,—

Cost of production in slave countries per ton,	£13	0	0
Cost of production in British Guiana,	25	0	0
Difference per ton in favour of the slave market,	£12	0	0

In other words, slave-grown sugar can be produced at *twelve shillings per cwt.* less than in free colonies, besides the additional advantage of uncontrolled and unlicensed transport.

The above probably may be taken as the extreme case, because the cost of production has always been great in Demerara, owing to the smallness of the population; but the general hardship will be sufficiently shown and understood, by the following extract from the resolutions of a meeting of St David's parish in Jamaica, on 2d October last.

"The great influx of slave-grown produce into the home markets has, in the short space of six months, reduced the value of sugar from £23 to £14 per ton; while, under ordinary circumstances of soil and season, the cost to us of placing it in the market is not less than £20 per ton."

"From many calculations," writes a highly intelligent and experienced correspondent, "the lowest rate at which sugar *can* be produced, is about twenty shillings per cwt. on the average, or twenty pounds per ton. No doubt some estates may, and do, grow it cheaper than others. They may have advantages of situation both in regard to weather and command of labour, but one thing I am certain of, that no number of estates taken collectively, can grow it much under twenty shillings."

With regard to the additional argument against the navigation laws, which certain free-trade journals have adroitly contrived to extract from the statement of the planters' grievances, our correspondent writes,—"A long article has been written to show that we have got all that was demanded some years ago, with the exception of the abolition of the navigation laws. This I hold to be a very minor consideration, as, even were these abolished to-morrow, a saving of one shilling per cwt. freight would be the very outside. No doubt a letter appeared in the *Times*, stating that last year's freights were six shillings per cwt. from Demerara, which was quite true,—but what are they now? The great rise was caused by every bottom being employed to

import grain, which raised freights in America to nine shillings per barrel for flour, which are now one and sixpence,—so that shipping of every denomination was dear. These men forget, or will not remember, that we asked for measures which we hoped might benefit us, at a time when we could reasonably calculate upon this country keeping faith with us. But had we *then* been told that in 1846 slave sugar would be introduced at a *nominal* differential duty of seven shillings per cwt., to decrease annually till all sugars were admitted at the same rate, our demands would have been very different. Indeed I have no doubt that many would at once have abandoned their estates: and, though a desperate course, it would yet have been the wisest, and those who might have pursued it would have saved a further loss.

"I mentioned a *nominal* differential duty. What I mean by that is, that the slave sugars are all so much better manufactured, which the great command of labour enables them to do, that, to the refiner, they are intrinsically worth more than ours. In short, they prepare their sugars whereas we cannot do so, and we pay duty at the same rate on an article which contains a quantity of molasses. So that, if the duties were equalised, there would *undoubtedly* be a bonus on the exportation of foreign sugar. I have a letter before me in which is written,—'Whilst at Jamaica, offers came from the Havannah to supply sugar all the year round at 12s. per wt., as I said before, in no Jamaica estate can it be grown much under 20s., and assuredly by none at 12s. The refiners estimate the value of Havannah, in comparison with West India free sugar, as from three to five shillings per cwt. better in point of colour and strength. The reason is, that these sugars are partially refined or *clayed*.'"

If these are correct data, and we do not anticipate that they will be impugned, the result will be this:—

Cost of production in slave countries per ton,	£12	0	0
Add duty £1 per cwt.	20	0	0
Cost, irrespective of freight,	£32	0	0

Cost of production in free labour colonies,	£20 0 0
Add duty 14s. per cwt.,	14 0 0
Difference of value between slave and free sugar, at the lowest estimate, or 3s. per cwt.,	3 0 0
Cost, irrespective of freight,	£37 0 0

Such is the amount of *protection* at present enjoyed by our colonists—a protection which, be it remarked, is every year to decrease! In the present, or second year after the passing of Lord John Russell's bill, we find that slave-grown sugar can be brought into the market at a cost of production less at least by *five pounds per ton* than that of our own colonies! We can now easily understand how it is that, within a very short period, Cuba has increased her exports of sugar from 50,000 to more than 200,000 tons; and we can readily believe that, with such a stimulus as has been given, she may, in as short a period, succeed in doubling the latter quantity. No doubt, in order to effect this, the importation of slaves from Africa must go on with corresponding celerity; but that is a matter which we need not regard, as our present rulers are actually giving an economic impulse to the trade.

In a matter of this sort, in which the element of British honour is largely implicated, it is really matters not who the parties are, whom, by an unjust and inconsistent course of legislation, we are thus oppressing and defrauding. But if self-interest is at all to be taken into view, it may be as well that we should know, that at least three-fourths of the capital now jeopardied in our West Indian colonies, is the property of fellow-citizens in this country. The disastrous effects of the Mauritius failures, primarily caused and frightfully accelerated by the abolition of the old, and the operation of the new system in that island, were immediately felt by the commercial circles here, and tended greatly to increase that depression which has been experienced in every branch of our trade. If, as is now seriously meditated, and as must be the case should the Whig Cabinet prove equally obstinate as

rash, our West Indian plantations should be abandoned, and the capital already expended as completely sunk as though it had been dropped into the depths of the ocean, we may look for another crisis at home, which will assuredly appal the boldest. Let our financial authorities tell us whether we can, under present circumstances, afford to part with an invested capital of two hundred millions, or to throw back into a state of nature and pauperism, colonies which, a very few years ago, consumed annually no less an amount than three millions and a half value of our manufactures? And yet to such results, unless some strong remedial measure be immediately applied, we are most decidedly tending. The depreciation of the value of property in the colonies has been going on for years at a most alarming rate, and we shall now state a few facts upon that point, which we think will convince the most sceptical. We shall begin with Demerara.

In 1838, the value of the estates, owing to the want of labour, had fallen from one-third to a half. The following is the account of some of the estates:—

	Price in 1838.	Former Price.
Anna Catharina Estate,	£30,000	£50,000
Providence,	33,000	80,000
Thomas,	20,000	40,000

In 1840, the depreciation became greater. Here are a few examples:—

	Price in 1840.	Former Price.
Rome and Houston Estate,	£40,000	£100,000
Success,	30,000	55,000
Kitty,	26,000	60,000
William,	13,000	40,000

In 1841, the Groenveldt estate, formerly valued at £35,000, was sold for £10,000. In 1845, the Baillie's Hope estate, formerly valued at £50,000, was disposed of for £7,000. And in 1846, the Haarlem estate went for £3,500, whereas its previous value was not less than £50,000!

We have been accustomed of late to fluctuations of property, but it would be difficult to find in any other list of prices such instances of ruinous declension. The above were cases of private sale; let us now look to the estates which were sold by execution in the country, and we shall find a still

greater decadence. In the following list, which is that of 1846, the Kitty estate, disposed of in 1840, appears again.

Kitty Estate, . . .	£3,000	£60,000
Nimmes, . . .	5,000	55,000
Vryheid's Lust, . . .	6,000	55,000

Let those persons who think that the planters were amply compensated by the sum of £20,000,000 at the time of emancipation, consider the above figures carefully: and they may arrive at a different conclusion. Let us adopt the argument of the Planter, and take the case of the Kitty estate, of the original value of £60,000. Suppose that upon this estate there had been £18,000 of debt, and a clear vested remanent interest to the proprietor of £42,000. Let us further suppose that the property had not changed hands until 1816, when it was brought to sale, and the result will be, that the compensation money, estimated at £15,000, and the price which the estate fetched in the public market, would barely have sufficed to buy off the mortgage, and the proprietor's £42,000 would have utterly disappeared!

We are enabled from a private source to carry out the history of one of these Demarara estates. "We bought it," says our correspondent, "or rather we took it over as a bad debt for our mortgage (upwards of £12,000) for £5,000. Of course no person would have had any thing to do with it but under the circumstances stated. And to show you that property is now of no value, we may mention that we took an estate over, valued in the year 1825 at £60,000, as a bad debt; and though the estate has been advertised for sale or lease, we cannot get an offer of any kind, and have accordingly determined and sent out orders to abandon it. The works are in first-rate order, and every thing complete; therefore you may judge of the sacrifice; which, however, is only imaginary, as the cultivation of this estate, since 1842, has cost us £13,000 more than the produce has yielded. This does not include interest, but the actual wages and expenditure to make crops which have sold for £13,000 less than they cost us to produce. I could enumerate

many others, but one is as good as a thousand. The situation of some of the estates is much in their favour, and this was another reason that induced us to take the one alluded to on any terms.

"The West Indians have been often taunted with not adopting the improvements which are introduced in the slave colonies. At the cost of about £2,000 we sent out last August machinery for that estate, and since then have written out not to unpack it, and, in the serious contemplation of abandoning the estate, have asked the makers of that machinery to take it off our hands, as they have a good many orders for foreign slave-growing countries. I believe, if we determine to sacrifice it, that they will send it to Porto Rico or Havannah."

The following letter, written by a highly respectable gentleman in this country, who is also a Jamaica proprietor, and referring to the present depreciation of property in that island, has been placed in our hands. The reader must judge for himself as to the hardship of the case which it portrays.

"Any information that I can give in reference to the present alarming and distressed situation of Jamaica, is, I believe, nothing more than what might be afforded by every one connected with that once flourishing, but now all but ruined island.

"I consider my case a hard one, and thousands are in a similar situation. I shall merely state a few simple facts as regards myself. About four years ago, upon the understanding and belief that the question, as to a fair protection in favour of our colonial sugar over foreign, or more especially slave labour sugar, was for ever set at rest, I became the purchaser of a fine estate in the island of Jamaica, for the sum of ten thousand five hundred pounds. In order to give every justice to the property, I sent out a fine new steam engine, and various other kinds of machinery and agricultural implements—in short, have expended upwards of seven thousand pounds, over and above the proceeds of all the produce made upon the estate during the course of the last four years (so that it now costs me about eighteen thousand

pounds) in the hopes of eventually reaping a fair return. And this would have been the case for crop 1847, had not the unexpected and cruel measure of admitting slave-labour sugar at a low duty been introduced and carried by Lord John Russell last year. My attorney in Jamaica, before he was aware of such a rash and heartless step being taken, made out a statement of the expected crop and expenditure on the estate for the said year 1847, taking sugar at a moderate price, by which he showed a good surplus of one thousand pounds; but, alas! ere the produce came to market, prices fell so low, that in place of making any profit (though the estate made a good crop) I shall lose from one thousand to twelve hundred pounds, besides the interest on the eighteen thousand pounds of capital. This, you are aware, is perfectly ruinous, and I have been obliged to write out to my attorney, in order to save my property at home, to stop planting any more canes in the meantime; and, unless government immediately retrace their steps, to abandon the estate altogether. I am sorry to say, that this has been the hard fate with many a proprietor already, and must, ere long, overwhelm the whole colony. My property was considered one of the finest in the island, and if it perish none can stand. I might give particulars of many cases of extreme hardship, but it is needless to multiply these, as you must have many similar facts from other sources."

The following letter is taken from a late number of a Jamaica newspaper, and we recommend it seriously to the attention of our readers:

"To the Editor of the Jamaica Dispatch, Chronicle, and Gazette.

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

"Sir,—I have just returned from Lucea, where I have witnessed a sight any thing but gratifying to my feelings.

"A vessel has arrived from 'Trinidad de Cuba,' to load with the mill and machinery, coppers, and other apparatus, from Williamsfield Estate in this parish, late the property of Mr Alexander Grant. The estate has, since Mr Grant's death, been, from the difficulty of the times, abandoned; and Mr D'Castro, the owner of the vessel now at Lucea, has

purchased the fixtures for an estate settling in Cuba.

"Is not the fate of Jamaica estates foreshadowed in this circumstance? Is it not a melancholy reflection that we are being wantonly sacrificed by our fellow countrymen, solely for the aggrandisement of foreigners?

"It does not require, Mr Editor, a prophet to foretell the fate of Jamaica sugar properties, and that for every man's property destroyed here half a dozen will flourish in Cuba. A new branch of trade is opened to us, and for a few months, no doubt, it will be a brisk one. I would strongly recommend gentlemen who are advertising properties for sale to send the advertisement to Cuba; an estate now is not worth more than the cattle and machinery on it, and our neighbours in Cuba might obtain all the machinery necessary for the settlement of their sugar plantations on very easy terms; and it will be, no doubt, exceedingly agreeable at some future time, when necessity compels us to quit our own country, to seek a living in Cuba, to see our late still, steam-engine, or coppers, and if we are particularly fortunate, obtain the superintendence of any one of them. I am, Mr Editor, your obedient servant, A PROPRIETOR."

"Hanover, Oct. 23, 1847."

With such facts and testimony before him, what man in the possession of his reasonable senses can doubt that our West Indian colonies are at this moment upon the verge of ruin? We use the word in the most literal sense, and we are not very sure that we are justified in retaining the qualification, for ruin, in its worst shape, has already fallen upon many. Lord John Russell is said to be a bold and intrepid man, but there is a weight of responsibility here enough to appal the boldest man that ever held the office of prime minister of Britain. The question is not now one of depression of trade. The rashness of former cabinets in dealing with the property of the colonists, and their unaccountable hesitation and delay in granting any remedial measures, or an increased supply of labour, have accomplished that already. The question now is, SHALL THESE COLONIES BE AT ONCE ABANDONED? We look for an answer, not to the colonists, but to Lord John Russell himself. He is the party who has directly consummated their ruin, and from him the country at large are entitled to



demand a full explanation of his policy. Is it his purpose that these colonies, once styled the brightest jewels of the British crown, shall be thrown waste and abandoned? If it is, let him say so boldly. The country will then be enabled to record their opinion of his judgment, and, notwithstanding all that has taken place of late years, we will not do the honest-hearted people of Great Britain the injustice, for one moment, to doubt of the strength and tenor of that opinion. If, as we hope and trust, he never contemplated these results, when in a rash moment, and perhaps with no unnatural eye to a little temporary popularity, he forced on the measure of 1846, let him say so—let him make the only reparation in his power for former errors; and although much mischief has already been done, the colonies may yet be saved, and a sacrifice so terrible averted.

While such is the situation of our own colonies, upon whom we forced emancipation, let us see what is doing in the slave countries, to whom we are handing over our custom. The increase in the sugar produce of Cuba as we have already seen, is from 50,000 to 200,000 tons, and is still rapidly increasing. The slave-trade is going on at a multiplied ratio, and perhaps the friends of the African will be glad to learn a fact, for the correctness of which we can vouch. Not three weeks ago, a large mercantile house in Glasgow received orders to send out a supply of blankets to Cuba, because, as the writer said, the slaves have become so much more valuable, owing to the enhanced price of their produce, and the new sugar market now opened, that the owners must take more care of them. Humanity, it would seem, begins to develop itself when it goes hand in hand with profit.

And yet, perhaps, we have used the word "humanity" a little too rashly. Let us hear the testimony of Jacob Ominium, which we extract from his stateable letter to Lord John Russell, as to the manner in which our cheap sugar is at present manufactured in Cuba:—

"I repent," says that intelligent witness, "the beginning of this year in Cuba, with a view of ascertaining the preparations

which were being made in that island to meet the opening of our markets. To an Englishman coming up from Grenada and Jamaica, the contrast between the paralysed and decayed aspect of the trade of those colonies, and the spirit and activity which your measures had infused into that of the Havannah, was most disheartening.

"The town was illuminated when I landed, in consequence of the news of high prices from England. Three splendid trains of De Rostre's machinery, costing 40,000 dollars each, had just arrived from France, and were in process of erection; steam-engines and engineers were coming over daily from America; new estates were forming; coffee plantations were being broken up; and their feeble gangs of old people and children, who had hitherto been selected for that light work, were formed into task-gangs, and hired out by the month to the new *ingenios*, then in full drive.

"It was crop time: the mills went round night and day. On every estate (I scarcely hope to be believed when I state the fact) *every slave was worked under the whip eighteen hours out of the twenty-four*, and, in the boiling houses, from five to six p.m. and from eleven o'clock to midnight, when half the people were concluding their eighteen hour work, the sound of a hellish lash was incessant; indeed, it was necessary to keep the overtasked wretches awake.

"The six hours during which they rested they spent locked in a barracoon—a strong, foul, close sty, where they wallowed without distinction of age or sex.

"There was no marrying amongst the slaves on the plantations; breeding was discouraged; it was cheaper *to let a troublesome boy than to breed*. On many estates females were entirely excluded; but an intelligent American planter told me he disapproved of that system; that the men drooped under it; and that he had found the most beneficial effects from the judicious admixture of a proportion of one 'lively wench' to five males in a gang of which he had had charge. Religious instruction and medical aid were not carried out generally beyond baptism and vaccination.

"Whilst at work the slaves were stimulated by drivers, armed with swords and whips, and protected by magnificent bloodhounds."

Gentlemen who clamoured for emancipation, in this way is the sugar which you are daily consuming made! You would not have it when pro-

duced by slaves in your own colonies, and under the humane protection of your own overruling laws; you are content to take it now—at the instigation of Mr Cobden and his confederates, without the slightest scruple or remorse for having ruined thousands of your countrymen—because you can have it cheaper through the sweat and the life-blood of the slave! Is this morality? Is it justice? Is it even—to descend to lower motives—wisdom? Can you not see before you the time when, after the West Indian colonies are abandoned: a gigantic monopoly will accrue to the slave-growing states, and the sugar, for the paltry saving on which article all has been sacrificed, again become as dear, possibly much dearer than before? Recollect it is not an article like wheat, or any common species of food, which can be reared upon every soil. There is but one region of the earth in which it can be grown, and even there it cannot be grown profitably, except through a large expenditure of capital, and by means of an almost limitless command of labour. Cuba and Brazil *have* both. Our colonies *left* both in sufficiency, until, by cutting off the one, you almost annihilated the other. Go one step further, or rather continue in the course you have begun a very little longer, and the capital of the West Indian colonies will be wholly and irretrievably dissipated. Irretrievably—for, after what has passed, it is in vain to think that any British subject will again embark his capital in such a trade, with no better security than that of our fiscal laws, fluctuating every year under the influence of short-sighted agitation, and regulated by men whose sole intelligible principle is the continued possession of power. Once let our colonies be annihilated—their capital of nearly two hundred millions be swallowed up, principal and interest—their market, which took from us annually three millions and a half of British manufactures, closed—and the inevitable result will be a monopoly of sugar to the slave-growing states, high prices, and in all probability, which the bullionists ought to consider, a perpetual drain of gold.

We have quoted only a fraction of the evidence of Jacob Omnium with regard to the present aspect of affairs in

Cuba. Much there is of painful and even sickening detail as to the treatment of the slaves, in order that an augmented supply may be thrown in upon our now unscrupulous market, for which we must refer our readers, if they wish to peruse it, to the pamphlet itself. But lest it should be thought that such testimony merely applies to the condition of the unhappy slaves at present in Cuba, we shall go further, and show that the late measure of the Whig Government has given a tenfold additional impetus to the slave trade: and that all our efforts to restrain it—efforts which, at the smallest calculation, cost this country annually a sum of half a million—are, as they must be under such circumstances, wholly futile and unavailing.

“In February last,” says the author of the above letter, “the market value of field negroes had risen from 300 to 500 dollars—a price which would speedily bring a supply from the coast. The accounts, therefore, of the number of vessels captured, and of the still greater number seen and heard of, but not captured by our cruisers, bear ready witness to the stimulus which you have afforded to that accursed trade. It is only during the last year that we hear of *steam-slavers*, carrying nine hundred and fifty slaves, dipping their flag in derision to our men of war.”

The list of the slave captures between October 1846 and April 1847 amounts to no less than twenty-four vessels, from which between two and three thousand slaves were taken. This hideous amount of living cargo was crowded into five vessels, the other nineteen having been captured empty. This, however, is understood to be a mere fraction of the whole amount, and that the recent seizures have been much more numerous. One of our ships, the *Ferret*, is said to have taken no less than six slave vessels since she has been upon the coast.

The impulse which the government measure of 1846 has given to the slave trade in every part of the world is something perfectly enormous; but its mischievous and inhuman effects will best be understood by a reference to ascertained facts. Prior to 1846, the traffic in slaves between the African coast and the Spanish col-

onies had been gradually declining, and had in fact almost disappeared. The exclusion of slave-grown sugars from our home market had nearly forced the Cuban proprietors into a different system, and arrangements were pending in that colony for the emancipation of the slaves, just at the time when Lord John Russell came forward in favour of the chain and the lash. The consequence was, that in the first instance the Cubans withdrew their slaves from the coffee cultivation, which was the least profitable, and set them to work at the sugar-canes. The price of the negro consequently rose, and the trade is prospering abundantly.

So much for Cuba. Let us now see what is doing in Brazil. The following article is extracted from the *Jamaica Times*, of 8th October last.

"Though it may be an act of super-erogation to accumulate arguments in support of the proposition that an equalisation of the sugar duties must necessarily give an impetus to the slave-trade, it may not be amiss to point out such instances which may come before us of an illustrative tendency. In a communication recently addressed by Dr Lang to the British public, it is stated as an unquestionable fact, that a great stimulus to the cultivation of sugar in Brazil had been afforded by the late change in the duties; and consequently that the slave trade, which had been rapidly declining for some time past, had revived as briskly as ever, especially at Pernambuco, which is by far the most conveniently situated port in the empire for this traffic—being so far to the northward and eastward, and consequently so favourably situated for taking advantage of the south-east trade wind, that a vessel from that port may often run across to the coast, as it is called, that is to Africa, in half the time she would take either from Bahia or Rio Janeiro. A schooner of one hundred and twenty tons, the *Gallant Mary of Baltimore*, he added, had arrived at Pernambuco a day or two before his arrival, and was then lying in the harbour for sale; and during the short period of his stay she was purchased for seven hundred

and fifty pounds by a slave merchant in the place, and was to be despatched to the coast a day or two after he sailed for England.

"This is one instance of the manner in which the increased consumption of slave-grown sugar is acting as a premium to the slave trader. We offer a second in the fact recently communicated from Africa itself, that the slave-trade on the west coast was never more brisk than it is at present; that thirteen hundred and fifteen slaves had been landed from slave vessels at Sierra Leone from May 4th to June 28th of this year; that the last slaver taken was a Brazilian brig, although for deception called the *Benlah* of Portland, U.S.—she was sent in by the *Waterwitch*: this vessel had five hundred and ten slaves on board.

"Nor is this all; for we have just learned from an authentic source, that Crab Island (a small tributary island lying to the eastward of Porto Rico) is now in course of being settled for the first time, for the cultivation of sugar; and that very recently one of the proprietors—not content, it would appear, with the customary mode of obtaining slaves—had succeeded in removing a number from one of the French islands adjacent,—a proceeding which, as might reasonably be expected, has caused the question to be raised among the *amis des noirs*, whether it is legal to deport slaves from any French colony. Putting this point of the case, however, out of view, we have unquestionable evidence of the increasing importance of slave cultivation, at the very moment when the free labour colonies are struggling to maintain their very existence. We only beseech ministers to look upon these two pictures—on the one hand *Java* triumphant; on the other, freedom struggling in the dust—and then persist, if they can, in the line of policy which has produced such results."

But it is needless to multiply examples. The encouragement has been given: the increased importation of slaves to the foreign colonies has taken place, and the planters of Cuba and Brazil are already preparing for their monopoly. The following figures, set forth in a late official return, speak volumes:—

	1845.	1847. <i>Nine months only.</i>
Machinery exported from England to Cuba, . . .	£4807	£17,644
Ditto from do. to Brazil, . . .	17,130	35,123
	£21,937	£52,767

And this independently of such machinery as has been bought up and transported from our colonies!

Such have been the effects of the recent Whig measure; and it is for Parliament to decide whether we shall incur the national reproach of continuing any longer in a course so heartless, so unwise, and so inhuman. An attempt may be made, as in the case of the currency laws, to shelve the consideration of the sugar duties, through the convenient medium of a committee. If so, the fate of our colonies may be considered as finally sealed. This is not a case that admits of delay, nor are parties actually at issue upon disputed matters of fact. The whole question resolves itself into this — is free trade to be allowed to run riot, and are our oldest colonies to be given up to it immediately as a sacrifice? A very intelligent correspondent writes, with reference to protective measures:—

“It may be the interest of the ministry to allow this appointment of a committee, as for months they will shelve the question. These months to us are of the utmost value, as during the crop, which commences in January and ends in June in the West Indian colonies, we must decide whether we are to make any preparations for the future. If no concessions are to be made, *ABANDONMENT is the only course to save further loss.* I believe the West Indians want no committee on their case. The hardships must be admitted. What we require is a fair, but not a prohibitory duty; such a one only as will put us on a footing to compete with those parties who enjoy what we are denied — *an abundance of cheap and regular labour.* This protection must be granted until we have the labour, and also some means of commanding its regularity.”

In conclusion, we would ask the free-traders themselves, whether the course which has been pursued towards these colonies is equitable or defensible, even on their own acknowledged principles? How far do they intend or propose that these principles should be carried? Is all traffic, even that in human flesh and blood, to be free? If so, let us come to a distinct understanding on the point. If the

code of morals maintained by Mr Cobden is of so truly philanthropic and catholic a nature — if “buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market” is to be adopted throughout the world as a universal and unexceptionable rule — then, in the name of common sense, let the free-traders be consistent to their creed, let emancipation become a dead letter, and let the slave markets of Africa be thrown open to every customer! Do these gentlemen intend to maintain that there is any thing of free trade in the system which ties our own colonists hand and foot, prevents them from making use of the capabilities of their soil, dissipates their capital, and then quietly abolishes all distinctive duty between their produce and that of countries which have not chosen to adopt the same system? Is the fleet upon the coast of Africa a symbol of free-trade principles, or the opposite? Why, what a laughing-stock must that be in the eyes of the Spaniards! what an egregious proof of the most silly inconsistency that ever yet was perpetrated by a nation! We will not, forsooth, permit foreign nations to traffic in slaves, and yet we give them the monopoly of our market, knowing all the while that upon that importation alone we are dependent for a cheap supply! We ruin our colonies, transfer our custom to the foreign slave-driver, and with him, as has well been said, *cheap sugar means cheap slaves!*

We are glad to see that *The Times*, though differing with us in many economical points, has lately taken up this view, and spoken out with its customary ability. We extract from the number published on 17th January:—

“Is sugar a commodity which we are simply desirous of getting cheap, without any regard to the country or methods of its production? If it be not, then is it clear as argument can make it that such commodity must be altogether removed from the operations of free trade. If it be, then by what monstrous perversion of equity do we control the methods of production adopted by our own producers? Why did we destroy that market in Jamaica which we now seize so eagerly in Brazil! The abstract principles of free trade are as manifestly violated by interference with production

and by interference with exportation. If the doctrines of free trade are to find no exception in any suggestions of humanity or reason, then our Anti-slavery Act, and our Emancipation Act, and our vote for the African squadron, are all so many gross contradictions of a principle which we have formally sanctioned. Let those who think so speak out boldly. They have undoubtedly a clear case, if they dared but state it. Let slavery be considered as a practice which humanity condemns, and which civilisation must eventually abolish, but which cannot be permitted to enter into the calculations of a great commercial people. Let the coast squadron be immediately recalled, and the Bights thrown open to the sugar-growers of all nations to procure their labourers on the easiest terms. Let them make as much sugar as they can each for itself, and let the agency by which this article is produced be as much a matter of indifference as in the case of any other article, and *then* may sugar fairly be subjected to the operations of free trade. If the West Indians then applied for protection, we might well repulse a petition for so obsolete a measure; but to take refuge in such abstract theories now is to blow hot and cold with the same breath -- to preach up humanity from one side of the pulpit and economy from the other, taking care the while to appropriate to our own pockets the advantages of the latter doctrine, and to saddle our colonists with the expenses of the former."

And what is it that our colonists ask? What is the extravagant proposal which we are prepared to reject at the cost of the loss of our most fertile possessions, and of nearly two hundred millions of British capital? Simply this, that in the meantime such a distinctive duty should be enforced as will allow them to compete on terms of equality with the slave-growing states. Let this alone be granted, and they have no wish to interfere with any other fiscal regulation. And what would be the amount of differential duty required? Not more, as we apprehend, than ten shillings the hundred-weight. It has been carefully calculated that the British planter cannot raise and send his sugar to the home market at a lower cost than forty shillings. In

consequence of Lord John Russell's measure, the average price last year has been thirty-eight shillings, and consequently the planter has been manufacturing, not only without profit, but at an actual loss. Next year, or rather after next July, the operation of the reductive scale will increase his loss, supposing him still to cultivate, from two shillings to three and sixpence per hundred-weight and so on until 1851, when he will have to pay *six pounds per ton* for the privilege of growing sugar, without a single farthing of return!

Is then the request of these men, who are our own fellow-subjects and citizens, in any way unjust or unreasonable? We have chosen to deprive them of labour, promising them all the while sympathy and protection, and are we not bound in some measure to redeem the pledge? They require a differential duty only until such time as they can command a supply of free and plentiful labour. To this object the attention of government, and of the true philanthropists of the country, ought to be directed. There is a noble field laid open for their exertions. The best means of suppressing altogether the slave-trade, is, by promoting, to the uttermost of our power, a free immigration from Africa to our colonies, a measure which we are certain would very soon supersede the necessity of a blockading squadron. For how can we ever expect that such an armament will prove effectual in checking that wicked traffic, whilst, at the same time, we are *actively* encouraging it, by augmenting the consumption of its produce in free and scrupulous Britain? Shame on such contemptible and deceptive policy! Shame on the men who, with liberalism on their lips, are all the while engaged in riveting the fetters of the bond-man! And shame to all of us, if we permit our oldest and most attached colonies to lapse into decay, and thousands of our fellow-subjects to be consigned to ruin! for the sake of a theory which, in this matter at least, has not even the merit of being based upon consistent or intelligible principle!

## NOW AND THEN.

It would be an unpardonable affectation of modesty indeed, if Maga suffered any considerations whatever to interfere between herself and the cordial recognition of a success achieved by a favourite child, and acknowledged by all the world. Is the parent alone to hold her peace, when crowds are flinging up their cap-rejoicing at the triumph of the son? Is nature to resign her dearest prerogative, in order to comply with the unnatural requirements of a dastard hypocrisy? Must we still hear on all sides the honest congratulations of strangers, and are we not to do homage to the grateful spirit within us, by shaking our own flesh and blood by the hand? Flesh and blood revolt from the insinuation! We know, as well as the dullest, that it is a delicate matter for Maga to speak to mankind, as truth and her heart dictate, with respect to some of her progeny. But what has delicacy to do with justice? Was Brutus delicate when he judged his own son, and hung him up for the public good? Maga suffers the world to judge of her offspring, and contents herself with a simple announcement of the happy verdict. It is her duty, as well as her delight, to enounce the sentence. If she did less, she would do wrong to her own; she might do more, and still be just to her mighty and confiding public.

The author of the volume whose title heads this article, first appeared before the public as a writer in this Magazine in the month of August 1836. He was then but two-and-twenty years of age; yet, in his "Diary of a Late Physician," he at once took his place in the front ranks of literature,

and seized upon the admiration and respect of his contemporaries. The work is too well known to need minute description here. The variety of incident and character, the extraordinary fidelity of delineation, the vigorous style, the touching pathos, the commanding knowledge of men and human passions which it exhibits, are as familiar to our readers as they were surprising in a youth scarcely out of his teens,—a mere tyro in literature,—and, as he himself informs us, a rejected aspirant, in many quarters,\* for those lofty honours which he has since so bravely and so honourably won. "The Diary of a Physician"—carried on at intervals from the year 1830 to the year 1837—maintained its ground from first to last. Since the last chapter appeared in these pages, the series has been printed and published, reprinted and republished, stereotyped for England, pirated for America, and translated for the Continent. The interest which the powerful tales first excited, is unabated to this hour. The regular and steady demand maintained for the volumes indicates their intrinsic value, and declares, in language as emphatic as any that can appeal to either publishers or authors, the enduring character with which they are impressed.

In the year 1839, just nine years after the publication of the first number of the "Diary," appeared also in these pages the first part of Mr Warren's tale of "Ten Thousand a-Year." The second production derived no false lustre from the continued success of its predecessor. The new tale presented itself in the columns of the Magazine, as the rule

*Now and Then.* By SAMUEL WARREN, F.R.S. Author of "Ten Thousand a-Year," and the "Diary of a Late Physician." William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1847.

\* The first chapter of this 'Diary'—The Early Struggle—was offered by me successively to the conductors of three leading Magazines in London, and rejected as 'unsuitable for their pages' and 'not likely to interest the public.' In despair, I betought myself of the great Northern Magazine. I remember taking my packet to Mr Cadell's, in the Strand, with a sad suspicion that I should never see or hear any thing more of it; but at the close of the month I received a letter from Mr Blackwood, informing me that he had inserted the chapter, and begging me to make arrangements for immediately proceeding regularly with the series. It expressed his cordial approval of the first chapter, and predicted that I was likely to produce a series of papers well suited for his Magazine, and calculated to interest the public."—Extract from Preface to the Fifth Edition of the *Diary of a Late Physician*.

is—*anonymously*. Mr Warren obtained no advantage whatever from his previously well-earned and conscientiously sustained reputation. His second venture had nothing to rely upon but itself; yet, before six months had elapsed, "Ten Thousand a-Year," by the mere force of its own unquestioned merit, succeeded in arresting public attention to an extent seldom equalled, and never surpassed by publications of a serial nature. For two years that attention never flagged; the public can attest to this remarkable fact: we are ourselves conscious of the avidity with which number after number of this Magazine was sought, whilst one chapter of the History of Tittlebat Titmouse still remained to be told. "Ten Thousand a-Year" was a wholly different performance from the "Diary of a Late Physician." The latter contained the fruitful germs of at least a dozen novels. Its short histories, designed to convey a solemn and abiding moral, performed their office with the least possible elaboration. Intricacy and subtlety of plot were not considered, in a scheme in which mankind was to be moved and taught by the influence of example. The faults, the weaknesses, the vices of humanity, were displayed in their simplest forms, and no pains were taken to involve them in the entanglements of an artfully contrived narration. Not so, altogether, in the case of "Ten Thousand a-Year." Here plot became not a subordinate ingredient in the composition; here the salient and strongly-marked features of individual character were not alone considered. It cannot be denied that the second creation of Mr Warren's genius indicated at once increased strength of mind, experience more extended, knowledge more ripened. The faculties of the man were allied to the energy and passion of the youth, and the former ruled the latter with a severe and salutary grasp. The secret motives of man had been learnt in the interim; human springs of action had been detected in their distant hiding places; the inner soul of the world had been more deeply penetrated, and more closely scanned by the writer's understanding. The pictures were no longer sketches—the master-strokes were something more

than indications. The vulgarity of Titmouse was shown with the self-denying patience and enlightened industry of a surgeon laying bare the loathsomeness of a repelling sore. What inclination would have shut away for ever, conscientious duty required to be exposed. Vulgarity is exposed in the history of Tittlebat Titmouse, and is utterly crushed. In nothing, however, is the contrast between Mr Warren in 1830, and the same gentleman in 1839, so remarkable as in the conception of Mr Gammon. The character is a perfect emanation of instructed genius; the admixture of good and evil—good in evil, and evil in good—could have been portrayed only by one knowing thoroughly "all qualities with a learned spirit of human dealings." None but a creator, conscious of his strength, and fortified by the convictions which knowledge and experience give, would have conceived—or if conceived, dared—to exhibit the incomparable portraiture of which we speak. He, Gammon, stands immortalised in Mr Warren's pages, neither a monster of good nor a monster of evil, but partaking of both qualities; largely of one, and in a smaller degree of the other, as is nature's wont. Noble amongst the very base, and base amongst the very noble, he is an object of sorrow more than of execration,—of sympathy, not of hate, in his evil associations: of deep pity, not of vengeance, when he mixes for a season with the pure. Wanting religion and the price of piety, which alone yields the highest moral rectitude, Gammon fails to earn approval even when he most deserves it, and in his brightest moments leaves no better impression on the mind than that of a wretched bundle of foul weeds, steeped for the time in heroism. The seeming incongruities of the character testify at once to its fidelity: the reality of the picture is heightened by the colours which the master, with infinite skill, has selected from his palette.

The incognito of Mr Warren was preserved till towards the close of the work; and upon its completion, being published in a separate form, it shared the well-deserved success of the "Diary of a Physician," and travelled with it, either in its original garb or as a translated book, into every quarter

of the globe. Be it remembered that, during the whole long period of which we speak, Mr Warren was passing his days in any thing but the luxurious ease of an unoccupied gentleman, or of one engaged only in the prosecution of intellectual pleasures. His entrance into life as a public writer was concurrent with his adoption of the most arduous and difficult of all professions. Literature was less his business than his recreation; his chosen evening pastime after the noonday's enervating heat: his dignified solace, not his painful necessity. In plain words, whilst he used his pen for the amusement and instruction of his fellows, Mr Warren was a laborious legal plodder on his own account in the Temple; first as a special pleader, and afterwards as a counsel; in which last capacity he produced, as a tribute to law as well as to literature, an important standard law-book, held at this moment in high repute.

Now, if what we have said be true, —and if it be not, we shall be glad to be informed of our error—we hold it to be an utter impossibility for Maga either to look coldly upon Mr Warren's literary career, or to stand mutely by with her hands behind her, when all honest people are vociferously applauding that gentleman upon his first appearance in an entirely new character. If we don't clap our hands, who shall applaud? Nobody will respect the mother who thinks her child less worthy than the world esteems him. If we should hold our peace, Maga would be despised—not by the world—that would not affect her much, but by her own honest soul, and her eternal sense of right, which would destroy her. We have held our peace long enough. Impatient as we were to be the first to hail our own, to introduce him to his readers in the columns in which first he introduced himself, we have committed violence to our affection, and bided our good time. Maga watched with natural fond anxiety the proceedings of her son. She called to mind their long connexion, and had maternal apprehensions—the best of mothers have them—lest the third appearance of her offspring on the literary stage of life might dim the lustre of his former efforts in the same

arena. Moreover, people of a certain age have whims and fancies. Maga, young, buxom, sportive, and healthy as she looks, has reached a matron's years. Her contemporaries, judging from her feats, and vexed in heart, will not believe it. We cannot wonder at their scepticism; they look old in their infancy. Maga has the playfulness and elasticity of youth in her prime. If she is so sprightly with a load of years upon her, she may live for ever. Honest contemporaries are right; she may—she WILL! But, as we said, folks of a certain age have whims. Men who have prospered under one system are not eager to adopt and try another. The guardianship of Maga, in Maga's eyes, casts a halo around the doings of her children. Mr Warren had achieved noble triumphs, walking hand-in-hand with her month after month and year after year. If he should deny himself the aid and run alone, might he not fall? We feared he might, till we had read his book, and then our fear was gone. But though fear departed, modesty—Maga's ancient fault—remained. The proprieties of the case bade her be silent till the world had spoken. Though she was not bound to withhold her smile and warm approval in her royal privacy, sweet decorum forbade a syllable of public praise until her panegyric might no longer sway the universe. The hour for breaking silence has arrived: Maga seizes it proudly and unreservedly, as her custom is: who shall blame her?

• Mr Warren has, indeed, achieved a signal and complete success. The opinion which we formed of his new labour, ere it went to press, is confirmed and echoed by the enthusiastic unanimity of the public; by those who read, and by those useful organs which undertake to guide the reader's taste and judgment. The first few pages of the volume dispel at once all fears as to backsliding or downstinking on the part of the author. Fresh, vigorous, racy, and pure—such are the well-known characteristics of Mr Warren's style: they are here as they were present in his earliest productions almost twenty years ago. From the first page to the last, there is not the slightest evidence of exhaustion



from over-cropping or superfetation. All is new, healthy, wholesome, and genuine: bright as the purest water, clear as the summer's sky, and as full of holy promise.

We think we discern a sneer upon the bilious and discontented cheeks of a certain class of writers as they read the last two words. We know the gentlemen well. They have been scribbling for the last few years with a "oneness of purpose," as creditable to their understandings as it is significant of their ulterior designs. "Now and Then" is by no means written for their especial delectation, although, if properly and humbly read by the "earnest" worthies, it would go far to secure their moral improvement. The volume neither laughs at ecclesiastical institutions, nor ridicules the professors of religion. It does not make fun of every thing serious, until the unsophisticated reader is reduced to wondering whether he is not in duty bound to smile when and wherever his previous education had instructed him to weep: it does not consider that a man born on a dunghill has all the virtues of Adam before he transgressed, and that another, brought into life on a bed of down in Grosvenor Square, has, poor devil, in virtue of his good luck, inherited the vices of Satan and of the whole company of fallen divinities. There are a heap of Cockneys now gaining their miserable bread by the promulgation of such doctrines, who will look down with supreme contempt and biting sarcasm upon the book of which we treat; not, mark you, the *believers* of such doctrines, but simply the mischievous and impious promulgators. Trust them, they prefer the company of the wealthy and the well-to-do, as they love cheese and beer more profoundly than all the moral beauty that the earth contains. Catch them giving sixpence to a beggar on a snowy day, or uttering a syllable of human kindness, which costs them nothing, to a houseless wanderer, no one being by. We hold it to be a great jewel in the coronet of Mr Warren, that he sets his face manfully, in the present instance, against the fashion which all honest men and true must deprecate. The freedom from the prevailing cant which his book exhibits, is most refreshing; the certain upturning of misshapen noses

which its very tendency must effect, the greatest compliment yet paid to his honest exertions in the cause of morality, and of the holy faith which he professes.

"Now and Then" is a Christmas book for a Christian people. It is a tale of fiction, which the most devout may read with no fear of insult, and without risk of being obliged to suspend their orthodoxy for the sake of an hour's pleasant reading. The book invests Christmas with its legitimate Christian associations. It cannot be denied that the tendency of this species of literature, for the last few years, has been to denude the sacred season of all these associations, and to surround it with others which are at once trifling, irreligious, and heathenish. We dwell upon this fact, because there needs some courage badly to speak God's truth in an age rapidly verging towards practical infidelity. In Parliament, the once great leader of a greater Christian party publicly denies the necessity of a declaration of Christian faith as the test of a legislator. In our light literature, we find references enough to the goodness of Providence, but a studious avoidance of the name and properties by which that Providence is recognised when we come to our knees by the bedside or in the sanctuary. There is, we grant, not so much a denial of the essential doctrines of Christianity every where about us save in the church, as a studious and utter disregard of them; but there is imminent peril in this very disregard. Neglect precedes desertion. Let us be duly grateful, we say, to one who, in the modest pages of a simple tale, recalls us to our obligations, and reminds us that the chief of duties here is to cling firmly to the faith by which the world is saved, and to proclaim *first principles* when that world is basely shrinking from their free and open recognition.

Let us, however, not be misunderstood. "Now and Then" is not a religious novel—popularly so called. Mr Warren is not on the present occasion a "religious novelist," as controversial divines, usurping the functions of the tale writer are, for want of a better term, absurdly styled. The Christianity which pervades this book is pure and catholic, and has nothing to do with the quarrels of sects and

classes: it is applicable to universal humanity. There is no vulgar presumptuous dabbling with controverted points of Scripture, which, appearing in works of fiction, is utterly abominable and ludicrous, even in its fugility: but the author, starting with a high and admirable purpose, and keeping that purpose in view to the very last, confines himself strictly and solely to what we all regard as Christianity's irrevocable and fundamental principles;—great saving truths which none can blink with safety, and which he brings forward with an evident profound sincerity and reverence, impossible to mistake and difficult to slight.

The story, so potent in itself, opens with marvellous simplicity. We quote from the beginning:—

"Somewhere about a hundred years ago (but in which of our good King's reigns, or in which of our sea-coast counties, is needless to be known) there stood, quite by itself, in a parish called Milverstone, a cottage of the better sort, which no one could have seen, some few years before that in which it is presented to our notice, without its suggesting to him that he was looking at a cottage quite of the old English kind. It was not snug in winter, and in summer very beautiful; glistening, as then it did, in all its fragrant loveliness of jessamine, honeysuckle, and sweet-brier. There, also, stood a bee-hive, in the centre of the garden, which, stretching down to the road-side, was so filled with flowers, especially roses, that nothing whatever could be seen of the ground in which they grew: wherefore it might well be that the busy little personages who occupied the tiny mansion so situated, conceived that the lines had fallen to them in very pleasant places indeed. The cottage was built very substantially, though originally somewhat rudely, and principally of sea-shore stones. It had a thick thatched roof, and the walls were low. In front there were only two windows, with diamond-shaped panes, one above another, the former much larger than the latter, the one belonging to the room of the building, the other to what might be called the chief bed-room; for there were three little dormitories—two being small, and at the back of the cottage. Close behind, and somewhat to the left, stood an elm-tree, its trunk completely covered with ivy; and so effectually sheltering the cottage, and otherwise so materially contributing to its snug, picturesque appearance, that there could be little doubt of the tree's

having reached its maturity before there was any such structure for it to grace and protect. Beside this tree was a wicket, by which was entered a little slip of ground, half garden and half orchard. All the foregoing formed the remnant of a little freehold property, which had belonged to its present owner and to his family before him, for several generations. The initial letter (A) of their name, Ayliffe, was rudely cut in old English character in a piece of stone forming a sort of centre facing over the doorway; and no one then living there knew when that letter had been cut."

Such is the scene, and such the small house, in and from which the events evolve, that form the solemn and instructive narrative. The owner of the cot, the foremost though the humblest personage in the drama, was once a substantial, but is now a reduced yeoman, well stricken in years, being, at the opening of the story, close upon his sixty-eighth year.

"The crown of his head was bald, and very finely formed; and the little hair that he had left was of a silvery colour, verging on white. His countenance and figure were very striking to an observant beholder, who would have said at once, 'That man is of a firm and upright character, and has seen trouble,'—all which was indeed distinctly written in his open Saxon features. His eye was of a clear blue, and steadfast in its gaze; and when he spoke, it was with a certain quaintness, which seemed in keeping with his simple and stern character. All who had ever known Ayliffe entertained for him a deep respect. He was of a very independent spirit, somewhat taciturn, and of a retiring, contemplative humour. His life was utterly blameless, regulated throughout by the purifying and elevating influence of Christianity. The excellent vicar of the parish in which he lived, revered him, holding him up as a pattern, and pointing him out as one of whom it might be humbly said, *Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile*. Yet the last few years of his life had been passed in great trouble. Ten years before had occurred, in the loss of his wife, who had been every way worthy of him, the first great sorrow of his life. After twenty years spent together in happiness greater than tongue could tell, it had pleased God, who had given her to him, to take her away—suddenly, indeed, but very gently. He woke one morning, when she woke not, but lay sweetly sleeping the sleep of death. His Sarah was gone, and thenceforth his great hope was to follow her, and be with her again. His spirit

was stunned for a while, but murmured not; saying, with resignation, 'The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord.' A year or two afterwards occurred to him a second trouble, great, but of a different kind. He was suddenly reduced almost to beggary. To enable the son of an old deceased friend to become a collector of public rates in an adjoining county, Ayliffe had unsuspectingly become his surety. The man, however, for whom he had done this service, fell soon afterwards into intemperate and dissolute habits; dishonesty, as usual, soon followed; and poor Ayliffe was horrified one evening by being called upon, his principal having absconded, a great defaulter, to contribute to repair the deficiency, to the full extent of his bond."

Ayliffe's property was sacrificed at a blow. At the time of entering into his engagement, he was the freehold owner of some forty or fifty acres of ground, and the master of some sums of money advanced upon mortgage to a neighbour. Much of this went immediately. Nor was this calamity his only one. He had a son, another Adam Ayliffe. Ayliffe the younger was betrothed, at this period of accumulated misfortune, to a young girl, who jilted him in the time of the family poverty. The blow fell upon the young and proud-hearted yeoman, as such blows will fall upon those in whose retired course a first affection comes as an abiding blessing, or an utter curse. A visible change took place both in his character and demeanour after the disappointment. First love in the younger Ayliffe's case was the curse and not the blessing. All went wrong with the family from this hour. Adam finally married, it is true, a maiden residing with Mr Hylton, the vicar of Milverstoke, but the union, though one of unquestionable affection, yielded no earthly happiness. After the loss of worldly goods, Adam and his son betook themselves to labour for their subsistence. The father became a hireling, much to the affliction of his son, but not to his own sorrow, for he "heartily thanked God for the strength that still remained to him, and for the opportunity of profitably exerting that strength." Father, son, and daughter, still resided in the cottage, being its sole occupants. A year and a half of severe and constant exertion in the

ordinary out-of-door operations of farming, and old Adam gave way. The spirit was more willing than the flesh. The younger Ayliffe laboured then for the livelihood of all, and another was added to the group, in the shape of an infant son, born about a year after the marriage of his parents, at the peril of its mother's life.

At this stage of the history, the remnant of old Ayliffe's land is demanded in the way of purchase by the agent of the Earl of Milverstoke, (whose principal country residence is within a short distance of the cottage,) and steadily refused by the owners. The old man assured Mr Oxley that it would break his heart to be separated for ever from the property of his fathers, to see their residence pulled down, and all trace of it destroyed; but Mr Oxley's appetite for the property was only whetted by the reluctance of its insignificant proprietor.

"Be not a fool, Adam Ayliffe," [said Mr Oxley, during one of his frequent visits to the cottage on the subject of this purchase;] "I know your interest and duty better. Depend upon it, I will not throw all this my trouble away. nor shall my Lord be disappointed. Listen, therefore, once for all, to reason, and take what is offered, which is princely, and be thankful!"

"Well, well," said Ayliffe, "it seems that I cannot say that which will suit you, Mr Oxley. Yet once more will I try, and with word that perhaps may reach the ear that mine cannot. Will you hear me?"

"Ay, I will hear, sure enough, friend Adam," said Mr Oxley, curious; on which Ayliffe took down a large old brass-bound book, and, opening it on his lap, read with deliberate emphasis as follows:—

"Naboth the Jezreelite had a vineyard, which was in Jezreel, hard by the palace of Ahab king of Samaria.

"And Ahab spake unto Naboth, saying, Give me thy vineyard, that I may have it for a garden of herbs, because it is near unto my house: and I will give thee for it a better vineyard than it; or, if it seem good to thee, I will give thee the worth of it in money.

"And Naboth said to Ahab, The Lord forbid it me, that I should give the inheritance of my fathers unto thee."

"When he had read these last words Ayliffe closed the Bible, and gazed at Mr Oxley in silence. For a moment the latter seemed somewhat staggered, by what he saw and what he had heard; but at length—"Oh, ho, Adam! do you make your Bible speak for you in business!"

said he, in a tone of rude jocularity. 'Well, I shall wish you good day for some little while, it may be, and good luck to you here. It is somewhat of a bit of a place,' he continued as he drew on his gloves, glancing, at the same time, contemptuously round the little room, 'to set such store by; but be patient—be patient, Adam; there is one somewhat larger that will be ready for you by-and-bye—'

"This insulting allusion to the workhouse or the county jail old Ayliffe received in dignified silence. Not so his son, who, rising with ominous calmness from the chair on which he had for some time been sitting, as it were, on thorns, and silent only out of habitual deference to his father, approached Mr Oxley in two strides, seized him by the collar with the hand of a giant, and, before his astonished father could interpose, had dragged Mr Oxley to the doorway, near which he had been standing, and with a single jerk flung him out into the open air with a violence which sent him staggering several yards, till he fell down at full length on the ground.

"Adam, Adam! what have you done?" commenced his father, approaching his son with an astounded air.

"Nay, never mind me, father," muttered his son vehemently, standing with arms akimbo, and watching Mr Oxley with eyes flashing fury. 'There, Master Oxley; show never here again that wizened face of yours, or worse may happen. Away! Back to the Castle, and tell him that sent you here what you have received! Off! out into the road,' he added, raising his voice, and moving furiously towards Mr Oxley, who precipitately quitted the garden, 'or I'll teach you to speak of the workhouse again! See that the dogs lick you—'

"Adam! I charge you hold your peace!" said the old man, loudly and authoritatively, and advancing towards Mr Oxley, who, however, having, after muttering a few words to himself, and glancing furiously at young Ayliffe, hastily mounted his horse, which had been standing fastened at the gate, had already galloped out of hearing; and about that time in the ensuing day had contrived, during an interview on business with the Earl, to intimate, as if casually only, that the Ayliffes, who owned the roadside cottage, had received the liberal overtures made by Mr Oxley on his lordship's behalf, with expressions of coarse disrespect, and even malignant hostility. Not a syllable breathed Mr Oxley of the treatment which he had received at the hands of young Ayliffe; nor did he deem it expedient, for reasons of his own, to sam-

mon his assailant to answer before the magistrates for what he had done."

Ayliffe heard no more of Mr Oxley, but his trials sadly increased from the hour of that gentleman's violent departure from his humble roof. The poor remnant of his patrimonial estate had dwindled down to the cottage and the slip of ground attached to it. Young Ayliffe continued to work from morning till night like any slave in the plantations; but his industry yielded small result. In addition to the other misfortunes, the infant member of this luckless household, feeble from its birth, and likely to be reared with difficulty, became, by an accident, maimed for life. The black cloud had fairly settled over the habitation.

Sarah, the wife, was about to give birth to another child, when misery appeared to have reached its climax. The once comely furniture had been disposed of by degrees to purchase necessary food; and nothing but horror stared the unfortunates in the face, when an accident took place which gave the final touch to a dismal history that appeared already complete.

"Young Ayliffe, with heavy thoughts in his mind, burthening and depressing it, went one day to his work at a farmer's at some distance from Milverstoke, having only one companion the whole day long: but that companion appearing good-natured and communicative, the frank young Ayliffe could not refrain from talking about that which was uppermost in his thoughts—the feeble condition of his wife, and her doctor's constant recommendation of nourishing food. 'And why don't you get it, if you care for her?' inquired his companion with a surprised air, resting for a moment from his work.

"Surely," quoth poor Ayliffe, 'you should ask me why I do not get one of the stars out of the sky. Is meat to be picked up in the high road?'

"No; not in the high road," said the other, drily, 'but there's dainty eating for the sick and the gentle to be had—elsewhere.'

"In plain English, Ayliffe's new friend pointed at game; speaking most temptingly of hare, above all other sorts of game, as a dainty dish, whether roast or stewed, for those that were sick and delicate; and assured Ayliffe that his (the speaker's) wife had lived secretly on hare all through her time of trouble, and had never in her life thriven so well; for

naught was so nourishing as hare's flesh. Poor Ayliffe listened to this with but too willing an ear, though it went clean contrary to all his own notions, and those which he knew to be entertained by his father. He resisted but very faintly the arguments of his new friend; who indeed fairly staggered Ayliffe, by asking him whether he thought that he did wrong if he caught a hedgehog, a weasel, or a snake, in the field or hedge of another; and if not, why was it different with a hare? Much conversation had they of this sort, in the course of which poor Ayliffe, in the frank simplicity of his nature, gave such a moving picture of his wife's necessities, as greatly interested his companion; who said that he happened to have by him a very fine hare that had been given him by a neighbouring squire, and which was greatly at Ayliffe's service.

After much hesitation he, with many thanks, accepted the gift; and, accompanying his new friend to his cottage, received into his possession the promised hare, (a finer one certainly was hardly to be seen,) and made his way home with his perilous present, under cover of the thickening shades of night. What horrid misgivings he had, as he went along! How often he resolved either to return the hare to the giver, or fling it over the hedge, as he passed! For he was aware of his danger: there being no part of England where game was more strictly preserved, more closely looked after, or poachers more severely punished, than at Milverstone. But he thought of his wife—of the relish with which she must partake of this hare; and by the inspiring aid of thoughts such as these, he nerved himself to encounter her suspicions, and his father's rebuke and reproaches.

That rebuke and those reproaches he encountered. Happy had he been had he encountered nothing worse! The hare was rejected by the upright father, but the rejection did not save the son. He had been entrapped into accepting the gift by one who had sent a companion to watch him home, and who, in order to obtain half the penalty, forthwith informed against the unfortunate receiver. The receiver was fined, but Mr. Hylton, the vicar, paid the sum required, and released him from his trouble.

Whilst matters are looking so black at the cottage, there is joyousness enough at the neighbouring castle. The season is Christmas, and Viscount Almond, the only son and heir of the Earl of Milverstone, has arrived at the castle to pass the Christmas

holidays. Here is the castle and its owner.

"Milverstone Castle, to which its next lordly possessor was then on his way, was a truly magnificent structure, worthy of its superb situation, which was on the slope of a great forest, stretching down to the sea-shore. Seen from the sea, especially by moonlight, it had a most imposing and picturesque appearance; but from no part of the surrounding land was it visible at all, owing to the great extent of woodland in which it was embosomed. The Earl of Milverstone, then lord of that stately residence, had a personal appearance and bearing which might be imagined somewhat in unison with its leading characteristics. He was tall, thin, and erect; his manner was composed, his countenance refined and intellectual, and his features comely; his hair had been for some years changed from jet-black into iron-gray. He seemed was lofty, sometimes even to repelliveness; his temper and spirit haughty and self-reliant. Opposition to his will, equally in great or small things, rendered that arbitrary will inflexible, whatever might be the consequence or sacrifice; for he gave himself credit for never acting from impulse, but always from superior reflection and deliberation. He was a man of powerful intellect, extensive knowledge, and admirably fitted for public affairs; in which, indeed, he had borne a conspicuous part, till his imperious and exacting temper had rendered him intolerable to his colleagues, and objectionable even to his sovereign, from whose service he had retired, to use a courteous word, in disdainful disgust, some five years before being presented to the reader. He possessed a vast fortune, and two or three princely residences in various parts of the kingdom. Of these Milverstone was the principal; and its stern solitude suited his gloomy humour, he had betaken himself to it on quitting public life. He had been a widower for many years, and, since becoming such, had become alienated from the distinguished family of his late countess; whose ardent and sensitive disposition they believed to have been utterly crushed by the iron despotism of an unfeeling and domineering husband. Whatever foundation there might have been for this supposition, it contributed to imbitter the feelings of the Earl, and strengthen a tendency to misanthropy. Still his character had fine features. He was most munificent; the very soul of honour; a perfect gentleman; and of irreproachable morals. He professed a firm belief in Christianity, and was exemplary in the discharge of what he considered to be

the duties which it imposed upon him. He would listen to the inculcation of the Christian virtues of humility, gentleness, and forgiveness of injury, with a kind of stern complacency; unaware, all the while, that they no more existed within himself, than fire could be elicited from the sculptured marble. Most of his day-time he spent in his library, or in solitary drives, or walks along the sea-shore or in the country. Unfortunately, he took no personal part, nor felt any personal interest in the management of his vast revenues and extensive private affairs; intrusting them, as has been already intimated, implicitly to others. When he rode through the village, which lay sheltered near the confines of the woodland in which his castle was situated, he appeared to have no interest in it or its inhabitants, though nearly all of them were his own tenantry. His agent, Mr Oxley, was their real master.

Mr Hylton was one of his lordship's occasional chaplains, but by no means on intimate terms with him; for that the vicar's firm independent character unfitting him. While he acknowledged the commanding talents of the Earl, his lordship was, on his part, fully aware of Mr Hylton's strong intellect, superior scholarship, and the pure and lofty spirit in which he devoted himself to his spiritual duties. The good vicar of Milverstoke knew not what was meant by the fear of man, and that his stately parishioner had had many opportunities of observing; and, in short, Mr Hylton was a much less frequent visitor at the Castle than might have been supposed, and was at least warranted, by his position and proximity.

Possibly some of the Earl's frigid reserve towards him was occasioned by the cordial terms of intimacy which had existed between him and the late Countess—an excellent personage, who, living in comparative retirement at Milverstoke, while her lord was immersed in political life, had consulted Mr Hylton constantly on the early education of her two children. The Earl had married late in life, being nearly twenty years older than his Countess, who had brought him one son and one daughter. The former partook largely of his father's character, but in a somewhat mitigated form; he was quicker in taking offence than his father, but had not his implacability. If he should succeed to that father's titles and estates, he would be the first instance of such direct succession for nine generations, the Earl himself having been the third son of a second son. The family was of high antiquity, and its noble blood had several times intermingled with that of royalty."

On one of the more advanced days of the Christmas week, we are told there took place a kind of military banquet at the Castle, in compliment to the officers of a dragoon regiment, one of whose out-quarters was at the barracks at some two miles distance. Lord Alkmond was present at this banquet. During its progress his lordship quitted the company to stroll in the woods—wherefore none knew; but during his evening walk he was barbarously murdered. Young Ayliffe, under fearfully suspicious circumstances, is arrested for the crime. He had been discovered near the body—his sleeves were covered with blood—he had been hunted and tracked to his home. The cup of misery was full.

A coroner's inquest is held—a verdict of wilful murder returned against Adam Ayliffe, who is formally committed by the magistrate. He is held in custody, and must await his trial. He is *not* guilty. The reader feels it in spite of the damning evidence that will be brought against the accused on the day of his solemn trial: the father is aware of it, and sustains his manly soul with the consciousness, dreadful as may be the unjust and as yet unspoken sentence. Old Adam has gone to his child in prison. Behold the miserable pair! Listen to the pathetic appeal.

"They were allowed to be alone for a short time, the doctor and nurse of the prison being within call, if need might be. The prisoner gently raised his father's cold hand to his lips and kissed it, and neither spoke for a few minutes; at length—

"*'Adam! Adam!'* said the old man in a low tremulous whisper, *'art thou innocent or guilty?'* and his anguished eyes seemed staring into the very soul of his son, who calmly replied,—

"*'Father, before God Almighty, I be as innocent as thou art, nor know I who did this terrible deed.'*

"*'Dost thou say it? Dost thou say it? I never knew thee to lie to me, Adam!'* said his father eagerly, half rising from the stool on which he sat. *'Dost thou say this before God, whom thou art only too likely,'* he shuddered, *'to see, after next Assizes, face to face?'*

"*'Ay, I do, father,'* replied his son, fixing his eyes solemnly and steadily on those of his father, who slowly rose and placed his trembling arms around his son, and embraced him in silence: *'How is Sarah?'* faltered the prisoner, faintly.

"Ask me not, Adam," said the old man; who quickly added, perceiving the sudden agitation of his son, "but she is not dead; she hath been kindly cared for."

"And the lad?" said the prisoner, still more faintly.

"He is well," said the old man; and the prisoner shook his head in silence, the tears running down his cheeks through closed eyelids."

There is another too, who, in spite of the circumstances which carry conviction to the minds of others, is morally certain of the innocence of Adam Ayliffe. At the beginning of the narrative we are informed that, "as father and son would stand suddenly uncovered, while the reverend vicar passed or met them on his way into the church, his heart yearned towards them both: he thoroughly loved and respected them, and was in a certain way proud of two such specimens of the English yeoman: and, above all, charmed with the good example which they set to all his other parishioners. Now the vicar had from Adam's boyhood entertained a liking for him, and had personally bestowed no inconsiderable pains upon his education, which though plain, as suited his position, was yet sound and substantial." This vicar trusted the manhood of the blood-guiltless Adam as he had affectionately attached himself to his youth. To suppose him guilty of the crime was to have implicit faith in circumstantial evidence, treacherous and deceitful at the best, and to spurn the actual knowledge gained from the decided tenor of a life which could not become a murderer and still be Adam Ayliffe. He was himself, rational and sane; he was therefore guiltless. So argued the minister of God: so must the good and pious always argue, similarly placed. A world in arms against the miserable prisoner would not have moved the vicar from his strong conviction, or frightened him from the prisoner's side. Providence, the just, so willed it!

The trial came. The fiend of circumstance for the hour triumphed over the as yet invisible spirit of truth. Mortal men could do no other than they did. Seeing through a glass darkly, they pronounced judgment, with the veil still undrawn. Adam Ayliffe, the innocent, the well-mean-

ing, the sorely-tried, but the still upright, was condemned to die the death of a malefactor, for the shedding of blood which he had never spilt. The wretched convict is removed at once from the bar of the Court to the condemned cell. He is scarcely there before Mr Hylton, the incredulous clergyman, is at his side. The interview is long, and deeply interesting. The frantic despair of the hapless prisoner is gradually softened, and his mind turned to God by the pious counsels and arguments of his indefatigable pastor. Mr Hylton leaves the cell more than ever satisfied of the innocence of poor Adam Ayliffe.

He is sentenced, not yet hanged. The word has gone forth, but the decree is not yet executed. God is just, but as merciful as just, and may interpose and save the long-suffering for His glory and their happiness. Mr Hylton, leaving the prison, is summoned to the neighbouring barracks. Arriving there, he is ushered into a private room, and introduced to one Captain Lutteridge. What has the captain to say to the minister? What does he know of the murder? You shall hear. During the trial, the judge remarked that it was very strange that Lord Almonde should go out into the woods on the fatal night, and wondered that no one knew the reason. Now Captain Lutteridge did not know the reason, but he had possibly, only possibly, a clue to it. A subject had been mentioned during the dinner on the memorable night, which had evidently distressed his lordship, and, it may be, called him forth. What that subject was, he, the captain, knew, but, without permission from the Earl of Milverstoke, would not state,—he being a soldier, a man of honour, and incapable of betraying confidential intercourse, as it were, spoken at the table of his noble host. It was a case of life and death. Adam Ayliffe had an advocate with the captain more anxious and impressive than the paid counsel who had served him on his trial, and Mr Hylton did his duty faithfully. Before he quitted Captain Lutteridge, that officer had undertaken to wait upon the Earl of Milverstoke, and to obtain, if it might be, his permission to communicate the secret. The captain kept his word, but to little purpose. The

Earl forbade all mention of the melancholy scene, and gave his visitor no encouragement. But Mr Hylton waited not for encouragement or aid. Before Captain Lutteridge returned from Milverstone Castle, the indefatigable minister was already on his road to London, to obtain an interview with the Secretary of State, to inform that functionary that there was a secret, and to entreat a respite upon that ground; but not upon that ground alone. Another gleam of sunshine, thin as hair, stole through the stormy sky. A letter had been received by Mrs Hylton, that hinted at guilt elsewhere, removing it from Ayliffe's stainless cottage. Fragile as the document was, the ambassador of the condemned relied upon it as though it had been a rock. And not in vain! From the Home Secretary, he was referred to the judge who tried the cause: the judge listened long and patiently to all that Mr Hylton had to urge upon the miserable man's behalf, and finally ordered a fortnight's respite, with the view of giving time for confirmation of the important letter's intimations.

The unconquerable Mr Hylton returned to Milverstone. He sees the Earl, who spurns him from his door as a reward for his unjustifiable interference between justice and the murderer of his son: he sees the Earl's daughter, and pleads with her on behalf of the doomed: he sees Captain Lutteridge.—he leaves no stone unturned, to secure, if not the pardon of his client, at least the remission of the punishment to which, in his inmost heart, he believed him most unjustly sentenced. His success is far from equal to his zeal. The proud Earl's heart is obdurate. Who can wonder at it? The gentle daughter would do much, but has the power to do little; and Captain Lutteridge, a gentleman and a soldier, is disinclined to save a murderer from the gallows, even if he had the ability, which he has not.

The fortnight is coming quickly to an end, and there is no arrival of favourable news. Shortly before its close, Mr Hylton receives a brief message from the unhappy occupant of the condemned cell, which he dares not disregard. It is this—"I go back into darkness while you are away." Mr Hylton mounts his horse and sets

off. It is a melancholy errand, but we will take courage and accompany him. The scene is grand as it is awful:—

"As he rode along, his mind lost sight almost entirely of the temporal in the spiritual, the present in the future, interests of the condemned; and by the time that he had reached the gaol, his mind was in an elevated frame, befitting the solemn and sublime considerations with which it had been engaged.

"A turnkey, with loaded blunderbuss on his arm, leaned against the cell door, which he opened for Mr Hylton in silence, as he approached; disclosing poor Ayliffe sitting on his bench, double-ironed, his head buried in his hands, his elbows supported by his knees. He did not move on the entrance of Mr Hylton, as his name had not been mentioned by the turnkey.

"*"Adam! Adam!—the Lord be with you! Amen!"* solemnly exclaimed Mr Hylton, gently taking in his hand one of the prisoner's.

"Ayliffe suddenly started up, a gaunt figure, rattling in his irons, and grasping in both his hands that of Mr Hylton, carried it to his heart, to which he pressed it for some moments in silence, and then, bursting into tears, sunk again on his bench.

"*"God bless you, Adam! and lift up the light of His countenance upon you! Put your trust in him: but remember that he is the all-seeing, the omniscient, omnipotent God, who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity!"*

"Ayliffe wept in silence, and with reverent affection of manner pressed to his lips the still-retained hand of Mr Hylton.

"*"Come, Adam! speak! Speak to your pastor—your friend—your minister!"*

"*"You seem an angel, sir!"* said Ayliffe, looking at him with a dull, oppressed eye, that was heart-breaking.

"*"Why an angel, Adam? I bring you,"* said Mr Hylton, shaking his head, and sighing, *"no earthly good news whatever; nothing but my unworthy offices to prepare you for hereafter! Prepare! prepare to meet thy God, for he draweth near! And who may abide the day of his coming!"*

"*"I was readier for my change when last I saw you, sir, than now,"* said Ayliffe, with a suppressed groan, covering his face with his manacled hands.

"*"How is that, poor Adam?"*

"*"Ah!—I was, so it seemed, half over Jordan, and have been dragged back. I see not now that other bright shore which made me forget earth! All now is dark!"*



"His words smote Mr Hylton to the heart. 'Why is this! why should it be? Adam!' said he, very earnestly, 'have you ever been, can you possibly ever be, out of God's hands! What happens but from God? And if He hath prolonged this your bitter, bitter trial, what should you, what can you do, but submit to His infinite power and goodness? *He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men, to crash under his feet all the prisoners of the earth.* He will not cast off for ever; but though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies.'

"Oh, sir! oft do I think his mercy is clean gone for ever! Why—why am I here!" he continued, with sudden vehemence. "He knoweth my innocence—yet will make me die the death of the guilty! That cannot, *cannot* be just!"

"Adam! Adam! Satan is indeed besieging you! Even if, in the awful, inscrutable decrees of Providence, you be ordained to die for what you did not, have you forgotten that sublime and awful truth and fact on which hang all your hopes—the death of Him who died, *the just for the unjust*?"

"Ayliffe's head sunk down on his knees.

"Ah, sir!" said he, tremulously, after a while, during which Mr Hylton interfered not with his meditations, "these words do drive me into the dust, and then raise me again higher than I was before!"

"And so they ought, Adam. Is there a God? Has he really revealed himself? Are the Scriptures true? Am I the true servant of a true master? If to all this you say *yes*—speak not again distrustfully. If you do—if you so think—then are you too like to be beyond the pale of mercy. I am free, Adam,—you are bound,—yet are both our lives every instant at the command and absolute disposal of Him who gave them, that we might be on trial here for a little while. For aught I know, I may even yet die before you, and with greater pain and grief; but both of us must die, and much of my life is gone for ever. As your frail fellow-mortal, then, I beseech you to listen to me! Our mode of leaving life is ordered by God, even as our mode of living in it. To some he hath ordained riches, others poverty; some pleasure, others misery, in this life; but all for reasons, and with objects best known, nay, known only to himself! Adam, you have now been four days here beyond that which had been appointed you—now that we are alone, have you aught to confide to me, as the minister for whom you have sent? What saith my Master? If you confess your sins, he is faithful

and just to forgive you; but if you say that you have no sin, you deceive yourself, and the truth is not in you. And if that last be so, Adam, what shall be said of you, what can be hoped for you?"

"If you be thinking of that deed for which I am condemned," said Ayliffe, with a sudden radiant countenance, "then am I easy and happy. God, my maker, and who will be my judge, knoweth whether I speak the truth. Ay! ay! innocent am I of this deed as you!"

"It is right, Adam, that I should tell you that all mankind who know of your case, from the highest down even to the lowest, do believe you guilty."

"Ah, sir, is not that hard to bear?" said Ayliffe, with a grievous sigh, and a countenance that looked mutterable things.

"It is, Adam—it is hard; yet, were it harder, it must be borne. Here is Lord Milverstoke, who hath lost his son—his only son—the heir to his title and his vast possessions—lost him in this mysterious and horrid way: is not *that* hard to be borne? Have you, Adam, I ask you by your previous hopes of hereafter,—animosity towards him who believes you to be his son's murderer?"

"There was an awful silence for nearly a minute, at the close of which Ayliffe, with an averted face, said, —

"Oh, sir! give me time to answer you! Pray for me! I know whose example I ought to imitate; but he suddenly seemed to have sunk into a reverie, which lasted to some time at the end of which,—"Sir Mr Hylton," said he desperately, "am I truly to die on Monday week? Oh tell me! tell me, sir! Life is sweet, I own!"

He sprung towards Mr Hylton, and convulsively grasped his hands, looking into his face with frenzied earnestness.

"I cannot—I will not deceive you, Adam," replied Mr Hylton looking aside, and with a profound sigh. "My solemn duty is to prepare you for death! But—"

"Ah!" said he, with a desperate air, "to be hanged like a vile dog!"—and every one cursing me, who am all the while innocent! and no burial service to be said over my poor body!—never—*never* to be buried!" With a dismal groan he sunk back, and would have fallen from the bench, but for Mr Hylton's stepping forward. "Sir—sir," said Ayliffe presently, glaring with sudden wildness at Mr Hylton, "did you see the man at the door with the blunderbuss? There he stands! all day! all night! but never comes in!—never speaks!—Would that he would put it to my head, and finish me in a moment!"

"Adam! Adam! what awful language

is this that I hear?' said Mr Hylton, sternly. 'Is this the way that you have spoken to your pious and venerable father?'

"No! no! no! sir!—he pressed his hand to his forehead—'but my poor head wanders! I—I am better now! 'I seem just to have come out of a dream. But never should I dream thus, if you would ever stay with me—till—all is over!'

"Feeling it quite impossible to ask the miserable convict such questions as Mr Hylton had wished, he resolved not to make the attempt, but to do it as prudently and as early as might be, through old Ayliffe, or the chaplain or governor of the gaol. He was just about to leave, and was considering in what terms he could the most effectually address himself to Ayliffe, when, without any summons having issued from within, the door was unlocked, and the turnkey, thrusting in his head, said, —

"I say, my man, here's the woman come with thy child, that thou hast been asking for. They'll come in when the gentleman goes."

"Ayliffe started up from his seat with an eager motion towards the door, but was suddenly jerked down again, having forgotten in his momentary ecstasy that his irons were attached to a staple in the floor.

"Come, come, my man," said the turnkey, sternly, 'thou must be a bit quieter, I can tell thee, if this child is to come to thee.'

"Give me the lad! give me the lad! give me the lad!" said Ayliffe, in a hoarse whisper, his eyes straining towards the approaching figure of the good woman, who, with a very sorrowful and apprehensive look, now came in sight of the condemned man.

"Lord bless thee, Adam Ayliffe!" she began, bursting into tears, 'Lord love thee and protect thee, Adam!'

"Give me the lad!"—show me the lad!" he continued, gazing intently at her, while she tremblingly pushed aside her cloak; and behold there lay, simply and decently clad, his little boy, awake, and gazing, apparently apprehensively, at the strange white figure whose arms were extended to receive it!

"Adam, father of this thy dear child," said Mr Hylton, interposing for a moment between Ayliffe and the child, not without some alarm, 'wilt thou handle it tenderly, remembering how feeble and small it is?'

"On this, poor Ayliffe gazed at Mr Hylton with a face of unspeakable agony, weeping lamentably; and still extending his arms, the passive child, gazing at him

in timid silence, was placed within them. He sat down gently, gazing at his child for some moments with a face never to be forgotten by those who saw it. Then he brought it near to his face, and kissed incessantly, but with unspeakable tenderness, its tiny features, which were quickly bedewed with his tears.

"His mother!—his mother!—his mother!" he exclaimed, in heart-rending tones, still gazing intently at its face, which was directed towards his own with evident apprehension. Its little hand for a moment clasped one of the irons that bound his father, but removed it, immediately, probably from the coldness of the metal. The father saw this, and seemed dreadfully agitated for some moments; and Mr Hylton, who also had observed the little circumstance, was greatly affected, and turned aside his head. After a while,

"How easily, my little lad, could I dash out thy little brains against these irons," said Ayliffe, in a low desperate tone of voice, staring into the child's face, 'and save thee from ever coming to this unjust fate that thy father hath!'

"Mr Hylton was excessively alarmed, but concealed his feelings, preparing, however, for some perilous and insane action, endangering the safety of the child. The gathering cloud, however, passed away and the manacled father kissed his unconscious child with all his former tenderness.

"They'll tell thee, poor lad, that I was a murderer! though it be false as hell! They'll shout after thee, There goes the murderer's son!" He paused, and then with a sudden start said—"There will be no grave for thee or thy mother to come and cry over!"

"Adam," said Mr Hylton, very anxiously, 'weary not yourself thus—alarm not this poor child by thus yielding to fear and despair; but rather, if it can hereafter remember what passeth here this day, may its thoughts be of thy love and of thy gentleness! If it be the will of God that thou must die, and that unjustly, as far as men are concerned, He will watch over and provide for this little soul, whom He, foreseeing its fate, sent into the world.'

"Ayliffe lifted the child with trembling arms, and pressed its cheeks to his lips. The little creature did not cry, nor appear likely to do so, but seemed the image of mute apprehension. The whole scene was so painful, that Mr Hylton was not sorry when the Governor of the gaol approached, to intimate that the interview must cease. The prisoner, exhausted with violent excitement, quietly

surrendered his child to his attendant, and then silently grasped the hand of Mr Hylton, who thereupon quitted the cell; the door of which was immediately locked upon its miserable occupant: who was once again alone!"

From the prison let us to the great Earl's house. His lordship has become morose and almost vindictive against the supposed murderer of his son, from the very efforts that have been made to save him from the gallows. Had Adam Ayliffe been suffered to die the unpitied death of any other heinous criminal, no one, perhaps, would have more pitied the wretched malefactor than the Earl of Milverstone himself. The interest taken in the convict, not only by the minister, but by his own daughter, and, as he suspected, by the very widow of the murdered lord, his daughter-in-law, seemed cruel forgetfulness of the dead, and wanton injury to the living. He upbraided the minister who preached the virtues of mercy and forgiveness; he looked with anger and violent impatience when others dared to take up the thread of the clergyman's unauthorised discourse. During an interview with Lady Almond, the Earl had heard the syllables *forgive!* dropping from the widow's mouth; he made no answer, but repaired to his library, in which he walked to and fro for some time, meditating with sternness and displacency upon the word. Let us open the door gently and carefully, and, using our lawful privilege, look in.

"On taking his seat at length, his lordship opened with some surprise a Testament which lay before him, and guided by the reference written by the trembling fingers of his daughter, he read as follows:—'So likewise shall my heavenly Father do unto you, if ye from your hearts for give not every one his brother their trespasses.' This verse the Earl read hastily, then laid down the book, folded his arms, and leaned back in his seat, not with subdued feelings, but very highly indignant. He now saw clearly what had been intended by the faint but solemn whisper of Lady Almond, even could he have before entertained a doubt upon the subject. Oh, why did not thoughts of the heavenly temper of these two loving and trembling spirits melt his stern heart? 'Twas not so, however: and even anger swelled

within that FATHER'S breast of untamed fierceness—anger, almost struggling and shaping itself into the utterance of 'Interference! intrusion! presumption!' After a long interval, in which his thoughts were thus angrily occupied, he reopened the Testament, and again read the sublime and awful declaration of the Redeemer of mankind; yet smote it not his heart. And after a while, removing the paper, he calmly replaced the sacred volume on the spot from which it had been taken by Lady Emily. Not long after he had done so, he heard a very faint tapping at the distant door, but without taking any notice of it; although he had a somewhat disturbing suspicion as to the cause of that same meek application, and the person by whom it was made. The sound was presently repeated, somewhat louder; on which, 'Who's there?—enter?' called out the Earl, loudly, and in his usual stern tone, looking apprehensively towards the door—which was opened, as he had thought, and perhaps feared it might be, by Lady Emily.

"'It is I, dear papa,' said she, closing the door after her, and advancing rather rapidly towards him, who moved not from his seat; though the appearance of—now—his only child, and that a daughter, most beautiful in budding womanhood, and approaching a FATHER with timid, downcast looks, might well have elicited some word or gesture of welcoming affection and tenderness.

"'What brings you hither, Emily? He inquired coldly, as his daughter, in her loveliness and terror, stood within a few feet of him, her fine features wearing an expression of blended modesty and resolution.

"'Do you not know, my dearest papa?' said she, gently; 'do you not suspect? Do not be angry!—do not, dear papa, look so sternly at me! I come to speak with you, who are my father, in all love and duty.'

"'I am not stern—I am not angry, Emily. Have I not ever been kind to you? Why, then, this unusual mode of approaching and addressing me? Were I a mere tyrant, you could not show better than your present manner does, that I am such.'

"His words were kind, but his eye and his manner were blighting. His daughter's knees trembled under her. She glanced hastily at the table in quest of the little book which her hands had that morning placed there; and not, seeing it, her heart sunk.

"'Be seated, Emily,' said her father, moving towards her a chair, and gently

placing her in it immediately opposite to him, at only a very little distance. She thought that she had never till that moment seen her father's face, or at least had never before noticed its true character. How cold and severe was the look of the penetrating eyes now fixed on her—how rigid were the features—how commanding the expression which they wore—how visibly clouded with sorrow, and marked with the traces of suffering!

"And what, Emily, would you say?" he inquired, calmly.

"Dearest papa, I would say, if I dared, what my sister said to you so short a time ago—*Forgive*."

"Whom?" inquired the Earl, striving to repress all appearance of emotion.

"Him who is to die on Monday next—Adam Ayliffe. Oh, my dearest papa, do not—oh, do not look so fearfully at me!"

"You mean, Emily, the murderer of your brother?" He paused for a moment. "Am I right? Do I understand you?" inquired her father, gloomily.

"But I think that he is not—I do believe that he is not."

"But how can it concern *you*, Emily, to think or believe on the subject? Good child, meddle not with what you understand not. Who has put you upon this, Emily?"

"My own heart, papa."

"Bah, girl!" cried the Earl, unable to restrain his angry impulse. "do not put nonsense with your father on a subject like this. You have been trained and tutored to torment me on this matter!"

"Papa!—my papa!—I trained! I tutored! By whom? Am I of your blood?" said Lady Emily, proudly and indignantly.

"You had better return, my child, to your occupations!"

"My occupation, dearest papa, is here, and, so long as you may suffer me to be with you, to say few, but few words to you. It is hard if I cannot. I who never knowingly grieved you in my life. Remember that I am now your only child. Yet I fear you love me not as you ought to love an only child, or you could not speak to me as you have just spoken." She paused for a moment, and added, as if with a sudden desperate impulse—"My poor sister and I do implore you to give this wretch a chance of life, for we both believe that he is innocent!"

"For a second or two the Earl seemed really astounded; and well he might, for his youthful daughter had suddenly spoken to him with a precision and distinctness of language, an energy of man-

ner, and an expression of eye, such as the Earl had not dreamed of her being able to exhibit, and told of the strength of purpose with which she had come to him.

"And you both believe that he is innocent!" said he, echoing her words, too much amazed to utter another word.

"Yes, we do! we do! in our hearts. My sister and I have prayed to God many times for His mercy; and ~~she~~ desires me to tell you that she has forgiven this man Ayliffe, even though he did this dreadful deed, and so have I; wife and sister of the dear one dead, we both forgive, even though the poor wretch be guilty; but we believe him innocent, and if he be, oh, Heaven forbid that on Monday he should die!"

"Emily," said the Earl, who had waited with forced composure till his daughter had ceased, "do you not think that your proper place is in your own apartment, or with your suffering sister-in-law?"

"Why should you thus treat me as a child, papa?" inquired Lady Emily, scarcely able to restrain her tears.

"Why should I not?" asked her father calmly.

"Lady Emily looked to the ground for some moments in silence."

"Does it not occur to you as possible that you are meddling? meddling with matters beyond your province? Is it fitting, *girl*," he continued, unable to resist an instantaneous but most bitter emphasis on the word, "that you should be ~~here~~, talking to me at all, for one moment, even, on a matter which I have never thought of naming to you—a child?"

"I am a child, papa; but I am *your* child, and your only one; and love you more than all the whole world."

"Obey me, then, as a proof of that love: retire to your chamber, and there wonder at what you have ventured—presumed this morning to do."

"Lady Emily felt the glance of his eye upon her, as though it had lightened; but she quailed not."

"My dear, my only parent, I implore you send me not away; let me—"

"Emily, I cannot be disobeyed; I am not in the habit of being disobeyed by any one; it is very sad that I should see the attempt first made by a child."

"Oh papa! forgive me! forgive me!" She arose, and, approaching him hastily, as she observed him about to advance, sunk on one knee before him, clasping her hands together. "Oh, hear me for but a moment. Never knelt I before but to God, yet kneel I now to my father. Oh, have mercy! nay, be just!"

"Why, Emily, verily I fear that long

confinement, and want of exercise. and change, and air, are preying upon your mind; you are not speaking rationally. Rise, child, and do not pursue this folly—or I may think you mad!’ He disengaged her hands gently from his knee, which they had the moment before clasped, and raised her from her kneeling posture, she weeping bitterly.

“‘I am not mad, papa, nor is my sister; but we fear lest God’s anger should fall upon you, nay, upon us all, if you will not listen to the voice of compassion.’”

“‘Be seated, Emily,’ said the Earl. ‘Excited as you are at present,’ he continued, with rapidly increasing sternness of manner, ‘no words of mine will be able to satisfy you of the grievous impropriety, nay the cruel absurdity of all this proceeding. You talk to me like a parrot about mercy, and compassion, and God’s anger, and so forth, as though you understood what you were saying, and I understood not what I am doing. What I ought to do, and what I have done. Child, you forget yourself, me, and your duty to me. How dared you to profane yonder Testament, and mis-use your father by placing it before him as you did this morning? Did you do so?’”

“‘I did,’ she answered, weeping.

“‘You presumptuous girl! forgetful of the fifth commandment!’”

“‘Oh, say not so! say not so! I love, I reverence you—and I revere you, now!’ said Lady Emily, gazing at him with tears running down her cheeks. Her dark hair partially deranged, her hands clasped in a supplicatory manner. ‘I prayed to God, first, that I might not be doing wrong; that you might not be angry with me; that if angry, you might forgive me!’”

“‘Angry with you? Have I not cause? Never dared daughter do such thing to father before! You presume to rebuke and threaten me—with the vengeance of Heaven, if I yield not to your sickly dreaming, drivelling sentimentality. Silence!’ he exclaimed, perceiving her about to speak very earnestly. ‘I have not had my eyes closed, I tell you now, for days past—I have observed your changed manner: you have been deliberating long beforehand how to perpetrate this undutifulness! As though my heart had not been already stricken with a thunderbolt from Heaven—you, forsooth, you idle, unthinking child! must strive to stab it—to wound me! to insult me! This is not your own doing: you dared not have thought of it! You are the silly tool of others. Silence! hear me, undutiful girl!’”

“‘Papa, I cannot hear you say all this, in which you are so wrong. No tool am I of any body! Twice have you said this thing!’ Her figure the Earl perceived involuntarily becoming erect as she spoke, and her eye fixed with steadfast brightness upon his. Had he been sufficiently calm and observant, he might have seen in his daughter at that moment a faint reflection of his own lofty spirit—intolerant of injustice. ‘And even you, papa, have no right whatever thus to talk to me. If I have done wrong, chide me becomingly; but all that you have said to me only hurts me, and stings me, and I cannot submit to it—’”

“‘Lady Emily, to your chamber!’ said the Earl, with a stately air, rising; so did his daughter.

“‘My Lord!’ she exclaimed magnificently, her tall figure drawn up to its full height, and her lustrous eyes fixed unwavering upon his own. Neither spoke for a moment; and the Earl began, he knew not why, to feel great inward agitation, as he gazed at the erect figure of his silent and indignant daughter.

“‘My child!’ said he, at length, faintly, with a quivering lip; and extending his arms, she moved a step towards her; on which she sprang forward into his arms, throwing her own about his neck, and kissing his cheek passionately. His strong will for once had failed him; his full eyes overflowed, and a tear fell on his daughter’s forehead. She wept bitterly; for a while he spoke not, but gently led her to a couch, and sat down beside her.

“‘Oh, papa, papa!’ she murmured, ‘how I love you!’”

“For a moment he answered not, struggling, and with partial success, to overcome the violence of his emotions. Then he spoke in a low deep tone—

“‘The voices of the dead are sounding in my ears, Emily! the tranquil dead!’ This said, my Emily,” he paused for some moments, and his agitation was prodigious,—“that stern was I to your sweet mother—”

“‘Oh, dear, dearest, best beloved by daughter, never!’ she cried vehemently, struggling to escape from his grasp, for he held her rigidly while gazing at her with agonised eyes.

“‘And I now fearfully feel—I fear—that stern I was, as stern I have this day been to you. Forgive me, ye meek and blessed dead!’—his quivering lips were closed for a moment, as were his eyes. ‘Oh, Emily! she is looking at me through your eyes. Oh, how like!’”

he remarked, as if speaking to himself. Lady Emily covered her eyes, and buried her head in his bosom. 'Do you, my Emily, forgive me?'

"Oh, papa! no, no; what have I to forgive! Every thing have I to love! my own, sweet papa! Much I fear that I may have done what a daughter ought not to have done! I have grieved and wounded a father that tenderly loved

"Ay, my child, I do," he whispered tremulously, gently drawing her slender form nearer to his heart. 'Emily,' said he, after a while, 'go, get me that Testament which you placed before me; oh, go, dear child!' She still hung her head, and made no motion of going. 'Go, get it me; bring it to me!'

"She rose without a word, and brought it to him; and while he silently read the verse to which she had directed his attention, she sat beside him, her hands clasped together, and her eyes timidly fixed on the ground.

"It was in love, and not presumption, my Emily, that you laid these awful words before me!

"Indeed, my papa, it was," said she, bursting into tears.

"He appeared about to speak to her, when words evidently failed him suddenly. At length—'And when that sweet soul'—he paused, 'this morning whispered in my ear, did she know of this that you had done?' Lady Emily could not speak. She bowed her head in acquiescence, and sobbed convulsively. Her father was fearfully agitated. 'Wretch that I am!—I am not worthy of either of you!' Lady Emily flung her arms round him fondly, and kissed him. 'I am yielding to great weakness, my love,' said he, after a while, with somewhat more of composure. 'Yet, never shall I—never can I—forget this morning! I have long felt, and feared, that I was not made to be loved: I have seen it written in people's faces. Yet can I love!'

"I know you can! I know you do, my own dear papa! Do you not believe that I love you? that Agnes loves you?"

"I do, my Emily—I do! Yet till this moment have I felt alone in life. In this vast pile, to me how gloomy and desolate! with these woods, so horrible, around me, I have been alone—utterly alone! And yet were you with me—you, my only daughter—who, I suppose, dared not tell me how much you loved me!"

"Oh, do not say so, papa! I knew your grief and suffering. They were too sacred to be touched—I wept for you, but in my own chamber!"

"You stand beside me as an angel, Emily!" said the Earl fondly, 'as you have ever been: yet I now feel as though my eyes had not really seen and known you!'"

The gentle Lady Emily quits her father's room with leave to speak again of Christian mercy, but with no further gain. Still there is time to save the unoffending, and it is not lost. When every hope seemed gone, impelled by an irresistible impulse, and fortified by an unwavering conviction of the prisoner's innocence, Mr Hylton, on the Friday evening preceding the Monday fixed for Ayliffe's execution, as a last resource, had, relying on the king's well-known sternly independent character, written a letter to his Majesty, under cover to a nobleman then in London attending Parliament, and with whom Mr Hylton had been acquainted at college. Mr Hylton's letter to the King was expressed in terms of grave eloquence. It set out with calling his Majesty's attention to the execution, six months before, of a man for a crime of which three days afterwards he was demonstrated to have been innocent. Then the letter gave a moving picture of the exemplary life and character of the prisoner, and of his father: pointed to testimonials given in his favour at the trial; and added the writer's own, together with the most solemn and strong conviction which could be expressed in language, that whoever might have been the perpetrator of this most atrocious murder, it was not the prisoner doomed to die on Monday. It then conjured his Majesty, by every consideration which could properly have weight with a sovereign intrusted with authority by Almighty God, to govern according to justice and mercy, to give his personal attention to the case then laid before him, and act thereon according to his Majesty's own royal and clement judgment. The letter suggested by heaven, written by heaven's minister, and read by heaven's intrusted servant, achieved its mission. The King read, and commuted the sentence of death to that of transportation. Upon the morning fixed for the execution a reprieve arrived, almost as

the doomed man was walking from his cell to the gallows.

The convict departs; his wife follows him; his child and father remain behind. The former is cared for by the daughter of the Earl of Milverstoke, the latter has still the abiding friendship and regard of Mr Hylton. \*Twenty years elapse. Perpetual banishment was Adam Ayliffe's sentence, and he is still abroad. His misshapen child has given evidence of commanding abilities, and under another name has been sent, at Mr Hylton's instigation, to the university of Cambridge, where he is maintained still at the charges of the sweet-hearted Lady Emily. \*We arrive at the season when the annual contest takes place in the university for its most honourable prizes. The dignity of Senior Wrangler is contested by a young nobleman and a humpbacked youth, of whom little or nothing is known. The rivals, representing as it were the aristocracy and the democracy of the ancient seat of learning, have no unworthy envyings, one against the other; they are friends and friendly co-labourers. The battle comes, the representative of the people is victorious: Viscount Alknoud—for it is he—the son of the murdered man, is beaten by Adam Ayliffe, the offspring of the supposed murderer. The Earl of Milverstoke lives to hear the news!

He lives to hear more! A man in a distant part of the country is executed for a robbery. Before he dies he makes a confession. His name is Jonas Handle. He tells the world, for the relief of his own soul, that he, and none but he, twenty years before, did kill and murder my Lord Milverstoke's son, for which one Ayliffe was taken and condemned to die, but afterwards was transported, and is since possibly dead. He explains minutely how he proceeded to his work; who was his accomplice. He had determined to kill one Godbolt, the head keeper, and, mistaking the young lord for his intended victim, he struck him dead with the coulter of a plough, which coulter he thrust into the hole of a hollow tree hard by. The confession reaches Mr Hylton; the coulter of the plough is sought and found: the exiled innocent is recalled—returns:

this also the Earl of Milverstoke lives to hear!

He lives to hear more! Mr Hylton has not suffered twenty years to elapse without appealing to the proud and unmerciful heart of the great Earl, who seemed to have forgotten, in the midst of his transitory splendour, that the great God of heaven himself became a humble man, the eternal pattern of humility to man on earth. The faithful minister knocked at the soul of the arrogant and overbearing lord, until he shook its hardness, and made it meet for heaven and its blessings. When he brought tidings of the murderer's confession, he came to one who had heard from the same lips often before happier tidings, and promises bright with celestial splendour. In former days Mr Hylton had approached the Lord of Milverstoke as a meek martyr would have dared the violence of a savage beast: now he comes with his intelligence to one rendered, at the close of his long life, docile as a lamb. He speaks, and the Earl asks tremulously, and with many sighs, whether his reverend monitor tells him of the murderer's death in judgment or in mercy.

"'In mercy, dear my Lord' in mercy!" answered Mr Hylton, with a brightening countenance and a cheerful voice: "in you, spared to advanced age, I see before me only a monument of mercy and goodness! Had you continued till now, deaf to the teaching of His Holy Spirit—dead to His gracious influences—hateful, relentless, and vindictive—this which has now occurred would, to my poor thinking, have appeared to speak only in judgment, uttering condemnation in your ears, and sealing your eyes in judicial blindness! But you have been enabled to hear a still small voice, whose melting accents have pierced through your deaf ear, and broken a heart once obdurate in pride and hopelessly unforgiving. Plainly I speak, dear my Lord, for my mission I feel to be now no longer one of terror, but of consolation! It is awful, but awful in mercy only, and condescension!"

The Earl is old; but there lives another still older, who must be visited without delay. The Saxon patriarch, who, when we first saw him, a man "of simple and stern character" clung to his Bible as to the rock upon which the poor of this world, the sorely beset and the heavily tried, can alone

repose in peace, and who referred simply, believingly, and lovingly to that sacred volume, as the cup of sorrow grew fuller and fuller, until at length it overflowed and could hold no more, —this aged man, Ayliffe the grandfather, still lives and owns the cottage which he never would give up. What is the Earl of Milverstoke to do, but to ask pardon from the gray hairs of the man whom the law so much offended, and he still more, by the cruel harshness of his once impenitent spirit? See how he totters to the unpolluted gate!

"Mr Hylton was moved almost to tears at the spectacle which was before his mind's eye, of these two old men meeting for the first, and it might be for the only, time upon earth; and his offer to accompany his Lordship at once to the cottage, the Earl eagerly accepted, and they both took their departure. As the carriage approached, the Earl showed no little agitation at the prospect of the coming interview.

"*'Yonder,'* said Mr Hylton exultingly, *'yonder is the humble place where dwells still, and but a little longer, one whom angels there have ministered to; with whom God hath there ever communion; and it is a hallowed spot!'*

"The Earl spoke not; and in a few minutes' time he was to be seen, supported by Mr Hylton and a servant, closely approaching the cottage door, another preceding him to announce his arrival, and standing uncovered outside the door as the Earl entered it; his lordly master himself uncovering, and bowing low as he stepped within, accompanied by Mr Hylton, who led him up to old Ayliffe, saying, *'Adam, here comes one to speak with you—my Lord Milverstoke—who saith that he hath long, in heart, done to you and yours injustice; and hath come hither to tell you so.'* The Earl trembled on Mr Hylton's arm while he said this, and stood uncovered, gazing with an air of reverence at the old man, who, when they entered, was sitting beside the fire, leaning on his staff beside a table, on which stood his old Bible, open, with his spectacles lying upon it, as though he had just laid them there. He rose slowly as Mr Hylton finished speaking.

"*'My Lord,'* said he solemnly, and standing more erectly than he had stood for years, *'we be now both very old men, and God hath not spared us thus long for nothing.'*

"*'Ay, Adam Ayliffe, indeed it is so! Will you forgive me and take my hand?'*

said the Earl faintly, advancing his right hand.

"*'Ay, my Lord—ay, in the name of God! feeling that I have had somewhat to forgive! For a father am I, and a father wast thou, my Lord! Here, since it hath been asked for, is my hand, that never was withheld from man that kindly asked for it; and my heart goes out to thee with it! God bless thee, my Lord, in these thine old and feeble days—old and feeble are we both, and the grasshopper is a burthen to us.'*

"*'Let me sit down, my friend,'* said the Earl gently. *'I am feebler than thou; and be thou seated also!'* They both sat down opposite to each other, Mr Hylton looking on in silence. *'God may forgive me (and may He, of His infinite mercy!)—thou, my fellow-creature, may'st forgive me; but I cannot forgive myself, when I am here looking at thee. Good Adam! what hast thou not gone through these twenty years!'* faltered the Earl.

"*'Ay, twenty years it is!'* echoed Ayliffe solemnly, sighing deeply, and looking with sorrowful dignity at the Earl. *'Life hath, during these twenty years, been a long journey, through a country dark and lonesome; but yet, here is the lamp that hath shone ever blessedly beside me, or I must have stumbled, and missed my way for ever, and perished in the valley of the shadow of death!'* As he spoke, his eyes were fixed steadfastly on the Earl, and he placed his hand reverently upon the sacred volume beside him.

"*'Adam, God hath greatly humbled me, and mightily afflicted me!'* said the Earl; *'I am not what I was!'*

"*'The scourge thou doubtless didst need, my Lord, and it hath been heavily laid upon thee; yet it is in mercy to thee that thou art here, my good Lord!'* said Ayliffe, with an eye and in a tone of voice belonging only to one who spoke with authority. *'It is in mercy, too,'* he continued, *'to me, that I am here to receive and listen to thee! I, too, have been perverse and rebellious, yet have I been spared!—And art thou then, my Lord, in thy heart satisfied that my poor son hath indeed suffered wrongfully?'*

"*'Good Adam,'* said the Earl sorrowfully, and yet with dignity, *'I believe now that thy son is innocent, and ought not to have suffered; yet God hath chosen that we should not see all things as He seeth them, Adam. The law, with which I had nought to do, went right as the law of men goeth; but, alas! as for me, what a spirit hath been shown by me towards thee and thine! Forgive me, Adam! There is one here that knoweth*



more against me'—the Earl turned towards Mr Hylton with a look of gloomy significance—'than I dare tell thee, of mine own awful guiltiness before God.'

"He is merciful! he is merciful!" said Ayliffe.

"Wilt thou give me a token of thy forgiveness of a spirit most bitter and inhuman?" said the Earl presently. "If thy poor son Adam cometh home while I live, wilt thou speak with him that he forgive me my cruel heart towards him!—that he accept amends at my hands!"

"For amends, my Lord," said Ayliffe, "doubtless he will have none but those which God may provide for him; and my son hath no claim upon thee for human amends. His forgiveness I know that thou wilt have, for aught in which, my Lord, thou may'st have wronged him by uncharitableness; or he is not son of mine, and God hath afflicted him in vain."

"Here Mr Hylton interposed, observing the Earl grow very faint, and rose to assist him to the door.

"Good day, friend Adam, good day," said Lord Milverstone feebly, but cordially grasping the hand which Ayliffe tendered to him. "I will come hither again to see thee; but if I may not, wilt thou come yonder to me! Say ye, good Adam! for my days are fewer, I feel, than thine!"

"When thou canst not come to me, my good Lord, I will come to thee!" said Ayliffe, sadly, following the Earl to the door, and gazing after him till he had driven away."

That time came soon. The Earl grows ill; his end approaches. Exquisitely beautiful is the description of that end. Remembering the old man's plighted word, the sick nobleman sends his servant to the cottage, and demands fulfilment of the promise given. The old man hears and trembles; but with a solemn countenance he gets his hat and stick, puts his Bible under his aged arm, and answers, "Ay, I will go with thee to my Lord."

"When the Earl saw him it was about evening, and the sun was setting, and its declining rays shone softly into the room."

"Adam, see—it is going down!" said Lord Milverstone in a low tone, looking sadly at Adam, and pointing to the sun.

"How is thy soul with God?" said the old man, with great solemnity.

"The Earl placed his hands together, and remained silent for some moments. Then he said, 'I would it were, good Adam, as I believe thine is!'

"Nay, my good Lord, think only of

thine own, not mine; I am sinful, and often of weak faith. But hast thou faith and hope?"

"I thank God, Adam, that I have some little! Before I was afflicted, I went astray! But I have sinned deeper than even thou thinkest, good soul!"

"But His mercy, to whom thou art going, is deeper than thy sins!"

"Oh, Adam! I have this day often thought that I could die more peacefully in thy little cottage than in this place!"

"So thy heart and soul be right, what signifies where thou diest?"

"Adam," said the Earl, gently, "thou speakest somewhat sternly to one with a broken spirit—but God bless thee! thy voice searcheth me! Wilt thou make me a promise, Adam?" said the Earl, softly placing his hand in that of Ayliffe.

"Ay, my Lord, if I can perform it."

"Wilt thou follow me to the grave? I would have followed thee, hadst thou gone first?"

"I will!" replied Adam, looking solemnly at the Earl.

"And now give me thy prayers, dear Adam! Pray for him that is to come after me—for I go—and in peace—in peace—"

"Lady Alkmond, who was on the other side of the bed, observed a great change come suddenly over the Earl's face, while Adam was opening the Bible and adjusting his glasses to read a Psalm. She hastened round, the leaned down and kissed the Earl's forehead and cheek, grasped his thin finger, and burst into weeping. But the Earl saw her not, nor heard her: he was no longer among the living!"

It need not be said that the Earl of Milverstone does what justice he may to the falsely banished man and his family, by making such provision for them in his will, as his circumstances allow and his dignity requires. It need scarcely be mentioned that the close of the career of the Ayliffe family is as serene and happy, as it was stormy and disastrous in its beginning. They are not compensated for long-suffering by the money of his lordship; but they are made to see that the ways of God are unsearchable and past finding out, and that now, indeed, men see through a glass darkly, though hereafter they shall see face to face, and know even as they are known. Knowledge and consolation rightly understood, is cheaply purchased, though even with a life of trouble, such as Adam Ayliffe saw.

There remains but a word or two more to say concerning this history, and the tale is told. It has been hinted that Lord Alkmond quitted the banquetting room on the night of his murder on account of the discussion of a subject which seemed greatly to annoy him. That subject, as appears in the course of the story, was DUELING. Let the author explain the mystery. It might have had much to do with the tragical catastrophe. Explained, it has nothing to do with it whatever.

"Among several letters which come to the Castle shortly after the Earl's sudden illness, was one marked 'Immediate' and 'Private and Confidential,' and bore outside the name of the Secretary of State. From this letter poor Lady Emily learnt the lamentable intelligence that her brother, the late Lord Alkmond had, when on the Continent, and shortly before his marriage, slain in a duel a Hungarian officer, whom, having challenged for some affront which had passed at dinner, he had run through the heart, and killed on the spot: the unfortunate officer leaving behind him, alas! a widow and several orphans, all of them reduced to beggary. The dispute which had led to these disastrous results, had been one of really a trivial nature, but magnified into importance by the young Lord's quick and imperious temper, which had led him to dictate terms of apology so humiliating and offensive, that no one could submit to them. Wherefore the two met; and presently the Hungarian fell dead, his adversary's rapier having passed clean through the heart. It was, however, an affair that had been managed with perfect propriety; with an exact observance of the rules of duelling! All had been done legitimately! Yet was it MURDER; an honourable, a right honourable, murder: murder as clear and glaring, before the Judge of all the earth, as that by which Lord Alkmond had himself fallen. When thus fearfully summoned away to his account, the young noble's own hand was crimsoned with the blood which he had shed: and so went he into the awful presence of the Most High, whose voice had ever upon earth been sounding tremendous in his ears,—*Where is thy brother? What hast thou done? The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground.* Unhappy man! well might his heart have been heavy, when men expected it to be lightest! Well might his countenance darken, and his soul shudder within him, under the mortal throes of a guilty conscience!

From his father's splendid banquetting-table he had been driven by remorse and Horror; for his companions, unconscious that they were stabbing to the heart one who was present, WOULD TALK of duelling, and of one sanguinary duel in particular, that bore a ghastly resemblance to his own. Such poor amends as might be in his power to make, he had striven to offer to the miserable family whom he had bereaved, beggared, and desolated, to vindicate an honour which had never been for one instant really questioned, or compromised; and if it had been tarnished, could blood cleanse and brighten it? All the money that he could ordinarily obtain from the Earl, had from time to time been furnished by Lord Alkmond to the family of his victim. For them it was that he had importuned his father for a sum of money sufficient to make for them an ample and permanent provision. Only the day before that on which he had quitted London, to partake of the Christmas festivities, had he written an earnest letter to the person abroad with whom he had long communicated on the subject, assuring him that within a few weeks an ample and satisfactory final arrangement should be made. And he had resolved to make a last strenuous effort with the Earl; but whom, nevertheless, he dared not, except as a matter of dire necessity, tell the nature of his exigency. And why dared not the son tell his father? And why had that father shrunk, blighted, from the mention, by Captain Lutteridge and Mr Hylton, of the conversation which had driven his son out into the solitude where he was slain? Alas! it opened to Lord Milverstone himself a very frightful retrospect; through the vista of years his anguished, terror-stricken eye settled upon a crimsoned gloom—

"Oh, Lord Milverstone!—and then would echo in thy ears, also, those appalling sounds,—*what hast thou done?*"

"For THY—Honour! also, had been dyed in blood!"

We have told as well as we may, but very imperfectly as we feel, the story of "Now and Then." It is not for us to advise the reader to get the volume and to read it for himself. For this he will, as he should, use his own discretion; but we will, as a faithful Mentor, and a long-tried friend, entreat him, grave, intelligent, and responsible Christian man as he is, should he peruse the volume, to consider well at its close the actual frame of mind in which the book has left him. We hold this to be the true test

of all literary metal, whosoever be the coiner, whosoever be the mint. If the solemn elements brought into the light and pleasant texture of this simple narrative, do not elevate the spirit and brace the heart of all but the thorough sceptic—whom nothing will elevate but liquor, and nothing brace but a good three-inch oak stick—we are content to be set down as the mere slavish flatterer of Mr Warren, and not as his calm and uninfluenced, though warm and devoted counsellor. The organs of public opinion in London have dwelt upon the contrast which "Now and Then" affords to the current literature of the day. We are not surprised at the impression these critics have received. Whether we regard the tendency and object of the story, its conception and execution, the style of the language, or the construction of the plot, we are bound to confess, that between this production and the heap of Christmas 'and of tales that drop uselessly, and worse than uselessly, into the world, there is all the difference of the bright, fresh, vigorous mountain air and the thick fusty atmosphere of the lanes.

The current of piety that flows so equably on through the whole of the work, is lucid as a stream, polluted by no admixture of rank weeds or earthly dirt. It has been justly remarked, by the leading journal of the world, that "Now and Then" "is a vindication in beautiful prose of the ways of God to man." Every actor in the history vindicates these ways: every fact as it arises does the same. The old Saxon Ayliffe, who, from his entrance till his exit, maintains the justice of God's doings, and walks peacefully and unruffled over burning ploughshares, because he sublimely feels the practical influence of his faith, is one champion. Hylton, the indefatigable clergyman, doing good for his Master's sake, reproving the high-born, sympathising with the lowly, preaching and acting reconciliation everywhere, is another champion. The Earl of Milverstoke is a champion too. If he be not, our soul has been moved in vain by the childlike piety and humble self-denial of his broken-hearted latter days.

There is one thing more to note, and then we have done. We have said, at the commencement of this article, that there are certain folks in London and the provinces, who, thinking themselves remarkably fine fellows, and quite above the cant of religion and all that sort of thing, will pooh, pooh the noble tendency of "Now and Then," and talk about "stupid old times," "superstition," "humbug," and the necessity of going a-head in these enlightened days, whereby they mean going to the devil headlong, though they know it not. These worthies, however, will do something more than pooh, pooh. They will retire to their tap-rooms, and fill their little souls with gin in sheer envy and disgust. Mr Warren, in the delineation of the Ayliffe family, has beaten the bilious discontented democrats on their own ground. He has taken for his hero a man of the people, but he has sustained the heroism with ample justice to all the world besides. Although the author of "Nature's Aristocracy," and "The Godlike Bricklayer," may be a paragon of benevolence, yet he has not all the benevolence which this huge world of benevolence contains. We will not venture to hint that there lives a human being better than himself, but perhaps there live a few nearly, if not quite as good.

Mr Warren does justice to the masses: but he is much too honest and too upright—being himself one of the masses—to uphold their privileges at the sacrifice of other men's lawful and just rights. He does not do it: and the English people, who love fair play, will honour him for his work.

We honour him too, and cordially shake him by the hand! He has not done worse than Maga expected from his industry and genius. Had he done worse, by our immortality! much as we love him, much as he has done for us, and we for him, much as we have done together, he should have felt the force of her frown, and been tapped—gently, perhaps, for the first offence—with the crutch that, ere now, with a blow has dealt death to the charlatan and impostor.

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MR CORDEN ON THE NATIONAL DEFENCE.

It is popularly asserted by our Southern neighbours that the house of every Englishman is his castle. No doubt to a certain extent this may be true. In the modern mansion as in the ancient fortress, the victualing department is always a matter of prime importance, and Clubb's patent safety lock may be accepted as a convenient substitute for the portcullis. Yet, after all, we suspect that the resemblance, if the matter be closely investigated, will turn out to be rather imaginary than real. A castle, according to the ideas which we have imbibed from an early course of miscellaneous and feudal reading, must have been a sort of earthly paradise, and the possessors of it wholly exempt from that never-ending series of daily persecution to which we, unhappy moderns are subjected. With a good eight-foot thick wall of solid masonry around, a moat broad enough to baffle the leap of Flying Childers, and deep enough to have drowned the scalping-lock of Goliath of Gath, and a few falconets and patereroes symmetrically arranged along the parapets, a man might afford to enjoy a quiet night's rest without dread of duns, or any fear of the visits of that most malignant of unexecuted ruffians, the tax-gatherer. He might give a jocular rejoinder to the summons of the pursuivant who appeared before his gates with the intelligence of a further railway call; and dismay any invading snip by the apparition of a scarecrow dangling from a gallows on the sum-

mit of the donjon-keep. Nay, if currency were absolutely indispensable for the purpose of paying the garrison, Castle Dangerous would be more effective than the bank parlour has shown itself in late times under the operation of Sir Robert Peel's Act for the perpetration of national bankruptcy. A simple announcement in the neighbouring town of a large assortment of cast-off uniforms and rusty armour for sale, would infallibly attract to the stronghold a collection of Caucasians who adhere to the Jewish persuasion. Once within the guard-room, we should deal summarily, and after the manner of Sir Reginald Front-de-Bœuf, with these infidels. The forceps should be produced, and no ether or chloroform, upon any pretext whatever, allowed. We should negotiate with Moses or Mephibosheth at the rate of units for a stump, tens for a decayed, and hundreds for an unimpeachable grinder; and may we never shake shekel again if we do not think we could extract a reasonable amount of ransom from the jaws of the Princes of the Captivity! As to the advent of many enemies, we should be utterly and entirely fearless. Cohorn and Vanban might come with their lines, and mines, and battering-trains without disturbing our equanimity, or causing the slightest tremor in our hand as we filled out our post-prandial bumpers of Bordeaux. So long as powder lasted and shot was plentiful, we should reciprocate the hostile compliments by all manner of

shell and canister ; and, if the metal of the rogues proved, in the long run, too heavy for us, they should have our full permission to pound away until they were tired ; and, on entering the citadel, they would find us smoking our pipe in the cartridge-room, as cool as a cucumber, or as Marius at Carthage, or General Chassé at Antwerp, or any other warrior and hero of antiquity whomsoever.

Now take that picture—compare it with the state of your present domicile—and tell us whether, in effect, the fortalice is not an Eden ? What kind of existence do you lead in that Heriot Row house, for which, last year, when shares were up, you were ass enough to pay some two or three thousand pounds ? You cannot go into your room after breakfast to write an article for Blackwood, or to draw a condescendence, without hearing every five minutes the dissonance of that ceaseless bell. Not unearned are poor Grizzy's eleemosynary Christmas shoes, for fully one-half of the day is that most weary wight occupied in fitting from the regions beneath to answer the summons which *may* bring an invitation or a fee, but which, in nine cases out of ten, is the announcement of a gaping creditor. First, in comes a document wafered, according to that beastly practice, which, for the credit of Tyre and Sidon, we hope is a modern invention. *That*, of course, goes into the waste basket without more remark than a passing oburgation. Then follow the prospectuses of three insurance companies, you being nearly ruined already with the amount which you are compelled to pay annually, in virtue of your marriage contract, to the Scottish Widows' Fund. Next appears a long slip, purporting to be the intimation of a police assessment. You swear savagely, having ascertained the fact, by dint of a spirited correspondence in the newspapers, that the available force of that esteemed body in the metropolis of Scotland is not much over a dozen, and having accurate personal corroboration of the statistics by walking the other day into an unmolested bicker, from which you emerged with a broken hat, and a head phrenologised by a blacking bottle. Before you have recovered from this, you receive another missive

with a charge for cleaning the streets—an operation which you know, to your cost, has been performed throughout the last thaw exclusively by the petticoats of the females ; and upon the back of this appear mulctures touching gas and water. A huge oblong missive, the envelope whereof bears on a corner the letters O. H. M. S., and which is sealed with a most imposing and royal escutcheon, deludes you for a moment into the belief that Lord John Russell has at last exhibited a gleam of common-sense, and has recommended you to her Majesty either for a commissionership or for a reasonable place on the pension list, in consequence of your balaamite contributions to the unsaleable Edinburgh Review. You open it, and behold, it contains nothing but a warning that you have not paid the last quarter of your compounded and thrice confounded income-tax ! A gentleman next requests the honour of a moment's interview. In the hope that he may prove a Writer to the Signet, you weakly yield ; and incontinently an individual with a strong Israelitish countenance, a fetid breath, and an odour of stale tobacco floating around his person, solicits the honour of your custom for a packet of sealing-wax, a gross of steel pens, or a new edition of the Pentateuch. You eject him in a tornado of wrath ; but the cup of your misery is not full. Aaron is succeeded by Mendizabel—an expatriated Spanish grandee, who bears a strong recommendation from an individual whose handwriting seems to be attached to every begging petition in the country. This fellow won't choose to understand you, however frantic you may appear : so that, for the sake of peace, you violate your conscience and get rid of him at the expenditure of a shilling. Grizzy is called up, and severely reprimanded for her want of discrimination in admitting the illustrious stranger ; and the consequence is that, on the very next summons, she peremptorily denies you to a Glasgow agent who has come through by special train for a consultation on a case of emergency. Last of all, just as you are settling steadily to your work, and turning over the third sheet of foolscap, in walks your friend THE HAVERIL, on no earthly

errand whatever, except to inquire how you are getting on. Of all social pests, this kind of animal is undoubtedly the worst. In intellect he is singularly weak; in disposition curious and prying. He hops about your study like a magpie, eyeing every letter, as though he lounged to make himself master of its contents; and, notwithstanding that you believe the creature to be strictly honest, you would on no account leave him for a couple of minutes in undisturbed possession of the sanctum. He peeps into every book, indulges you with a quantity of small literary swipes, and finally fastening upon a volume of prints, entreats you to go on with your occupation, as he, the Haveril, is perfectly competent to the task of entertaining himself. Culpable homicide, say our law-books, ranges from a crime of great enormity to the smallest possible fraction of imputed guilt; and if, under such aggravating circumstances, you were to toss your acquaintance out of the window, it is not likely that your subsequent sentence would be severe. But you have at the bottom of your heart a sort of attachment to the ninecompop, whom you know to be utterly harmless, and who, moreover, to do him justice, invariably stands up for you, whenever you are assailed in your absence. Therefore you abstain from violence, and the penance which you heroically undergo is but one degree short of martyrdom. Under the visitation of these Egyptian plagues, the morning wears insensibly away: and the imp of darkness, when he calls for copy about dinner-time, is summarily exorcised, and despatched, empty-handed, to the solitudes of his awful den! Is there, then, any feasible case of resemblance between the fortress and the modern mansion?

We have been led into this train of thought by a perusal of the speeches lately delivered at Manchester on the subject of our national defences. The question is one of undoubted interest to us all, and it is well that it should be brought forward and thoroughly discussed in time. If there is danger, either immediate or impending, let us know it, and then, to a certain extent, we shall be forewarned if not forearmed. The Duke of Wellington—a tolerable military authority, as times go—has

already given us his opinion on the point, and that opinion has been immediately met and contradicted by the sapient Mr Richard Cobden. We have yet to learn the exact amount of Mr Cobden's attainments in the arts of strategy and fortification; but as he is undoubtedly a "myriad-minded" gentleman, of fair average conceit, and more than average effrontery, and as we have hitherto abstained from making special mention of him in our columns, it may, perhaps, be worth while to see how he has acquitted himself in the lists against the veteran conqueror of Napoleon. Our old friend Tomkins—he of the Ten Tumblers—used to be, if we recollect aright, rather eloquent upon this weighty topic. Tomkins, in early life, had sustained an amatory dis-appointment, in competition with a thwacking drum-major; and therefore always looked upon the army with somewhat of a jaundiced eye. The sound of the fife, clarion, and trumpet was ever after distasteful to his ear; and he never trotted his mare past a marching regiment of these scarlet locusts, without a spasm of righteous indignation. "They eat our bread, sir!" he would say, "and drink of our cup, and do absolutely nothing in return. The sooner we get rid of them the better. An Englishman, sir, needs no hired supernumeraries to protect his home. When was our soil ever invaded? Let the French come, and we will give them graves!" And having delivered himself of this sublime sentiment, Tomkins would incontinently ring for another tumbler. It always struck us, however, as a singular proof of the eccentricities or rather inconsistencies of genius, that our distinguished friend, when in his cups, and towards the close of the evening, invariably began to glorify himself upon his length of lineage and descent. In support of these heraldic claims, he was wont to cite the case of his great progenitor, "the founder of the family," who just about a century ago had the condescension to hold the stirrup of Lord George Murray, as he alighted from his horse when the clans marched into Derby. Tomkins, on the strength of this anecdote, had rather a kindly feeling towards the Jacobites, and would never allow that the enterprise had at any time the

character of an invasion. "We were ready, sir," he would exclaim, "to have marched up, in the Reform year, from Birmingham to London; and who can doubt that, had we done so, we should have driven the household troops before us as the chaff flies out from the fanners?"

"We have often deeply regretted that Tomkins did not survive to witness the consummation of the triumphs of free-trade—a cause which he contributed materially by his efforts and his writings to advance. The leading feature of his character was the total absence of every kind of prejudice or bigotry. He held it to be a fundamental principle, as old as Magna Charta, that England was to be governed mainly through the influence of cotton: that all other interests were immeasurably inferior to this, and that the settlement and maintenance of our colonies was a gross instance of reckless and frantic extravagance.

"Let us thrive," he would say, "through the arts of universal peace. Let us set a bright example to the world by opening our ports to the free admission of all foreign produce, without any kind of reciprocity whatever. If our artisans and workmen cannot maintain their ground, let them go to the comfortable Unions we have provided, and pick oakum in return for their rations of wholesome bone-soup! Let us hear no more nonsense about humanity or short-time! Erase the children into the factories so soon as they can walk. Early habits are the surest means of promoting and fostering industry. Let us look to our imports, and the exports will look after themselves. Disband the army. Reduce the navy. Do away with Church establishments. Contract the currency. Flabbergast the colonies; and Great Britain must go ahead!" Such were the expressed opinions of that great and good man, who now sleeps in a premature sepulchre at Staley Bridge: and we need hardly add, that in matters of revenue, he was an uncompromising advocate of the sponge. Had his valuable existence been prolonged for a few years, he would doubtless have been at the head of the onward movement, and might have shared in the rewards which are gratefully accorded to the patriots of this

latter age. Andrew Marvell, sitting incorruptible in his garret with a shoulder-blade of mutton, has ceased to be a favourite example with the new democratic school. They affect ovals and banquets, perform continental reforming tours; and demean themselves after the manner of our able correspondent, Mr Dunshunner, who, we are glad to observe, has been lately invited to a free-trade demonstration on the banks of the Bosphorus, by several of the leading Muftis of Constantinople. Dunshunner writes in great spirits, and has promised us an early paper, on the advantage of our establishing free-trade relations with the domestic Circassian market.

Failing Tomkins, we have every reason to be proud of his disciple and successor, Mr Cobden. In fact, the mantle of our lamented friend has fallen most gracefully upon his shoulders: and in nothing is the genuine likeness more displayed, than in the contempt which both of them have exhibited for the standing army of Great Britain. Yet, perhaps, in this we may be doing Mr Cobden some little wrong. Tomkins, we know, had just and natural reason for abhorring the sight of a red-coat; Cobden, so far as we are aware, has no such motive for dislike. Of the two, he is the calmer and the cooler man, and very naturally looks sedulously about him for the means of substantiating his theories. After all the fine words which Sir Robert Peel bestowed upon him, to no visible improvement of his parsnips, Mr Cobden very naturally felt a little uneasy at the non-fulfilment of several of his prophecies. It is a pity that a man cannot vaticinate in this country without undergoing a certain risk of subsequent stultification; and yet, if he does not affect the gift of prophecy, your patriot is usually at a discount. Our memory is not a very good one, and yet we have hardly forgotten certain flourishes by Mr Cobden, regarding the immense amount of employment which was to accrue to this country, immediately after the passing of his favourite measures. Bread was to be as cheap as dirt, common luxuries within the reach of every one, and the whole British nation, through its length and breadth, was to hold a perpetual jubilee and

jollification, to the music of the engine and the shuttle.

"Wild-dreams!" but such  
As Plato loved; such as, with holy zeal,  
Our Milton worship'd. Blessed hopes! awhile  
From man withheld, even to the latter days!"

and, were we to add, in the words of Mr Canning's imitation of the above passage, the concluding line,

"Till France shall come, and all laws be repeal'd,"

it would not, we apprehend, be entirely foreign to the subject. The result, however, so far as we have yet seen, has by no means justified the experiment. Trade, instead of improving under the stimulus of free-trade, has fallen off, and a year of commercial panic and misery has been the result of the liberal nostrum. This, no doubt, is very galling to our friends of the billy-roller. Old stagers like us, who are sometimes represented as prosy, because we reverence time-honoured principles, love the constitution of our country, and defend the memory of those who were the true founders of its greatness, are supposed to feel some triumph at the aspect of the present depression, and to exult over the slough of despond in which the Whigs are left to flounder. If there be any who, judging from their own mean nature, so think of us, it is hardly worth our while to undeceive them. Bitterly indeed have we mourned over the spectacle of fraud and imbecility which the last two years have disclosed in the higher places of the land, and most earnestly do we hope that, ere long, the true-hearted people of this country will awake to a full sense of their present perilous and by no means creditable position. All the difficulties which are just now pressing upon ministers, and which, for a longer period than we can venture to calculate, must continue to environ them, are of their own creating, and are the natural effects of that unconstitutional policy which would sacrifice every thing for the mere possession of power. Do we speak truth or not? Let the Chancellor of the Exchequer answer us. What but free-trade and its concomitant schemes has lessened the revenue and increased the pauperism of the country? What but the vicious and yet invincible

desire of change, consequent on a contest for popularity, has struck a blow at the prosperity, and even the existence, of our colonies, which has already reacted with fearful effect within the centre of the mother-country?

Mr Cobden, on being twitted with the failure, or, at all events, the non-realisation of his unqualified prophecies, very naturally, but not very wisely, flies into a passion. He fixes, of course, upon the failure of the harvest of 1846 as the prime element of justification. Can I control the elements?—says he—can I regulate the seasons? Certainly not, Mr Cobden. We presume that no one, not even the stupidest operative that used to bellow in your congregation, and who believed every one of the golden promises which you were hardly enough to enunciate, ever dreamed that you were in possession of that power. Several of us, moreover, are of opinion that, upon the whole, you have been rather overrated as a conjurer, and that, having failed in your endeavours to get into an empty quart bottle, you are not a whit more likely to succeed when you come to experiment upon a pint. But let us whisper in your ear that this excuse will hardly serve your turn, and that it is wholly irreconcilable with the arguments which you used to advance. A copious supply of foreign grain was the very thing for which you and your associates primarily glammed. You wanted an import to a prodigious extent, and you flattered yourselves that, for each quarter of American wheat, you would be able to send in exchange so many yards of that calico which you fondly maintain to be the principal fabric of the world. You were content, and you have said it over and over again, to take your chance of the home market, provided the other ones were opened to you. Now that you have them open, and now that wheat has come in such abundance as even your most sanguine anticipations could not have conceived, you have the coolness and effrontery to turn round and throw the blame upon Providence, for having speedily brought about the very thing which every charlatan in Great Britain has been shouting for since the



anti-corn-law league began! Do you really think that this will go down with any portion of the community? that such deplorable wriggling will not insure you, throughout the country, the contempt of every man of average and common understanding? or that the labourer on short time, and the artisan whom you have deprived of his employment, will put up with such miserable excuses? The plain state of the fact is,—and you know it,—that your theories are crumbling beneath your feet. You cannot expect that your gross and egregious error will escape a speedy detection. You, without any previous qualification for the task, save your natural talent, which is not much, have thrust yourself forward to a prominence which you never were entitled to occupy. You may fancy yourself, if you choose, the people's man: but so were Jack Cade, and Wat Tyler, and several others, who, mistaking energy for knowledge, and ill-regulated enthusiasm for calm deliberate judgment, took upon themselves the task of misleading the English people, and either perished amidst the ruin they had caused, or sank back into their pristine obscurity. There is a favourite cant phrase very current just now, to the effect that "we are living in new times." The same thing might have been said by our common progenitor Adam, the day after his expulsion from Paradise. It is the most trite truth of the world. Every new day brings its change, but every new day does not obliterate the memory of those which have gone before. All the "new times" which this universe has seen, have not sufficed to alter in the slightest iota the original character of mankind. Human nature still remains the same; and the man who does not acknowledge and adopt this as a principle, is a crazed and dangerous visionary. Never, under any circumstances, ought such a one to gain ascendancy in the state, or to be allowed to reduce his unsound theories to practice. If he does so, woe be to the country which countenances him in the rash attempt!

History and its philosophy are the true studies for a statesman in every age. In that educational point of view, we strongly suspect that the

present ministerial cabinet is sorely deficient. The Whigs, as a body, are conversant with a very small space of history indeed. They are constantly jabbering about the fundamental principles of the constitution, which they date back no further than the advent of William of Orange. Their pet historian, and the ablest man among them, cannot make a single speech without dragging in, neck and heels, some vapidity about the Revolution Settlement of 1688; and they try to be profound in their criticisms upon the policy of Walpole and of Bute. Charles James Fox, of course, still continues to be their principal fetish, and they cling to antiquated party toasts with a superstition that would disgrace a Mussulman. But of the freer and bolder regions of history—of all that is great and elevating—of the numerous lessons to be gleaned, and the examples to be gathered from the grand old records of kingly and loyal England, or of the fall and fate of nations through the imbecility of their rulers, or the ambition of ignorant demagogues, they either know nothing practically, or they fail to acknowledge their importance. Whiggery is a small machine which works according to conventional rules of its own, and will not make allowance for the great springs of human action. A cabinet of Whigs is admirably adapted for the control and legislation of the sovereign state of Pumpernickel, or some analogous German principality; but they never can assume their place at the helm of affairs in a great empire such as that of Britain, without landing the whole of us in dangerous difficulties, and sneaking off at the last hour under a humiliating sense of their own impotence and presumption.

The case is still worse when men like Mr Cobden come forward to try their hand either as pilots or as co-adjutors. We presume that Mr Cobden, if the question were put to him, would candidly admit the narrowness of the range of his peculiar historical studies. We understand that he does not pretend to be a scholar, and that the amount of the information which he possesses, however great that may be, is limited to modern facts and premises, upon

which he usually reasons. A worse kind of education for a statesman, or for the leader of a popular movement, cannot be found than this. It was this kind of partial knowledge, unilluminated by the clear lucid light which bygone history alone can shed authoritatively upon passing events, which, in the recollection of many still alive, led to the dark catastrophe and horrors of the French Revolution. There is hardly one social change, hardly one political experiment now making, for which a prototype cannot be furnished from the pages of history. And of what possible use, it may be well asked, is history, if we are not to recur to it for a solution of the difficulties which may arise in our onward progress? Are we to gain no confidence, nor take any warning from the rise and decline of nations, not much less powerful than our own, whose checkered career and the causes of it are open to our view? Is the world behind us a blank, that we should go stumbling on at the instigation of every reckless adventurer, more culpable in his attempts to guide us, than the ship-captain who should presume to thread the coral reefs of the Indian Ocean without consulting the authoritative chart? Are we always to derive our information, not from what has been done and acted in the globe before—not from an attentive examination of men and their motives, and the countless springs of action which stir them, but from statistical tables and long columns of figures, compiled by rusty officials in their dens, and brought forth for the first time to be cited as overwhelming testimony by some premier who is meditating apostasy, or seeking some palliative to cover his shameful abandonment of a party? The features of the so-called statesmanship of the present day are essentially those of bureaucracy. A drudging arithmetical clerk, with whom a unit is every thing, and who would be nearly driven to despair by the discovery of a misquoted fraction, is a leading authority with our statesmen; and his vamped-up tables of export and import are considered sounder expositions of the destinies of the human race, than all the accumulated wisdom, learning, and expe-

rience which the annals of the world can afford.

The "tables," however, are now turned, and therefore we shall not say any more for the present about the blue-book and ledger system. Let us go back to Mr Cobden, whom we still find rather uselessly employed in protesting his total inability to command the clemency of the seasons. We have already shown, by papers published in this Magazine in December last and January of the present year, that our exports have lamentably fallen off, and that the balance of trade is against us. Such, we maintained, and we continue still to maintain, must be the effect of the new theories, especially under the restricted operation of the currency. We are glad to see that upon this latter point, at all events, we are supported by a large majority of the press. Mr Cobden, however, denies the evils of the currency; so that he must fall back upon something else to account for the unexpected defalcation.

Such is our position at home and abroad; and if we have been guilty of a digression, which we cannot altogether deny, we shall plead our motive in justification. When Mr Cobden comes forward with his views of foreign policy, with his ideas of the social progress of the universe, and with his notions as to the policy which hereafter may be adopted by great and ambitious foreign states,—when, after delivering his opinion upon these very weighty matters, he arrives at the inference, not only that we require no addition to our national defences, but, that our present establishment of a standing army and navy is absurd, extravagant, and superfluous, we are entitled to inquire into the success with which his first experiment in legislative agitation has been crowned. Of the abundance of good things which he promised, how many have been realised, how many are like to emerge from the dark experimental gulf? If writhing colonies, diminished exports, want of employment, distress at home, enormous failures, monetary restriction, and vast depreciation of property, have followed in the wake of free-trade—if ministers are at present rack- ing such brains as they possess to

discover some means of keeping up the revenue to its ordinary level, and if they are forced to lay on a direct additional war-tax in times of the profoundest peace,—surely we shall not incur a charge of fickleness or ingratitude, if we should receive this new oracle of the free-trading Mokka with some symptoms of dubiety and distrust.

The whole question arose thus. It appears that the Duke of Wellington, whose illustrious reputation and great services entitle him to be heard with the deepest and most reverential respect, has long entertained great uneasiness on account of the undefended state of this country in the case of a hostile invasion. That such an event is likely to take place, no one supposes or has said—that it possibly might take place, very few will venture to deny. The idea is not a new one; for within the range of the present century, preparations have been actually made for that purpose, and that whilst the wonderful power and facilities of steam-navigation were unknown. Fulton—we have seen men who knew him when he was a humble artisan in the West of Scotland—had, despairing of success at home, submitted his models to the French government, who, fortunately for us, did not then appreciate the merits of the invention. Three years afterwards, he started his first steamer on the Hudson in America. The power which our French neighbours had once so nearly within their grasp, at a time when it might have been used to the exceeding detriment of England, became generally known and adopted, and we need not speak of its progress. It has altogether changed the tactics of naval warfare. It can conquer the old difficulties of wind and tide, and it has immensely shortened the period of transit from the continental coast to our own. The security, therefore, of our insular barriers has been materially weakened, and thus far the possibility of an invasion from abroad has been increased. We are not now speaking of the probability, which is matter for subsequent consideration.

This open and admitted fact is the foundation of the whole argument of the Duke of Wellington. In the

evening of a glorious life, the greater part of which has been spent in the active service of his country, the veteran soldier has thought it his duty to remind us, for our own guidance and that of our children, of the actual existing state of our national defences, which he deems to be wholly insufficient. It is one of the last, but not, we think, the least important of the services which the venerable Duke has rendered to the nation, with whose proudest history his name will be eternally associated. We take it—or at least we ought to take it—from his lips, as a solemn warning; as the disinterested testimony of a man alike pre-eminent in war and in council; as the deliberate opinion of the GREAT PACIFICATOR OF EUROPE. For notwithstanding the irreverent, mean, and scurrilous taunts of the Manchester gang of demagogues, it is undeniable that the Great Duke has been the chief instrument in procuring for us the blessing of that peace which for two and thirty years we have enjoyed. It was his conquest at Waterloo which hushed the world. The tranquillity of Europe was the stake for which he fought, and he nobly won it. And now, when, at the last hour, this illustrious man comes forward to offer us his advice, and to warn us against the folly of trusting too implicitly to the continuance of that tranquillity, is it wise that we should scorn his counsel?

And what is the proposal which has excited such wrath, and so sorely roused the choler of the bilious Cobden? Simply this—that the British nation should at all times maintain at home a military force sufficient to repel an invasion, should such be attempted, from our shores. The Duke believes and maintains that we cannot now, as formerly, rely solely and implicitly upon our navy for defence, but that, in the event of a war, we must provide against the contingency of an enemy's landing. Our arsenals, he thinks, and our dockyards, should be supported by a military force, and at least we ought to exhibit such a front as will hold out no temptation to a hostile attempt. These are not aggressive, but precautionary measures; and without them, according to the Duke, we cannot consider ourselves secure.

Such are the proposals which Cobden and his clique—we are sorry to observe a gentleman like Sir William Molesworth among them—are prepared to resist to the last. They want no defences at all. They are opposed to any augmentation of the army. They would rather do without it, or reduce the establishment so as to make the national saving equivalent to the diminished amount of revenue consequent upon their commercial experiments. They look upon free-trade as a universal panacea which is to cure all national and social ailments, and to remedy every grievance. War is to be no more—territorial aggressions unknown—and the advent of the millennium is to be typified by an unbounded exportation of calico!

These are the views which have been lately propounded at Manchester, and the parties are therefore at issue. Cobden has matched himself against Wellington, and Quaker Bright has volunteered to be his bottle-holder. We really wish that it had been permitted us to approach the argument without mingling with it any asperity. But this is now totally out of the question. The disgusting and vulgar language which Mr Cobden has thought fit to use towards the greatest historical character of the age—the low-minded scurrility which pervades the whole of his egotistical discourse,—put him beyond the pale of conventional courtesy, or even of dignified rebuke. The man who could stand up in his place—no matter what audience was before him—stigmatise the Duke of Wellington as being in his old age a whetter and fountainer of discord, and finally insinuate *dotage* as the only intelligible excuse, deserves, if there is a spark of national feeling left, to be publicly pilloried throughout Britain. “Would it not,” says this disloyal prater, “have been a better employment for him to have been *preaching forgiveness* for, and oblivion of the past, than in reviving the recollection of Toulon, Paris, and Waterloo?” Forgiveness! and for what? For having vindicated the rights of the nations, terminated the insatiable career of Napoleon’s rapine, and restored to us that peace which he is still desirous to preserve by maintaining Britain invulnerable, secure, and free!

But let us pass from a matter so deeply discreditable both to the speaker, and to the audience that applauded his sentiments. Meantime as we think of the latter, we are yet willing to believe that the next morning brought to many some feelings of compunction and of shame. Not so the former, who, wrapped up in the panoply of his own ridiculous conceit, a would-be Gracchus, must remain a Thersites for ever.

Irrespective of the purse argument, which, as a matter of course, is the chief motive of these gentry, the free-traders attempt to brand the Duke of Wellington with a charge of attempting to raise a hostile feeling between this country and the continental states. The accusation is as false as it is frivolous. The attitude of Britain is not, and never will be, aggressive. She is at this moment in the proud position of the mighty mediator of Europe; and it is to her strong right arm, and not to her powers of producing calico, that she owes that ascendancy. Our interest clearly and incontestibly is to maintain peace, but that we cannot hope to maintain, if we abandon the power to enforce it. Among nations as among individuals, the weak cannot hope to prosper in active competition with the strong—nay, they are even in a worse position, because the law will protect individuals, whilst for nations there exists no common Court of Appeal. If we are content to renounce our position, and to give up our foreign possessions—a consummation which the free-trade theorists appear abundantly to desire—if we are to confine ourselves simply to our insular boundaries, and advertise as the workshop of the world—then, indeed, we shall surrender our supremacy, and with it the hope of maintaining peace. Can these men read no lessons from history? Does the sight of what is daily acting around them justify their anticipations of a millennium? What is the real state of the fact? Russia, having absorbed Poland, is now engaged in a territorial war with the Circassians, upon which she has already expended an enormous amount of treasure and of men; and she is prepared for a double sacrifice, if by such means she can gain possession of the passes which are the keys to

southern Asia. Austria is hanging upon the skirts of Italy, concentrating her forces upon the frontier, and menacing an immediate invasion. Very lamb-like and pacific has been the conduct of America to Mexico. As for the French, whom Cobden eulogises as the most "affectionate and domesticated race on the face of the earth"—did the man ever hear of the Revolution?—they are notoriously the most aggressive of all the European nations. Did domestic feelings excite them to the conquest of Algeria? Did affection lead them to Tahiti? Was it a mania for free-trade that brought about the Montpensier marriage? Really it is difficult to know for which palm, that of ignorance or effrontery, this Manchester manufacturer is contending. Has he forgot the Joinville letter, which was hailed with such rapture on the other side of the Channel? Was Paris fortified without a purpose? Is he blind to the fact that the peace of Europe at this moment depends upon the life of a man now in his seventy-fifth year? We maintain that there never was a period, at least within our recollection, when the maintenance of general tranquillity throughout Europe was more precarious. And yet, this is the very moment which Mr Cobden selects for a crusade, or rather a tirade, against our military establishments!

Our feelings are any thing but those of dislike towards the "affectionate and domesticated" French. We admire their genius, and read their novels,—and we have a peculiar affection for their wine. In one point alone we agree with Mr Cobden. We still retain the ancient Caledonian predilection for claret in competition with port, and we should be sorry to be deprived of champagne. Still sorer should we be to lose our annual spring trip to Paris; to be banished from the Boulevards and the Palais Royal, and to enjoy only in memory those delicious dinners at the Rocher de Cancale. We have no wish to run the risk of a compulsory detention at Verdun. Nay, we shall go further, and apprise Mr Cobden, that had our lot been cast a few centuries back, we should in all probability have been fervent maintainers of the ancient bond of alliance

between King Achaius of Scotland and the Emperor Charlemagne; and nothing would have given us greater pleasure than to have visited Manchester along with a few thousand lads who swore by Saint Andrew, whilst the partisans of Denis were amusing themselves in the neighbourhood of Portsmouth. But times have changed. We have contracted an alliance with the nation of which Mr Cobden is so creditable a representative; and upon the whole, we are not altogether dissatisfied with the arrangement. We can now look upon the French with an eye undimmed by affection; and we must confess that we have very little, if any, faith in that marvellous change of their character which is sworn to by the Manchester spouters. They may be very excellent fellows, but we would rather not trust them with our keys. The tone and temper of a nation do not alter quite so rapidly as Mr Cobden seems to suppose. The history of Algeria is a very significant hint that the old ideas of the French on the score of conquest are not yet wholly obliterated; and we should rather imagine that they have not quite forgotten their pristine appetite for plunder. They deserve, however, considerable credit for the dexterous manner in which they have thrown dust into the eyes of Mr Cobden. You would think, to hear the man, that he is an inoculated Frenchman. Presume to criticise his character, and his scream is like that of a railway engine. Just hint that you consider them unscrupulous, and our calico-printer overboils "with horror and shame and indignation." We have no doubt that he considers it a great pity that history cannot be annihilated—that is, supposing he has ever condescended to notice any thing so trivial as history. Will he not favour the world with a new version of the French Revolution? We are anxious to hear his grounds for supposing the French to be an "affectionate and domestic people;" and since we are to fraternise with them altogether, it would be comfortable to know our brethren as they really are. We want to have a true account of the Noyades. Were these really wholesale drownings, or a mere ebullition of national fun? Doubtless, there

is much humour—though we have not yet been able to see it—in the clanking of the guillotine; and the expeditions to Moscow and Madrid, with their accompanying tales of rapine and butchery, may possibly be demonstrated by Mr Cobden as instances of a practical joke. Davoust, as the Hamburgians know, was a fine fellow; and so, upon examination, may prove Robespierre and Marat. Perhaps, too, he will come down a little later, and tell us the particulars of the gallant and gentleman-like behaviour of M. Dupetit-Thouars towards Queen Pomare. Or will he undertake to prove that Abd-el-Kader is an infamous scoundrel, utterly beyond the pale or security of national faith and of plighted honour?

It is plain, either that Mr Cobden has been egregiously humbugged by the acute foreigners, or that he has subsided into a state of calm, settled, and imperturbable idiocy. It is too cruel in Bright to parade in such a way his former friend and master, and to quote from his private correspondence. We wonder what is Sir Robert Peel's present opinion of the man whom he chose to bespatter with his praise, and for whose sake he was content to forfeit the elaborate reputation of a life-time. But bad as Cobden may be, he is fairly surpassed in Gallic enthusiasm by the notorious George Thompson, whose patriotism may be gathered from the tone of the following paragraph:—"Why, what were the toasts given at the sixty reform banquets of France? This has been one of their toasts at least, 'Fraternity, liberty, equality.' Let us echo from these shores the shouts that have been raised there, and I am sorry to say, stifled, so far as Paris is concerned, for the banquet did not come off there. Let us send back the echo, fraternity, liberty, equality!" And this pestilential raving has been applauded to the echo in Manchester.

Let us have peace with the French by all means, and with all the world beside; but let us not fall into the despicable and stupid blunder of supposing that human passion and human prejudice, the lust for power, and the cravings of ambition, can ever be eradicated by any system of commercial arrangement. Britain is naturally

an object of envy to all the continental states. It is her strength and position which have hitherto maintained the balance of power—and of that the European states are fully and painfully aware. Every step which can tend to weaken the fidelity of her colonies, is regarded with intense interest abroad, and more especially in France. The people of that country envy us for our wealth, and dislike us for our power; and war with Britain, could the French afford it, would at any time find a host of advocates. We are not believers in the probability of such an event, if we keep ourselves reasonably prepared; but the very first relaxation upon our part would inevitably tend to accelerate it. It is quite possible that France may yet have to undergo another dynastic convulsion. The death of Louis-Philippe may be the signal for intestine disorder. The Count of Paris is a mere boy, and popularity is not on the side of his uncle and guardian. A powerful party still exists, acknowledging no king save the rightful heir of St Louis; and the fanatical republican section is still strong and virulent. These are things which it would be imprudent to disregard, and of which no man living can venture to predict the result. The death of the Queen of Spain would, according to all appearances, give rise to a rupture with France, and possibly test, within a shorter period than we could have believed, the sufficiency of our national defences. There is at this moment every reason why our real strength and power should be made apparent to the world, and our weakness, where it does exist, immediately remedied and repaired.

Had the Duke of Wellington proposed, like Friar Bacon in Greene's old play,

"To girt fair England with a wall of brass,"

the outcry could not have been greater. An iron wall might perhaps have been rather popular in the mining districts. But his Grace proposes no such thing. He only suggests the propriety of a small augmentation of the regular forces at home, the strengthening of our neglected fortifications, and the gradual reëmbodiment of the militia. It is for the British nation, or rather

its representatives, to adopt or reject the proposal. Now, it is worth while that we should keep in mind what is our actual disposable force at present.

According to the most recent authorities, the armies of the principal European powers would rank as follows:

Russia, . . . . .	568,000
Austria, : . . . .	414,000
France, . . . . .	340,000
Prussia, Bavaria, and other Ger- man States, . . . . .	268,128
Britain, . . . . .	138,895

The disproportion of force exhibited by this list is sufficiently obvious; but when we descend to particulars, it will in reality be found much greater. Abroad, the majority of the male population are trained to the use of arms: with us it is notoriously the reverse. France, in the course of one week, could materially increase the amount of her regular army; whilst here that would be obviously impossible. Beyond Algeria, France has almost no colonies as stations for her standing force. We have to provide for the East and West Indies, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, the Cape, Ceylon, Hong Kong, the Mauritius, Gibraltar, Malta, the Ionian Islands, and others. The profession of the British soldier is any thing but a sinecure. A great portion of his life must be spent abroad; he may be called upon to undergo the most rapid vicissitudes of climate, to pass from one hemisphere to another in the discharge of his anxious duty. There is no service in the world more trying or severe; and it very ill becomes Mr Cobden, or any of his class, to sneer at that establishment, which is kept up for the direct promotion of our commerce. So large a portion of the territorial surface of the world is nowhere defended at so little cost either of money or of men. Indeed, as recent events have shown, we are but too apt to save the one at the expense of the other. No doubt, if the free-trade policy is carried out to the uttermost—if our colonies are to be thrown away as useless, and our foreign stations dismantled, we might submit to a still further reduction. France will be too happy to receive Gibraltar or Malta from our hands, and will cheerfully free us from the expense of maintaining garrisons there.

Let us but make over to that affectionate and domesticated people the keys of the Mediterranean, and we shall soon see with what eagerness they will co-operate in the dissemination of Mr Cobden's free-trade dogmas.

Apart from the colonies, we have a serious difficulty at home. Ireland—that most wretched and ungrateful country, which no experience can improve—is as far from tranquillity as ever. The hard-working population of Britain submitted last year without a murmur to an exorbitant taxation, for the purpose of relieving the distress occasioned by the failure of the potato crop. The return is a howl of defiance from the brutal demagogue, and an immediate increase of murder and of crime. Notwithstanding every kind of remedial measure—notwithstanding their exemption, which is an injustice to us, from many of the heaviest burdens of the state—notwithstanding the mistaken policy which fostered their institutions and their schools, the Roman Catholics of Ireland stand out in bad pre-eminence, as the most cold-blooded, unthankful, and cowardly assassins of the world. In order to repress that outrage, which is so villanously rife among them, and which nothing but physical force can restrain from breaking out into open rebellion, we are compelled at all times to keep the largest portion of our remnant disposable force quartered in Ireland. The consequence is, that a mere handful of our standing army is left in Great Britain.

If Mr Cobden should like to see a little terrestrial paradise, in which few birds, with that gaudy plumage which is so offensive to his eyes, can be found, he had better come down to Scotland and pay us another visit. He is kind enough, we observe, to make himself the mouthpiece of our sentiments upon this matter of the defences; and, certainly, if there be any truth in the adage that we are entitled at least to see what we are paying for, Scotland has no reason to be peculiarly warlike in her sentiments. Mr Cobden will find us quite as affectionate and domesticated a people as the French; and he may rely upon it, that he will not be

shocked by any over-blaze of scarlet. From a turbulent, we have gradually settled down to be a quiet race; and as a natural consequence, we share in none of those benefits which are heaped so liberally upon the "persecuted Irish." Our only excitements are a Church squabble, which does not require the interference of the military, but exhausts itself in the public prints; or a bread row, which is always over, long before a detachment can be brought from the nearest station, it may be at the distance of some hundred miles. We are never noticed in Parliament, except to be praised for our good behaviour, or to have some remaining fragment of our national establishments reduced. We pay for an army and a navy which we never see; indeed, of late years the French and Danish flags have been far more frequently displayed upon our coasts than the broad pendant of Great Britain. In many of our counties a soldier is an unknown rarity; and the only drum that has been heard for the last thirty years, is in the peaceable possession of the town-crier. England, we apprehend, except in the immediate neighbourhood of the metropolis and of Manchester, is not much better supplied: in short, so far as Britain is concerned, we have a remarkably insufficient force, and one which has been declared by the highest military authority alive, wholly incompetent for our protection in the case of an attempted invasion. Cobden, who has no veneration for successful warriors, having feathered his nest very pleasantly otherwise, admits that he has not the slightest practical knowledge of the trade of war. We therefore demur to his position that this is a question for civilians to determine, and that military and naval men have nothing to do with it. His previous admission involves an inconsistency. He might as well say, that, having no acquaintance whatever with engineering, he is entitled to deliver his opinions in opposition to Walker or Stephenson, on the construction of a skew bridge, or the practicability of boring a tunnel. If one of those vessels in the Tagus, which, according to Cobden, are kept there for the sole purpose of instructing our seamen in the culture of the geranium, was to

spring a leak, we should assuredly apply to Jack Chips, the carpenter, to stop it, before invoking the aid of the peripatetic apostle of free-trade. And just so is it with the state of our national defences. Manchester must excuse us, if we prefer the testimony of the Duke of Wellington upon this point to the more dubious experiences of Cobden. It is, of course, quite another question, whether the leak shall be stopped, or the vessel permitted to founde peaceably. Mr Cobden may be heard upon that point, under special reference to the magnitude of the stake which he hazards, but we decline receiving his opinion on the subject of military fortifications. He can no more pronounce a judgement on the adequate state of our defences, than he can parse a paragraph of Xenophon; and therefore, by approaching the subject, he has been guilty of presumption and impertinence.

Mr Cobden proposes that we should rely upon the maintenance of peace by removing all obstacles to invasion. He admits, indeed, that for the present he is in a minority, but he hopes very soon to change it to a majority, and until that time comes he is content to remain in the following position:—"I say this, I am for acting justly and fairly, and holding out the olive branch to the whole world; and I will then take upon myself, *so far as my share goes*, all the risk of any thing happening to me, without paying for another soldier or another sailor." This is good! What a glorious insurance is here offered to the nation against the risk of foreign aggression! If every man, woman, and child in this mighty empire will remain satisfied without the means of repelling foreign invasion, the magnanimous Cobden will take his risk, *so far as his share goes*, of all that may happen to him! Why, who the deuce cares what happens to him or his? Are we all engrossed in Cobden's weal or woe? Would it matter one straw to us, or to the universe, if he and his calico print-works were wrapped in universal conflagration to-morrow? This is, without exception, the most impudent offer of guarantee which we ever remember to have heard of; and it justifies us in remarking that, if all accounts be



true, Mr Cobden would be no very great loser by the immediate advent of the French. If any thing happens to him, he may be assured of this, that notwithstanding his cautious salvo, he will have no claim for damage and loss, and little commiseration from any quarter whatsoever. Is the man insane enough to suppose, that he, armed with his olive branch, stands forth as prominently in the eyes of the world as if he were a sign of the Zodiac? Curtius, who leaped into the gulf in the Forum, which would not close until the most precious thing of Rome was thrown into it, shrinks into insignificance, and becomes absolutely bashful, when compared with the emulous Cobden. According to the Man-in-the-Moon, Curtius was pronounced by the Flamen to be the most precious fool of his day, but in point of conceit he is fairly trumped by the honourable member for the West Riding of Yorkshire. In his opinion there is nothing worth protecting save an inland mill, and he does not care what becomes of our arsenals so long as there is an immunity for calico!

If there are no armaments, thinks Mr Cobden, there can be no wars: and for once he is tolerably right. If iron did not exist there could be no swords; and without gunpowder, or its modern substitute cotton, a discharge of musketry is impossible. But unfortunately there are other armaments besides ours, and no symptom whatever of their reduction. Here the reciprocity theory is once more brought into play. Let Britain be the first to set the example, and every other nation will follow in her wake. Cannons, by unanimous consent, will be spiked, banners handed over to the respectable fraternity of Odd Fellows, and the soldier condemned to the stifling walls of the factory, never more to stand at ease. Such are the dreams of Cobden; and if he really believes in them, and in the actual regeneration of human nature by means of free-trade instead of religion, we should like to see him try the experiment on a minor scale. Let him, after having collected within his premises as much plate as he can conveniently acquire, and as much cash as he is worth, dispense with the unnecessary precautions of lock and key;

let him dismiss the watchmen from his works, and put up an advertisement that the whole public are welcome to enter at any hour they please, and that not the slightest attempt at resistance will be offered. We presume that the Manchester operatives are at least as affectionate and domesticated as the French; but, notwithstanding that, we should entertain some apprehension as to the fate of Mr Cobden's spoons. The temptation would really be too great. The seeming solidity of the albatra plate or purified nickel-silver would infallibly tempt the cupidity of some affectionate artisan. A midnight visit would be paid, and on the morrow there would be wail for the missing tureen! To be consistent, we should begin with municipal reforms. Let us proclaim honesty as a universal principle, do away with the police, abolish Chubb, and keep our doors wide open for ingress as well as for ventilation. If our greatcoats disappear not, if umbrellas are not less, and if the tale of our forks is complete after a reasonable lease of the experiment, we shall then have acquired some data for making a further trial, and intrusting the wealth of Great Britain to the forbearance of our foreign neighbours.

When Blucher, on his visit to this country after the war, rode through the streets of London, he was observed, amidst all the shouts of acclamation, to be peering curiously at the windows of the shops, which then, as now, exhibited a tempting and valuable display. When asked what he thought of the metropolis, the worthy veteran replied with a deep sigh, whilst a tear rolled down his venerable cheek—"Mein Gott! What a city for to sack!" Such were the first impressions of old Marshal Forwards; and, with all deference to Cobden's sagacity, we suspect that the amiable French, if they had it in their power, would not be slow to realise the sentiments. Indeed, his Royal Highness the Prince of Joinville, being of an open and candid nature, does not hesitate to acknowledge it in as many words. We do not think a whit the worse of Joinville for saying so: on the contrary, we are obliged to him, and, if wise, we shall treasure the hint. He merely speaks the sentiments of a

large portion of his countrymen, who very probably have no abstract wish for war, and would rather let things rest as they are. Of all nations in the world, the French have the best possible excuse for reducing their armaments, since France is inundated with troops, and they have few foreign territorial possessions. As compared with Britain proper, France could afford to shake off nearly three-fourths of her establishment, and yet remain upon an equality; but although Algeria may now be considered as safe and tranquil, there are no demonstrations of the kind. The French army is organised and ready to act upon any emergency: ours is too small, is dispersed, and we have not an adequate reserve at home.

Whilst, therefore, the possibility of an invasion remains, we are bound on every consideration of prudence and of policy, to act as if the probability were likewise at hand. The youngest of us has seen too many changes and revolutions—too many political disagreements and jarings among the European family, to prophesy with confidence that these shall never be renewed. Even in commerce we have not got reciprocity, and we cannot expect to get it in the more abstract point of armaments. Woodburne House was better fortified by Dominic Sampson's folios, than Britain possibly could be by bales of Cobden's cotton. Our sincere belief is, that the surest method of accelerating a war is to take the advice of the Manchester demagogues, repudiate the ideas of the Duke of Wellington, and remain in stupid inactivity. It was necessary for public safety that this matter should be laid before the country; and the Duke for doing so may yet deserve a debt of gratitude, which will amply recompense him for the vulgar contumely of a host of disloyal bagmen. But it would be preposterous to suppose that the discussion which has arisen at home has not attracted deep observation abroad. The eyes of Europe are upon us, watching what course we are to adopt; and France in particular is waiting, with indrawn breath and tremulous anxiety, the result of the coming discussion. Our weakness at home is now apparent to the world; we cannot conceal

it; the sole question is, whether we shall apply the remedy.

Admit the possibility, and the question is a serious one indeed! Let us suppose that, from some unforeseen accident, some stoppage in the wheels of diplomacy, or some untoward casualty, war was declared between Great Britain and France, or even any other continental power. Such an event could not happen without dividing the nations of Europe. We could not afford to withdraw our forces from the colonies, because these would probably be made the earliest points of attack,—nor from Ireland, except at the immediate and imminent risk of a rebellion. Even should it be thought prudent to leave the colonies to their fate, the transport of the garrisons would involve a considerable period of time—a fact of which our enemy must be aware, and of which he would be foolish not to take advantage. We should be compelled to recruit immediately, and upon a large scale; and it would take some time to metamorphose Mr Cobden's operatives, or even that respectable senator himself, into any thing like the semblance of soldiers. If fifty thousand armed men were to be landed on the southern coast—and no one seems to doubt the possibility of such an occurrence—we should like to know what are our means of resistance? We have read a good many letters upon the subject, in the daily prints—some of them apparently by ex-military men, and some by politicians of the school of Tomkins and Cobden—but not one of them has been able to make out a decent case of opposition. The best, and, indeed, the only rational letters, proceed upon the supposition that there would be a general rising *en masse* of the English population—that every hawbuck would turn out with a musket to repel the invaders, and that the railways from London would vomit forth a cloud of intrepid musketeers. Every hedge, they think, would be manned, and every farm-house a sort of minor fortress. Now, with all submission, this is downright deplorable drivell. Ever since the English people—and that is now a very old story—have given up the use and exercise of arms, and agreed to be mulcted in purse, rather than undergo the per-

sonal fatigue and annoyance of exercise, there has been no martial spirit at all exhibited by the bulk of the population. No doubt, when an invasion was actually threatened by Napoleon, and three hundred thousand men were assembled at Boulogne, there were large demonstrations of volunteer activity; but then, it must be remembered that we were in the very height and fever of a war—the belligerent spirit and strong antipathy to France had prepared us for such a crisis, and we had not been besotted and enfeebled by more than thirty years of peace, and almost as many of gradual but sure demoralisation. We had not then adopted such men as the Manchester Jacobins for our teachers; we were then content to be national and not cosmopolitan in our ideas. We were fighting for our faith and our freedom—not truckling for calico or for yarn. The same crisis is not likely to occur again, and we cannot—dare not venture to calculate upon a similar demonstration of energy. Free-trade and liberal measures have put that utterly beyond our power. We have no more doubt than we have of our own existence, that a body of men of Mr Cobden's way of thinking could be found in this country, ready to contract with the French government for conveying over to Britain an invading army at the rate of eight shillings a-head, victuals included, and, if the weather was stormy, they would unquestionably clear a handsome profit by the speculation. Morals have nothing earthly to do with free-trade—patriotism is opposed to it—and why make any distinction between the freightage of Frenchmen and of bullocks? The contractors, of course, would take care that their own premises were sufficiently far removed from the scene of immediate action; and we cannot pitch upon a fitter locality than that which is exhibited in Manchester.

We would ask any or all of those gentlemen who depend upon a general rising, to take the trouble, for some half hour or so, to revert to history. If they do so, and seriously think over the matter, they will speedily be convinced that an invasion is by no means a difficult matter, and that no reliance whatever can be placed upon the co-

operation of the undisciplined people, either of the country or the metropolis, in the event of an actual invasion. In fact, judging from history, Paris is literally impregnable compared with London, and yet it has been occupied by the Allies. In 1688, William of Orange, a foreign prince, having no claim to the crown, and against the will of the people of England, whatever may be said of the aristocracy, landed in Britain, advanced to London, and took the throne, without the slightest demonstration of hostility. The population were perfectly quiescent. It was not their business to fight: they paid for an army; and accordingly they allowed the Orangeman to march on, just as they would do to Joinville, provided he desired his troops to be reasonably accommodating and civil. Sack and rapine might undoubtedly provoke resistance; but if ordinary courtesies were used, and more especially if the French proclaimed that they came upon a free-trade errand, and a friendly visit to Mr Cobden, there would be far fewer shots fired, than at the present moment are resounding from the peaceful hedgerows of Tipperary.

The next instance we select—omitting minor efforts—is the enterprise of 1745, which peculiarly concerns Scotland, and of which we are by no means ashamed. The heir of the Stuarts landed in the North, supported by no force at all. The clans, to their immortal honour, and a portion of the best Lowland blood of Scotland, maintaining those principles of loyalty which free-trade cannot comprehend, assumed the white cockade, and after thrashing the English army effectually at Prestonpans, marched south, on the desperate errand of displacing the reigning dynasty. And how were they received? It is important to note the idea which the English people had, at that time, of the Highlanders. They considered them a race of cannibals who ate children; so that it was no uncommon matter, when a Highland officer entered a house, to find the mistress on her knees, praying for a Lenten diet, whilst the terrified urchins were all the while concealed beneath the bed. Such is the positive fact; and yet we will venture to say, that there never

was, in the history of the world, an instance of a more blameless or more humane invasion. Donald, though quite ready to cleave a bearded Hanoverian to the chin, had an extreme weakness for children, and would not, on any provocation, have insulted a defenceless woman. Had Mr Cobden fallen into his hands, the Highlander, after a due estimate of his physical capabilities, would probably have put him to ransom for a quarter of a pound of tobacco. The feeling in England was not in favour of the exiled family, the antipathy to the Highlanders was extreme, and yet an irregular and ill-disciplined host of about six thousand men, with no artillery, no commissariat, and a mere handful of cavalry, penetrated into the heart of England without any show of popular opposition, and reached Derby without the loss of a single man. It is not difficult to understand why Manchester is so uproarious against the military, when we recall to mind the splendid instance of poltroonery exhibited by the manufacturing capital on that memorable occasion. The town of Manchester was captured by a Scots sergeant of the name of Walter Dickson, who, supported by a drummer and a wench, took possession of it in name of Prince Charles, four-and-twenty hours before the clans came up! Not a magistrate was to be found bold enough to issue his warrant against the intruder, nor a constable to execute it, nor a single operative to support it. There was no talk then about finding graves for the invaders: the invaded were quite content with finding cellars for their own particular shelter. Gentlemen who had talked big enough when the danger was at a distance, recoiled at the idea of personal peril, whenever the danger drew nigh; and, being unsupported by a regular force, very prudently abstained from opposing their persons to the terrible sweep of the claysmore. But for internal dissensions and some infirmity of purpose, it is now beyond a doubt that the clans might have penetrated, without any opposition, to London. So little martial spirit was exhibited in the capital, that parties were actually made, and carriages engaged for Caxton, to see the Highlanders march

by; and George the Second was in full preparation for removing, and had stowed away his valuables in his yachts. As it was, the invaders returned back to their own country almost as scathless as they came, without any experience of that fiery and patriotic spirit which the correspondents of the newspapers profess to discover blazing within the bosom of every Briton at the mere idea of an invasion.

In fact, it is mere trash to maintain that raw levies or extempore guerilla resistance can be of the slightest use in opposition to a disciplined force. For ourselves, we do not believe that such resistance would be attempted. Men require to be brought together and trained before their individual staunchness can be relied on; and we know perfectly well that a mob has no chance, at any time, against an immeasurably smaller body, if properly organised and directed. Let the people of this country be disciplined and accustomed to the use of arms, and you may search the world in vain for braver or better soldiers. But the power is still latent, and, according to Cobden, it never must be called forth. This is mischievous and stupid folly. If any thing is to be done at all, it must be done regularly and effectively. Let us have the knowledge, the certainty that, at a few hours' notice, a formidable body of troops, well disciplined and prepared, can be concentrated at any given point of the island,—let this fact be made known to the world, and we have a far better security for the maintenance of peace than if we were to adopt the stupid and pragmatic notions of Mr Cobden. Mr Disraeli took a sound view of the case, when he reminded the honourable member, "that although the profound peace which he had announced might come within the time of those who heard him, still there was something in the catastrophes of nations *savior armis*,—catastrophes from other causes leading to their decay. Happily in those causes the limited experience of the Roman empire had not included the rapacity of rival industry, and the quackery of economic science." We are afraid that the lesson which Mr Disraeli attempted to inculcate—one which,

of late years, we have repeatedly insisted on in these pages — was ~~scarcely~~ thrown away upon his pupil. Gentlemen of the Cobden school set little store upon the philosophy of history, and prefer to reason within the limits of their own experience. They can as little explain the causes of the decline of ancient empires, as they can account for the palpable falling off in the amount of our exports; and it is idle to remind men of things which they have never heard. It is not to them, but to the intelligent classes of the community, that we would fain address our argument. There is a remarkable and striking analogy between the present state of the country, and the position of England at the time of the Highland descent in 1745. The nation had become accustomed to peace at home, and was therefore proportionally enervated. The use of arms, and the training of the militia had been abandoned; a false economy had reduced the numbers of the regular forces; and the greater proportion of those which remained were abroad. Under those circumstances the expedition took place: the weakness of the front exhibited by England was the temptation, and we have already seen the consequences. It is now seriously proposed that we shall remain liable to a similar assault, when the stake at issue is incomparably greater. What would be the result of a swoop upon London according to the published Joinville plan? and yet there is hardly another capital in Europe, which has not during the last fifty years been occupied by a hostile force.

We have all an interest in this question, for a descent may be made any where. We have not even the benefit of ships to protect us here in the North; and three or four French frigates would, we apprehend, find little difficulty in effecting a landing in the Forth. Will Mr Cobden be good enough to favour us with his opinion as to the course we should pursue, supposing such a calamity to happen? A simultaneous attack may be made on the south of England, and the Castle and Pierhill barracks ~~captured~~ for the purpose of reinforcing Portsmouth, too weak to maintain

itself without their aid. Would he advise us to resist or succumb? Shall we throw ourselves under the protection of our friend George-McWhirter, W.S., and the Edinburgh squadron of the Royal Mid-Lothian Yeomanry? Shall we sound the tocsin of war, and call out Captain Haining with his reserved band of twenty police, all fierce and furious for battle? Shall we persuade the Archers to string their bows, and compete for the Goose medal with a fire-eating Frenchman as the butt? Shall we barricade Leith Walk, block up the Granton Railway in the teeth of a suspension and interdict, and contest, to the last drop of our blood, the possession of every house in Inverleith Row? May we calculate upon any support from the middle districts of England in the event of such a calamity? Will Mr Bright array himself in drab armour, and come to our rescue, with Welford the flower of chivalry, who has a special objection to guns? Can we depend upon Cobden himself? Will he pledge himself to back us at our need with an overpowering army from the factories, clad in calico, and armed with the tremendous and invincible billy-roller? Will George Thompson, chief of a thousand wordy fights, be there, — or Wilson, ex-monarch of the league? Shall we send them the beacon blaze, or — faster still — the telegraphic signal to the south imploring immediate succour? Or shall we trust to their own noble impulses, and hold —

Ye need not warn the Cobden clan,  
That ever are stout and true;  
And when they see the blazing bale,  
The Brights and Thompsons never fail!

Indeed, if we are to believe the last mentioned gentleman, we have that assurance already, for he has spoken as follows: — "I may venture to foretell that the Free-Trade Hall of Manchester will be more than a match for Apsley House and the Horse Guards put together;" — a highly satisfactory account of the town which was whilom captured by a sergeant!

Upon the whole, unless we can come to a serious understanding with Manchester, we have grave doubts as to the propriety of offering any very obstinate resistance. If we are to do it, we must send off all the women to

the Trosachs by the Scottish Central Railway, and perhaps it would be as well for all of us to join the Celtic Society, and fight the battles of our country in the pass of Roderick Dhu. An honourable capitulation, on the understanding that the French were to behave themselves, would probably be the wisest course we could pursue under the circumstances. We love George M'Whirter, and have every confidence in his valour, but we could not bear to see him gasping in his gore; and therefore, unless the regulars are forthcoming, or the Manchester legion on their way, he had better fall back with his comrades upon the western warriors of Dalmahoy. The number of our guardians of the night is at present so small, that we positively cannot afford to spare even one of them as food for powder. It would, we fear, be imprudent to risk the fate of the Scottish capital upon the issue of a combat between our dashing Toxophilites and a body of French artillery, and we are reluctantly compelled to admit that there was some truth in Major Dalgetty's sarcasm against bows and arrows. And now, having gone over the catalogue of our available native forces, which is not quite so long as the Homeric muster-roll of the ships, will any body tell us what we are to do? It would be a sore humiliation were we compelled to illuminate Holyrood, and give a grand ball in honour of the Duc D'Aumale, and our other ancient and now re-integrated allies. But if you abolish the British uniform, and allow the French to supersede it, what else can you expect? We want to be loyal if you will only tell us how—if not, we see nothing for it but the illumination and the ball.

Mr Cobden is pleased to be especially bitter upon the "horrid trade" of soldiering. He characterises it as barbarous and damnable, and would be rid of it at all risks. Now, setting aside the idiocy of his remarks, there is a monstrous deal of ingratitude in this language of the free-trade apostle. Had it not been for our arms, where would our market have been? If we had succumbed to France instead of humbling her at Waterloo—and we presume that Mr Cobden would have

preferred the former alternative, since he thinks that the Duke should now be preaching forgiveness for the past—where would have been our trade, and where our exportations of calico? Hindostan is an acquired country, and British arms have opened up the markets of China; and are these commercial evils? Really it is throwing away language to attempt enforcing a point so clear as this. Commerce owes every thing to the exertions and protection of that military power which these purblind theorists complain of; and were our armaments abolished to-morrow, we should look round us in vain for a customer.

And pray what does the arrogant upstart mean by characterising the honourable profession of a soldier as a damnable trade? Does he intend to disgorge his contempt and contumely upon the graves of those who fell on the field of battle fighting nobly for their king and country? Are we now to be told that the names which we have written in our annals, and enshrined in our memories, are detestable and odious as those of homicides and of robbers? If it has come to this, and if public scorn is not roused to overwhelm the man who can conceive and utter such ignoble sentiments, then indeed we may believe that demoralisation has partially done its work, and that the mean ethics of Manchester are henceforward to influence the nation. Not damnable nor horrid, unless justice and freedom be so, is the profession of those who have drawn the sword in the service of Britain, and died for the maintenance of order, liberty, and religion. Other trades there are far more liable to such epithets, but with these, thank heaven! we have but little practical acquaintance. The trade of the greedy taskmaster, who rears infants for his mills, and grinds them to their task until the sinews shrivel up and the limbs are warped into early decrepitude—of him who will not recognise the existence of an imperishable soul within the tender framework of the children whom he makes the victims of his avarice—of the advocates of long hours, because thereby he may keep his human machinery under the complete control of exhaustion,—the trade of that man, we say, though it

may be tolerated in a Christian land, is but one shade less horrid, and not a whit less damnable, than that of the slave-trader, who is now chuckling over his living cargoes on the African coast—cargoes for which he is indebted to the enlightened legislation of Mr Cobden and his liberal confederates! Are these the men who are to revile and traduce our army? Fough! The leprosy of mammon is upon them, and our nature recoils from their breath.

In conclusion, let us express a fervent hope that we have heard the last of this dull and deplorable drivelling. It is to the credit of the Whigs, that, far as they have been led astray by adopting the newfangled political doctrines, rather, as we believe, for the sake of maintaining power than from any belief in their efficacy, they have declined all participation with the Manchester crew in their recent attempt to lower the position and diminish the influence of Great Britain. The chiefs of that party know full well how much we have at stake, and what a responsibility would rest upon their heads, were they to reject the advice of the great captain who has already saved his country, and who again comes forward at the close of life to warn that country of its danger. Mr Cobden likewise is furious with the public press, and charges a large portion of it for refusing to be dragged through the Manchester mire, with having abrogated their duties on this question. We apprehend that the editors of the journals to which he alludes are perfectly competent to the discharge of their duties, without submitting to the dictatorial interference of this very much over-rated and extremely shallow personage. As for the Duke of Wellington, he is not likely to suffer in health or reputation from any want of respect or veneration on the part of Mr Cobden. His fame is too bright to be polluted by such dirty missiles; and the veriest vaga-

bond who broke the windows of Appley House would shrink from repeating the insults which fell from the lips of the calico-printer.

In short, our impression in rising from the perusal of this notable speech, is deep surprise that such a man should ever have been made the leader of a popular party, or the representative of a fixed opinion. That it should have been so, is a reflection that cannot be flattering to many of his followers, and least of all to those who threw aside their opinions to undertake the advocacy of his. But the spell is now broken, the mask removed, and we behold the egotist, the ruler, and the fanatic. Let us sum up in a few words, for the benefit of posterity, the great free-trader's opinion of the Duke of Wellington, and then take leave of the most discreditable subject which for a long time we have been called upon to notice.

MR COBDEN DOES NOT SHARE IN THE GENERAL VENERATION FOR THE DUKE. MR COBDEN THINKS THAT THE DUKE OUGHT TO PREACH FORGIVENESS FOR WATERLOO. MR COBDEN THINKS THAT EVERY MAN, POSSESSING THE ORDINARY FEELINGS OF HUMANITY, MUST CONDEMN THE DUKE FOR HAVING STATED THAT, IN HIS OPINION, THE DEFENCES OF THE COUNTRY ARE INSUFFICIENT. MR COBDEN THINKS IT A LAMENTABLE SPECULE THAT THE DUKE SHOULD HAVE WRITTEN SUCH A LETTER. MR COBDEN HINTS THAT THE DUKE IS A DOTARD, BECAUSE HE HAS VENTURED TO EXPRESS, ON A MILITARY SUBJECT, AN OPINION CONTRARY TO THAT OF COBDEN. AND COBDEN FURTHER MAINTAINS, THAT THERE IS NOT A MORE AFFECTIONATE NOR DOMESTICATED RACE ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH THAN THE FRENCH.

After this we need add nothing more. Our opinion of Mr Cobden could be thoroughly expressed in a much shorter sentence.

## ROMANISM IN ROME.

## CATECHISM IN THE MINERVA.

"Occidit miseros crumbe repetita magistros."—JUVENAL.

"Et qui parlant beaucoup ne disent jamais rien."—BOILEAU.

VISITORS to Rome are oftentimes puzzled and surprised at hearing the very unusual affix, *della Minerva*, applied to one of the Christian churches of that city: more especially when they find it also familiarly known to the common people, not so well read as their priests in the calendar of the saints, as *La Sta. Minerva*; but the apparent misnomer originates in an ellipsis of the full title, which runs thus, *Sta. Maria sopra Minerva*—the church in question having supplanted a temple formerly dedicated to Pallas, upon the ruins of which it has been reared. But though the goddess of wisdom still retains a nominal interest in the edifice, certainly, to judge from the catechetical exercises of which we are about to give a specimen, her reign is past, and there remains but the *nomini umbra* in lieu of it. Exorcised the church, she has been fain to accept such a humiliating asylum in the library adjoining, as inquisitorial Dominicans would be likely to afford a heathen goddess, whose proceedings they must narrowly watch. There she has the mortification of hearing, from year to year, some new relay of "gray-hair'd synods damning books unread," and, club-fashion, blackballing all *her* friends in order to make way for their own; just as old Pope Gregory is said to have burned a whole library of Pagan literature, that the Christian Fathers and Roman Catholic Saints might have more elbow-room; and also that, in the absence of rivals, their authority might not be disputed. "*Fertur beatus Gregorius bibliothecam combussisse gentium, quo divina pagine gratior esset locus et major auctoritas et diligentia studiosior.*"\*

At Easter-tide, those who have any curiosity on the subject may hear Bellarmine's Catechism, as it is squealed, bawled, or otherwise inton-

ated by the young children of the different *Riones*, and commented on and explained for their edification by the pedagogue priest of the district. He is generally surrounded at such times by a bevy of from forty to fifty scholars, *gamins* or *gamines* as the case may be; and to work they set with such earnestness of vociferation that all Bedlam and Parnassus, raving and reciting together, could not well surpass the discord: the shrill diapason, peeling through nave and aisle, shakes the floating *Baldaqino*, and makes the trembling walls below again, furnishing an apt and lively illustration of the "*convulsaque marmora clamant*" of the poet.

Though we had often frequented the churches at this season, and had scores of times heard questions both asked and answered therein, yet, generally intent on the marbles or monuments of the edifice, we had not hitherto given ear to the proceedings of these obstreperous young bull-calves: but, before leaving Rome definitely, it seemed fair to give them an hour's attention on some convenient opportunity, in order to form an unbiassed judgment of how their early religious education was carried on. One soon presented itself in the above-named church of the Minerva; for, chancing to be there at the right hour on an examination-day, in crossing in front of the black-columned chapel of St. Dominick, we came suddenly upon a covey of little girls nestling in one of its corners, under the sumptuous tomb of the thirteenth Benedict, and waiting, all primed, for their instructor. Some, absorbed in the contemplation of the silver crown and faded finery of St. Philomel—we trust, at so tender an age, without infringement of the tenth commandment—were delighting themselves in anticipating the day

\* Vide Notes to Pope's *Dunciad*, book iii.



when they too might become saints, and wear similar decorations; others, too young for such speculations, were staring with intense vacancy at the flickering of a tiny lamp, in front of a very dingy-looking madonna, to which one or two, in baby simplicity, were repeating *Latin* creeds, paternosters, and aves. Not knowing exactly how long the preceptor of these small folk might keep them waiting, we left them, and proceeded to the body of the building, where a detachment of boys was already drawn up for action, with their *padre* in the midst. Approaching as softly as might be, we stood against a neighbouring pilaster to hear what might be required of such young pupils, and how they were prepared to acquit themselves. Their incessant movements did not promise a very sustained attention, whatever might be the business in hand: many of them were evidently plagued with fleas—all with fidgets; some shrugged up their shoulders, others swung themselves by their hands on the form: these were buttoning, those unbuttoning their dress: and not a few warmed their feet by kicking the sounding pavement, and then listening to the echoes from the vaults. Every boy carried a book in his hand: but on these no wandering eye ever looked, not even for an instant, in its numerous glancing-round. As soon as the additional commotion, occasioned by the approach of a stranger, had subsided, the priest, harking back to what he had just been saying, and not quite sure of his whereabouts, asked his class touching the last question. "You asked that boy," said one, pointing to a comrade near him, "how he supposed he ought to come to church." "Well," said the priest, resuming his cue, and reverting to the last examinee; "and how did you tell me you were to come?" "*Colle mani giunte così*," said the boy, locking his hands, and standing up as he did so. "*Niente avanti!*" said the priest, glancing at two very dirty paws. "Oh yes! I was to wash them." "*Poi?*" "I was to cross myself as I came out of my room, and to cast down my eyes, like the *Mater Indolorata* yonder." "And then?" "As I came to church, besides looking grave, I was to walk,

not *così*"—and he walked a few paces as he ought *not* to walk,—"*but così*!"—changing the rhythm of his march—"as if I were following my brother's funeral. *E poi finalmente*," (as he resumed his place with a jerk,) "I was to be seated so, and hold my tongue till the *padre* should address me." "Well, my little man," (to another of the motley class,) "were we not talking about the sacrament?" "Oh yes! no one may receive that who has been guilty of any mortal sin." "*Bene*, that's quite right; but *why* not?" The following gabble, to which it was quite obvious that none were of an age to attach any meaning, served for a reply, and was received as perfectly satisfactory by the priest:—"Siccome il pane *naturale* non può dare vita ad un corpo morto: così il pane della Santissima Eucaristia non può dare vita ad un *anima* morta." "And what may mortal sins be?" turning to the next scholar. "*Eh? chi lo sa*: who is to tell you that?" said a young butcher's boy, turning off the question, and freely offering it to any one who would take it up. Upon this the boys made much noise, and laughed out lustily, not encountering any reprimand from the *padre*, or so gentle a one as to prove no check to their mirth. At length, quiet being partially restored, he resumed his task, and asked a child of *six* years old to give him an example of mortal sin! Not receiving an answer, this question travelled nearly to the end of the first line before any one would take upon himself to venture even a random response; then, at last, by dint of prompting, one boy suggested, that the tasting food before receiving the sacrament was of such a kind: and having been first much commended for his erudition, was next subjected to a long list of *suppositions* from the examiner: such as, "Suppose I were to drink a little water merely?" "*Niente!* no, you musn't." "Well; but suppose I only took a small piece of consecrated wafer?" "*Ne anchè*; not that neither." "What! would even these small indulgences be infringing the rule?" But as the boy had received an approving "*bene*" for his first negative, he had no difficulty in keeping to his text; and at last the whole class, enjoying the joke of pun-

ishing their *padre* by cutting him off from all supplies at every fresh demand, roared out in chorus, "*Niente, niente*—you musn't touch a bit;" till, tired of the shouting, the good man proceeded to the next interrogatory. We were tiring too; but being really desirous of hearing, if possible, something more to the purpose, remained, notwithstanding, yet another half hour at our post—indeed quite long enough to be sure that "*niente*" was all we were likely to get for our pains. Some of the questions were simply frivolous, many jesuitical, others deeply profound; and whatever their character, all were answered in the same careless and irreverent tone: *à tort et à travers*, according to the fancy of the young respondent. In a word, a more complete waste of time for both teacher and taught could not have been easily devised. The instruction of this and similar classes—for we have no reason to suppose that others differ from it—seems about as intellectual and useful (and no more so) than that of an aviary of parrots in the town of Havre, where the young French *psittacæ* chiefly learn their *champs*, and their "*petits dejeuner*." Alike in quality, it is not very dissimilar neither in the mode of its administration. The shopman proposes the first word of a sentence to the whole community, and the greater or less accuracy with which it is taken up and completed, evinces the relative aptitudes of his tyros; and though great allowance is always made, in the case of both boy and bird, for transpositions or leavings out, yet the priest, like the parrot-merchant, keeps an eye on the pupil who promises to do most credit to his training, and brings him forward on every public occasion. "In all labour," says Solomon, "there is profit, but the *talk of the lips* tendeth only to poverty." It requires no Solomon to see how completely this is the case here; but there is one particular in which the *padre* really deserves praise, and we cheerfully accord it. The forbearance, the patience, meekness, and *bouhomie* which he exercises in proposing the dull routine of questions, and in listening while the pupils "ring round the same unvaried chimes"—in

reply, cannot be too much admired. Like the patient schoolmaster, in Juvenal, he puts up with all their idleness and inattention—in the very doubtful proficiency of many of his scholars, gives them the favour of the doubt—and, above all, never loses his temper! This drilling and preparation of the district classes has for ulterior object\* a general field-day,\* which occurs once a year; when the congregated schools, in the presence of the canons and other dignitaries of the church, being now supposed fully supplied

"With stores of spiritual provision,  
And magazines of ammunition,"

for the warfare, are expected

"To rise and start the ready wherefore,  
To all that sceptic may inquire for;  
Then raise their scruples dark and nice,  
And solve them after in a trice;  
As if divinity had catch'd  
The itch, on purpose to be scratch'd!"

In short, these living *santocini* are taught to expose heresies, and expound the dogmas of their faith, in words found for them by their priests; and he who best retains the lesson, and proves himself most loud and overbearing in the exercise, receives, for reward, a crown and royal robe, and is metamorphosed out of the *imp.* which he was an hour before, into the *imperator*; more fortunate by half, in the undisputed tenure of his title for a twelvemonth, than many of his Roman predecessors in the laurel. The little girls have an exhibition somewhat similar, but still more theatric in its character. At Christmas they assemble in the churches, dressed out by their parents (who delight in making them as fine as possible) very much, it must be admitted, like ballet-dancers; but supposed to represent, in their habiliments, youthful Christian virgins and martyrs. Thus apparelled, they hold forth on a platform in front of some favourite *Præsepe*, and sustain, with Pagan rivals, long dialogues on the Nativity, syllogising, in the shrill thin voice of childhood, upon all the sublime mysteries of our faith, till the Pagans abandon the scornful air with which

they are taught to commence the discussion, and confess themselves vanquished by the arguments brought against them. The chief spokeswoman is then rewarded, like the head-boy, with robe and crown, and retains her regal dignity for the same period. Of all such education, what shall we say? Why, truly, in Hudibrastic plainness of speech, that it is

"More fitted for the cloudy night  
Of Popery, than Gospel light."

Are our British *infant* schools quite free from participation in the defects just noticed? By no means; and though the subject is far too important to be dismissed with a few words at the end of a slight sketch like the present, (especially since we hope to return to it later,) yet, even here, we must glance at one or two blemishes, that lie so immediately on the surface as to strike even the most casual observer, when once his attention is called to them. In such seminaries, it is known, the ages of the children usually vary from eighteen months to six years, at which tender period of life it is almost impossible to exercise too much discretion not to over-burden the memory, or to obscure the dawning reason; but alas! in the always well-meant, but certainly not always judicious, zeal for beginning education betimes, how often is it begun too early and pushed too far! In an over-anxiety to prevent, by pre-occupation of the ground, the arch-enemy of mankind from sowing his tares, how often is the good seed thrown in before it can have a chance of quickening! *Festinare lente* should be the motto, in moral and religious, as it is in all other branches of education; since neither in religion nor morals can we hope to arrive at the full stature of perfection, but by slow degrees and long training. The Bible, to be sure, (the only true source of either,) is the Book for all mankind: but as it contains "strong meat for

men," as well as "milk for babes," great judgment is necessary, in separating these diots, to give to each age the food particularly adapted for it. We have the apostolic injunction for such discrimination,—“Every one that uses milk is unskilful in the word of righteousness: for he is a babe. But strong meat belongeth to them that are of full age; even those who by reason of use have their senses exercised to discern both good and evil.”\* It is further obvious, from St Paul’s catalogue of the armour which is to resist *all* the attacks of the world, the flesh, and the devil, that it comprises many pieces of which young children can neither be made to comprehend the design, nor, at their time of life, to require the use. How unskilful, then, and abortive must be the attempt to put into the hands of *infant* the weapons of mature reason; to seek to explain the “beauty of holiness” to a child who does not “know his right hand from his left,” and to invest an unbreeched urchin in the whole Christian panoply at once! With all due respect, too, to the pains-taking compilers of some of the *manuals* used in these classes, we cannot help thinking that their labour has been at times worse than thrown away, and it has excited our surprise to hear really judicious persons speak of these lesson-books as “perfectly suited” to the purpose of infant education, and as requiring no amendment. Surely they cannot have read them: or they must have forgotten, when doing so, the *age* and *condition* of those for whom they are intended. Not to be thought captious for nothing, we will let that “*farrago libelli*”—that sausage of all the sciences—that “Teacher’s Assistant,” speak for itself. It has gone through we know not how many editions, and continues to perpetuate in each succeeding one all the blunders of its predecessors. To begin at the beginning,—The scholars have to learn therefrom as many alphabets as there are

\* Epistle to the Hebrews, v. 13, 14.

† In an otherwise admirable lecture on schools, which was lately delivered by Professor Blount, at Cambridge, we were surprised to hear a general commendation passed on these books. We feel persuaded, that neither the gravity of the case nor the approval of the Professor would have held out long against the recital of a few extracts.

letters; a historical, a geographical, a profane, and a biblical alphabet, &c., &c., not to attempt an enumeration of the whole. In the biblical, each letter is put opposite to some proper or *improper* person mentioned in Scripture, for whom it is said to *stand* representative—(leaving it to be supposed that it has been called into existence for no other purpose.) By this means the *written* character of course becomes associated in the child's mind with the *moral* character of the individual whose initial it is; and thus a certain prejudice is apt to arise against certain letters. For instance, the letter *H* is rendered fearfully significant,—

"*H* stands for Herod, who spilt infants' blood!"

A theorist might, perhaps, trace the absence of the aspirate in the speech of maturer years to the awe created by that dead tyrant's name in infancy, when it is first feebly articulated, then dropped, and not recovered afterwards.\* But we are not theatrical; in proof whereof, we observe that a child's natural aspirations are for tart\*, dolls, or marbles; while, to counteract such propensities, these little hypocrites, before their time, are taught to sing out, among other *Scripture wishes*, the following formula, which must, of course, act as a specific:—

"May Isaac's hallow'd fire,  
All my fervid heart inspire;  
Joseph's purity impart!  
Isaac's *melodious* heart!!!"

A rhythmical dispute between two children, entitled a "Sabbath Dialogue," brings to our mind a similar farce at Ferrara, which we have formerly described. In this lively piece of absurdity, the naughty boy invites the good one to play instead of going to church, and, waxing warm as the other proves intractable, at length becomes absolutely abusive on finding he is not to prevail.

Once again. Behold a class of children with the picture of a sheep before

them—to be taught, one would have supposed, the natural history of that animal, and to learn something about the material of which their little flannel petticoats and worsted stockings are made; when! lo! in place of this, they are informed that "though their sins are red as crimson, they shall be as *wool*!!" If it were necessary to use any interjection here, surely a loud ovine *bah!* would be the most appropriate and natural. But *reverons à nos moutons*, for presently afterwards occurs this question—"What does the Bible tell us about wool?" Answer: "Gideon wrung a fleece!" Bah! again, for what other *commentary* can be made on such *instruction* as this? Why, Jason filched one; and the Lord Chancellor sits upon a woollack; and either of these answers would convey as much useful knowledge to a child's mind, though they are not to be met with in the Bible.

These unfortunate babes are to know a little of every thing: so, after going through *versified* weights and measures—arithmetic, including the higher branches—geometry—we hardly know what is *omitted* in this most comprehensive miscellany—they arrive at philosophy, and learn a great deal to the tune of "Miss Bailey." We give one stanza out of many, as an example:—

"The wondrous globe on which we live,  
Is close surrounded every where  
By something quite invisible,  
And called *atmospheric air*!

This air is fluid, light and thin,  
And formed of *gases* well combined!  
It carries sound and odour well,  
But put in motion it is *wind*!"

At the end of each verse, the infant chorus repeats with enthusiasm, not "Poor Miss Bailey! unfortunate Miss Bailey!" &c., but—

"Oh how curious,—wonderfully curious,  
The *laws of nature* are indeed  
Most wonderfully curious!"

\* Notwithstanding their number, we would suggest one more, the "corrective alphabet," in which all the symbols should stand representative for objects agreeable to babes, and, *ex. gr.*, after their innocent lips have been made to falter out Herod's formidable name, we would point to ours, where—

*H* stands for honey, so sweet and so good.

The geography is as good as the physics :—

"A channel is a passage wide  
That flows from sea to sea;  
When narrow it is call'd a strait,—  
Thanks to Geography !"

"When wise and older I am grown,  
I'll try, and tell you more,  
But Teacher says enough is known  
An infant's mind to store !"

No doubt of it ! enough and to spare ! This is a fine specimen of the class of truths called *unquestionable*. There is, moreover, a pleasing enjoyment about this last line, which recommends it to our regard. The teacher seems to be expostulating with her young charge, and saying, "My dear little four-year-old, eager for instruction beyond your years, but fearful of *learning up* every thing at school,—don't be frightened; the world will always find science sufficient to employ all good little boys like you." But though this *truth* be unquestionable, we doubt whether the line which conveys it be genuine; and rather fancy, should the original manuscript turn up, it would be found to run—

"*Enough's enough* an infant's mind to store !"

which, though somewhat harsh to the ear, conveys an excellent meaning. Should this be thought to make the verse too rugged, we have yet a second various reading to propose, and that is simply to change the last word into *bore*, by which means the easy flow of the verse is preserved, and the *significatio præmans* of the original, though somewhat modified, is maintained.

Notwithstanding these blemishes—which, after our strictures on foreign classes, we felt bound to point out—our English schools are very far superior to the Italian for the same rank. With us, the attention of government and of the public is roused, and directed to their improvement; laymen join with the clergy in forwarding the same scheme; great part of

the tuition devolves upon females—and who so fitted as woman to form the mind at an early age? It is no small advantage, too, that authoresses of talent and judgment should have devoted their time to the composition of exclusively moral and religious tales and histories for the young. Lastly, with us, there is none of that masquerading and display, which we reprobate as forming so prominent a part in all Italian tuition.

In these schools, women are excluded from their natural office of teaching; there are no books adapted to infant minds; the whole business is vested in the hands of the priests; and they, in strict compliance with the spirit of their Church, train the pupils in passive obedience to authority, and teach them very little besides. We fear it will be long before any revolution can reach these seminaries. The sense of personal importance attaching—not only to the children themselves, but to their parents—from these contemptible yearly exhibitions, added to the interested motives which induce the Church to foster such vanity, would render any considerable alteration for the better extremely difficult, even were the evil more generally felt than we fear it is likely to be under the present system of things. We state this opinion with regret: for what is the tendency of such education? Can it inculcate that real humility, not abasement of mind, which should characterise the true disciples of our blessed Saviour? Nay, must it not rather, by holding out, as it does, a premium to natural quickness and a superficial acquaintance with the dogmas of theology, tend to foster pride and selfishness—those monster evils which it is the prime object of religion to eradicate—whilst the heart remains untouched and the moral sense unexercised? and will not the poor children, who are its victims, learn to prize a few dry leaves from the Tree of Knowledge, beyond the fair fruit of the Tree of Life?

## LA CARA VITA.

"Mais où sont les vertus qui dementent les tiennes ?  
 Pour éclipser ton jour quel nouveau jour paraît ?  
 Toi qui les remplaces, qui te remplacerait ?"

DE LAMARTINE, *Harmonies, Hymne au Christ.*

The Cara Vita is a small church situated in the Corso, and not possessing within itself any thing to attract the stranger's particular attention. It is interesting, however, from the solemn services which take place there every Friday in Lent. On these occasions, after an exciting harangue from the officiating priest, the lights are extinguished, knotted scourges are handed round by the sacristan, and each individual of the congregation takes one and begins to flagellate himself. We have been told—for we were never present at these exhibitions—that the noise and excitement are terrible—every penitent seeking to ease his inner at the expense of his outer man, and proportioning the amount of his physical suffering to that of the moral evil which it is intended to counteract. But all the ceremonies in the Cara Vita are not of this character: and the same friend who described the above, informed us that the preaching there was often eloquent, and the music always fine; so, when we read in the *Diario di Roma*, that at twelve o'clock on Good Friday there was to be a solemn *funzione*, or Service in commemoration of our Saviour's Passion, and that in all probability the church would be crowded, we repaired thither on that day an hour before the time mentioned in the paper, in order to secure a place. Doubtful of the propriety of witnessing, as a pageant, a representation of the most awful and affecting scene that the mind of man can contemplate, yet fearing, from some experience in Roman ceremonies, that our visit might issue merely in *that*, we lingered some time about the porch; then, pushing aside the heavy curtain, irresolutely entered; and what a contrast presented itself between the two sides of that matted door! It seemed the portal between life and death: light, noise, confusion, reigned without; within, all was dark, solemn, still. The ear that

had been stunned by the babel of the streets, was startled at the unwonted calm; and the eye, dazzled by the splendour of the meridian sun upon the pavement, experienced a temporary blindness, and required some time before it could accommodate its powers to the obscurity of the interior. By degrees, however, it was apparent that the church, notwithstanding the voiceless quiet which prevailed, was full. The whole assembly sat as if spell-bound; not a whisper was to be heard; an awful curiosity tied every tongue. The business and pleasures of life were forgotten; the sexes exchanged no furtive glances; men and women, alike unobservant of their neighbours, counted their beads and bent their eyes upon the ground; while each new comer, awed by the deep silence, entered with cautious tread, and took his seat noiselessly. When our eyes had become somewhat familiarised with the artificial light, they were attracted to two elevated extempore side-boxes, brilliantly illuminated with wax, and filled with choristers in full costume. Between them was stretched a voluminous curtain, not so opaque but that a number of tapers might be seen faintly glimmering through it; and before this curtain a dark temporary stage was erected. The religious calm that prevailed around was at length gently broken by some soft and plaintive notes, proceeding from the white-robed choir. In a few minutes these died away again upon the ear, and a figure, suddenly rising from the stage, exclaimed in a voice of strenuous emotion—"Once again, ye faithful ones! ye are assembled here to accompany me to Calvary! Yes! another Good Friday has come round, another anniversary of the day announced by God himself for man's deliverance from the wages of his sin; this is the great day when typical sacrifice was done away with, and our blessed Lord made of 'himself a full and

sufficient sacrifice for the sins of the faithful. But in order to triumph, my brethren, we must conquer—to conquer we must contend; there is no warfare without wounds, and our Saviour, while in the flesh, must partake of our infirmities: he must be ‘the man of sorrows and acquainted with grief,’ before he can ‘lead captivity captive, and receive gifts’ for his holy Church; the ransom of his faithful followers must be at the expense of his own blood. He bled, as you know, on Good Friday; and accordingly, we are met here—not to celebrate a triumph, but to learn humility, patience, and forgiveness of injuries at the foot of the cross, in order that we, like our great Head, may become perfect through suffering. Permit me, then, to ask you, with the Psalmist, ‘Are your hearts set upon righteousness, O ye congregation?’ and are your minds prepared to follow the Lord to Calvary? Have you, for instance, been studying lately his sufferings at the different stations of the cross? have you been thinking at all upon his passion? thinking what it must have been to be hooted at, spit upon, reviled, buffeted, and friendless upon earth? If not, ponder well these things now: now, at this moment: for are we not arrived at the most sacred hour of this most sacred but sad and solemn day? About this hour was the Saviour condemned by his unjust judge, delivered up to the rabble to be crucified. Go back in your minds to that moment: see him crowned with thorns, and bearing the cross upon his shoulder, till, lo! he faints under its weight, and his persecutors compel a stranger to carry it to the fatal spot. Then see him toiling onward, surrounded by his deadly enemies; his chosen friends have forsaken him and fled! a few women follow him afar off, bewailing his fate; he turns and speaks; listen to his words—‘Daughters of Jerusalem! weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children!’ Well might the merciful Saviour speak thus, when he had just heard the mad shout of the multitude, ‘his blood be upon us and upon our children.’ The crowd approaches Golgotha! they halt to rear the fatal tree; methinks I hear the exulting outcries of his vindictive murderers as they fix it in

the ground!” Here the curtain drawn between the preacher and the back of the stage fell, revealing three wooden crucifixes lit up by a lurid red light from above. The effect was startling, and produced a shudder of horror throughout the whole auditory. After a breathless pause, the preacher, turning towards the cross, exclaimed, “What! are we too late for the beginning of this tragedy! Is the Redeemer of mankind already nailed to the cross? Oh, cruel and fiendlike man, is this your triumph! surely he who came to save will reject you now! Such might be our feelings, but they were not Christ’s. No, my brethren, far from it. Oh, let us contemplate, for our own future guidance, the behaviour of Jesus to his murderers, not after but at the moment of his extreme torture; and may the Holy Spirit give us grace to profit by the exercise. Look on your crucified Redeemer writhing and maddened with suffering; and listen to the first words uttered in the depth of his agony: he imprecates no curse upon these guilty men, but exclaims, ‘Father, forgive them; they know not what they do!’ *Crucifixus!*” Here there was much emotion both in the preacher and in the congregation; when it had subsided, he added persuasively, “I have heard Christ pray that his murderers may be forgiven, and shall you hesitate to forgive one another?” Then, taking the words of our Saviour for a text, he delivered a short animated sermon upon the forgiveness of injuries; after which came a prayer for grace to perform this duty; the pause which succeeded being filled with music and chanting. Then again the dark form of the preacher rose up. “What, my brethren! did not Christ pass three hours in his agony, and shall we leave him in the midst? He has still more gracious words in store. My dear brethren and fellow sinners, now hear his dying address to the penitent thief, ‘Verily I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise!’ *Ladro felice!* but was he then predestinated to salvation, and his companion to be the victim of God’s wrath? *Niente, niente!* believe not a word of this false and heretical creed.” Then followed a second discourse, with a diatribe against Calvin

(who deserved it!) and all heretics (who might not deserve it), with an anathema against heresy in general, and a prayer for the pardon and acceptance of the true Catholic, *id est* ROMAN, Church. In like manner the preacher continued to set before his hearers all the circumstances of our Saviour's passion; pronouncing a short discourse upon every sentence uttered by him in his agony. Each sermonette was succeeded by prayer; and that by an interlude of music and chanting, which enabled him to recover himself, and proceed with undiminished energy during a three hours' service. We had listened attentively, not always agreeing with his doctrine, but without any great shock to our Protestant principles, when, in conclusion, he exclaimed, "Now, brethren, before we disperse, let us do homage to the blessed Virgin, and sympathise with the afflicted and inconsolable Mother of our Lord. Think of her sufferings to-day: think and weep over them: and forget not the worship due to her holy name: whom Christ honoured, shall not we honour too? Sons of the blessed Virgin! is not your brother Christ her son also? make her then your friend: propitiate her, in order to obtain pardon from him! Let us all, then, fall down upon our knees before the *Indolorata*." A long prayer to the Madonna followed, then a hymn in her honour; and after a last glorious outburst of the organ, accompanying the ardent and sustained Hallelujahs of both choir and congregation, the curtain falls, the doors are thrown open, daylight rushes in through the no longer darkened windows; and presently the thronged and noisy Corso has absorbed the last member of the much moved, slowly dispersing crowd.

A heartfelt and affecting ceremony was that we had just witnessed; every body had shed tears, and there had been evidently great *attrition*, and probably some *contrition* also. The strong appeals of the priest had *told*,

though they were not legitimate; for what could be less so than, in the end, his misdirecting the thoughts from the true object of worship, to *her*, who was, after all, but a mere mortal like ourselves?

Yet devotional feelings had been called forth, and in this it was unlike, and surely better than, the ordinary cold, formal, glittering, shifting pan-tomimic service of Te-Deums, and high masses, which, instead of "filling the hungry with good things," send all "empty away;" or worse, *satisfied* with "that which is not bread." Could piety really be appealed to through the senses, then might the ceremonies of the Roman Church hope to reach it, captivating as they are to most of them. The ear is pleased with exquisite music; the eye is dazzled with pictures, processions, scenic representations, glittering colours, gorgeous robes, rich laces, and embroidery; and even the nostril is propitiated by the grateful odour of frankincense: but the only address to the heart and intellect is a barbarous Latin prayer, unintelligible (were it to be heard) to most of the congregation, and rendered so to all by the mode in which it is gone through. On returning from such exhibitions as these, we feel more forcibly than ever, how much reason we have to thank those pious compilers of our expurgate English prayer-book, who, renouncing an *unknown tongue*, and rejecting all unscriptural interpolations, drew from the rich stores of Rome herself, and from the primitive Church, an almost faultless Liturgy,\* where every desire of the human heart is anticipated, and every expression so carefully weighed, that not an unbecoming phrase can be found in it.

It is impossible for any one who has been much in Roman Catholic countries, to avoid drawing comparisons between the two services; and especially at this time, when many of our countrymen are halting between two opinions, and almost persuading

\* "We were not" (says Jeremy Taylor) "like women and children when they are afflicted with fire in their clothes; we shook off the coal, indeed, but not our garments; lest we should expose our Church to that nakedness which the excellent men of our sister Churches complained to be among themselves."



themselves that there was no need of a Reformation, it behoves those not under the influence of

"That dark lantern of the Spirit  
Which none see by but those that bear it ;"  
nor yet led away.

"By crosses, relics, crucifixes,  
Beads, pictures, rosaries, and pyxes ;  
Those tools for working out salvation  
By mere mechanic operation,"

to protest against the return of Popery to this land, to the surrender of our consciences and our Bibles again into the hands of a fellow sinner.\* "Quis custodiet custodem ?"—who shall watch our watcher?—was a question that men had been asking themselves for many years in England, but hitherto without result : till our pious Reformers, addressing themselves to the study of the Scriptures, received the sword of the Spirit, with which they were enabled to wage successful war against that wily serpent, coiled

now for centuries round the Church of Christ, and waiting but a little further development to crush her in his inextricable folds. Alike unallured by concessions and unterrified by threats, they boldly denounced the heretical usurpation of Rome ; opposing an honest conscience, and Christ the only mediator, to the caprice of councils, and the false unity of a pseudo-infallible head ;† refusing to purchase their lives by rendering homage to any Phalaris of the Triple Crown.

Their perjured faith, though zealot Popes command,  
Point to *this* Bull, and raise the threatening hand :  
They deem'd those souls consummate guilt incur'd,  
At conscience' fearful price, who life prefer'd.  
No length of days for bartered peace can pay,  
And what were life, take life's great end away ? ‡

#### THE BEATIFICATION.

"Sanctis Roma suis iam tollere gestit ad astra,  
Et cupit ad superna evellere u-que, deos."

MILTON'S *Sonnets*.\*

To receive Beatification, which is the first step towards Canonisation, and may in time lead to a fellowship with the saints,—to be pronounced "blessed" by him who arrogate to himself the title of *Holy*, and must therefore know the full value of the dignity he confers—*sic laudari a laudato*, and that too in the finest church in Christendom, before the eyes of a countless assembly of all the nations of Europe,—is an honour

indeed ! No wonder, then, that every promotion should be jealously canvassed, and that sometimes the rumour of "unfairness," or "favouritism," should be heard among the people, when each fresh brevet comes out. For example—"Who's this third St Anthony ? Are not two enough in the Calendar ? The great St Antonio, and he of the pig!—(*del porco*.)—another will only create confusion : " or else, "Surely the *Beatu*

\* Bellarmine asserts (and who but a heretic shall dispute it with him ?) that men are bound so far to submit their consciences to the Pope, as even to believe *virtus* to be bad and vice to be good, if it shall please his Holiness to say so. (BELLAR. *de Rom. Pontif.* lib. iv. cap. v.) When things came to this pass, were we not justified in the insertion of that rough deprecatory clause that stood in our Litany—"From the tyranny of the Bishop of Rome, and all his detestable enormities, Good Lord deliver us !"

† "We must seek to enter into the real divine unity ; if not, the pseudo unity to which Mr Newman would bring us back will be attempted once more among us ; only to be followed, when its hollowness, its nothingness, its implicit infidelity, is laid bare, by an explicit infidelity, an anarchical unity, without a centre, without a God." (MAURICE'S *Lectures on the Epistle to the Hebrews*, p. 111.)

‡ Imitated from JUVENAL, *Satire* viii.

*Ernestina* has not been long enough dead to have attained to such an 'odour of sanctity;' or, "Though the good Pasquale might deserve the title, the pious Teodoro's miracles are as well attested, and much more numerous, and should therefore have been first recognised." Of such sort are the comments of the crowd. All this grumbling, however, is at an end, when once the *Festa* comes round; the Church, by the brilliancy of her exhibitions, wins over her discontented children, and the installation is sure to be well attended. Sometimes the saint expectant stops short of true canonisation; and, having gained one step, finds himself like a yellow admiral, placed on the shelf without chance of further promotion. (This by the way.) No one can say precisely what entitles the dead to these honours. Large bequests alone are not always sufficient; witness the rejection of a certain distinguished Begum, who left much of her enormous wealth to the Pope, with a well-known view to this distinction. Some imagine that eminent piety is a necessary condition; but no! there is very little talk of religion. It seems chiefly to be the attestation of a sufficient number of miracles at a tomb, which confers the title of *Beatus* on its tenant, and converts it into a shrine, sure ever after to be profusely hung with glass eyes, wax fetters, silver hearts, discarded crutches, votive shipwrecks, &c. &c.\* in token of cures and deliverances which have emanated from it. Next to miracles, perhaps, we may reckon *dates*—*seniores priores*—first buried, first beatified, and no superannuation here: on the contrary, holiness, like many other good things, requires time to ripen its virtues and to bring it to perfection; and it is a rule of the Church that chemistry must disintegrate the mortal before she can build up the saint. Thus it happens of two candidates of equal merit; he whose dissolution took place half a century or so before his rival, obtains the preference. The first

steps are taken by the lawyers; one being retained to advance the merits of the aspirant saint, another to asperse them if possible. Should the election be contested, much special pleading is then resorted to. Both sides are paid by the Church, but he who opposes the nomination is termed the *devil's counsel*. This title, however, is a legal or rather a theological fiction; the miracles alleged to have been performed by the defunct being only more triumphantly established and set off by the apparent disposition of the rival pleader to deny their reality; who, after a proper show of resistance and incredulity, allows himself to be foiled. This is indeed beating Satan with his own weapons; but the advocates of saints belong to that party who

"E'en to the Devil himself will go,  
If they have motive thereunto;  
And think, as there is war between  
The Devil and them, it is no sin  
It they by subtle stratagem  
Make use of him as he does them."

We had never witnessed a Beatification: so, when the Pope, in his character of umpire, had pronounced his fiat in favour of "good sister Frances," and all that remained to be done was the church ceremonial necessary to admit her to piety's peerage, we procured one of the many thousand tickets printed for the occasion, and followed the crowd to St Peter's. Here all was prepared to give due effect to the scene: the interior was studiously darkened, that the rich upholstery might be set off by a grove of countless wax lights, thick and tall as young pine trees. The workmen, after a whole fortnight of bustle and activity, had done their part well. Curtains had been hung and carpets spread; organs wheeled up towards the throne of St Peter; and a whole gallery of villainously painted historical pictures, blasphemous and absurd, were suspended round, representing the miracles for which the new "beatified" was to

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\* It is singular to observe how the "*cotira paria*," in the churches of Papal Rome, are hung with similar offerings to those which formerly ornamented her temples in Pagan times. We possess several of these ancient offerings; *inter alia*, a uterus and a mamma, in terra cotta, from the Temple of *Eleina Ceres* at Aquinum, and an abortion, in lead, from the same source.

receive her first degree towards sainthood; and 'showing amongst other wonders, how in one case her blood, in another her image, restored a blind man to sight, and so completely cured the palsy of one Salvator di Sales, that he is dancing a hornpipe on his recovery, while a priest is looking on approvingly. We were too early for the ceremony; and after curiously scanning these preparations, our attention was attracted to a group near, eagerly listening to the recital of a bare-footed Capuchin. On approaching, we found that he was discoursing on the virtues of a picture of the Virgin, known by the name of *Sta Maria del Pianto*, a fresco daub, painted in a very dirty back street. He was affirming that it had lately taken to *weeping*, and had also been seen to shed tears over the body of a man recently found murdered under the lamp. "Who saw her weep?" inquired one of his hearers. "Do you doubt the miracle, my son?" said the friar. "No indeed, father," returned he; "but why did she not call out to the assassin; and what is the use of weeping over a dead man?" "It was owing to the gentleness of her sex," said another, who appeared interested in proclaiming the notoriety of the shrine: he proceeded, therefore, to inform the attentive listeners, that he had the face newly painted some months back, since which operation there was no end to the miracles performed by it. Several persons round hereon testified to having heard repeatedly of these wonders. "Ah!" said a sceptical craftsman, "I dare say you live in another quarter of the city, for it is well known that those at a distance see these things more clearly than the neighbours, unless, like our friend here," nodding to the restorer of the shrine, "they hope to attract customers to the shop by drawing votaries to the shrine." "I don't believe a word of it," said we, taking part in the colloquy. "*Caro lei*—who can help that? we can only pity your unbelief," said the good-humoured

Capuchin, offering us, however, a pinch out of his snuff-box. "You," continued he, "should call to mind '*in dubiis fides*;' and we, in compassion to your being a heretic, will remember '*in omnibus caritas*.'" We accepted the good man's courtesy, albeit no snuff-taker; and he was resuming the interrupted narrative, when a stir among the crowd outside announced the near approach of the procession, and every one hastened to secure a good seat. Presently the Swiss guards enter, the choristers take their places, in come priests, bishops, cardinals, all sumptuously arrayed; at length the Pope himself arrives and assumes his throne. Mass commences.

And here the reader doubtless expects, if not a full description of the ceremony of canonisation, at least an accurate detail of the various steps of the process by which it was effected; but, as we have stated above, the incubation had been completed six weeks before in private Eccelesiobion, and the pageant to-day was merely to give publicity to the metamorphosis—to read in, and to enrol among the saints the Beati Francescani. As we cannot give a particular account of the *funzione*, we give a general one of all masses. —

High Mass! The stall'd and banner'd quire  
White canons—priests in quaint attire—

The unfamiliar prayer:

The 'umes that practised hands dispense,  
The tinkling bells, the jingling pence,

The tax'd but welcome choir:

The beams from ruby pines that glow,  
Of rhythmical chant the ebb and flow:

The organ, that from boundless stores  
Its trembling inspiration pours

O'er all the sons of care;

Now joyous as the festal lyre,  
When torch and song and wine inspire;

Now tender as Cremona's shell,  
When hush'd orchestras own the spell

And watch the ductile bow —

Now rolling from its thunder-cloud,  
Dark peals o'er that retiring crowd,

And now has ceased to blow.

## CRIMES AND REMARKABLE TRIALS IN SCOTLAND.

INCIDENTS OF THE EARLIER REIGNS.—AN INQUIRY INTO THE CHARACTER OF MACBETH.

THE sunshine and the green leaves embrace not all that we should know of physical nature. Storm and darkness have their signs, which we do well to study; and in the tempests of the tropics, or the long winter darkness of the poles, we have types of the character of different sections of the globe, more marked than the varying warmth of the sun, or the character of the vegetation—but not perhaps so pleasing. Even so, the storm and darkness of the human soul—the criminal nature of man, provide their peculiar food for the thinker and inquirer. The annals of virtue have their own elevations and delights; but those of vice are no more to be passed over than the dark and stormy hours in the history of each revolution round the sun. “While some affect the sun, and some the shade,” there may even be those whose most deeply cherished associations are with these unlit hours—who prefer the night thoughts to the day dreams. But to all, the crimes peculiar to different nations are a large part of the knowledge which man may profitably have of his race. In the history of its great criminals, a nation’s character is drawn, as it were, colossally, with the broadest brush, and in the deepest shadows. National virtues have delicate and subtle tints, and exquisitely minute shadings, inviting to a nearer view—like Carlo Dolce’s Madonnas, or Constable’s forest landscapes: the crimes of a nation present the character of its people, as they rise from the dead in Michael Angelo’s Last Judgment. The ordinary vices of men have a certain vulgar air of uniformity; but each great crime is a broad dash of the national character of the people among whom it was committed. The Cenci, and Joanna of Naples were of Italy. It was in Holland that two great and virtuous statesmen were torn to pieces by the mob. The dirk, long buried beyond the Grampians, has reappeared across the Atlantic in the shape of the bowie-knife. The country of Woldemar and the sorrows of Werther produced that most amiable and

sentimental of murderesses, Madame Zwanziger, who loved and was beloved wherever she went; so sensitive, so sympathising, so sedulous, so studious of the wants of those by whom she was surrounded, so disinterestedly patient; she had but one peculiarity to distinguish her from an angel of light—it was an unfortunate propensity to poison people! We read in the *Causes Célèbres*, of a Blue-beard who slew a succession of wives by tickling them till they died in convulsions; and at once we are reminded of that populace who are said to partake of the natures of the ape and the tiger. The people who, for more centuries than are included in the events of European history, have been resolved into the mysterious classification of castes, produced those equally mysterious criminals the Thugs, for whose deeds our so utterly different habits and ideas are quite incapable of finding or conceiving a motive. Our own country produced the assassinations of Rizzio, Regent Murray, and Archbishop Sharpe—all pregnant with marked national characteristics; aristocratic pride, revenge of wrong, and fanatical fury. We propose to offer for the amusement or instruction—which he pleases—of our reader, a few more records of Scottish crimes, not probably all so conspicuously known to the general reader as the three we have just alluded to, yet not, we trust, without something to commend them to notice, as characteristic of the country and the age in which they were respectively enacted.

The raw materials from which we propose to work out our little groups, are the records of our criminal trials; and yet we feel an insuperable inclination to begin with a name not certainly unknown, yet not to be found in the proceedings of the Court of Justiciary—Macbeth, King of Scotland. Perhaps we might consider it a sufficient reason for holding his case equivalent to a trial, that before a tribunal called the Public Opinion, he has been tried, and that at the instance

of such a public prosecutor as never opened his lips in any court of law—one whose accusation has carried a conviction deep into the very heart of literature, whence no archaeological evidence, and no critical pleading will ever eradicate it. Nor would we desire to touch it: let Macbeth the murderer remain to all time the most powerful picture of temptation, leading its victim through crime into the hideous shadows of remorse, that human pen has ever drawn. But there was an actual prose Macbeth, as different from the ideal as the canvas bought by Raphael of some respectable dealer in the soft line, was from the Transfiguration which he afterwards painted on it. With *aim*, being but a simple historical king, we may take liberties; and the liberty we propose to take on the present occasion is that of vindicating his character. Vindications are fashionable; and since Catiline and Machiavelli, Richard III., and Philip II. have been vindicated, why not Macbeth? We shall say 'tis our humour to whiten him, and no man can say it is a criminal or mischievous one.

The main question is, did Macbeth murder Duncan? It was an older story in Shakspeare's time than the murder of Darnley is now, and he may have taken a false view of it. We shall approach the question by an inquiry *who* Duncan and Macbeth were, and in what relation they stood to each other. About the end of the eleventh century, there reigned in Scotland a king called Kenneth III. Like all the other Scottish monarchs of the period, the chroniclers have given him his own peculiar tragic history, in this wise: he was induced to poison the young prince Malcolm Duff, who might possibly show a title to the throne enabling him to compete with Kenneth's own offspring. This troubled his conscience. He "ever dreaded in his mind," in the expressive words of old Belenden, that it "should come some time to light: and was so full of suspicion, that he believed when any man rounded to his fellow, that they spake evil of him; for it is given by nature to ilk creature, when he is guilty of any horrible crime, by impulsion of his conscience, to interpret every thing that he sees to some

terror of himself." He was one night appalled by a terrific vision, and next morning making his confession, he was sentenced to a pilgrimage to the tomb of St Palladius at Fordun. When the pilgrimage was over, he was invited to partake of the hospitalities of a lady named Fouella—a very neat name for a romance—at her fortalice of Fettercairn. In the civil conflicts or the administration of justice during his reign, some of the relations of this lady had been slain; among the rest her son. Having got the king into her toils, she resolved to put him to death; and the method which the chroniclers make her adopt, shows a superfluous ingenuity ridiculous enough to strip a murder of all its horrors. Kenneth was taken to see a tower of the castle "quithk was therket with copper, and hewn with maist subtile mouldry of sundry flowers and imageries, the werk so curious, that it exceeded all the stuff thereof." In the middle of this tower stood an image of Kenneth himself, in brass, holding in his hand a golden apple studded with costly gems. "That image," said the lady, "is set up in honour of thee, to show the world how much I honour my king; the precious apple is intend-ed for a gift for the king, who will honour his poor subject by taking it from the hand of the image." Now matters were so arranged, that the removal of the apple caused certain springs to touch the triggers of a series of bent cross-bows pointed to the spot, and so, when the unsuspecting monarch went to take the gift, a whole sheaf of arrows penetrated to his heart. On the death of this king, though he left a son called Malcolm, the succession went to a rival line. His immediate successor was Constantine, who was killed by another Kenneth, called IV., who in his turn was killed by Malcolm, who thus regained the throne his father had filled. "The gracious Duncan" was the son of a daughter of this Malcolm. His father, strangely enough, appears to have been a priest; he is called in the old dry chronicles, which are the only ones to be depended on, Duncan the son of Trini, or Trivi, abbot of Dun-keld. Now the Kenneth IV. of the rival line, who had been slain by

Duncan's grandfather, left behind him a son, and that son left a daughter, whose name was Gruach, and in whom the reader, though certainly in an unusual shape, must welcome Lady Macbeth herself. There being thus two rival races, alternately seizing the throne: while Duncan was the son of a daughter of one king, *she* was the daughter of the son of another. This gave her no contemptible title to the throne, and when she married Macbeth, or Machabedeth, as he is called by the chroniclers, she had a husband who, possessing the almost independent principality of Ross, might be able to fight her battles. It is somewhat remarkable that, in an ecclesiastical record still preserved, in which a royal grant is made to a religious house, dedicated to St Servanus, Macbeth's wife appears along with himself, as granter of the deed; and they are called, "Machabet filius Finlach, et Gruach filia Bodhae—Rex et Regina Scottorum;"\* an equal juxtaposition, only to be accounted for by the supposition that Macbeth was king in right of his wife. As to Macbeth himself, his origin, save in the supernatural legend we shall hereafter notice, appears not to have been known; but Fordun seems to intimate, that he was a descendant of that same Fenella who had so curiously murdered Duncan's great-grandfather. If we were disposed, indeed, to take a proper antiquarian partisan-ship of the one dynasty against the other, we might speak of Duncan as a treacherous usurper, and Lady Macbeth as an injured and insulted queen, whose cause is heroically adopted and vindicated by a true knight, who, while redressing her wrongs, wins her heart and hand.

Let us now look to the manner in which the death of Duncan is spoken of by the most ancient authorities. Old Andrew Wyntoun, Prior of St Serfs on Lochleven, who has never yet, to our great wonder, been upheld as one of the greatest poets of his own or any other age,—perhaps we may undertake the task some day, let our readers judge by the extracts on the present occasion with what prospect of success:—Wyntoun nar-

rates the event with the true simplicity of genius, in these two lines:—

"He murthrid him in Elgyne,  
His Kynrik he usurped syne."

This is distinct enough, in all truth: there is no ambiguity, or room for critical doubt; nor is his fellow annalist, Fordun, less distinct, for he speaks of the slain monarch as *occisus regere*. But these chroniclers wrote between three and four centuries after the event they commemorate, standing chronologically almost as near our own day as Macbeth's: and when we look into those far older, if not contemporary, annals, which narrate successive events in the briefest possible shape, we find that they contain nothing to indicate that Duncan's death took place in any more atrocious manner than the multitudinous slaughters of kings, with which their narratives are often as crowded as a Peninsular campaign gazette with killed officers. Thus, the register of the Priory of St Andrews simply states, that Duncan *interfectus est*. It is true that the Latin language is deficient in any word to express murder as distinguished from other kinds of slaughter. *Trucido* is the verb we have been accustomed to associate most nearly with the idea of assassination; but in one of the most circumspect and prosaic of the old annals, that of Tighernae, this very word is applied to the death of Macbeth himself. Blackstone notices the circumstance that the English lawyers had to coin, for their own special use, the substantive *murdrum* and the verb *murdrare*; equally creditable to their good taste in Latinity and to the social condition of their country. In fact, the Romans looked upon death, in any form, as so bad a business, that they cared little for making nice distinctions about the motive that had occasioned it, or the manner in which it was effected; and it was a condition so generally disliked, that, if any man was absurd enough voluntarily to place himself in it, neither the law nor public opinion troubled itself to express disapproval, either by driving a stake through the body or in any other way. Undoubtedly there were just-

fiable slaughters and unjustifiable; but the practice of single combat had not arisen to draw a strong and distinct line between death in a fair tournament or duel, and secret assassination. A recollection that this was also the social state of Scotland in the days of Macbeth, will help us far better towards the truth than a criticism on the ambiguous Latin words. It was between that age and the period of Wyntoun and Fordun that single-combat chivalry and the laws of honour had grown up; so, while the older chroniclers had simply to say that the man was killed, without troubling themselves about the manner, those of later date were moved to divide the deaths into two departments—the killed in combat and the murdered. More, probably, by chance than design, the fate of Duncan was put into the latter category; and then a superstructure of particulars was raised upon it—for it must be observed, that the romantic incidents of the slaughter were added at a still later period than that of Fordun or Wyntoun—by Boece and Hollinshed. Here, then, is our case, as lawyers say: Macbeth, in right of his wife, was a claimant of the crown. He kills the existing holder; but there is nothing in the older accounts of the affair to show that he did so otherwise than in the fair course of war. It was what the old civilians would have called a *casus belli*,—an expression which, by the way, we find some accomplished editors using as the *Latin* for a justification of war. The murder is found only in the later chronicles, which, in all parts of their narrative, have covered their more sober predecessors with a coating of fabulous details like the stalactites of a dripping cave. However the real fact may have stood, we have no statement of Macbeth having murdered Duncan until between three and four centuries after the event. Why,—the case looks vastly better than we thought it did when we began with it; we have some thoughts of believing our own theory, which is more than ever we knew a historical critic do, within the range of our personal observation.

Having so disposed of this question, we are inclined to amuse our

readers with some further notices—real and unreal—about Macbeth. Wyntoun gives us a strange wild legend of his supernatural parentage, beginning

“Bot, as we fynd be some stories,  
Gotten he was in fairly wys;  
His modyr to woods made oft repaire,  
For the delyta of halesome air;  
Swa sho passed upon a day  
‘Til a wood her for to play,  
Scho met of cas with a fair man  
(Never nane so fair as sho thought than  
Before than had sho seen with sight)  
Of beauty pleasaunt, and of bycht  
Proportioned wele in all measure,  
Of limb and lyth a fair figure.”

Such is the description of the putative father of Macbeth. In the sententious explanation of Wyntoun, who scorned expletives, “he the devil was;” and so he told the wandering damsel—

“And bade her nought fleyed to be of that,  
But said that her son should be  
A man of great state and bounty;  
And na man could be born of wife  
Of power to reve him of his life.  
And of that deed in taknyng,  
He gave his leman then a ring,  
And bade her that sho could keep that wele,  
And hold for his love that jewel.”

Wyntoun’s melodious verses were lying in a dusty parchment manuscript when Shakspeare wrote; we know not if he had access to the volume, nor have we any strong reason for presuming that he would have perused it if he had. It would be too adventurous to predict whether, knowing the legend, he would have considered any reference to it as consistent with the character of his drama; but it is curious to observe, that the tale appears to have been in the eye of Sir Walter Scott, when he wrote the history of Brian the Hermit, in the *Lady of the Lake*, beginning—

“Of Brian’s birth strange tales were told;  
His mother watch’d a midnight fold.”

We shall now indulge our readers with a glance at a totally different feature in the career of Macbeth. It appears that he was a very able financier. We presume that he was his own First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer; yet in his days there was no pressure on the money-market; there was no drain of gold; there was no restriction of

issue; no great houses suspended payment; there were no rumours of turns-out and distress in the manufacturing districts; there was no Highland destitution. Our proof of this position lies in two lines of our illustrious poet Wyntoun, which contain as much as a smaller genius could have crowded into a volume on "The state and progress of Scotland during the reign of Macbeth; with an account of the arts, industry, and manufactures of the country; returns of the exports and imports, and of the goods entered for home consumption, with the annual gross and net revenue from customs and excise, post-office, assessed taxes, hereditary revenue, and other miscellaneous sources, during that reign: dedicated, by permission, to the Statistical Society." Wyntoun's simple statement is—

"All his time was great plenté,  
Abundant both by land and sea."

What more is necessary? It is true, that on another occasion we have repudiated Wyntoun as an authority; but it is the privilege of the antiquarian speculator to found on an author when he is right, and repudiate him when he is wrong.

We now come to a subject on which really, jocularly apart, we stand upon firm and secure ground—the spot where Macbeth fell. All the chroniclers with one voice state that it was at a place called Lunnanan. Even Raphael Hollinshed, whose version, it is universally admitted, was the one perused by Shakspeare,—after he tells how the beleaguered fugitive beheld the miraculous forest with which his doom was involved approaching him, continues to say—"Nevertheless, he brought his men in order of battle, and exhorted them to do valiantly: howbeit, his enemies had scarcely cast from them their boughs, when Macbeth, perceiving their numbers, betook him straight to flight, whom Macduff pursued with great hatred, even till he came to Lunnannane." Perhaps Shakspeare, not knowing precisely where Lunnanan lay, supposed that it was some spot close to Dunsinane, and did not wish to burden his action with the particularity of an unimportant movement. Lunnanan is, however, north of the Dee,

and distant full fifty miles in a straight line from Dunsinane, the rough mountains of the Bracs of Angus lying between the two places; so that the two parties must have had a pretty long running fight, and Macbeth stood out even harder game than he has generally credit for. Our favourite poet describes the chase across the broad valley of Strathmore, through the rocky glens of Clova, over the Isla and the Esk, down through the hoary forest of Glentanner, across the raging Dee, and up again through mountain and forest, in this sententious and emphatic couplet,

"And our the Month they chased him than  
Till the wood of Lunnanan."

When the victory was completed, we are told that they cut off his head, and bore it to King Malcolm at Kinnardine—a pleasant village on the banks of the Dee, about ten miles from Lunnanan.

This same Lunnanan is a spot which it requires particular taste to love, and yet we have perambulated it not without interest. The Chroniclers speak of it as a forest, but the highest elevations are now generally bare of trees, save where in a few sheltered hollows the birches cling to the rocks. The hills are of considerable height, but round and bare, with few precipices, and little character of outline; but the glens between the hills are sheltered and well cultivated, each is enlivened by a small stream, and still more enlivened by the scanty population seeking the shelter of the recesses of the glen, and making it populous amid the waste. But we shall afford a better description than our own, in a few lines from "The Fortunate Shepherdess," by a poet who lived in a glen not far distant—Alexander Ross. It will be admitted, by the way, that our poetical quotations to-day are not of a hackneyed kind, whatever other censure they may incur.

"The water keely on a level slood,  
Wi' little din, but couthy what it made:  
On ilka side the trees grew thick and strang,  
And wi' the birds they a' were in a sang;  
On ev'ry side, a full bow-shot and mair,  
The green was even, gowany, and fair;  
With easy sklent, on ev'ry hand, the braes,  
To right well up, wi' scattered bones raised,  
Wi' goats and sheep aboon, and ky below,  
The bouny bracs a' in a swarm did go."



Occasionally, when the new earth is turned up, strange uncouth war-like instruments are found in this district—remnants of ancient strife, so unlike any weapons recorded in the genuine history of the military art, that it were hard to say whether they belong to the age of Macbeth, or to unknown anterior centuries. Flint arrow-heads, stone hammers and axes—such is their general character, though we have also seen among these mysterious discoveries, such a thing as a long flat mass of decomposed iron, which may have once been the blade of a dagger, or short sword. Here the knowing reader, who has been induced, on the field of Waterloo, to purchase a ball-perforated cuirass and helmet, which he afterwards discovers to have been made at a manufactory of Waterloo relics, will curl his lip in scorn; but he is wrong. Lunfanau is no relic-collecting district. We question if the inhabitants ever made a shilling of any one, the present company excepted, by the military stores discovered by them when ploughing their tough peat soil. We did not require there to practise the method of self-defence which we adopted on a visit to the field of Waterloo; and by the way—as we are inclined to recommend if strongly to our friends, as an effectual preservative from the main annoyance to which the hero-worshipper is subjected—we may here describe our method. On hiring our guide, we desired him to procure for us a fragment of an old kettle. Carrying this conspicuously in our hand, to each band of relic-sellers who came up, we stated that we were in the trade ourselves, that we had just acquired a very valuable article, and were willing to part with it at a moderate price. The cuirassiers did not look more ridiculous, when they attempted to storm the squares, than our assailants, when we fortified ourselves behind this piece of defensive armour, and to return to Lunfanau.

In one of the narrow glens, near the old parish church, there is an oblong, solid tum bank, or mound, of considerable height, and regular con-

struction, as clean and sharp in its outline as the glacis of a modern fortification. A neighbouring stream has been diverted round it, or rather the waters have been divided and distributed on either side, so as to surround it with a fosse. This curious antiquity is called “the Peel Bog,” or Castle Bog. “The course,” says the author of the statistical account of the parish, “by which the water was conveyed from the burn of Lunphanan may still be traced; the measure of the circumvallation by which the water was confined may still be made; the situation of the drawbridge is still discernible; the path leading from the fosse to the top of the mound may still be trodden; and the sluice by which the water issued from the moat, was laid bare by the flood of 1829.”\* Even the sceptical Lord Hailes ventured to associate Macbeth’s name with the spot; “as no remains of buildings,” he says, “are to be seen, it is probable that the fortress was composed of timber and sod. In this solitary place, we may conjecture that Macbeth sought an asylum.” At some distance from the Peel Bog, a low thin rampart of earth and stone encircles the summit of a conical hill; it is an inferior specimen of the old British hill-fort, well known both in Scotland and the north of England. But on the brow of one of the hills, there is a still more emphatic memorial of the monarch’s fate. There a heap of gray stones, considerably larger than many others surrounding it, is still called, and is represented in the county maps as *Cairn Beth*. We must admit that, were it in a tourist’s district, or were it the spot which popular literature of any kind had marked as the grave of Macbeth, this would be suspicious. But no tourist’s footstep seeks the quiet uninviting wilds of Lunfanau. There is no railway line, not even a stage-coach communication, between it and the world. You have but to see the rough, primitive, granitic air of the Lunfananers assembled at the parish church, to know that they are incapable of any imposition. Legends we always distrust, especially when they are connected with any spot

\* New Statistical Account, Aberdeenshire, 1089.

sanctified by poetry. At Dunsinane, we believe, some vestiges are shown as marking the spot of the usurper's death, the "genuine" spot, "the others being spurious imitations;" but we suspect this legend is not even so old as Shakspeare's day, that it is no older than the revival of Shakspearean literature, and the rise of a general public interest in the spots illuminated by his genius.\* For more than one castle, Cawdor included, has the merit been claimed of being the identical edifice in which Duncan was slain, and undoubted four-posted bedsteads have been shown in actual existence to put scepticism to scorn.

But any popular association of the actual events of Macbeth's career with quiet remote Lunfanan has been barred by the silence of Shakspeare, and the unwillingness of topographical critics to break the spell of the accepted localities. Though legends spring up like rumours, with a breath, the names of places which they have received from historical incidents are generally of long standing, and, indeed, a large proportion of the lowlands of Scotland is full of places which to this day bear Celtic names, given them by tribes who cannot have inhabited the districts for a thousand years at least. The old chroniclers,

\* Of the many spots traditionally connected with Ossian, we have no doubt that the association is no older than the days of James Macpherson. Yet, to show how fearlessly we adopt our theory, we shall here state a circumstance appearing to establish a genuine Ossianic tradition of no common interest, which we wonder never to have seen introduced in the controversy. The wild glen running from the neighbourhood of Crief towards Loch Tay, called Glen Almond or Glen Almain, is the traditional resting-place of the bones of Ossian. The reader will remember it from Wordsworth's lines:—

"In this still place remote from men  
Sleeps Ossian in the narrow glen,

In this still place where wanders on  
But one lone streamlet, only one," &c.

Early in last century, a military road was carried through this glen, by a set of men brought up in the stiff formal engineering of the period, who went straight to their end, caring neither for scenery, nor for legends, for the graves of bards, nor for big stones, as one of their number—Captain Burt, a very matter-of-fact but clear narrator, who was present—brows.

"A small part of the way through the glen had been marked out by two rows of camp colours, placed at a good distance one from another, whereby to describe the line of the intended breadth and regularity of the road by the eye. There happened to lie directly in the way, an exceedingly large stone, and, as it had been made a rule from the beginning, to carry on the roads in straight lines, as far as the way would permit, not only to give them a better air, but to shorten the passengers' journey, it was resolved the stone should be removed, if possible, though, otherwise, the work might have been carried along on either side of it.

"The soldiers by vast labour, with their levers and picks, or hand-screws, tumbled it over and over till they got it quite out of the way, although it was of such enormous size, that it might be matter of great wonder how it could ever be removed by human strength and art, especially to such who had never seen an operation of that kind; and upon their digging a little way into that part of the ground, where the centre of the base had stood, there was found a small cavity about two feet square, which was guarded from the outward earth, at the bottom, tops, and sides, by square flat stones. This hollow contained some ashes, scraps of bones, and half-burned ends of stalks of heath; which last we concluded to be a small remnant of a funeral pile."

Burt, returning to the spot after a short absence, asked the officer in charge "what had become of the sarcophagus." He answered that he had intended to preserve it in the condition I left it, till the commander-in-chief had seen it, as a curiosity, but that it was not in his power so to do: for soon after the discovery was known to the Highlanders, they assembled from distant parts, and, having armed themselves into a body, they carefully gathered up the relics, and marched with them in solemn procession to a new place of burial, and there discharged their fire-arms over the grave, as supposing the deceased had been a military officer."—*Burt's Letters*, ii. 180. The engineer officer, desirous to account for so unaccountable a proceeding naturally drew on the etiquette of his own profession. We make the supporters of Ossian a free gift of this anecdote, not doubting that they will appreciate our liberality.

without exception, lay Macbeth's death in Lunfanan; the people of the spot, who never read these chronicles, and never, perhaps, heard of Macbeth, or if they did, heard the popular account of his death in Dunsinane, call a certain monumental tumulus Cairn Beth—this, we think, is very nearly conclusive.\* And yet, sitting on that Cairn, with the fresh breeze blowing round one, and the blue heavens above, and the blooming heather-bells around, or reclining on the smooth green turf of the Peel Bog, on a summer day, with the sun shining hot upon the hills, and the babbling brook singing its "quiet tune," it is not easy to associate the spot with that history of blood and horror, or to feel that its features are ancient, or that they ever were connected with warfare. In the gloomy galleries of Glamis or Cawdor, with their grim old portraits, their armour, their secret staircases, their mysterious hidden chambers, and iron hooks in the wall—the idea of the haggard murderer, and all the associations of his deeds and his remorse creep more vividly on that imaginative conscience, which more or less makes cowards of us all in such places. Yet the history of the arts tells us that not one stone of these edifices, ancient though they be, can have stood upon another till the history of Macbeth was as old as that of Queen Mary is now. Why, then, should they retain their hold on us? They are contemporary with Shakespeare's Macbeth, though not with the historians', and are the style of edifice in which he cast his tragedy. It must be a feudal stronghold, heavily arched, buttressed, fortified, and gloomy,—where the lady in a vaulted half-lighted chamber may say:

"The raven himself is hoarse  
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan  
Under my battlements."

The timber edifice on such an eminence as the Peel Bog—probably, as the sagacious Lord Hailes imagines, the true character of the edifices possessed by Macbeth—would no more

fill up the true architectural wants of the drama, than a marble Grecian temple, or a Canadian settler's log-house.

Crimes briefly told without details have no interest, unless they can be put in the shape of statistics—some people will be inclined to deny that the exception is the reverse of the rule. We are not writing history; and if we were, the historical details which go no further than that A stabbed B, and C poisoned D, and E mutilated F, are not such as we are inclined to believe our readers would thank us for. It is very clear that the death of Duncan, if we had no more than authentic annals to deal with—if it had been a question merely of history, and not in some measure incidentally connected with the highest rank of human intellectual effort—would have formed a very meagre object of comment. The society of antiquaries might have endured a paper on it—for such endurance is the martyrdom they have chosen—but no other person would. In looking, then, down through Scottish history from the accession of Macbeth's successor, we find little that can be noticed with any applicability to our particular purpose, until we reach the time when the records provide us with some of the details.

Yet there is one very early tragic incident, which appears to us to have considerable interest, as one of the first striking instances where the fierce spirit of clan animosity—the burning desire to avenge the wrongs of the chief—was exhibited by the Highlanders. It occurred about the year 1242. A tournament was held on the English Border, at which two young knights, Patrick Earl of Athole, and Walter de Bysset, a cadet of the family who were lords of the great northern districts, subsequently the patrimony of Lord Lovat, encountered each other. Bysset was unhorsed. Not long afterwards, the building in which the Earl of Athole lived, in Haddington, was burned to the ground, and he, with several of his followers, died in the flames. By

\* "It is a world of change. While correcting the press, we have just heard that some learned antiquary has enlightened the Lunfanenians, and that they have set up a tower called "The Macbeth Arms!"

some accounts the Earl was previously murdered, and the house was burned to conceal the deed. Let us here have recourse to the distinct and considerate account of the incident in our favourite poet :—

"Whether it was of recklessness,  
Or it of forethought felony was,  
Into the Inn, lang ere day,  
Quhare that the Earl of Athole lay  
A fell fire him to coals brynt,  
Thus suddenly was that Earl tynt.  
And with him money ma  
'There houses and men were brunt alsua."

Some Highland gillies from Bysset's country had been seen in the neighbourhood, and suspicion immediately fell upon the head of that house. He tried to prove an alibi—that he was, at the time of the tragedy, in Forfar, some eighty miles distant from Haddington, doing the honours of hospitality to the Queen. As our historical poet says :

"But this Sir William at Forfar  
That night was late at the supper  
With the Queen, and her to chamber led,  
And in his own chamber yhed till his bed,"

like a good old country gentleman. But an alibi went for little in a Highland fend.

"To purge him for this the Queen  
Proffered her to swear bodily,  
But that assythed not the party,  
That was stout and of great might,  
They said—Wherever he was that night  
Bathe his armoures and his men  
Intil Haddington were seen then,  
When this earl was brynt with fire:  
They said the Byssets in their ire  
Of auld feud and great discord  
That was between them and that lord,  
Did that in forethought felony."

It was still the age of ordeals. The hot ploughshares were, perhaps, obsolete, but single combat was in full practice; and even jury trial was considered a species of ordeal rather than a deliberate judgment upon evidence. The accused party in the one case appealed to the chances of war—or, taking the reference in its more solemn aspect, he left his cause to be vindicated by the God of battles: in the other, he threw himself upon the suffrages of his peers. Both ordeals were considered about equally reasonable and fair; and if the man who preferred the ordeal of battle were a gigantic warrior, unconquered, and terrible in the lists, he was, to the true believer in ordeals, not more formi-

dable than the feeblest of his contemporaries, for a just Deity might wither his uplifted arm; and if he retained the physical superiority he had previously indicated, it was because the All-seeing Eye knew of the justice of his cause. Now Bysset, who seems to have been somewhat of a sceptic in ordeals, had no objection to trust the issue to single combat, and challenged whomsoever would dare to stand forth against him. But he would not submit to an assize or jury, for he said the whole country had prejudged him. His opponents had, somehow or other, greater faith in the ordeal of an assize than that of battle, and would not accept his challenge. In the meantime, to show his sincerity, he requested the northern clergy to curse and excommunicate the perpetrators of the deed.

"Sir William Bysset gert for thi,  
His chaplain in his chapel,  
Denounce cursed with book and bell,  
All they that had part  
Of that brynnin, or any art.  
The Bishop of Aberdeen alsua,  
He gart cursed denounce all tha  
That either by art or part, or swike,  
Gart burn this time that Earl Patricks,  
In all the kirk, halely  
Of Aberdeen's diocesy.  
Sir William Bysset this process  
Gart be done."

Wild justice began to be enforced in the country of the Byssets, which was overrun by their enemies: in the pathetic language of our poet—

"His landis quite,  
Was for that burning all herryet,  
Bathe of nowt, and sheep, and kye,  
And all other goods halely."

At length, the Byssets agreed "to come into the king's will," or abide by his arbitration. They came under an obligation to depart to the Holy Land, and there for the remainder of their days pray for the soul of the murdered man. Their broad estates were forfeited, and a portion of them coming into the hands of a family named Freze-lier or Frazer, they planted the roof-tree of the great chiefship of that name in the northern Highlands.

There is little doubt that the murder of Athole was a piece of clannish vengeance over which the chief had no control. His wild Highland followers saw him unhorsed: it was enough. Into such puerile refine-

ments as the law of chivalry, which bound him to take the unhorsing with the meekness of those who turn the left cheek when the right is smitten, they could not enter. The more they believed in the high spirit of their chief, the more they would be confident, that he would exult in a signal vengeance for the insult. Of course, when the vengeance was accomplished, it would rouse an unquenchable desire of retaliation in the men of Athole; and indeed it may be conjectured from the circumstances of the whole proceeding, that the king believed the Byssets personally innocent, but dared not, for the peace of the country, allow them to remain in Scotland. And yet what is on the whole the most remarkable feature of the Highland feuds of the day,—neither the Athole nor the Byset family were old hereditary patriarchs of the people. They were foreign adventurers, but recently rooted in the country. The Celtic races seem to have at once rallied round such intruders, in the strongest and fiercest spirit of devotion. When a chief had descendants, his race held, of course, generally a position which a stranger could not shake. But if the people had quarrelled with their chief, or if from other circumstances the headship were vacant, they clung with instantaneous tenacity to the first Norman adventurer to whom the monarch assigned their territory; and the descendants of these refined sons of chivalry by degrees assimilated themselves to the people among whom they were cast: becoming ostensibly of the same race as that over which they held rule.

The banishment of Byset was connected with important historical results. Instead of going to Palestine, per agreement, to pray for the soul of the slaughtered Earl of Athole, he went, according to Matthew Paris, to a nearer and more agreeable place, the court of England. There he fostered in Henry III., those notions of the feudal vassalage of the Scottish kings to England, which produced the invasion of his successor, Edward I. Byset had a considerable personal interest in this question; for, if the king of England had a paramount superiority over Scotland, his banishment and forfeiture might be re-

versed. Such conduct shocks all historical notions of patriotism; but what better claim had Scottish nationality on the Norman adventurer, than the respectability of Juggernaut has on a member of the supreme council of Calcutta? The ancestors of the house probably came over with William, a century and a half earlier; the banished lord was perhaps brought over from England with his father or grandfather, to accept the chiefship of a portion of the Highland wastes, over which the King of Scots professed to hold sovereignty. Aggrandisement was the sole object among the barbarians of the north; and when they ceased to derive a territorial revenue within Scotland, their connexion with the country where they lived was as completely closed, as that of the governor of a colony when he is recalled.

The subsequent history of this race was as strange and eventful as their first appearance in the Scottish annals. They became great lords in Ulster; and early in the fifteenth century they were again represented by a Scotsman, Donald Balloch, the hero of the battle of Inverlochy, whose mother was the heiress of the Byssets. For some time after this, we might trace their descent, like the track of a wild beast, by the marks of rapine and disorder; and at a later period we finally lose sight of the pedigree of the Byssets, in Montrose's celebrated ally, Kilkirkoch.

Few of the incidental notices connected with those minor offences which mark the general character of the people, can be found anterior to the commencement of the criminal records. Hector Boece and our friend the poet occasionally tell wondrous incidents; but they are not to be depended on, and few of them have enough of dramatic spirit to be interesting as fables. We are inclined, however, to mention, in passing, the judicial feats of stout old Regent Randolph, whom the poet maintains to have been the greatest of law reformers; in testimony whereof, he adduces a case in point, far beyond the nicety of modern juridical philosophy. The regent hanged a man for stealing his own property. There was a law that the community should make good every theft,

the perpetrator of which could not be discovered. Founding on this law, a husbandman secreted his plough-irons, and received compensation.

"A greedy earl soon after was,  
Burnin' in sick greediness,  
That his plough irons himself stoll,  
And hid them in a peet pot all.  
He playned to the sheriff sare,  
That stolen his plough irons were;  
The sheriff than paid him shillings twa,  
And after that he done had so,  
Soon a great court he gart set,  
Wyting of that steth to get."

The fraud was discovered, and the perpetrator of it hanged.

The murder of James I. is one of the few crimes anterior to the commencement of the records, of which a contemporary account, circumstantial and truthlike, has been preserved.\* Few historical tragedies bear comparison with this, either in the audacity with which the assassination was planned, or the relentless atrocity with which it was perpetrated. Nothing can afford so lively an illustration of the perilous tenure of the Scottish crown in the fifteenth century. We would fain have had the telling of this story, and of that part, especially, where, after the household traitor had removed the great iron bolt, a young damsel, a daughter of the house of Douglas, thrust her arm in the socket. "She was but young," says Hector Boece, "and her bones not solid, and therefore her arm was soon broken in sunder, and the door dung open by force." Poor child! few have been the acts of loyal devotion so heroic as hers: but the whole narrative has been so fully and minutely incorporated with history, as to afford no excuse for here repeating it.†

There are, on the other hand, among the early criminal records, two instances of conspiracy against the life of the monarch, of which the particulars are not sufficiently ample to give them the interest of mystery. To excite curiosity, we must see a certain way, while we are unable to see so far as we desire: but in these cases we have little more than the accusation and the condemnation. One of the sufferers was Janet Lady Glamis,

condemned to be burned on the 17th of July 1537; we find her name in the criminal record five years earlier, charged with "art and part of the intoxication of John Lord Glamis her husband." The charge has not a very formidable sound, but it doubtless meant either poisoning or sorcery or both; for they were then held to be one concern, as the Romans showed that they deemed them by the title they conferred on the witch, "venefica." This trial is remarkable from the circumstance of a number of gentlemen having preferred paying a penalty to acting on the jury. Perhaps they were inclined, as a later bulwark of our constitution is said to have done, to find a verdict off-served him right. It was through the instrumentality of poison that the unfortunate lady was charged with intending to effect her design against the life of the king; but of her motive or ultimate object there is no indication, beyond her relationship to the Douglas family, and probable connexion with their intrigues. The other charge of treason occurred so closely at the same juncture, that for this reason alone historians have supposed that they had both some untraced connexion with a common plot. The culprit in this instance was John Master of Forbes, who was charged with a design to shoot the king as he passed through the town of Aberdeen, as a service which he was likely to have performed as successfully as Bothwellhaugh, for he had already shown his abilities in the murder of his neighbour, Seton of Meldrum. In those days, the people who took upon them to fire at kings—very different from the maudlin wretches whose diseased brains conceive such horrid projects in a civilised age—knew what they were about, and were generally successful. They were well accustomed to "break into the bloody house of life;" and the attempt on a crowned monarch was merely a higher range of practice, tasking their best abilities. The simple truth is this: that in the present age we are not accustomed to shooting people, and

\* It may be found at the end of vol. i. of Pinkerton's *History of Scotland*, and in vol. ii. of the collection of reprints called *Miscellanea Scotica*.

† See Tyler's *History*, iii. 307, & seq.

therefore, when any wretch takes into his frenzied brain a design to fire at a Louis Philippe, he gets confused and makes a bungle of it. It is not a practice suited to the age, and no man of any sense would adopt it.

The earliest of the Scottish criminal records that have been preserved begin in the reign of James IV., about the year 1488. Mr Pitcairn, who has generously laid these early records before the public, not at the expense of the record commission but at his own, says of them,—“The books of adjournal and minute books of the supreme criminal tribunal of Scotland, as well as the records of the Justice Alres, &c. at these remote periods, were kept in an obscure forensic Latin. This circumstance, added to the well-known difficulty of deciphering the ordinary MSS. of these centuries, and the fact of the books now preserved being generally mere scrolls and memoranda, written with many contractions and evidently during the hurry of the court proceedings, have hitherto rendered the task of examining them, and presenting the public with the more important cases, a labour of a peculiarly irksome and repulsive kind.”

We do not doubt it, and hence our gratitude to Mr Pitcairn, for not only deciphering these discouraging manuscripts, but translating the Latin into English. Those indeed who, like ourselves, have perused his volumes—if any other person has perused them—owe a double debt of gratitude to Mr Pitcairn; for he has enabled us to read, in excellent type, what we would otherwise have had to decipher in distressing MS., and he has given us the means of pursuing the task of research by our own fireside, instead of in the interior of the Register House; while we have the satisfaction to feel, in perusing his quartos, that the number of people to whom, in common with ourselves, they have laid the field open, is a very limited one indeed—so limited, that we shall consider every quotation we make from his volumes as select and valuable as if we were able to subjoin MS. *penes auct.* to it.

The earliest of these translations from the old Latin records contain the minutes of circuit courts on the Borders. The entries are as like each other as those of a police charge book.

Plunder of cattle is the perpetual theme, and the quantity of business done by individuals is sometimes startling. Here is an ordinary specimen—

“Walter Scott of Howpaslot, allowed to compound for treasonably bringing in William Scott, called *Gyde*, John his brother, and other traitors of Levyn, to the Hereship of Harehede. Item, for theftuously and treasonably resetting of Henry Scott and other traitors of Levyn: Item, for the treasonable stouthrief of forty oxen and cows, and two hundred sheep, from the tenants of Harehede, at the same time. Robert Scott of Qubithchester became surety for his entry at the next Justice Aire.”

Such were the gentry who, in the words of the namesake of Howpaslot,

“Prove the bees that made their brot,  
From England and from Scotland both.”

Another entry like the former, containing more names that will sound not unfamiliar, may be given as a further specimen. The two, from their similarity, will satisfy the reader that it would tend little to edification to make a more extensive selection.

“John Scott of Dalroaine, allowed to compound for art and part of the resetting of John Rede and John Scott in Tushielaw in his theftuous deeds; and especially the time that the said John Scott stole a ‘drift’ of sheep from Thomas Johnson forth of Qubithoch. Item, for treasonably resetting Hector Armstrong, a traitor of Levyn, in his theftuous deeds and treason. &c. &c. Item, for common oppression of the lieges, in taking and plundering them of their horses and goods by his own authority. Item, for intercommuning with the English in treasonable manner. Item, for common reset of the thieves of Liddesdale, Eskdale, and Ewesdale. Item, for slaughter of one called Colthride, &c. &c. Robert Scott of Qubithchester became surety to satisfy the parties.”

The reader of Scottish history knows that, in the year 1580, James V., finding that by Circuit Courts of Justiciary he produced little more effect upon these Border depredators than if he had made a gratuitous distribution of Cicero de Officiis among them, made

war on them, by leading an army through their country, and destroyed their strong-holds, as the German free cities destroyed the castles of their professional brethren on the Rhine. It was on this occasion that Johnny Armstrong visited him with twenty-four armed "gentlemen," according to Pittscottie, "very richly apparelled," and that the king, turning haughtily round from the freebooter's proffered courtesy said, "What wants you knave that a king should have?" There is something sad in Armstrong's fate. He appears almost to have considered the king one of his own class,—a leader of men, but a greater leader. Somewhat pompous and conceited he appears to have been;—somewhat too trustful in the effect of his hearty hail-fellow-well-met way of approaching the royal presence. In fact, Johnny Armstrong "did not know his place," and treated the king too much like a brother freebooter, of a higher standing than himself. But, in his apprehension and execution, there is something that makes the nearest possible approach to treachery; and we can imagine a blush rising in the royal cheek, when the robber captain turned haughtily round and said, "I am but a fool to seek grace at a graceless face." The entry regarding the redoubted leader, in these records, is as brief as it is humiliating, for the lion had not the telling of the tale;—"John Armstrong, alias Blak Jok, and Thomas his brother, convicted of common theft, and reset of theft, &c., hanged."

During the same reign, outbreaks in the Highlands assumed a somewhat similar character to those of the Border rieviers; but the Celts conducted their operations on a much larger scale, and we intend to devote to them a separate paper.

The disturbances connected with the Reformation are essentially a part of the history of the kingdom, and in that shape too well known to have a place here: but a considerable time before these great convulsions, some smaller offences occasionally connected themselves with the priesthood, and their relation to the rest of the community. Even in the days when the church of Rome was so far Catholic as to be almost co-extensive with Christianity, Scotland was not without occasional ebullitions, in which the savage nature

burst the spiritual bonds that, in its ordinary moments, held it in subjection. Boece relates an affair of this sort, and its consequences, with a rapidity almost unmatched, when we consider the quantity and the serious character of the business transacted. It was in the reign of Alexander III. that, according to his translator, "The men of Caithness burnt Adam, their bishop, after that he had cursed them for non-payment of their tenns. King Alexander hearing sic terrible cruelty done to this noble prelate, ceased not till four hundred of the principal doers thereof were hanged." "King Alexander," continues the chronicler, "for this punishment was getrunly beloved by the Pope." No wonder! Nearly contemporary with the crusade of James V. against the Border rieviers, was the murder of James Ingla, abbot of Culross, by Blacater baron of Tullyallan, and William Lothian, a priest, both of whom were found guilty and beheaded, while others were acquitted. The trial seems to have excited much interest, for Bishop Leslie tells us that the ceremony of the degradation of the priest, previously to his being handed over to the civil power, took place upon "ane public scaffold in the town of Edinburgh," "the King, the Queen, and a great multitude of people being present." A year or two afterwards we find the somewhat singular circumstance of a whole list of priests charged with an act of violence;—"John Roull, prior of Pittenweem; Patrick and Bartholomew Forman, and six other canons; Mr Alexander Ramsay, rector of Muckart; Sir John Ramsay, and three other chaplains, and John Blackadder, parish clerk of Sawling." They were re-pledged to be tried by their own ecclesiastical court. It appears that, in the course of a dispute regarding the right to the produce of the land of Pittenweem, an officer of the court was appointed to reap the crop. When he repaired to the spot, the sub-prior and an assemblage of followers threatened him with violence. He found himself placed in a very curious position, and made an equally curious request. When a messenger is deforced, those who have used violence are liable to damages. The messenger on this occasion, being a shrewd and calculating man, sur-



veyed the forces of his opponents before making a "return of desorcement." To his mortification he perceived that, to use an expression of modern origin, "they were not worth powder and shot." There were none among them "but religious men and priests, hinds' wives and bairns, which were not responsal to our sovereign lord gif he had taken desorce." He made a request that they should "send for Andrew Wood in Pittenweem, John Brown of Anstruther, the laird of Balasky, or some other responsal persons, to stop him, so that he might indorse his desorcement and depart, which they plainly refused." The request was about as reasonable as if a gentleman, knocked down by a ragged ruffian, were to ask him to get some capitalist, able to pay respectable damages, to come and aid in the operation. The prior, meanwhile, came to the assistance of his subordinates, and put himself at the head of a truly formidable array: three hundred men, who "with hagtouts, culverings, cross-bows, hand-bows, spears, halberds, axes, and swords," came in arrayed battle, with convocation and ringing of their common bell," and, falling on the messenger's party, "shot divers pieces of artillery at them." The ecclesiastical people were removed to their own court, so that we lose trace of the proceedings against them. Some of the laymen were charged with the slaughter of the messenger's followers, and others outlawed for failing to appear.

The same Spartan brevity that characterises the early portions of the criminal records, sometimes reduces the history of bloody family feuds, the particulars of which might fill volumes of romance, to the most tantalising dimensions. They are rather inventoried or enumerated by head-mark, than even recorded, and generally present no more satisfactory detail than the following:—

"1554, Oct. 26.—Robert Henry, alias *Deill among us*, convicted of art and part of the cruel slaughter of Thomas Easate, young laird of Quarrel. Beheaded."

"1552, July 3.—Rolland Lindsay, Alan Lockhart of Lee, and William Mosman, convicted of art and part of the cruel slaughter of Ralph Weir. Beheaded."

That one of the parties might be a magistrate administering the law, was no impediment to the prosecution of a feud, but rather served to give solemnity and importance to the perpetration of some act of vengeance: thus—

"1527, October 8.—George Ramsay of Clatty, John Betoune of Balfour, James Betoune of Melgum, John Grahame of Claverhouse, and others, found caution to underly the law at the first Justice Aire of Fife, for convocation of the lieges, to the number of 30 persons, and in warlike manner invading John Lord Lindsay, Sheriff of Fife, in the execution of his office, in a fenced court within the Tolbooth of Cowper, the doors being shut, and the assize inclosed; and for breaking up the said doors."

The meagreness of these entries whets one's appetite for some detail of the stirring and tragical events of which they form the bare indexes. With the exception of the great Highland feuds, which burned on so large a scale as to be in a manner historical, the earliest detailed account of a crime arising in family animosity is connected with the feud between the Drummonds and the Blairs in the year 1554. The crime which brought the feud within the notice of the law, was the murder of George Drummond of Leaderick and William his son. The perpetrators, besides a long list of Blairs, include several other names still known in the Braes of Perthshire—such as Chalmers, Butler, Smyth and Robertson. They were charged with assembling to the number of eighty, "with jacks, coats of mail, steel bonnets, lance-staffs, long culverings, with lighted lints, and other weapons invasive." The day on which this tumultuous assembly proceeded to their work of vengeance was a Sunday, and the place chosen for the perpetration was the church of Blair. Being apparently afraid of the number of friends and retainers by whom their victims happened to be surrounded during the performance of divine worship, it is stated that they were obliged to postpone their purpose, and that "they passed to the Laird of Gormok's place, and their dyed with him:" a pretty large dinner-party, certainly. Leaving spies to watch the enemy's motions, they were soon afterwards summoned

to their task, and their victims became an easy prey. The occupation of Drummond and his son—when we remember that it was a Sabbath afternoon—might, perhaps, be scarcely considered so characteristic of Scottish habits as their assassination. They were “alone, at their pastime-play at the row-bowles, in the high market-gate, beside the kirk of Blair, in sober manner, trusting na trouble nor harm to have been done to them, but to have lived under God’s peace.”

The retribution on the offenders is certainly not the least curious part of the affair. That eighty armed men should seize, and put to death, two individuals, either in or out of a church, appears to have been a matter with which the law and the public were under no obligation to interfere, if the parties immediately interested could come to terms. Accordingly, we find on the record some fragments of a negotiation between the head of the Drummonds and the murderers. Some of them, among other more substantial offers, agree, “to gang, or cause to gang,” the four head pilgrimages of Scotland: to do penance for the souls of the dead for any reasonable number of years; and, thirdly, “to do honour to the kin and friends” by kneeling and offering the handle of a naked sword held by the point. These offers are treated with some disdain, as too “general and simple” to require an answer. A further offer of a thousand merks is treated with more attention; but the kin declare that it is far too small a fine “for the committing of so high, cruel, and abominable slaughters and mutilations of set purpose.” To heighten the picture, the deed of the murderers is set in contrast with the peaceable and inoffensive conduct of the deceased, whose great merit was his “never offending them, neither by drawing of blood, taking kirks, tacks, steadings, or rooms, over any of their heads, or their friends.” Thus the murder would have been considered less unjustifiable, if the victim had ever been concerned in ejecting his assailants from their holdings, or offering to take them “over their head:” a doctrine of the sixteenth century in Scotland, which events of the nineteenth, in other parts of the empire, have made only too intelligible. The negotiation was

not quite successful, for some of the parties were beheaded. One of them, Chalmers of Drumloch, along with an offer to let his son marry Drummond’s daughter, and his cousin marry his sister, “without any techer,”—an arrangement which he seems to have thought might be equivalent to “lands, goods, or money,” of none of which was he possessed,—proclaimed himself “ready to do any other thing quhilk is possible to him, as please my lord and friends to lay to his charge, except his life and heritage.” He bound himself to Lord Drummond as a personal vassal and follower, by a “band of man-rent:” an instrument well-known in old Scottish jurisprudence, and perpetually cropping out in connexion with any historical events—such as the murder of Rizzio,—in which many persons united themselves together for the perpetration of a great crime. It was a curious feature of national character,—the form of law running down through every thing, even to the very document framed for setting law at defiance. Chalmers’ bond was merely one of general partisanship and following, and he bound himself to the Drummonds, and their heirs, to “take their true and one-fold part, in all and sundry their actions and causes, and ride and gang with them therein upon their expenses, when they require me or my heirs thereto, against all and sundry persons, our sovereign lady and the authority of this realm alannerly excepted. And hereto I bind and oblige me and my heirs to the said noble and mighty lord and his heirs in the strictest form and sicker stile of band of manrent that can be devised, no remeid nor exception of law to be proposed nor alleged in the contrair.” It might be no small consolation to the chief who had lost a vassal to get a slave in his stead; but the public peace would not be much benefited by this method of settlement.

Some of the precautions against turbulent offences are not less curious than this method of dealing with them when they were committed. An heiress might be compelled to find security, or enter into recognisances that she shall not give her hand and fortune to an outlaw or scapegrace. Thus, on the 13th of September 1563, Mariene Carruthers, being “ane of

the two heretrices of Moweswald," produced two landed proprietors who became bound that she "shall not marry ane chief traiter nor other broken man of the country, nor join herself with any sic person, under the pain of ane thousand pounds."

Whatever it may have been in England, there was little dignity hedging a Scottish king of the sixteenth century. Perhaps, as a rich peer and a poor peer are very different things in popular estimation, though equal in the Lord Chamberlain's list of precedence, so it may have been with kings. The Scottish king was poor, ill-housed, parsimoniously served, meagerly guarded. His pulse might beat with the blood of a hundred monarchs; but the far-stretching palaces, the long gorgeous trains of attendants, the wealth at command, were wanting, and divine right was but a theory, that could neither give parasites rich offices, nor dazzle the eyes of worshippers. Thus it happens that, side by side with the most magnificent theoretical assumptions of regal prerogative, stand the most ludicrous instances of the crown's weakness and smallness. On the 11th July 1526, Robert Bruce of Airth and others are respited, for having committed a highway robbery on his Majesty's artillery—"for art and part of the stondbrief of certain margaizels and artillery coming from the castle of Stirling to the king's Majesty, at his burgh of Edinburgh, for the defence of his person; and for art and part of the stondbrief of the king's letters from his officers, and laying violent hands on them." We have not far to wander for like instances, making the monarch a simple human being, against whom one commits, not the majestic crime of high treason, but the vulgar offences of theft and robbery. Thus, in the very next entry, we find "Walter Drummond acquitted by an assize of art and part of the theft and concealment of the king's crown from his crown-room, with the precious stones therein contained, forth of the palace and monastery of Holyrood." Every petty laird dined and slept within the walls of his thick square tower; isolated by moat or precipice, by long dark passages and iron

grated door. In an age when individuals thus protected themselves, it naturally astonishes one to observe how accessible the royal person generally appears to have been—how slightly protected from contact with the people, how easily approached by the assassin. One man was able to remove all the impediments which stood in the way of the Highland band who slew James I. at Perth. The murder of Rizzio, with all its circumstances of cool premeditation, and calm, steady, bitter insult, need not be recalled to the reader, among the other incidents, which show how thin a partition separated the sovereign from rude violence. The various forms in which that turbulent and most pertinacious of rebels, Francis Earl of Bothwell, assailed King James, are fraught with a ludicrous versatility in the art of haunting and tormenting a king. The official act of forfeiture characterised it as "invading, assieging, and persuing of his Majesty's most noble person, by fire and sword, breaking up his chalmers doors with fore hammers, and cruelly slaying his Highness' servants coming to his Majesty's rescue." "Ane treason and cruelty," continues the indignant document, "not heard nor seen committed by subjects so highly obliged to their native king and prince." The contemporary chronicler, Birrel, characterised the outrage as "a stoure," which the rebel created by striking "with ane hammer at his Majesty's chamber door." In his more renowned and successful attempt, the pathway to the person of royalty was so completely cleared for him by a courageous female, the Duchess of Athole, whose house was next door to the palace, that the weapons of the guard were removed; the queen's bed-room, to which the beleaguered monarch might have fled, was locked; and the prime conspirator and his assistant were comfortably lodged behind the ear, as of the ante-room to the king's sleeping apartment. What might not a boy Jones have accomplished in those days? Should we, however, pursue this subject further, we would be trespassing on that ground of established history which it is our desire on the present occasion to avoid.

## SIR SIDNEY SMITH.

A GLANCE at the history of European fleets would give, perhaps, the highest conception of human powers in the whole progress of mankind. Philosophy, literature, and legislation, of course, have attained illustrious distinctions. But the naval service combines every thing: personal intrepidity, the strongest demand upon personal resources, the quickest decision, the most vigorous exertion of manual and mechanical skill, the sternest hardihood, and the most practical and continual application of science.

The unrivalled triumph of human invention is the instrument by which all those powerful qualities are brought into play: a ship of the line, with all its stores, its crew, and its guns on board, is the wonder of the world. What must be the dexterity of the arrangement by which a thousand men can be victualled, at the rate of three meals a-day, for four months: a thousand men housed, bedded, clothed, and accoutred: a battery of a hundred and twenty guns—the complement of an army of fifty thousand men, and two or three times the weight of field-guns—fought; this mighty vessel navigated through every weather, and the profoundest practical science applied to her management, through night and day, for years together? No combination of human force and intellectual power can contest the palm with one of those floating castles, of all fortresses the most magnificent, the most effective, and the most astonishing.

The history of the British navy, in its present form, begins with that vigorous and sagacious prince, Henry VII., who was the first builder of ships, calculated not merely for the defence of the coast, but as an establishment of national warfare. The strong common-sense of his rough, but clear-headed son, Henry VIII., saw the necessity for introducing order into the navy; and he became the

legislator of the new establishment. He first constructed an admiralty, a Trinity-board for the furtherance of scientific navigation; appointed Woolwich, Deptford, and Portsmouth as dockyards, and declared the naval service a profession.

Elizabeth, who had all the sagacity of Henry VII., and all the determination of his successor, paid especial attention to the navy; and the national interest was the more strongly turned to its efficacy by the preparations of Spain, which was then the paramount power of Europe. When the Armada approached the English shores, she met it with a navy of one hundred and seventy-six ships, manned with fourteen thousand men. And in that spirit of wise generosity, which always marked her sense of public service, she doubled the pay of the sailor, making it ten shillings a-month. The defeat of the Armada gave a still stronger impulse to the popular feeling for the sea; signals were formed into a kind of system, and all the adventurous spirits of her chivalric court sought fame in naval enterprise.

From that period a powerful fleet became an essential of British supremacy; and the well-known struggle of parties, in the time of the unfortunate Charles, began in the refusal of a tax to build a fleet. In the early part of his reign, Charles had built the largest ship of his time, "The Sovereign of the Seas," carrying one hundred guns.

The civil war ruined every thing, and the navy was the first to suffer. Cromwell found it dilapidated, but his energy was employed to restore it. Blake, by his victories, immortalised himself, and raised the name of the British fleet to the highest point of renown; and Cromwell, at his death, left it amounting to one hundred and fifty-four sail, of which one-third were of the line. The Protector was the first who proposed naval

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estimates, and procured a regular sum for the annual support of the fleet.

The Dutch war, in the reign of Charles, compelled further attention to the navy; and when William ascended the throne, he found one hundred and fifty-four vessels, carrying nearly six thousand guns; but the French still exceeded us by one thousand guns.

In the reigns of George I. and II. the fleet continued to increase in size, strength, and discipline. Much of this was owing to the Spanish and French wars. In the war of 1744 we had taken thirty-five sail of the French line. But the incessant treachery of French politics was soon to be still more strikingly exhibited, and more severely punished.

The revolt of the American colonies stimulated the French government to join the rebels. The hope of doing evil to England has always been enough to excite the hostility of foreigners. France was in alliance with us; but what was good faith to the temptation of inflicting an injury on England? An act of intolerable treachery was committed; France, unprovoked, suddenly sent a fleet and army to the aid of America, and the French war began, to the utter astonishment of Europe.

But there is sometimes a palpable retribution even here. In that war, which was wholly naval on the part of France, her fleets were constantly beaten; and the defeat of De Grasse, in the West Indies, finished the naval contest by the most brilliant victory of the period. Another vengeance was reserved for England in Europe. The siege of Gibraltar, if not undertaken directly at the suggestion of France, at least a favourite project of hers, and attended by French officers and princes, became one of the most gallant and glorious defences on record; the besiegers were defeated with frightful loss, and the war closed in a European acknowledgment of English superiority.

But the retribution had not yet wrought its whole work. Rebellion broke out in France. The French troops returning from America had brought back with them republican views and vices. The treaty-break-

ing court was destroyed at the first explosion; the treaty-breaking ministers were either slain, or forced to take refuge in England: the treaty-breaking king was sent to the scaffold; and the treaty-breaking nation was shattered by civil and foreign war; until, after a quarter of a century of fruitless blood, of temporary successes, and of permanent defeats, the empire was torn in pieces: France was conquered. Paris was twice seized by the Allies, and Napoleon died a prisoner in English hands.

The naval combats of the American war had a remarkable result. They formed a preparation for the still more desperate combats of the French naval war. They trained the English officers to effective discipline; they accustomed the English sailors to victory, and the French to defeat; and the consequence was, a succession of English triumphs and French defeats in the war of 1793, to which history affords no parallel.

The French republican declaration of war was issued on the memorable first of February 1793. Orders were instantly sent to the ports to the fleet to put to sea. Such was its high state of preparation, that almost immediately fifty-four sail of the line, and a hundred and forty-six smaller vessels, were ready for sea. The republican activity of France had already determined on contending for naval empire, and a fleet of eighty-two sail of the line were under orders, besides nearly as many more on the stocks. But all was unavailing. The defeat suffered in the ten years previous to the peace of Amiens in 1803, stripped France of no less than thirty-two ships of the line captured, and eleven destroyed; and her allies, Holland, Spain, and Denmark, of twenty-six of the line, with five hundred and nineteen smaller ships of war taken or destroyed, besides eight hundred and seven French privateers also taken, or destroyed. The French had become builders for the English. Of their ships of the line fifty were added to the English navy.

On the recommencement of the war in 1804, the British fleet numbered nearly double that of the enemy; but the French ships were generally larger and finer vessels. It is diffi-

cult to understand from what circumstance the French, and even the Americans, seem always to have the superiority in ship-building. Our mechanical skill seems always to desert us in the dockyard!

During the war, our naval armament continued to increase from year to year, until, in 1816, it had reached the prodigious number of five hundred pennants, of which one hundred were of the line, with one hundred and forty-five thousand seamen and marines!

Since the peace, a good deal of attention has been paid to the construction of ships of war. But it appears to have been more successful in the economical arrangement of the interior than in the figure, which is the essential point for sailing. The names of Seppings, Symonds, Hayes, Inman, and others, have attained some distinction: but we have not yet obtained any certain model of a good sailing ship. Some vessels have succeeded tolerably, and others have been total failures, though built on the same stocks and by the same surveyor. Yet the strength, the stowage, and the safety, have been improved. It is rather extraordinary that government has never offered a handsome reward for the invention of the best sailing model; as was done so long since, and with such effect, in the instance of the time-keepers. Five thousand pounds for a certain approach to the object, and five thousand more for complete success, would set all the private builders on the pursuit: and it can scarcely be doubted that they would ultimately succeed. Even now, the private yacht-builders produce some of the fastest sailing vessels in the world; the merchant ship-builders send out fine ships, of the frigate size, and the private steamship builders are unrivalled: while we have continual complaints of the deficiencies of the vessels built in the royal dockyards.

Some of those complaints may be fictitious, and some ignorant; but the constant changes in their structure, and their perpetual repairs, imply inferiority in our naval schools of architecture. The chief attention of the royal dockyards, within these few years, has been turned to the building

of large steam-ships, armed with guns of the heaviest calibre. But the attempt is evidently in a wrong direction. The effort to make fighting ships of steamers, ruins them in both capacities. It destroys their great quality, speed; and it exposes them with an inadequate power to the line-of-battle ship. They are incomparable as *tugs* to a fleet, as conveying troops, as outlying vessels, as every thing but men-of-war. A shot would break up their whole machinery, and leave them at the mercy of the first frigate that brought its broadside to bear upon them in their helpless condition. In all the trials of the fleet during the last two years, the heavy armed steamers were invariably left behind in a gale, while one of the light steamers ran before every frigate.

We have now two fleets on service, one in the Tagus, and another at Malta; but both are weak in point of numbers, though in a high state of equipment. A few rasee guardships are stationed round the coast. Some large steamers remain at Portsmouth and Plymouth ready for service: but, from all accounts, there is nothing of that active and vigorous preparation which ought to be the essential object of the country, while France is menacing us from day to day, while she has an immense naval conscription, is building powerful ships, is talking of invasion, and hates us with all the hatred of Frenchmen. In such emergencies, to think of sparing expense is almost a public crime; and no public execration could be too deep, as no public punishment could be too severe, if neglect of preparation should ever leave us at the mercy of the most mischievous of mankind. But no time is to be thrown away.

Whether we shall be prepared to meet and punish aggression, ought no longer to be left dependent on the will of individuals. The nation must bestir itself. It must have meetings, and subscriptions, and musters. We must be ready to give up a part of our superfluities to save the rest. Whether France intends to attack us, without provocation, and through a mere rage of aggression, we know not; but the language of her journals is malignant, and it is the part of wise and brave men to be prepared.

We shall now give an outline of the gallant career of one of those remarkable men, who, uniting courage and conduct, achieved an imperishable name in our naval annals.

William Sidney Smith was born on the 21st of June 1764. He began his naval career before he was twelve years old. All his family, for four generations, had been naval or military. His great-grandfather was Captain Cornelius Smith. His grandfather was Captain Edward Smith, who commanded a frigate, in which he was severely wounded in an attack on one of the Spanish settlements in the West Indies, where he died shortly after. His father was the Captain Smith of the Guards, whose name became so conspicuous on the trial of Lord George Germaine, to whom he was aide-de-camp at the battle of Minden, and who after that trial retired from the army in disgust. Sir Sidney's uncle was a general, and his two brothers were Lieut.-Colonel Douglas Smith, governor of Prince Edward's Island, and John Spencer Smith, who held a commission in the Guards, but afterwards exchanged the service for diplomacy, in which his name became distinguished as an envoy to several Continental courts during the war of the Revolution. Sir Sidney's mother was the daughter of a Mr Wilkinson, an opulent London merchant, who, however, seems to have disinherited his daughter from discontent at her match, and left the chief part, if not the entire, of his property to her sister, who was married to Lord Camelford. Sir Sidney was for a few years at Tunbridge School, from which, however, he was withdrawn at an age so early that nothing but strong natural talent could have enabled him to exhibit in after-life the fluency, and even the occasional eloquence, which distinguished his pen. His first rating on the books of the Admiralty was in the *Tortoise*, in June 1777. In the beginning of the next year he was appointed to the *Unicorn*, and began his career by a gallant action, in which his ship captured an American frigate. He was then but fourteen. In 1779 he joined the *Sandwich*, the flag-ship of Rodney, in which he was present at the victory obtained over the Spaniards in the next year.

Those were stirring times. In the same year he was appointed lieutenant of the *Alcide*. And in this ship he was present at Graves' action with the French, off the Chesapeake.

In the following year he was in the greatest naval action of the war—the famous battle of the 12th of April 1782, off the Leeward Islands, when Rodney defeated the French fleet, commanded by the Comte de Grasse. In the following May, he was appointed to the command of the *Fury* sloop, by Rodney; and in the October following was promoted to the rank of captain into the *Akeme*, having been on the list of commanders only five months.

Thus he was a captain at the age of eighteen! The war was now at an end; his ship was paid off, and he went to reside at Caen, for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of the French language. There he spent a well-employed and agreeable time. Many of the French families of condition resided in the neighbourhood; and the young captain, having brought letters to the Duc de Harcourt, governor of the province, was hospitably received. The French were then a polished people; they knew nothing of republicanism, and were not proud of their ferocity; they had none of that frantic hatred of England which is the folly and the fashion of our day, and might be regarded as a civilised people. The duke invited him to his country-seat, and there showed him the improvements in his grounds, and introduced him to his visitors.

Like most men destined to distinction, Sir Sidney Smith was constantly preparing himself for useful service, by the acquisition of knowledge. The Mediterranean is naturally presumed to be the great theatre of naval exploits. He obtained leave of absence, and went to the Mediterranean. While at Gibraltar, thinking from the violent language of the Emperor of Morocco, that there might be a Moorish war, he made a journey along the coast of Morocco, for the purpose of acquainting himself with the condition of its naval force and harbours. Having obtained the necessary information, which obviously required considerable exertion and no slight expense, he stated its results in a manly and intelligent letter to the

Admiralty, offering his services in case of hostilities, and suggesting the appointment of a squadron to be stationed outside the Straits, for the prevention of any naval enterprise on the part of the Moors.

Among the most accessible ports, he mentions Mogadore, which, as not being a bar harbour, is easily approachable by ships of force; and though the works contained many guns, yet they were so ill-placed, that in all probability they could not resist an attack. We recollect that the cannonade of this town was one of the exploits on which the Prince de Joinville planned his heroism, and of which all France talked as if it were the capture of a second Gibraltar.

The same spirit of inquiry and preparation for probable service led him to Sweden, during the war of the brave and unfortunate Gustavus with the Empress Catherine.

We may pause a moment on the memory of one of the most remarkable princes of his time. Gustavus, born in 1746, in 1771 ascended the throne of Sweden, on the death of his father Frederic.

The Swedish nobility were poor, and affected a singular habit of following the fashions of France, of whose government, probably, the chiefs of their body were pensioners. The lower orders were ignorant, and probably not less corrupted by the gold of Russia. Gustavus found his throne utterly powerless between both, — a States-General possessing the actual power of the throne, and even that assembly itself under the control of a Russian and a French faction, designated as the hats and caps. Gustavus, a man of remarkable talent, great ardour of character, and much personal pride, naturally found this usurpation an insult, and took immediate means for its overthrow. He lost no time; his first efforts were exerted to attach the national militia to his cause. When all was ready, the explosion came. The governor of one of the towns suddenly issued a violent diatribe against the States-General. The king was applied to to punish the contumacious rebel. He instantly sent a large military force, with his brother at its head, to punish the governor. By secret instruc-

tions it joined him. The plan was now ripening. In all that follows, we are partly reminded of Charles I., of Cromwell, and of Napoleon. Like Charles, the king entered the assembly of the States and demanded some of the members. Like Napoleon, he had the regiments of the garrison ready on parade, and rushing out of the assembly, he was received by the troops with shouts. The oath of allegiance was renewed to him with boundless acclamation. Several of the chiefs of the States-General were immediately put under arrest, and the whole body were completely intimidated. On the next day, the States-General were once more invited to assemble. The king, at the head of his military staff, like Cromwell, entered the hall, and presented them with the "new constitution." The troops had already settled the question. On its being put to the vote of the assembly, a majority appeared in its favour. The States-General sank into a cipher, and the revolution was triumphant.

The new constitution had given great joy to the people, long disgusted with the arrogance of the States-General. But the nobles, whose powers had been curtailed, nourished a passion for vengeance. The war of 1788 with Russia, in which the finances of the kingdom began to be severely pressed, gave them the opportunity. The States still existed; and the disaffected nobles influenced their votes, to the extent of refusing the supplies, though the Danes were in the Swedish territory, and actually besieging Gothenburg at the moment. The king must have been undone, but for the patriotism of the mountaineers of Dalecarlia; who, if they could not give him money, gave him men. Gustavus, indignant at his palpable injuries, now determined on extinguishing the power which had thus thwarted him in his career. In 1788, he suddenly arrested the chiefs of the opposition, and introduced a law, still more controlling the power of the nobles. But this act was regarded as doubly tyrannical, and deserving of double vengeance.

On the conclusion of the war within two years after, the malcontents, fearful that the leisure of peace would



produce further assaults on their privileges, resolved to take the decision into their own hands.

The period began to be troubled. The French revolution had just broken out, and it had at once filled all the Continental sovereigns with alarm, and all the population with vague theories of wealth, enjoyment, and freedom. The king of Sweden, known for his talents, distinguished in war, and loud in his hatred of France and her furies, had been chosen by the allied monarchs to head the invasion of the republic. Whether the councils of the nobles partook more of fear or hatred, or the hope of political overthrow, can now be scarcely ascertained; but they issued in an atrocious conspiracy against the revolution.

It is remarkable that there is scarcely an instance of conspiracy against the lives of eminent personages, in which the design was not previously discovered, and was successful only through an unwise and contemptuous disregard of the intelligence. This seems to have been the course of things, from the days of Cæsar. The King of Sweden was informed of his danger, and even that the attempt was detected, only until the period of some days, to be given at court. But the king, accustomed to danger, and probably refusing to believe in the existence of a crime rare among his countrymen, disdained all measures of precaution, and even appears not to have taken any further notice of the conspiracy. This might have been the conduct of a brave man, but the consequence showed that it was not the conduct of a wise one.

On the 16th of March 1792, the ball was given, the king appeared among the maskers; he was evidently careless of all hazard, and was conversing with a group, when Ankerström, the intended assassin, entered the Salle. This traitor had been a captain in the service, but had been dismissed, or had conceived himself to be insulted by the king. Gustavus was pointed out to him by one of the conspirators; he stole behind the king, and fired at his back a pistol loaded with slugs and nails. Gustavus fell mortally wounded, and was carried to his chamber in agony. The assassin

coolly walked out of the Salle, unmolested in the confusion, but was arrested next day. He was brought to trial, and died the death of a regicide. The chief conspirators were banished. The king languished until the end of the month, when he died, with great firmness and resignation.

On the pistol of Ankerström may have turned the fortunes of the French Revolution. Gustavus, a king, a man of military genius, and ardent in all that he undertook, would have escaped all the errors of the Duke of Brunswick. His personal rank would have rendered him independent of the warring politics of the allies; his talent would have rectified the obsolete notions of their statesmen; and his spirit of enterprize would have rescued his army from the most fatal of all dangers to an invader, delay. He would have overruled the prejudices of the Aulic Council, and the artifice of the Prussian cabinet, and hoisted the standard in Paris, before the pretence of the Republic could have taken root.

France is scarcely to be regarded as a young and untried state. The old revolution, though consisting of two epochs, was started in position, and decided in principle. The Republics have never yet far surpassed the King of Sweden, at the head of 150,000 Prussians and Austrians, then the best troops in Europe in point of equipment, and discipline, could have walked over all resistance, and France would have been spared the most miserable, and Europe the bloodiest, page of its annals.

The fall of Gustavus was also fatal to his dynasty. His son, Gustavus IV., inheriting his passions without his talents, and quarrelling with his allies without being able to repel his enemies, was expelled from the throne, after a series of eccentricities almost amounting to frenzy. He was arrested in the streets by General Alderkrentz, by order of the Diet. His uncle, the Duke of Sudermania, was appointed regent; and, on the king's subsequent abdication, was proclaimed king, by the title of Charles XIII.

On his death, Bernadotte was elected to the throne, which he re-

tained through life;—the solitary instance of permanent power among all the generals of the French empire; but an instance justified by high character, by his acquirement of the throne without crime, and by its possession without tyranny.

There may be no royal road to fame, but there are some habits which naturally lead to it, one of these, activity of spirit, Sir Sidney Smith possessed in a remarkable degree. Wherever any thing new or exciting in his profession was to be seen, there he was certain to be. In 1789, the Swedish and Russian fleets were fighting in the Baltic, England was at peace. His ship had been paid off, relaxation, the London fairs, the Parisian theatres, rambles through the Green and water-courses, were before him. For a few moments of the day would pass, gave them all without delay. But the young captain was determined to rise in his profession, and, as the time might come when a Swedish or a Russian war might be on the hands of England, he felt that it might be advantageous for an English officer to have the knowledge of the Baltic.

Undoubtedly, the exact position of his correspondence in Sweden had been lost. It was very voluminous, but, with all his diligence on the subject of his Swedish service, it had been left in Cameron and Howe, the care of it, therefore, Lord Greyville. The house was subsequently let for the residence of the Princess Charlotte, and the papers were removed to the care of a tradesman near Cavendish Square, whose premises were destroyed by fire, and the MSS. were almost wholly consumed. If there is no other moral in the story, it should at least be a warning to diplomatic and warlike authorship, to apply to the press as speedily as possible.

But, from his Swedish expedition is certainly to be dated the whole distinction of his subsequent career. He might otherwise have lingered through life on half-pay, or have been suffered merely to follow the routine of his profession, and been known only by the Navy List.

In 1789, he applied for six months' leave of absence to go to the Baltic, but without any intention to serve. There he was introduced to the King

of Sweden, and attracted so much interest by his evident ability and animation of manner, that the king was desirous of fixing him in his service, and of giving him an important command. The temptation was strong, but we need scarcely say, that even if leave were given, it *ought not* to have been accepted. No man has a right to shed the blood of man but in defence of his own country, or by command of his own sovereign. But in the next year he received the following flattering request from the king.

"Captain Sidney Smith.—The great reputation you have acquired in serving your own country with equal success and valour, and the profound calm which England enjoys, not affording you any opportunity to display your talents at present, induce me to propose to you to enter into my service during the war, and principally for the approaching campaign.

"To offer you the same rank and appointments which you enjoy in your own country, is only to offer you what you have a right to expect; but to offer you opportunities of distinguishing yourself anew, and of augmenting your reputation, by making yourself known in these northern seas as the *peer* of Rodney, Pigot, Howe, and Hood, is, I believe, to offer you a situation worthy of them and yourself, which you will not resist, and the means of acquitting yourself towards your readers in the art of war, by extending their reputation, and the estimate in which they are held already here.

"I have destined a particular command for you, if you accept my offer, concerning which I will explain myself more in detail when I have your definitive answer. I pray God to have you in his holy keeping. Your very affectionate GUSTAVUS.

"Haga, January 17, 1790."

This showy offer overcame Sir Sidney's reluctance at once; but as he could not enter into the Swedish service without leave from home, he took advantage of the opportunity of bringing home despatches from the minister in Stockholm, and thus became the bearer of his own request. The Duke of Sudermania, the king's second in command, also wrote to him a most friendly letter, entreating

of him to return as speedily as possible, and bidding him bring some of his brave English friends along with him.

The offer to him had been the command of the light squadron. Sir Sidney set out on the wings of hope accordingly, and expected to be received with open arms by the ministers; but he was seriously disappointed in the expected ardour of his reception. It was with extreme difficulty that he could find any one to listen to him. At last he obtained an audience of the Duke of Leeds, who, however, would give no answer, until the whole matter had been laid before a cabinet council. The gallant sailor now began to experience some of those trials to which every man in public life is probably subjected, at one time or another. He now determined to wait with patience, and his patience was amply tried. In this state he remained for six weeks, until at last he determined to write to the King of Sweden, proposing to give up his appointment, but stating that he was determined to return to join the Duke of Sudermania as a volunteer. Sir Sidney now offered to be the bearer of despatches to Sweden, but the offer was declined with official politeness. He immediately sailed for Sweden, when the King placed him on board a yacht which followed the royal galley in action.

We must now take leave of this war of row-boats, in which, however several desperate actions were fought; but though row-boats or galleys were the chief warriors, both fleets exhibited a large number of heavy frigates or line-of-battle ships. These, however, were scarcely more than boys, among the narrow channels of the Baltic, obstructed as they were by islands, headlands, and small defensible harbours. Sir Sidney was active on all occasions. In one instance, where an attack on the Russian fleet was proposed, and the objection made by the captains was the difficulty of proceeding by right through an intricate channel, he rode across a neck of land, took a peasant's boat from the shore, sounded the channel during the night, and made himself master of the landmarks, settling the signals with the advanced post on shore.

He was soon after engaged in a desperate action, in which he, with his little troop, having been abandoned by the divisions ordered to attack on other points, was beaten, after a most gallant resistance.

But the King knew how to feel for brave men, however unlucky, and sent him a complimentary letter, on the gallantry and zeal which "he had the faculty of communicating to those who accompanied him." The King, in several communications, remarks on this quality of exciting the spirit of activity and enterprise in others, which seems to have been Sir Sidney's characteristic, in almost every period of his naval career, and which doubtless proceeded from peculiar ardour and animation in himself.

The war closed by an armistice and treaty, in 1792. But Sir Sidney then received the reward of his gallant zeal, in his investiture with the Grand Cross of the Swedish Order of the Sword, by George III. himself; which we believe to have been an unusual distinction in the instance of foreign orders, and to have been at the request of the late King of Sweden.

Though Sir Sidney Smith had apparent reason to complain of the coldness of his reception on his first return to England, it is evident that his conduct in Sweden had attracted the attention of ministers. As a simple English captain, attracting the notice of the most warlike monarch of Europe, evidently holding a high place in his confidence, offered a distinguished command, and receiving one of the highest marks of honour that could be conferred by Gustavus, he was regarded as having done honour to his country. But we have heard from those who were intimate with him in early life, that he was also a remarkably striking personage in person and manners; his countenance singularly expressive, his manner full of life, and his language vivid and intelligent. His person was then thin and active, which in after-life changed into heaviness and corpulency—a most complete transformation, but if the countenance had lost all its fire, it retained its good sense and its good nature.

From an early period of the Revolutionary war, the eyes of France had

been turned on Egypt, a country which the extravagant descriptions of Savary had represented as capable of "being turned into a terrestrial paradise, if in possession of France." There her men of science were to reveal all the mysteries of the Pyramids; her philosophers were to investigate human nature in its most famous cradle; her soldiers were to colonise in patriarchal ease and plenty; and even her belles and beaux were to luxuriate in gilded galleys on the waters of the inscrutable Nile, and revel in painted palaces in the shade of tropical gardens, and bowers that knew no winter! Further collision with England led to further objects; and in time, when the Republic had assumed a shape of direct hostility with all Europe, with England at its head, the seizure of Egypt tempted France in another form, as the first step to the conquest of India.

But long before this period, the sagacity of the English cabinet had seen the probable direction of French enterprise, and felt the necessity of obtaining all possible information relative to the coasts of Asiatic Turkey and Syria. For this important purpose Sir Sidney Smith was chosen, and sent on a secret mission to Constantinople; partly, perhaps, from the circumstance that his brother, Mr. Spencer Smith, who was then our ambassador there, would communicate with him more advantageously than with a stranger; but undoubtedly much more for his qualifications for a service of such interest and importance.

Nothing is left of those memorials, further than a few notes of the expenses of his journey; from which he appears to have examined the coasts of the Black Sea, the Bosphorus, the Dardanelles, the Archipelago, and the Ionian Islands. But he was now to distinguish himself on a higher scene of action.

In September 1793, the officers of the French navy at Toulon, and the chief inhabitants, disgusted with the Revolution, and alarmed by the cruelties of the Revolutionary tribunals; hoisted the white flag, and proposed to Lord Hood, commanding the British squadron off the coast, that he should take possession of the city and shipping, in the name of Louis XVII.

It must be confessed, that there never was a great military prize more utterly thrown away, nor an effort of loyalty more unlucky. The whole transaction only gives the lesson, that what the diplomatists call "delicacy" is wholly misplaced when men come to blows, and that in war promptitude is every thing. The first act of Lord Hood ought to have been to remove the fleet, strip the arsenals, and send the whole to England, there to be kept secure for its rightful king. The next ought to have been, to give every inhabitant the means of escaping to some safer quarter, with his property. The third ought to have been, to garrison the forts with every soldier who could be sent from Gibraltar and England; from which we could have sent 50,000 men within three weeks. Toulon then might have been made the stronghold of a loyal insurrection in the south, and the garrison of all the foreign troops, which the French princes could muster.

Not one of these things was done. The ships were left until the last moment, through "delicacy" to the people; the people were left to the last moment, through a perilous confidence in the chances of war; and Toulon was lost by an attack of ragamuffins, and the battery of Lieutenant Buonaparte, which an English regiment would have flung into the sea, and sent its commandant to an English prison.

But, even in the midst of these instances of ill-luck, Sir Sidney Smith made himself conspicuous by his services. When returning from his Mediterranean survey, he happened to stop at Smyrna; and there observing a number of British sailors loitering about the streets, he offered them service; and purchasing a small lateen-rigged vessel, about forty feet long, which he manned with forty sailors, and steering for Toulon, he turned over his little vessel and its crew to Lord Hood.

This was another example of that activity of mind and ready attention to circumstances, which characterised his career. A hundred other officers might have seen those sailors wandering about Smyrna, without thinking of the purchase of a vessel to make them useful to their country;

or might have been too impatient to return to England, for a *détour* to Toulon.

Lord Hood, though a brave man, was a dull one, and had all the formality of a formal time. Sir Sidney's gallant volunteering was forgotten, and the defence of Toulon was carried on under every possible species of blundering. At length the enemies' guns began to play from the heights, and the order was given for the fleet to retire. Whether even this order was not premature may still be doubted; for the French batteries, few and weak, could scarcely have made an impression on so powerful a fleet: and the British broadsides might have made it impossible for the enemy to hold the town, especially after all its works had been dismantled. But the order was given, and was about to be executed, when Sir Sidney asked the question which seems to have occurred to no one else: "What do you mean to do with all those fine ships; do you mean to leave them behind?" Some one called out,—"Why, what do you mean to do with them?" The prompt answer was,—"Burn them, to be sure." By some chance, the answer reached Lord Hood's ears; he immediately sent for Sir Sidney, and to him, though on half pay, and then irregularly employed, was given this important duty.

The employment was highly perilous, not only from the hazards of being blown up, or buried in the conflagration, but from the resistance of the populace and galley-slaves, besides that of the troops, who, on the retreat of the English, were ready to pour into the town. His force, too, was trifling, consisting only of the little vessel which he had purchased at Smyrna, three British gun-boats, and three Spanish. But the operation was gallantly performed. The stores of the arsenal were set on fire; a fire-ship was towed into the middle of the French fleet, and all was soon one immense mass of flame: perhaps war never exhibited a scene more terribly sublime. Thirteen sail of the line, with all the storehouses, were blazing together. The French, too, began to fire from the hills, and the English gun-boats returned the fire with discharges of grapeshot on the troops as

they came rushing down to the gates of the arsenal. All was uproar and explosion.

The most melancholy part of the whole narrative is the atrocious vengeance of the Republicans on gaining possession. An anecdote of this scene of horror, and of the especial treachery of Napoleon, is given on the authority of Sir Sidney.

"The Royalist inhabitants, or the chief portion of them, had been driven into the great square of the town, and compressed there into one huge mass. Napoleon then discharged his artillery upon them, and mowed them down. But as many had thrown themselves on the ground to escape the grapeshot, and many were only wounded, this villain of villains cried out aloud,—'The vengeance of the Republic is satisfied, rise and go to your homes.' But the wretched people no sooner stood up than they received another discharge of his guns, and were all massacred. If any one act of man ever emulated the work of the devil, this act, by its mingled pettiness and cruelty, was the one."

It is impossible to read the life of this intrepid and active officer, without seeing the encouragement which it holds forth to enterprise. In this sense it ought to have a part in the recollections of every soldier and sailor of England. Sir Sidney had perhaps rivals by the thousand in point of personal valour and personal intelligence; but the source of all his distinctions was, his never losing sight of his profession, and never losing an opportunity of service. On this principle we may account for every step of his career, and on no other. He appears to have had no parliamentary interest, no ministerial favour, no connexion of any kind which could essentially promote his interest, and even to have been somewhat neglected by admirals under whom he served. But he never lost an opportunity of being present where any thing was to be done, and of doing his best. It was this which produced even from the formal English admiral a note of this order, written on the evening of the conflagration,—

"My dear Sir Sidney,—You must burn every French ship you possibly can, and consult the governor on the

proper method of doing it, on account of bringing off the troops.

"Very faithfully yours,

"HOOD."

This was written at three in the afternoon. It would appear that Sir Sidney, in his answer, made some observation with reference to the smallness of the force put under his command. His Lordship, in a note dated at six in the evening, thus replied:—

"I am sorry you are so apprehensive of difficulty in the service you volunteered for. It *must* be undertaken; and if it does not succeed to my wishes, it will very probably facilitate the getting off the governor and the troops in safety, which is an object. The conflagration may be advantageous to us. No enterprise of war is void of danger and difficulty: both must be submitted to.

"Ever faithfully yours,

"HOOD."

The remonstrance of Sir Sidney must evidently have been with respect to the inadequacy of preparation, for he remarks:—"I volunteered the service under the disadvantage of there being no previous preparation for it whatever;" and the only failure arose from the want of force; for he was unable to burn the ships in the basin: while it argues extraordinary skill and daring, to have effected the burning of the rest with a few gunboats and a belucca.

But this service, executed at the right time, and in the right spirit, immediately fixed upon him the eyes of the fleet; and the admiral, on sending home the despatches from Toulon, made Sir Sidney their bearer. He was received with great attention by ministers; and Lord Spencer, then at the head of the Admiralty, particularly complimented him on the promptness and energy of his services at Toulon.

As it was now determined to fit out a light squadron for the purpose of disturbing the enemy's coasts on the Channel, Sir Sidney Smith was selected for the command; and he was appointed to the Diamond frigate, with which he immediately made sail for the coast of Holland. This little fleet consisted of thirty-two vessels of various sizes, from the frigate to the gun-

boat. With this fleet he kept watch on the enemy's harbours, hunted privateers, made landings on the shore, carried off signal-posts, and kept the whole coast in perpetual alarm. One of those services shows the activity and intelligence required on this duty. It being rumoured that a French expedition had sailed from Brest, Sir Sidney was ordered to execute the difficult task of ascertaining the state of the harbour. He disguised his ship so as to look like a French vessel, hoisted French colours, and ran into the road. Unluckily, a large French ship of war was working in at the same time, but which took no notice of him, probably from the boldness of his navigation. At sunset the Frenchman anchored, as the tide set strong out of the harbour, and Sir Sidney was compelled to do the same. He had hoped that, on the turning of the tide, she would have gone up the harbour, but there she lay in the moonlight, a formidable obstacle. The question was now whether to leave the attempt incomplete, or to run the hazard of passing the French line-of-battle ship. The latter course was determined on, and she was fortunately passed. As they advanced up the road, two other ships, one of which was a frigate, were seen at anchor. Those, too, must be passed, and even the dawn must be waited for before a good view of the road could be obtained. The crew were ordered to be silent: the French ships were passed without notice. As morning broke, a full view of the road was obtained, and it was evident that the enemy's fleet had put to sea. The task was performed, but the difficulty was now to escape. On the first attempt to move towards the sea, a corvette, which was steering out in the same direction, began to give the alarm by making signals. The two vessels at anchor immediately prepared to follow, and the line-of-battle ship made a movement so as completely to obstruct the course. There seemed to be now no alternative but to be sunk or taken. These are the emergencies which try the abilities of men, and the dexterity on this occasion was equal to the difficulty. As resistance was hopeless, Sir Sidney tried stratagem. Running directly down to the line-of-

battle ship, which he now perceived to be in a disabled state, pumping from leaks and under jury topmasts, he hailed the captain in French, which he fortunately spoke like a native, offering him assistance. The captain thanked him, but said that he required none, as he had men enough; but on this occasion Sir Sidney exhibited a feeling of humanity which did him still higher honour than his skill. As he lay under the stern of the Frenchman he might have poured in a raking fire, and, of course, committed great slaughter among the crew, who were crowded on the gunwale and quarter, looking at his ship. The guns were double loaded, and his crew were ready and willing. But, considering that, even if the enemy's vessel had been captured, it would be impossible to bring her off, and that the only result could be the havoc of life; and, to use the language of his despatch, "conceiving it both unmanly and treacherous to make such havoc while speaking in friendly terms and offering our assistance. I trusted that my country, though it might be benefited in a trifling degree by it, would gladly relinquish an advantage to be purchased at the expense of humanity and the national character; and I hope, for these reasons, I shall stand justified in not having made use of the accidental advantage in my power for the moment."

And even then this act of generosity may not have been without its reward; for the other ships, seeing that he was spoken to by the French vessel, discontinued the pursuit. The exploit was finished, and the harbour was left behind. If he had fired a shot into the exposed line-of-battle ship, he would inevitably have been chased by the others and probably taken. From this period scarcely any of the smaller convoys, conveying ammunition or provisions to the enemy's ports, could escape.

Yet, in the midst of this warlike vigilance and vigour, humanity was not overlooked; the British vessels were forbidden to fire at patrols on shore, and were ordered to spare fishing-boats, galleys, and private dwellings. The winter was spent in hunting along the shore every French flotilla that ventured to peep out. But one

action deserves peculiar remembrance, from its mingled daring and perseverance. A convoy, consisting of a corvette of 16 guns, four brigs, and two sloops, had been chased into Herqui. As they, of course, were likely to take the first opportunity to escape, Sir Sidney determined not to wait for the rest of his squadron, but to attempt their capture in the Diamond frigate alone. While he was preparing for this adventure, two other armed vessels joined him. The attempt was hazardous, for the bay was fortified. Two batteries were placed on a high promontory, and the coast troops were ready to oppose a landing.

The Diamond dashed into the bay, but the fire from the batteries began to be heavy, and could be returned only with slight effect, from the commanding nature of their position. It was, therefore, necessary to try another style of attack. This was done by ordering the marines and boarders into the boats, and sending them to attack the batteries in the rear. This movement, however, was met by a heavy fire of musketry on the boats, from the troops drawn up to oppose their landing. The frigate, too, was suffering from the fire of the batteries, and the navigation was intricate. At this critical moment Sir Sidney pointed out to Lieutenant Pine, one of his officers, that it might be possible to climb the precipice in front of the batteries! The gallant officer and his men started immediately, landed under the enemy's cannon, climbed the precipice, and made themselves masters of the guns, before the troops on the beach could regain the heights. The frigate continued her fire to check the advance of the troops. The guns were spiked, and the re-embarkation was effected. It might have been expected that this brilliant little assault could not have been effected without serious loss; but such is the advantage of promptitude and gallantry, that the whole party returned safe, with the exception of one officer wounded.

But the enemy's vessels still remained. To get them out was impossible, for the rocks around were covered with troops, who kept up an incessant fire of musketry. It was, therefore, determined to burn them. The corvette and a merchant ship

were set on fire : but the tide falling, the troops poured down close to the vessels, and the party in possession of them returned on board.

Here Sir Sidney might have stopped. He had done enough to signalise his own talent and the bravery of his people. But this success was not enough for him. The convoy were still before him, though still under the protection of the troops. He determined on attacking them again. The boats were manned and rowed to the shore. The troops poured in a heavy fire. But the vessels were finally all boarded and burnt, with the exception of one armed lugger.

Enterprises of this order are the true school of the naval officer. They may seem slight, but they call out all the talent and activity of the profession. They might also have had an important influence on the naval war, for these convoys generally carried naval stores to the principal French dock-yards, and the loss of a convoy might prevent the sailing of a fleet.

Lieutenant Pine was sent to the Admiralty with the colours which he had captured on the heights, and with a strong recommendation from his gallant captain. The whole affair was regarded in England as remarkably well conceived and well done. The exploits of the Diamond were the popular theme, and Sir Sidney rose into high favour with the Admiralty and the nation.

These are the opportunities which distinguish the frigate service. An officer in a line-of-battle ship must wait for a general engagement. An officer on land must wait for the lapse of twenty years at least before he can expect the command of a regiment, or the chance of seeing his name connected with any distinguished achievement. But the youngest captain, in command of a frigate, may bring the eyes of the nation upon him. The young lieutenant, even the boy midshipman, by some independent display of intrepidity, may fix his name in the annals of the empire.

But the caprices of fortune are doubly capricious in war. While the captain of the Diamond was receiving plaudits from all sides, the mortifying intelligence arrived, that he had fallen into the enemy's hands.

The origin of this casualty was his zeal to capture a lugger, which had done considerable damage among our Channel convoys. Its stratagem was, to follow the convoys, until it could throw men on board, then to let the prize continue her course, to avoid attracting the vigilance of the escorting frigate, and, when night fell, to slip off to a French port. Sir Sidney determined to cut short the lugger's career. At length the opportunity seemed to have come. The vessel was discovered at anchor in the inner fort of Havre under a ten-gun battery. The Diamond's boats were instantly manned and armed ; but, on the inquiry who was to command, it was found that the first lieutenant was ill and in bed, and the second and third lieutenants were on shore. Sir Sidney then took the command himself. The attacking party proceeded in four boats and a Thames wherry, in which was Sir Sidney, to the pier of Havre, where the lugger lay. It was night; and the vessel was gallantly boarded on both sides at once, the crew of the wherry boarding over the stern. The Frenchmen on deck were beaten after a short struggle. Sir Sidney, rushing down into the cabin, found the four officers starting from their sleep and loading their pistols. He coolly told them that the vessel was no longer theirs; ordered them to surrender, and they gave up their arms.

But the flood-tide was running strong, and it drove the vessel above the town, there being no wind. At day-light the lugger became the centre of a general attack of the armed vessels of the port. The Diamond could not move from want of wind; and, after a desperate resistance of three quarters of an hour, Sir Sidney and his companions were forced to surrender. Six officers and nineteen seamen were taken.

Sir Sidney's capture was a national triumph, and he was instantly ordered to be sent to Paris. No exchange could be obtained; his name was too well known. He was charged with incendiarianism for the burning of the London; and it was even hinted that, being found so close to Havre, was the purpose of burning the town.

Sir Sidney's imprisonment was at first in the Abbaye, which had been



made so infamously memorable by the slaughters of September, 1793. He was afterwards placed in the prison of the Temple. In all probability, the first object was to exhibit him to the Parisians. An English captain as a prisoner was a rare exhibition, and his detention also saved them from the most active disturber of their Norman and Breton navigation. But his confinement was not strict, and he was even suffered occasionally to walk about Paris on giving his parole to the jailer. At length, after various British offers of exchange, which were all rejected by the French, he escaped by a counterfeit order of liberation; and, encountering several hair-breadth hazards, reached Havre, seized a boat, put off, and was taken up at sea by the *Argo* frigate, commanded by Captain Bowen, who landed him at Portsmouth, and he arrived in London in April 1798, having been in France about two years and a month.

It is sometimes difficult to know, respecting any event, peculiarly in early life, whether it is a misfortune or the contrary. Sir Sidney's capture must have been often felt by him as the severest of calamities, by stopping a career which had already made him one of the national favourites, and had given him promise of still higher distinction. From the command of the *Diamond* to the dreary chambers of the Temple was a formidable contrast; yet the event which placed him there may have been an instance of something more than what the world terms "good luck." If he had remained in command of his frigate, he might have fallen in some of those fights with the batteries and corvettes which he was constantly provoking. But in his French prison he was safe for the time, and yet not less before the public eye. In reality, the sympathy felt for him there, and the fruitless attempts of the Admiralty to effect his exchange, kept him more the *Lion* than before; and he returned just in time to be employed on a service of the first importance; and which, by its novelty, adventure, and romantic peril, seemed to have been expressly made for his genius.

The French expedition, under Napoleon, had taken possession of Egypt; the Turks were a rabble, and were

beaten at the first onset. The Mamelukes, though the finest cavalry in the world as individual horsemen, were beaten before the French infantry, as all irregular troops will be beaten by regulars. At this period, the object of the ministry was to excite the indulgence of the Turkish government to attempt the reconquest of Egypt, and Sir Sidney was appointed to the command of *Le Tigre*, a French eighty gun-ship, which had been captured by Lord Bridport three years before. If it be said that he owed this command in any degree to his having been sent on a mission to Turkey some years before, which is perfectly probable, let it be remembered, that that mission itself was owing to the gallantry and intelligence which he had displayed in his volunteer expedition to Sweden. Sir Sidney's present appointment was a mixture of diplomacy with a naval command, for he was appointed joint-plenipotentiary with his brother Spencer Smith, then our minister at Constantinople. But this mixture of offices produced much dissatisfaction in both Lord St Vincent and Nelson, and it required no slight address, on the part of Sir Sidney, to reconcile these distinguished officers to his employment. However, by word and deed, he showed us that a more energetic officer than his peers, and the speech of Acre proved him a warrior worthy of their companionship. After the battle of Acre, as superior to his admiration as he was in his dislikes, wrote to Sir Sidney the following high acknowledgment:—

"MY DEAR SIR, — I have received, with the truest satisfaction, all your very interesting letters, to July. The immense fatigue you have had in defending Acre against such a chosen army of French villains, headed by that arch-villain Buonaparte, has never been exceeded; and the bravery shown by you and your brave companions is such as to merit every encomium which all the civilised world can bestow. As an individual, and as an admiral, will you accept of my feeble tribute of praise and admiration, and make them acceptable to all those under your command?" NELSON.

"Palermo, Aug. 20, 1799."

Sir Sidney found the Sultan willing to exert all the force of his dominions,

but wretchedly provided with the means of exertion—a disorganised army, an infant navy, empty arsenals, and all the resources of the state in barbaric confusion. Two bomb-vessels and seven gun-boats were all that he could procure for the coast service. He ordered five more gun-boats to be laid down, waiting for guns from England. But he was soon called from Constantinople. Advice had been received by the governor of Acre, Achmet Pasha, that Buonaparte, at the head of an army of twelve or thirteen thousand men, was about to march on Acre. The position of this fortress renders it the key of the chief commerce in corn at the head of the Levant, and its possessor has always been powerful. Its possession by the French would have given them the command of all the cities on the coast and probably made them masters of Syria, if not of Constantinople. Buonaparte, utterly reckless in his cruelties, provided the gained his object had announced his approach by the following declaration to the Pasha:—“The provinces of Gaza, Ramleh, and Jaffa are in my power. I have treated with generosity those of your troops who placed themselves at my disposal. I have been severe towards those who have violated the rights of war. I shall march in a few days against Acre.” His severity had already been exhibited on an unexampled scale. Having taken Jaffa by assault, and put part of the garrison to the sword, he marched his prisoners, to the number of three thousand seven hundred, to an open space outside the town. As they were disarmed in the town, they could make no resistance, and, as Turks, they submitted to the will of Fate. There they were fired on, until they all fell! When this act of horrid cruelty was reported in Europe by Sir Robert Wilson, its very atrocity made the honourable feelings of England incredulous; but it has since been acknowledged in the memoir by Napoleon’s commissary, M. Miot, and the massacre is denied no longer. The excuse which the French general subsequently offered was, that many of the Turks had been captured before, and liberated on parole; that having

thus violated the laws of war, he could neither take them with him, nor leave them behind.” But the hollowness of this excuse is evident. The Turks knew nothing of our European parole; they felt that it was their duty to fight for their Pasha; they might have been liberated with perfect impunity, for, once deprived of arms, and stripped of all means of military movement, they must have lingered among the ruins of an open town, or dispersed about the country. The stronger probability is, that the massacre was meant for the purposes of intimidation, and that on the blood of Jaffa the French flag was to float above the gates of Acre.

It is satisfactory to our natural sense of justice, to believe that this very act was the ruin of the expedition. Achmet Pasha was an independent prince, and might have felt little difficulty in arranging a treaty with the invader, or receiving a province in exchange for the temporary use of his fortress. But the blood-shed of Jaffa must have awakened at once his abhorrence and his fears. The massacre also excited Sir Sidney’s feelings so much, that he instantly weighed anchor, and arrived at Acre two days before the French vanguard. They were first discovered by *Le Tigre*’s gun-boats, as the heads of the column moved round the foot of Mount Carmel. There they were met by the fire of the boats, and driven in full flight up the mountains.

But another event of more importance occurred almost immediately after. A flotilla was seen from the mast-head of *Le Tigre*, consisting of a corvette and nine sail of gun-vessels. The flotilla was instantly attacked, and seven struck, the other three escaped, it being justly considered of most importance to secure the prizes, they containing the whole battery of artillery, ammunition, &c., intended for the siege. Previously to his arrival, Sir Sidney had sent Captain Miller of the *Thesus*, a most gallant officer, and Colonel Phelypeaux, to rebuild the walls, and altogether to put the place in a better defensive order. Nothing could be more fortunate than this capture, for it at once gave Sir Sidney a little fleet, supplied him with guns and ammunition for the defence of the

place, and, of course, deprived the French of the means of attack in proportion. But it is not to be supposed that Napoleon was destitute of guns. He had already on shore four twelve-pounders, eight howitzers, a battery of thirty-two pieces, and about thirty four-pounders. The siege commenced on the 20th of March, and from that day, for sixty days, was a constant repetition of assaults, the bursting of mines, and the breaching of the old and crumbling walls.

At length Buonaparte, conscious that his character was sinking, that he was hourly exposed to Egyptian insurrection, that the tribes of the Desert were arriving, and that every day increased the peril of an attack on his rear by an army from Constantinople, resolved to risk all upon a final assault. After fifty days of open trenches, the Turkish flotilla had been seen from the walls. The rest deserves to be told only in the language of their gallant defender.

"The constant fire of the besiegers was suddenly increased tenfold. Our flanking fire from aloft was, as usual, plied to the utmost, but with less effect than heretofore, as the enemy had thrown up epaulements of sufficient thickness to protect them from the fire. The French advanced, and their standard was seen at daylight on the outer angle of the town, which they had assaulted. Hassan Bey's troops were preparing to land, but their boats were still only half-way to the shore."

It was at this moment that the spirit and talents of Sir Sidney had their full effect. If he had continued to depend on the fire of his boats, the place would have been taken. The French were already masters of a part of the works, and they would probably have rushed into the town before the troops of Hassan Bey could have reached the shore.

"*This*," says the despatch, "was a most critical point, and an effort was necessary to preserve the place until their arrival. I accordingly landed the boats at the mole, and took the crews up to the breach, armed with pikes. The enthusiastic gratitude of the Turks, men, women, and children, at the sight of such a reinforcement, at such a time, is not to be described ;

many fugitives returned with us to the breach, which we found defended by a few brave Turks, whose most destructive weapons were heavy stones.

"Djezzar Pasha, hearing that the English were on the breach, quitted his station, where, according to ancient Turkish custom, he was sitting to reward such as should bring him the heads of the enemy, and distributing musket cartridges with his own hands. The energetic old man, coming behind us, pulled us down with violence, saying, that if any thing happened to his English friends, all was lost.

"A *sallie* was now proposed by Sir Sidney, but the Turkish regiment which made it was repulsed. A new breach was made, and it was evident that a new assault in superior force was intended.

"Buonaparte, with a group of generals, was seen on *Cœur-de-Lion's* Mount, and by his gesticulation, and his despatching an aide-de-camp to the camp, he showed that he only waited for a reinforcement. A little before sunset, a massive column was seen advancing to the breach with solemn step." The Pasha now reverted to his native style of fighting, and with capital effect. "His idea was, *not* to defend the breach this time, but : let a certain number in, and then *close with them*, according to the Turkish mode of war. The column thus mounted the breach unmolested, and descended from the rampart into the Pasha's garden, where, in a very few minutes, the most advanced among them lay headless ; the sabre, with the addition of a dagger in the other hand, proving more than a match for the bayonet. In this attack, General Lannes, commanding the assault, was wounded, and General Rambaut, with a hundred and fifty men, were killed. The rest retreated precipitately.

"Buonaparte will, no doubt, renew the attack, the breach being perfectly practicable for fifty men abreast ! Indeed, the town is not, nor ever has been, defensible by the rules of art. But, according to every other rule, it must and shall be defended. Not that it is worth defending, but we feel that it is by this breach Buonaparte means to march to further conquest.

"Tis on the issue of this conflict

that depends the opinion of the multitude of spectators on the surrounding hills, who wait only to see how it ends, to join the victor. And with such a reinforcement for the execution of his well-known projects, Constantinople, and even Vienna, must feel the shock."

The siege continued, perhaps as no other siege ever continued before; it was a succession of assaults, frequently by night. From the 2d of May to the 9th, there were no less than nine of those assaults! In another letter he writes:—

"Our labour is excessive; many of us, among whom is our active, zealous friend, Phelypeaux, have died of *fatigue*. I am but half dead; but Buonaparte brings fresh troops to the assault two or three times in the night, while we are obliged to be always under arms. He has lost the flower of his army in these desperate attempts to storm, as appears by the certificates of service which they had in their pockets, and eight generals."

From this period the desperation of Buonaparte was evident. Besides the eight generals killed, he had lost eighty officers, all his guides, carabineers, and most of his artillerymen,—in all, upwards of four thousand soldiers. But the desperation was in vain. All the assaults were repulsed with slaughter. The French grenadiers mounted the breach, only to be shot or sabred. At length, the division of Kleber was sent for. It had gone to the fords of the Jordan to watch the movements of the Turkish army, and had acquired distinction in the Egyptian campaign by the character of its general, and by its successes against the irregular horse of the Desert. On its arrival, it was instantly ordered to the assault. But the attempt was met with the usual bravery of the garrison; and Kleber, after a struggle of three hours, was repulsed. All was now hopeless on the part of the enemy. The French grenadiers absolutely refused to mount to the assault again. Buonaparte was furious at his failure, but where force was useless, he still had a resource in treachery. He sent a flag of truce into the town to propose an armistice for the burial of the dead, whose remains were already poisoning the air. This might naturally pro-

duce some relaxation of vigilance; and while the proposal was under consideration, a volley of shot and shells was fired. This was the preliminary to an assault. It, however, was repulsed; and the Turks, indignant at the treachery, were about to sacrifice the messenger who bore the flag. But Sir Sidney humanely interposed, carried him to his ship, and sent him back to the French general with a message of contempt and shame.

Retreat was now the only measure available, and it began on the night of the 20th of May. The battering-train of twenty-three pieces was left behind. The wounded and field guns had been suddenly embarked in country vessels, and sent towards Jaffa. Sir Sidney put to sea to follow them, and the vessels containing the wounded, instead of attempting to continue their flight, steered down at once to their pursuers, and solicited water and provisions. They received both, and were sent to Damietta. "Their expressions of gratitude were mingled with execrations against their general, who had thus," they said, "exposed them to perish."

As the garrison was without cavalry, the pursuit of the flying enemy could not be followed with any decisive effect. But the gunboats of the English and Turks continued constantly discharging grape-shot on them, so long as they moved within reach of the shore, and the Turkish infantry fired on them when their march turned inland. Their loss was formidable; the whole tract between Acre and Gaza, was strewn with the bodies of those who died either of fatigue or wounds. At length two thousand cavalry were put in motion by the Turkish governor of Jaffa, making prisoners all the French who were left on the road, with their guns; and nothing but the want of a strong body of fresh troops to fall on the enemy seems to have prevented the capture of every battalion of that army, which, but a few months before, had boasted of marching to Constantinople.

It ought to be remembered, as the crowning honour to his human labours, that the man who had gained those successes, was not forgotten as the true source of all victories, but deserved the name. Sir Sidney had

went to Nazareth, and there made this expressive memorandum:—

"I am just returned from the Cave of the Annunciation, where, *secretly, and alone*, I have been returning thanks to the Almighty for our late wonderful success. Well may we exclaim, 'the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.' W. S. S."

It may naturally be presumed that the whole progress of the siege had interested the fleet and army of England in the highest degree. There had been nothing like the defence of Acre in all the history of European war. A siege is pronounced, by military authorities, to be the *most certain* operation in war; with a fixed number of troops, and a fixed number of guns in the trenches, the strongest place *must fall*, within a prescribed time. But here was a town almost open, and with no other garrison, for the first six weeks of the siege, than a battalion of half-disciplined Mussulmans, headed by such men as could be spared from two British ships of war.

The whole defence was justly regarded by the nation, less as a bold military service, than as an *exploit*—one of those singular achievements which are exhibited from time to time, as if to show *how far* intrepidity and talent, combined can go; a splendid example and encouragement to the brave never to doubt, and to the intelligent never to suppose that the resources of a resolute heart can be exhausted.

But the siege of Acre did more. It certainly relieved the Sultaun from a pressure which might have endangered his throne. It may have saved India from an expedition down the Red Sea, for which the native princes looked, with their habitual hatred of their British masters; and above all, it told England that her people were as invincible on shore as on the waves, and prepared her mind for those triumphs which were to make the renown of the Peninsular war imperishable.

On the meeting of parliament in September 1799, George III. opened the session with an energetic speech, in which the siege of Acre held a prominent part. The speech said—

"The French expedition to Egypt has continued to be productive of calamity and disgrace to our enemies, while its ultimate views against our Eastern possessions have been utterly confounded. The desperate attempt which they have lately made to extricate themselves from their difficulties, has been defeated by the courage of the Turkish forces, directed by the skill, and animated by the courage of the British officer, with the small portion of my naval force under his command."

In the discussion, a few days after, the thanks of the Lords to Sir Sidney Smith, and the seamen and officers under his command, were moved by Lord Spencer, the first Lord of the Admiralty, in terms of the highest compliment.

His lordship said, that he had now to take notice of an exploit which had never been surpassed, and had scarcely ever been equalled.—he meant the defence of St Jean d'Acre by Sir Sidney Smith. He had no occasion to impress upon their lordships a higher sense than they already entertained of the brilliancy, utility, and distinction of an achievement, in which a general of great celebrity, and a veteran and victorious army, were, after a desperate and obstinate engagement, which lasted almost without intermission for sixty days, not only repulsed, but totally defeated by the heroism of this British officer, and the small number of troops under his command.

Lord Hood said, that he could not give a vote on the present occasion without bearing his testimony to the skill and valour of Sir Sidney Smith, which had been so conspicuously and brilliantly exerted, when he had the honour and the benefit of having him under his command (at Toulon).

Lord Grenville said, that the circumstance of so eminent a service having been performed with so inconsiderable a force, was with him an additional reason for affording this testimony of public gratitude, and the highest honour which the House had in its power to confer.

His Lordship then adverted to his imprisonment in the Temple. In defence of every principle of humanity, and of all the acknowledged rules of

war, Sir Sidney Smith had been, with the most cold and cruel inflexibility, confined in a dungeon of the Temple; but the French, by making him an exception to the general usages of war, had only manifested their sense of his value, and how much they were afraid of him." In the House of Commons, Mr Dundas, the Secretary of State, after alluding to the apprehensions of the country, the expedition to Egypt, and the memorable victory of Aboukir, said, "that the conduct of Sir Sidney Smith was so surprising to him, that he hardly knew how to speak of it. He had not recovered from the astonishment which the account of the action had thrown him into. However, so it was; and the merit of Sir Sidney Smith was now the object of consideration, and to praise or to esteem which sufficiently, was quite impossible."

The thanks of both Lords and Commons were voted unanimously; the thanks of the Corporation of London and the thanks of the Merchant Company were voted, with a piece of plate. The king gave him a pension of £1000 a-year for life; and the Sultan sent him a rich pelisse and diamond aigrette, both of the same quality as those which had been sent to Nelson.

We now hasten over a great deal of anxious and complicated correspondence, explanatory of a convention entered into with the French for the evacuation of Egypt. Kleber, indignant at Buonaparte's flight, and his army disgusted with defeat, proposed a capitulation, by which they were to be sent to France. The distinction which Sir Sidney had now attained even with the French army, had made him the negotiator, and all was preparation to embark, when Lord Keith informed him, by orders from home, that the French must surrender as prisoners of war.

The armistice was instantly at an end. The Turks, who with their usual indolence had remained loitering in sight of Cairo, were attacked in force and broken, and all was war again. Sir Sidney's letters deprecate the measure in the strongest terms. And nothing can be clearer than this, though our expedition under

Abercrombie was glorious, Sir Sidney's treaty would have saved us the expenditure of a couple of millions of money, and, what was more valuable, have spared the lives of many brave men on both sides; while the result would have been the same, as it was not our purpose to retain Egypt. Eventually, the French army capitulated in Egypt to Lord Hutchinson, on nearly the terms of the convention of the year before; and to the amount of about twenty thousand men were sent home in British vessels.

Sir Sidney's reception in England was by acclamation. But we must conclude. He was immediately employed in the defence of the coast, as the threats of invasion came loudly from France. He afterwards sailed to the defence of the Neapolitan territories. He was then sent to the protection of the King of Portugal during the French invasion, and conveyed him and his nobles to the Brazils. Wherever any thing bold, new, or active, was required, the public eyes were instantly fixed on him, and they were never disappointed.

After the peace of 1815, he resided chiefly on the Continent, and died in Paris on the 26th of May 1840, aged 76.

The essential merit of this distinguished officer's character was, that his whole heart was in his profession; that all his views, his acquirements, his leisure, and his active pursuits, were directed towards it; and that he never lounged or lingered, or lay on his laurels, or thought that "any thing was done while any thing remained to be done."

It is observable, that all his successes arose out of his indefatigable activity and sincere zeal. If he had stayed dancing or gaming or feasting, a week longer, in Constantinople, he would have only seen Acre in possession of the French. The same principle and the same result existed in every instance of his career. He had his oddities and his fantasies in later life, but all were covered by the military spirit, romantic bravery, and the services of his early days. He was the *chevalier* of the noblest cause in the world!

## MT ROUTE INTO CANADA.

THE sources of the Hudson must be sought in those wilds of the State of New York which lie in the interior between Lake Ontario and Lake Champlain. The idea of immigration setting westward through the valley of the Mohawk, or eddying about the shores of those lakes, has insulated that region of country, and it remains to this day almost a wilderness. Within a morning's ride from the springs of Saratoga, where luxury and fashion keep holiday from June to September, one can find oneself in a solitude that would become the Rocky Mountains. The amateur Daniel Boone may there roam through the primeval forest, and even yet snap his trigger at the wild buck, or engage the panther and the bear.

Starting from such a cradle, the Hudson, like a young Hercules playing with serpents, catches up a hundred little tributary brooks, and goes leaping and brawling through the woods till it finds itself a river. Then, gathering size and strength through every curve of its way, it turns eastward to seek its fortunes in the big world. As if on purpose to try its strength and power, it comes roaring to the rocks at Glenn's falls, and there flings itself down in a froth, with the air of a stripling who signals his majority by a terrible outbreak from parental restraint. Then, with a graceful sweep that seems the result of society upon the young forester's impetuosity, it turns its full tide into a picturesque valley, and, bending southward, begins its bright and prosperous career. A while it lingers along, now winding through meadows, now murmuring through glens; and then, catching to its strong embrace the lovely Mohawk that comes down with her roar of waters to meet it, the espoused Hudson, with a new dignity, that soon attests its majesty, takes its straight and glorious course through sloping uplands and mountain passes, to lose itself in the sea.

At the point where it receives the Mohawk, full a hundred and fifty miles above New York, the Hudson becomes navigable for vessels with

keels. Higher up, it floats only the flat-boat and canoe. Ascending its banks till they turn abruptly westward, you have but twenty miles of land-travel to the head of Lake Champlain; from which a delightful trip through a hundred miles of mountain scenery brings you fairly into Canada. Or, if you follow up the river to Glenn's falls, 'tis only a rambler's walk to the head of Lake George, whose quiet and unburdened waters are out of the thoroughfare, but, lying parallel with Lake Champlain, return you to the direct line of travel through the ravines of its romantic outlet at Ticonderago. Thus, from the Mohawk to the St. Lawrence, through this charming section of America, you have every where a profusion of interest in the natural scenery, and whether you would see lake, mountain, river, or cataract, you may find them all to your taste, in a wilderness that retains somewhat of that fresh beauty which fancy attributes to the world before the Flood.

So long ago as the summer of 18—, I was a traveller in these regions, making my way into Canada. In those days there were no railways in America. By the steamer, *Chancellor Livingston*, I had ascended the Hudson to Albany in something less than twenty-four hours. From Albany to Lake Champlain I was one of a party chartering a post-coach, and permitted by the terms of our contract to make as easy stages as might suit our pleasure or convenience. At Whitehall we took a small sailing-craft down the lake a hundred miles and more, to Plattsburgh; and thence, resuming the land route, made our way into Canada. Compared with the more modern rate of travel, we went at a snail's pace; but with all its inconveniences, our way of making the journey had its peculiar benefits and charms. We were less superficial observers of men and things than railway passengers can possibly be. We were intelligent persons; we conversed with the men of the soil; we asked questions of plain farmers and sailors,

and heard with pleasure their long stories of ancient battles in those parts, from the days of the Iroquois to the days of General Brock. We stopped by the roadside and examined places of interest, and took views of beautiful landscapes from commanding heights. And now I can say of my route into Canada what Wordsworth says of the Wye —

"Those beautiful scenes,

Through a long absence, have not been to me  
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye;  
But oft in lonely moorland, and mid the din  
Of towers and cities, I have owed to them,  
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,  
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart."

In many such hours I have refreshed my memory by recurring also to such books of tourists as I have at hand, but especially in the later authors of this kind I have found little satisfaction. They all seem to have hurried over their journey without stopping to take breath; and I am inclined to believe that I was lucky in beginning my travels, while as yet the spirit of the nineteenth century was only just patting on its seven-leagued boots, and still permitted the good habit of hastening slowly. Let me, then, go over my former stages, at least in fancy, and while I interweave my histories with the personal adventures of an old-fashioned traveller, let me be met also by some of the indulgence humanely accorded to narrative old age.

Our travelling party had been thrown together less by choice than accident; and for our commander-in-chief we had unfortunately selected as wild a young Irish officer as was ever turned loose from Cork to fight his fortunes in the world. Fitz-Freke, as he called himself, had no single qualification for being our "guide, philosopher, and friend," except a boasted familiarity with the way. He had travelled it very often, and indeed seemed to hang somewhat loosely to his regiment, which was stationed at Montreal. Before we had half finished our first day's drive, we had begun to wish farlongs and half-pay had never been invented; and I am sorry to add, that his affectionate recollections of his family in Cork led him quite too frequently to the bottle. Poor Freke! we profited by his good-humour, yet abused his forbearance under rebuke;

and I must own in justice, that when we at last parted company, and were to see no more of him, we were all ready to protest that he was, after all, as downright a worthy as ever buttoned an Irishman's heart beneath a buff waistcoat.

Leaving Albany before the day began to be hot, we went rapidly through the green levels upon its right bank, and crossed the river at Troy. Here we were conducted to Mount Ida, and by a geographical miracle made an easy transition to Mount Olympus, from which the view is extensive, but by no means celestial. Freke seemed to think there was some reason to suspect a hoax; but as his classical information was not of the most accurate description, I am not sure but he still laboured, under the impression that he has stood where the three goddesses displayed their charms to Paris; and smoked a cigar where that hotteration siege was as interminably contested, as were ever those consequent hexameters of Virgil and Homer, which he adorned with dog's-ears and thumb-prints, under the diurnal ferule of his tutor. In passing through the streets, we were gratified to observe that, in spite of Diomedes and Ulysses, Troy still retains its "Palladium of liberty, and independent free press;" and though we could discover no relics of the famous wooden-horse, I notice in the accounts of later tourists that an "iron horse" may now be found there in harness, which daily brings strangers into the heart of the city without any incendiary effect. Such is the change of manners and times since the days of the pious Enneas!

We rattled over a bridge, and had a fine view of the mouths of the Mohawk. Here are numerous islands, with steep sides and piny summits, to which the American General Schuyler retreated before Burgoyne, and prepared to sustain an investment. While arranging his defences, he was unjustly deprived of his command, at the very moment when, by the arrival of additional force, he would have been enabled to turn upon his pursuers; and thus the laurels of the subsequent victory were put into the hand of General Gates, while the worst effects of the expedition fell upon the ranks of Schuyler, which were ravaged by the



advantage. Gates appears to have been in all respects inferior to the gallant officer whom he superseded; and as he had the full advantage of Schuyler's preparatory measures, there is a deep jealousy of his fame; which must account for the fact noticed by the author of "Hochelaga," that he is by no means credited by his countrymen with the vastly important consequences of the capture of Burgoyne. "Gates has been called the hero of Saratoga,"—says an American biographer,—"but it has a sound of mockery."

The county of Saratoga through which we were now passing, if not in these parts remarkable for scenery, is nevertheless full of interesting places, as having been the field of some of the warmest contests of the American Revolution. Traditions also still linger among its inhabitants of the earlier battles with the Indians and French; and authentic anecdotes are frequently reviving upon the road, which those who are familiar with the romances of Cooper will recognise, at once, as the ground-work of some of his fictions. So far as is possible, therefore, in America, we were now on historical ground. In the beginning of the seventeenth century, the valley of the Mohawk was filled with those fierce nations of savages called the Iroquois. The shores of the St Lawrence harboured their deadly enemies, the Adirondachs, who belonged to the powerful race of Algonquins. At the same time, the advance-guard of English adventure was pressing up through the Hudson; and from Quebec, the pioneers of New France were pushing their way towards the Mohawk. The inveterate foes of two continents thus encountered one another in the passes of Lake George and Lake Champlain; and these natural channels of reciprocal invasion became, of course, the scenes of frequent collision and deadly strife. When these preliminary fends were ended, and the power of England repulsed on both banks of the St Lawrence, the earliest and fiercest affrays of the war of Independence found here their inevitable fields. The first years of the present century were again disgraced by war between England and America; and instinctively the tide of

battle returned to its old channels; and if ever—which God forbid—the mother and the daughter should fall out again, it cannot be doubted that the same passes must echo once more to the tread of martial men, and the same waters be crimsoned with the blood of brethren. They are the very breeding-places of border-feud; and Nature has furnished them with that wild luxuriance of beauty with which she loves to prepare for history, and by which she seems to challenge her to do as much again, in adorning it with romantic associations.

For several miles between the towns on the left bank of the river, we had nothing else in view more interesting than a dull canal connecting Lake Champlain with the Hudson, at Albany. But the river itself is always beautiful. Even here it is a fine wide stream, and seems to scorn the beggarly ditch that drudges like a pack-horse by its side. But at certain seasons it is too low for boating, and at all seasons is rendered unfit for navigation by numerous rocks. It was a relief to shut my ears to the perpetual humour of Froke, and watch the course of the stream through the broad meadows; sometimes refreshing us with cool sounds where it foamed over shelving shoals, and then dazzling our eyes with the reflected sunbeam, glancing from its deep smooth breast, on which the blue heavens looked down without a cloud.

We came to Stillwater, which deserves its name, if it has any reference to the Hudson. A ridge of hills stretching inland, in this neighbourhood, is the memorable scene of the two engagements which sealed the fate of Burgoyne's expedition, and which are thought to have been the decisive blow in the revolutionary struggle of America. Here also is shown the miserable wooden shed of a house in which the gallant and accomplished General Frazer died of his wound. It stands near the river, and at the foot of a hill, on the top of which the General was buried. Though the remains have long since been disinterred, and returned to England, the spot is marked by several piles, and is constantly visited by tourists. The house is a mere tap-room, and must, at any time, have been a miserable

hovel to die or live in. Yet it once was dignified as the temporary abode of high-born and elegant women. During the battles, it was the receptacle of the dying and wounded British officers, and the scene of many of those tender acts of self-denying mercy, by which woman, in the hour of suffering and extremity, becomes transfigured into a ministering angel.

Several miles above, we crossed the Fishkill, a little river by which the Lake of Saratoga discharges its waters into the Hudson; and shortly after we passed the domain of General Schuyler, and the site of his mansion, which was burned by a foraging-party during the advance of Burgoyne. Of the adventures of a single night spent at Saratoga, it is not necessary to say any thing here, as in less than twenty-four hours we were again on our immediate route. At Fort Miller the road crosses the river, and from thence we went along the eastern shore of the Hudson, eight miles, to Fort Edward. It was here that Burgoyne began to encounter those difficulties of his situation, which rapidly increased upon him, till they became insurmountable. He had forced his way from Whitehall to this place, through obstinate fight, and over bad roads, encumbered by all the mischief that a retreating foe could leave behind them. Here, falling short of stores and ammunition, his only resource was to transport them from the head of Lake George, where one of his officers had captured a fort. This occasioned that fatal delay of more than a month, during which the American army changed commanders, was recruited with fresh troops, and returned from the Mohawk to show fight. As he was roundly censured for his sluggishness in the British parliament, and pleaded in excuse the extraordinary face of the country, over which he was forced almost to construct a road; it is but justice to his memory to quote, on this point, the corroborative evidence of an eminent American geologist. "I was much struck," says Professor Silliman, "with the formidable difficulties which General Burgoyne had to encounter in transporting his stores, his boats, and part of his artillery over this ragged

country: at that time, without doubt, vastly more impracticable than at present."

But Fort Edward is chiefly memorable for the horrible murder of Miss M'Crea, by a party of Indians, in circumstances peculiarly tragic and affecting. It was an event which not only spread horror and alarm throughout America, but was related with thrills of indignation in England, and particularly in the debates of parliament. The vehement remonstrance of Burke against Indian alliances seems to have been in a measure inspired by the sensation which it produced; and it was doubtless fuel to the fire of old Lord Chatham, when, a few months after the butchery of Fort Edward, he blazed out in that fierce philippic against Lord Suffolk, who had spoken of savages as instruments "which God and nature had put in our hands." Detestable as was a confederacy with Indians, however, and instinctively as the English conscience recoiled from the alliance, it must be remembered that in America it was at least no novelty. It is remarked by Silliman that the French, the English, and the Americans themselves had all partaken in this sin, in the various early wars of the continent.

About half a mile from Fort Edward, and hard by the road-side, still stands a venerable pine-tree, from a mound at whose roots gushes a clear crystal spring. This is pointed out as the spot where the mangled corpse of Miss M'Crea was found. The tree is scored with the scars of bullets, and marked with the lady's name, and the date 1777. To this tree her body is said to have been bound, and pierced with nearly a score of wounds, which crimsoned the spring with her blood. On the same day were massacred a young officer, and a party of soldiers under his command, whose bodies were left in the same place, covered only with some brushwood and ferns.

At Sandyhill, where we passed for an hour, we encountered traditions of Indian barbarities, in the history of the old French war of 1758, which, without any romance, were singularly revolting. Fort Anne, at the end of our next stage, was the scene of a hot action, in the advance of Burgoyne.

in which the Indians were thought to have contributed something to his success, but even this is doubtful. We had now an easy stage of ten miles to Whitehall, during which we debated with Freke on the merits of the unfortunate general, whose history we had retraced on the road.

The moon was rising over the ravine in which Whitehall appears to be built, when we reached it, and were set down at our inn. This place is the Shenebrough of Burgoyne's despatches, and must have changed its name soon after the close of the war. It so happened that we were detained at this place somewhat longer than we desired to be, and when we got under weigh down the lake, we seemed to have begun a new journey. If I may be allowed to make a similar passage in my story, I will venture, before going further, to recur to the history of Burgoyne's expedition, which, with the knowledge of places that I have endeavoured to impart, may possibly be as interesting to others as it has proved to myself.

These places, and the incidents at which I have rapidly glanced, were, at the close of the last century, as familiarly known in England as those of the Peninsular war are at present. While the issue of the revolt was yet undecided, the eloquence of Parliament, and the conversation of fashionable circles, kept them continually before the world; and long after the termination of the contest, mutual recriminations and impassioned self-defence would not suffer their memory immediately to die. Succeeding events enabled men to forget America for a long while; and when they again returned to her affairs, it was with no disposition to contend with the award of Providence which had made her a nation. The history of America was English history no more. Yet there is a period in her history up to which an Englishman should be familiar with it; for he who reads the speeches of Burke and Chatham, or reverts to the Johnsonian age of literature, will otherwise be often at a loss how to regard events and facts to which the men of those days always referred with the warmth of political party, but which we can now examine with

candour, and judge without prejudice or passion.

No man of that day is more entitled to the candid retrospect of posterity than General Burgoyne, for no one suffered more than he from the heat of contemporaries. I have no other interest in his memory than what has been inspired by my visit to the scenes of his misfortunes, and by the observation that he is respectfully remembered in America, while no one ever hears of him in England. I have, therefore, nothing to present in his defence, but the narrative of his expedition, as illustrating the journey I have described.

The war of the American Revolution opened with some dashing exploits in the north, among which those of Allen and his mountaineers of Vermont are memorable, as well for their eccentricity as for their consequences. Accompanied by the crack-brained adventurer Benedict Arnold, he made a descent upon Lake Champlain, took Ticonderago by surprise, and reduced the fort at Crown Point. Elated by success, and conceiving it probable that the invasion of Canada would be attended with a rising of the French in favour of the colonies, Arnold obtained a commission from the Congress to attempt it, and actually succeeded in leading a small force to Québec, through incredible difficulties. Emulous of Wolfe, he would stop at nothing short of scaling the heights of Abraham; and by indomitable perseverance he accomplished thus much of his enterprise, and found himself on the scene of Wolfe's death and renown, before Québec, with less than four hundred men. But there the achievement ceases to bear any resemblance to the event of sixteen years before. Arnold was not wanting in courage, nevertheless; and after an ineffectual attempt to provoke a sortie, finding himself in a condition which would make a siege ridiculous, he was obliged to make a mortifying descent. He returned again, in the depth of winter, with a larger force, under the brave General Montgomery, and was wounded in a daring attempt to storm the city, while Montgomery himself fell in forcing a barrier at Cape Diamond. Arnold now made a desperate retreat, closely followed by Sir Guy

Carlton, the governor of Canada, who had repulsed the attempt on Quebec. As soon as the spring opened, Carlton, who had been joined by Burgoyne, pursued him to Lake Champlain, and, with extraordinary energy, built and fitted a fleet to chase him up the lakes, and regain the forts which had been taken, intending afterwards to press on towards the Hudson. Arnold, with equal activity, prepared a flotilla to meet him, and seems to have commissioned himself as its admiral. It was but small, yet, such as it was, he brought it up to the neighbourhood of Cumberland Bay, where is now situated the town of Plattsburgh. The fleet of Sir Guy must have presented a beautiful appearance as it appeared around Cumberland Head; the cape which creates the bay, for it was of no less formidable a force than forty-four transports, twenty gunboats, a radeau, two schooners, and one three-masted ship. Of these, however, only a part could be rendered of service, for the wind was in favour of Arnold, who had also taken an advantageous position with his little squadron, consisting of but one sloop, three schooners, and several gondolas or galleys. For six hours he stood fire like a salamander, and then, favoured by a dark night and a wind which sprang up from the north, he escaped with his shattered fleet, and made his way up the lake unperceived. Pursued by Carlton the next day, he maintained a running fire until his leaky and disabled vessels could do no more; on which, driving them aground, and landing his marines, he set them on fire, escaped to the shore, and so made his way through the woods to Crown Point, and thence to Ticonderoga. Carlton lost no time in reducing the former fortress; but his delay in building the squadron had made it now too late to carry the projected advance to the Hudson, and he did no more, but returned to Canada, apparently satisfied with having destroyed all hopes of exciting a revolt among the French, or of shutting out the royal troops from the St Lawrence.

In the spring of the following year, Burgoyne, who had been to England in the mean time, superseded Carlton as governor of Canada, who, though

an efficient soldier and an accomplished gentleman, seems to have given some momentary dissatisfaction to the military. It was the intention of the new governor to force a passage to the Hudson, and, by the aid of Sir Henry Clinton, to open a direct communication with New York, seizing the intermediate posts, and so cutting off all connexion between New England and the army in the South. This plan, had it been successful, would probably have put an end to the war; and as nothing less than so splendid a result was the object of Burgoyne's expedition, it may be imagined with what anxiety it was watched by the Congress, and prepared for by the vigilance of Washington.

In June 1777, the new governor ascended Lake Champlain. He was attended by a powerful armament, consisting, besides the regular troops of Canadian rangers, German mercenaries, and a ferocious retinue of savages. He immediately invested the fort at Ticonderoga, by land and water, bringing his gun-boats and barges to a point just beyond the range of the guns of the fort, and sending part of his troops to the eastern shore of the lake. Over against the fortress, a little to the south, and hardly a thousand yards distant, rises the inaccessible sugar-loaf summit of Mount Defiance, and with great energy the British general immediately commenced the construction of a road up the rough sides of this mountain. St Clair, who was in command of the fort, and prepared to defend it vigorously, having received special instructions from Congress, and knowing himself to be watched with the deepest anxiety by the whole country, looked up one morning, and found the summit occupied by a strong battery, under command of Burgoyne himself, who had dragged his cannon up the precipitous ascent, with an activity and enterprise worthy of Wolfe. It was now planned where it could, at any moment, pour death and destruction into the fort, from which not a ball could be returned with any effect. The heights of Mount Defiance, the name imports, had been supposed to defy escalade, and the difficulty of St Clair may be imagined when he beheld his garrison not only exposed to

the fire, but also to the jeers of the enemy, who could observe his every movement, and count every man within his walls. The surrounded general did all that remained for him to do. He contrived to start a flotilla up the lake, with some stores and baggage, towards Skenesborough, and, crossing to the eastern shore, commenced his retreat through Vermont, pursued by a detachment under Generals Frazer and Reidesel, who brought him to action next day at Castleton, from whence he further retreated to Fort Edward. General Phillips, on the other shore, ascended Lake George, and captured the fort at its head, forcing Schuyler to Fort Edward, where St Clair joined him, and both together continued the retreat down the Hudson. Burgoyne himself pursued the flotilla to Skenesborough, destroyed it, and followed the American troops, who had evacuated the place, retreating to the Hudson. Before he could reach Fort Edward, he was obliged to clear the roads of innumerable trees which had been felled and thrown in his way, and, besides contending with other obstacles, to fight one obstinate battle at Fort Anne. It was August before he arrived, and then came the unavoidable and fatal delay which I have noticed, in transporting supplies from Lake George.

It was while he was advancing towards Fort Edward, that the unghovernable ferocity of his Indian mercenaries became so painfully apparent, by the butchery of Miss M'Crea, and the massacre, of which the tragically dramatic particulars are these:—As he approached the Hudson, he was met by an American loyalist of the name of Jones, whose adhesion to the royal standard he rewarded by an appointment to a command. The gentleman was betrothed to a young lady of great beauty, residing a few miles below Fort Edward; and, becoming alarmed for her safety, he begged permission to have her brought into the British camp, which was already galled by the presence of two elegant women, the Baroness Reidesel and the Lady Harriet Ackland. He contrived to send the word to repeat to the house of a relative near Fort Edward, and there to await a conveyance which he would send to con-

duct her farther. What the unhappy gentleman deemed a conveyance, or what prevented his going in person for his affianced prize, does not now appear: but at the set time he despatched a party of savages on the gallant errand, promising them a barrel of rum as an incentive to their fidelity. With some misgivings, perhaps, as to the wisdom of their commission, he seems almost immediately afterwards to have sent off a second party of Indians, with promise of a like reward. This lady was at the appointed place when the first party arrived, and, with her entertainer, was not a little alarmed at their appearance. Their conduct, however, was friendly, and they delivered a letter from her lover, assuring her that she might safely confide in their respectful behaviour and diligent care. With the heroism of her sex, in circumstances so trying, she obeyed without hesitation, suffered herself to be placed upon horseback, and set off with her savage attendants. Just at this time a picket, under one Lieut. Van Vechten, had been surprised near the spring which I have described in my journey, by the second party of Indians, who massacred and scalped the officer and several of his men. The conveyance approached the spring with Miss M'Crea just as the horrid tragedy had concluded, and immediately began to dispute with the other party, with furious outcries and ferocious gestures. The horrors of the unfortunate young lady, as she saw the rising passions of her conductors, must be imagined; but she could not have understood the nature of their quarrel, which was as to which party should have the custody of her person, and so secure the promised reward. The defenceless creature remained a passive spectator of the combatants, who began to belabour each other with their muskets. The alarm which had been given by the picket, had caused the officer in command of Fort Edward to send a company of soldiers to the aid of Van Vechten, and as these were now seen approaching, one of the chiefs, to terminate the strife, discharged his musket at Miss M'Crea, who instantly fell. Then, seizing her by her hair, which was long and flowing, he cut the scalp, and dashed it into the face of his antagonist with a fiendish yell.

After inflicting several additional wounds, both parties retreated towards Fort Anne, and tradition reports that on their way they so far compromised their quarrel as to divide their trophy; so that, on arriving at the fort, and meeting their impatient employer, each of the chiefs exhibited half of the scalp, and claimed a proportionate payment. That Jones's own scalp was so far affected as to turn white in a single night we may readily believe, and that he soon died of a broken heart is a still more credible part of the story. Who can wonder that such an event rendered the name of Burgoyne a bugbear to scare babies in all the neighbouring country; or that the massacre of Fort Edward, after inspiring the indignation of Burke, and rekindling the expiring ardour of Chatham, was cast into the teeth of Burgoyne himself, when he took his seat as a senator in the British parliament! That such an attack was unjust and unmerciful, the facts of the case, which were long misrepresented, sufficiently prove; yet, as Cardinal de Retz said of the Parisians, that he who convoked them made an *acte*,—so it is true historically that whoever armed the American Indians made them "hell-hounds of war."

It was at Fort Edward that the disasters of the expedition began to present themselves to the British general as formidable. A detachment of Germans who had made a circuit into Vermont, after the reduction of Ticonderoga, had been defeated in a battle at Bennington, and now with great difficulty rejoined the army, diminished in numbers, deprived of their commander, who had been killed, and stripped of their baggage and artillery. Another excursion under St Leger had been but partially successful; and as the result of both these unfortunate episodes, Burgoyne found himself shorn of one-sixth part of his troops. While he was sending his baggage-wagons to Lake George, moreover, the American army, now recruited to a force of ten thousand men, began to come back from the Mohawk, desirous of bringing him to an engagement. It would have been prudent, perhaps, had he fallen back upon Skeneborough, and awaited further supplies from Canada; but *vestigia nulla retrorsum*

is a pardonable motto for the pride of an English general. As soon as he was able, therefore, he set forward; crossed the Hudson on a bridge of boats; foraged on the estates of General Schuyler, and burned his seat at Schuylerville, and so advanced to Stillwater, where he drew up his line before the American intrenchments on the 18th of September. The next day a manœuvre of some of the troops seeking a better position, was mistaken by General Gates for an intended assault. A counter movement was made by the Americans, which produced a collision, and the engagement soon became general. It was desperately maintained, and continued through the day, the battle ending where it had begun, when it was too dark to see. Burgoyne claimed a victory, and the American general, Wilkinson, confesses a drawn game: but it was such a victory as rendered another battle almost sure defeat. "It was one of the largest, warmest, and most obstinate battles," says Wilkinson, "ever fought in America."

Burgoyne found himself weakened by this conflict, but Gates was daily receiving new accessions to his strength. The decisive action was postponed, on both accounts no doubt, till the 7th of October. In the afternoon of that day a strong detachment of the British troops, advancing towards the American left wing with ten pieces of artillery, for the purpose of protecting a forage party, was furiously attacked, and the action almost immediately involved the whole force of both armies. The right wing of the English was commanded by General Frazer, the idol of the army, and admired by none more heartily than by his foes. The first shock of the battle was sustained by him, and by the grenadiers under Colonel Ackland, who were terribly slaughtered, while the Colonel fell dangerously wounded. Frazer, exposing himself in the hottest of the fight, and conspicuously mounted on an iron-gray, seemed the very soul of the battle, and showed himself every where, bringing his men into the action. His extraordinary efficiency; and the enthusiasm with which he inspired the ranks, was noticed by the Americans; and Colonel Morgan, of the Virginia riflemen, to whom he was immediately

supposed, smitten with the incomparable generalship of his antagonist, is said to have resolved upon his fall. Drawing two of his best marksmen aside, he pointed to his adversary and said, "Do you see yonder gallant officer? It is General Frazer. I admire and esteem him, but it is necessary that he should die: take your places, and do your duty." In a few minutes he fell from his horse mortally wounded.

Burgoyne commanded the whole line in person, directing every movement, and did all that valour and heroism could do to supply the places of the brave officers whose destruction he observed with anguish. Twice he received a bullet, either of which might have been fatal—one passing through his beaver, and the other grazing his breast. The Earl of Balcarras distinguished himself in rallying the disheartened infantry; and Breyman, commanding the German flank, fell dead on the field. The Brunswickers scattered like sheep, before a man of them had been killed or wounded, and some German grenadiers, who served with more spirit behind a breast-work, were driven from their stockade at the point of the bayonet. The American general remained in camp, overlooking the field; but his officers fought bravely, and none more so than Benedict Arnold, who hated him, and was smarting under disgrace. This hot-brained fellow, however, had no business to be there. He was not only disobeying orders, but actually at this time had no command in the army; and yet, being in rank the first officer on the field, he flew about issuing orders, which were generally obeyed. Gates, indignant at his presumption, despatched a messenger after him; but Arnold, understanding the design, evaded the message by dashing into a part of the fight where no one would follow him. He seemed to court death, acting more like a madman than a soldier, and driving up to the very muzzle of the artillery. It is singular that to this execrable traitor, as he afterwards showed himself, was owing the whole merit of the manoeuvre which closed the day, and decided in favour of America a battle upon which her destinies hung suspended. Flourishing his sword, and animating the troops by his voice and

reckless contempt of danger, he brought them up to the Hessian intrenchment, carried it by assault, and, while spurring into the sally-port, received a shot in his leg, which killed his horse upon the spot. It was this crowning exploit that forced Burgoyne back to his camp, from which, during the night, he made a creditable movement of his troops to higher grounds without further loss. In the morning, the abandoned camp was occupied by the Americans, who played upon his new position with an incessant cannonade.

The anecdotes of this battle are full of interest, and some of them worthy of perpetual remembrance. Soon after the decisive turn of the action, Wilkinson, the American officer whom I have already quoted, was galloping over the field to execute some order, when he heard a wounded person cry out—*Protect me, sir, against that boy.* He turned and saw a British officer wounded in both legs, who had been carried to a remote part of the field, and left in the angle of a fence, and at whom a lad of about fourteen was coolly aiming a musket. Wilkinson was so fortunate as to arrest the atrocious purpose of the youngster, and inquiring the officer's rank, was answered—"I had the honour to command the grenadiers." He of course knew it to be Colonel Ackland, and humanely dismounted, helped him to a horse, and, with a servant to take care of him, sent him to the American camp.

In his own narrative, Burgoyne did ample justice to the rest of this story; but it will bear to be told again to another generation. The Lady Harriet Ackland, as I have already said, was in the British camp. She had accompanied her husband to Quebec, and in the campaign of 1776 had followed him to a poor hut at Chambly, where he had fallen sick, and there, exposing herself to every fatigue and danger, had assiduously ministered to his comfort. She was left at Ticonderoga, under positive injunctions to remain there; but her husband receiving a wound in the affair at Castleton, while pursuing St Clair, she again followed him, and became his nurse. After this, refusing to return, she was transported in such a cart as could be constructed in the camp, to the different halting-places of the

army, always accompanying her husband with the grenadiers, and sharing the peculiar exposures of the vanguard. At Stillwater she occupied a tent, adjoining the house in which Frazer expired, and which was the lodge of the Baroness Reidesel, who with a similar fidelity had followed the fortunes of her husband, accompanied by her three little children. Lady Ackland is described by Burgoyne as one of the most delicate, as well as the most lovely of her sex. She was bred to all the luxuries and refinements incident to birth and fortune, and while thus endowing the fatigues of military life, was far advanced in the state in which the hardest matron requires the tenderest and most particular defence.

If, notwithstanding the inconveniences of such a presence, the residence of these ladies in the British camp had thrown additional radiance on the sunniest days of hope and success, it may well be imagined that they seemed as angels in the eyes of wounded and dying men, to whom they ministered like sisters or mothers. The Baroness herself has left a touching account of the scenes through which she passed, in that rude shed on the Hudson. "On the 7th of October," she says, "our misfortunes began." She had invited Burgoyne, with Generals Phillips and Frazer, to dine with her husband; but, as the hour arrived, she observed a movement among the troops, and some Indians, in their war finery, passing the house, gave her notice of the approaching battle by their yells of exultation. Immediately after, she heard the report of artillery, which grew louder and louder, till the skies seemed coming down. At four o'clock, her little table standing ready, instead of the cheerful guests for whom she had prepared, General Frazer was brought in helpless and faint with his wound. Away went the untasted banquet, and a bed was set in its place, on which the pale sufferer was laid. A surgeon examined the wound, and pronounced it mortal. The ball had passed through the stomach, which was unfortunately distended by a bountiful breakfast. The general desired to know the worst, and, on learning his extremity, simply requested that he might be buried

on the hill, beside the house, where a redoubt had been erected, at the hour of six in the evening; but the Baroness afterward heard him sigh frequently,—"Oh, fatal ambition—poor General Burgoyne,—oh, my poor wife!" The wounded officers were continually brought in, till the little hut became an hospital. General Reidesel came to the house for a moment, towards nightfall, but it was only to whisper to his wife to pack up her movables, and be ready at any moment to retreat. His dejected countenance told the rest. Soon after, Lady Ackland was informed of her husband's misfortune, and that he was a prisoner in the American camp.

Consoling her distressed companion, and ministering to the wounded gentlemen—hushing her little ones lest they should disturb General Frazer, and collecting her camp-furniture for the anticipated remove—thus did the fair Reidesel spend the long dark night that followed. Towards three in the morning, they told her that the General showed signs of speedy dissolution; and, lest they should interfere with the composure of the dying man, she wrapped up her little ones and carried them into the cellar. He lingered till eight o'clock, frequently apologising to the lady for the trouble he caused her. All day long, the body in its winding-sheet lay in the little room among the sufferers, the ladies moving about in their charitable inquiries, with these lamentable sights before them, and the dreadful cannonade incessantly in their ears. General Gates, now in possession of the British trenches, was assailing the new position of the troops, which, with the house occupied by the Baroness, was becoming every hour more untenable. Burgoyne had decided upon a further retreat; but, magnanimously resolved to fulfil General Frazer's request to the letter, would not stir till six o'clock. This was the more noble, as the enemy was now advancing, and had set fire to a house not far off, which was building for the better accommodation of the Reidesel. At the hour the corpse was brought out, amid these impressive scenes of fire and slaughter, and under the constant roar of artillery. It was attended by all the generals to the redoubt. The procession



not being understood, and attracting the notice of the American general, was made the mark of the cannon, and the balls began to fall thick and heavy around the grave. Several passed near the Baroness, as she stood trembling for her husband at the door of the lodge. Burgoyne himself has described this remarkable funeral, to which, owing to the intrepidity of the priest, the rites of the Church were not wanting. The halls bounded upon the redoubt, and scattered the earth alike upon the corpse and the train of mourners; but "with steady attitude, and unaltered voice," says Burgoyne, the clergyman, Mr Brudenel, read the burial service, rendered doubly solemn by the danger, the booming of the artillery, and the constant fall of shot. The shades of a clouded evening were closing upon that group of heroes, and they seemed to be standing together in the shadow of death; but some good angel waved his wing around the holy rite, and not one of them was harmed.

That night the army commenced its retreat, leaving the hospital with three hundred sick and wounded to the mercy of General Gates, who took charge of them with the greatest humanity. Lady Ackland demanded to be sent to her husband; but Burgoyne could only offer her an open board in which to descend the Hudson, and the night was rainy. Nothing daunted, she accepted the offer, to the astonishment of Burgoyne, who on a piece of dirty wet paper scrawled a few words, commending her to General Gates, and suffered her to embark. What a voyage, in the storm and darkness, on those lone waters of the Hudson! The American sentinel heard the approach of oars, and hailed the advancing stranger. Her only watchword was—a woman! The sentinel may be forgiven for scarce trusting his senses, and refusing to let such an apparition go on shore, till a superior officer could be heard from: but it was a cheerless delay for the faithful wife. As soon, however, as it was known that Lady Ackland was the stranger, she was welcomed to the American camp, where, "it is due to justice," says Burgoyne, "to say that she was received with all the humanity and respect that her rank, her merits, and her fortunes deserved."

The Hudson girdled the forlorn intrenchments to which the British general now retired, and its fords were all in possession of the American forces. By means of these fords they had regained the forts on Lake George, and the road to Skenesborough, and all retreat was cut off—even the desperate retreat which Burgoyne had proposed, of abandoning artillery and baggage, and carrying nothing away but bodies and souls. Yet for six days his proud soul stood firm, unable to endure or even face the thought of surrender. The American batteries were constantly at play upon his camp. Blood was the price of the water which they were forced to bring from the river. The house which contained the Baroness and her children, hiding in the cellar, was riddled with shot. A soldier, whose leg was under the knife of the surgeon, had the other carried off by a ball as he lay upon the table. After six such days, even Burgoyne saw that there was no hope. He signed "the articles of Convention," and the next day surrendered in the field of Saratoga. "From that day," says a British writer, "America was a nation."

After the surrender, the Baroness Reidesel went to join her husband in the American camp. Seated in a calash with her children, she drove through the American lines, presenting a touching picture of female virtue, as awed even the common soldiers, and moved them to tears as she passed along. She was met by a gentleman who had once enjoyed the command of the army in which she thus became a guest; one whose patriotism no injury from his country could disaffect, and whose gallantry and politeness no severity from his foes could disarm. Taking the children from the calash, he affectionately kissed them, and presenting his hand to their mother, said pleasantly,—"You tremble, madam! I beg you not to be afraid." She replied,—"Sir, your manner emboldens me; I am sure you must be a husband and a father!" She soon found that it was General Schnyler: and he afterwards had the happiness of entertaining both her and General Reidesel, with Lady Ackland, her husband, and Burgoyne himself, at his hospitable mansion in Albany, "not as enemies,"

says the Baroness, "but as friends." While thus entertained, Burgoyne said one day to his host,—“You show me much kindness, though I have done you much harm.” “It was the fortune of war,” answered Schuyler; “let us say no more on the subject.” The author of “Hochelaga” adds the following painful story; with reference to Colonel Ackland. On a public occasion in England, he heard a person speaking of the Americans as cowards. “He indignantly rebuked the libeller of his gallant captors; a duel ensued the next morning, and the noble and grateful soldier was carried home a corpse.”

Of poor General Burgoyne, we have partially anticipated the subsequent history. His military career closed with this defeat; and though, on his return to England, he took a seat in parliament, his chief business, as a senator, appears to have been his own defence against repeated assaults from his enemies. Though he is said to have carried to his grave the appearance of a discouraged and broken man, he amused himself with literary pursuits, and in 1786 was the popular author of a successful play, entitled “The Heiress.” About six years later, he was privately committed to his grave, in Westminster Abbey.

At this distance of time, I see no reason why the field of Saratoga may not be regarded by Englishmen, as well as by Americans, with emotions as near akin to pleasure as the horrors of carnage will allow. It is a field from which something of honour flows to all parties concerned, and in the singular history of which even our

holy religion, and the virtues of domestic life, were nobly illustrated. On the one side was patriotism, on the other loyalty; on both sides courtesy. If the figures of the picture are at first fierce and repulsive—the figures of brethren armed against brethren, of mercenary Germans and frantic savages, Canadian rangers and American ploughmen, all bristling together with the horrid front of war—what a charm of contrast is presented, when among these stern and forbidding groups is beheld the form of a Christian woman moving to and fro, disarming every heart of every emotion but reverence, softening the misfortunes of defeat, and checking the elation of victory! The American may justly tread that battle-ground with veneration for the achievement which secured to his country a place among the nations of the world, but not without a holy regard for the disasters, which were as the travail-throes of England, in giving her daughter birth. And the Briton, acknowledging the necessity of the separation, as arising from the nature of things, may always feel that it was happily effected at Saratoga, where, if British fortune met with a momentary reverse, British valour was untarnished; and where History, if she declines to add the name of a new field to the ancient catalogue of England's victories, turns to a fairer page, and gives a richer glory than that of conquest to her old renown, as she records the simple story of female virtue, heroism, fidelity, and piety, and inscribes the name of Lady HARRIET ACKLAND.

## THE INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

## A TALE OF THE BIVOUAC.

THE green slope of a hill, at the base of a southern spur of the Pyrenees, presented, upon a spring night of the year 1837, a scene of unusual life. The long grass, rarely pressed save by some errant mountain-goat, or truant donkey from the plain, was now laid and trodden beneath the feet and hoofs of a host of men and horses; the young trees, neglected by the wood-cutter in favour of maturer timber, resounded beneath the blows of the foraging-hatchet. Up the centre of the hill, an avenue, bare of wood, but not less grass-grown than the other portions of the slope, communicated with the steep and rocky path that zigzagged up the face of the superior mountain. On either side of this road—if such the track might be called, that was only marked by absence of trees—several squadrons of cavalry, hussars, lancers, and light dragoons, had established their bivouac. There had been hard fighting over that ground for the greater part of the afternoon; but with this the horsemen had little to do. On the other hand, the fragments of smoked paper strewing the grass showed that musketeers had been busy, and many cartridges expended, amongst those very trees, where the enemy had made a vigorous stand before he was driven up and finally over the mountain by the Queen's troops. A little higher, where less cover was to be had, dead bodies lay thick; and there had been a very fair sprinkling of the same, in great part despoiled of clothes by the retreating Carlists, upon the luxuriant pasture the Christiano cavalry now occupied. From the immediate vicinity of the bivouac, however, these offensive objects had, for the most part, been dragged away. The infantry were further in advance up the mountain, and on the right and left. The enemy having vacated the plain on the approach of a superior force, the cavalry had scarcely got a charge, but had had, upon the other hand, a large amount of trotting to and fro, of scrambling through rugged lanes, and toiling over heavy fields.

They had also had a pretty view of the fighting, in which they were prevented taking a share, but which their brass bands frequently encouraged by martial and patriotic melodies; and they had received more than one thorough drenching from the heavy showers that poured down at brief intervals from sunrise till evening. The sun had set, however, in a clear blue sky; the stars shone brightly out; the air was fresh rather than cold; and, but for the extreme wetness of the grass, the night was by no means unfavourable for a bivouac. This inconvenience the men obviated, in some measure, by cutting away the long rank herbage with their sabres, in circles round the fires, made with some difficulty out of the green moist branches of oak and apple-trees; and which, for a while, gave out more smoke than flame, more stench than warmth.

It chanced to be my turn for duty that night; and this prevented my following the example of most of my brother-officers, who, after eating their share of some Carlist sheep, (the lazy commissariat mules were far behind,) wrapped themselves in their cloaks, with logs or valises under their heads, and with the excellent resolution of making but one nap of it from that moment till the reveillé sounded. I was not prevented sleeping, certainly; but now and then I had to rouse myself and go the round of the portion of the encampment occupied by my regiment, to see that the horses were properly picketed, the sentries at their posts, and that all was right and conformable to regulation. Then I would lie down again and take a nap, sometimes at one fire, sometimes at another. At last, a couple of hours before daybreak, I was puzzled to find one to lie down at; for the bivouac was buried in sleep, and the neglected fires had been allowed to die out, or to become mere heaps of smouldering ashes. I betook myself to the one that gave the greatest symptoms of warmth, and on which, just as I reached it, a soldier threw an angry

of small branches. Then, falling on his knees and hands, and lowering his head till his chin nearly touched the ground, he blew lustily upon the embers, which glowed and sparkled, and finally blazed up, casting a red light upon his brown and mustached countenance. I recognised a German belonging to my troop. We had several Germans and Poles, and one or two Italians and Frenchmen, in the regiment; some of them political refugees, driven by want to a station below their breeding; others, scamps and deserters from different services, but nearly all smart and daring soldiers. This man, Heinzel by name, was rather one of the scampish sort: not that he had ever suffered punishment beyond extra guards or a night in the black hole, but he was reckless and unsteady, which prevented his being made a sergeant, as he otherwise assuredly would have been, for in spite of a very ugly physiognomy of the true Tartar type, he was a smart looking soldier, a devil to fight, and a good waster and accountant. He had been a corporal once, but had been reduced to thrashing two Spanish peasants, whilst under the influence of *aquardente*. He said they had tried to make him desert, which was likely enough, for they had certainly furnished him with the proper grates: an imputable act of generosity without aobjection. But he could not prove the alleged punishment, the civil authorities, to whom the bores had complained, pressed for satisfaction: and it was necessary to punish even an appearance of excess on the part of mercenary troops, often too much disposed to ill treat the moderate peasantry. I had chiding for Heinzel, whom I fancied above his station. He spoke tolerable French, had rapidly picked up English in our regiment: and expressed himself, in his own language, in terms showing him to spring from a better class than that whence private soldiers generally proceed. Moreover, he had a mellow voice, knew a host of German songs, and although not a tithe of the squadron understood the words, all listened with pleased attention when he sang upon the march Arndt's dashing ditty in honour of Prince Blucher,—every note of which has a sound of

clashing steel and clanging trumpet, Hauff's milder and more sentimental

"Stell'ich in finst'rer Mitternacht,"

and other popular *Soldaten-lieder*. Not very frequently, however, could he be prevailed upon to sing; for he was of humour taciturn, not to say sullen. He would drink to excess when the chance was afforded him; and although he could bear an immense deal either of wine or brandy without its affecting his head, he was oftener the worse for liquor than any other foreigner in the squadron, with the exception of one infernal Pole, who seemed to enjoy the special protection of Bacchus, and would find means to get drunk as the sow of Davy when the rest of the regiment were reduced to the limpid element.

Having got up a respectable blaze, Heinzel produced from his schapska a small wooden pipe and a bag of tobacco, filled the former, lit it at the me, and with an "*Lieben Sie, Herr Lieutenant*," (he usually spoke German to me,) seated himself at a respectful distance upon a tall tree-trunk, on one end of which I had taken my station.

"A cold morning, Heinzel," said I.

"Very cold, *Herr Lieutenant*, will you take a *schnapps*, sir?"

And from the breast of his jacket he pulled out a leather-covered flask, more than half full, from which I willingly imbibed a dram of very respectable Spanish brandy. Considering the absence of rations, and our consequent reduction, since the preceding morning, from beef, bread, and wine, to quivering mutton and spring water, I at first gave Heinzel infinite credit for having unsbanded this drop of comfort. But I presently discovered that I was indebted for my morning glass to no excess of sobriety on his part, but to his having fallen in with a Spanish canteen-woman, whom he had beguiled of a flaskful in exchange for two lawful reals of the realm.

The cordial had invigorated and refreshed me, and I no longer felt inclined to sleep. Neither to all appearance did Heinzel, who sat in an easy soldierly attitude upon his end of the log, gazing at the fire and smoking in

silence. It occurred to me as a good opportunity to learn if my suspicions were well-founded, and if he had not once been something better than a private dragoon in the service of her Catholic majesty. We were alone, with the exception of one soldier, who lay at length, and apparently asleep, upon the other side of the fire, closely wrapped in his red cloak, whose collar partially concealed his face.

"Who is that?" said I to Heinzel.

The German rose from his seat, walked round the fire, and drew the cloak collar a little aside, disclosing a set of features of mild and agreeable expression. The man was not asleep, or else the touching of his cloak awakened him, for I saw the firelight glance upon his eyes; but he said nothing, and Heinzel returned to his place.

"It is Franz Schmidt."

I knew this young man well, although he belonged to a different squadron, as an exceedingly clean well-behaved soldier, and one of the most daring fellows that ever threw leg over saddle. In fact, from the colonel downwards, no man was better known than Schmidt. He was a splendid horseman, and had attracted notice upon almost the first day he joined, by a feat of equestration. There was a horse which had nearly broken the heart of the riding master, and the bones of every man who had mounted him. The brute would go pretty quietly in the riding-school, but as soon as he got into the ranks, he took offence at something or other—whether the numerous society, the waving of pennons, or the sounds of the trumpet, it was impossible to decide—and started off at the top of his speed, kicking and capering, and playing every imaginable prank. The rough-riders had all tried him, but could make nothing of him. Still, as he was a showy young horse, the colonel was loath to have him cast; when one day, as we went out to drill, and Beelzebub, as the men had baptised the refractory beast, had just given one of the best horsemen in the regiment a severe fall, Schmidt volunteered to mount him. His offer was accepted. He was in the saddle in a second; but before his right foot was in the stirrup, or his lance in the bucket, the demon was off with him,

over a stiff wall and a broad ditch, and across a dangerous country, at a snapping pace. Schmidt rode beautifully. Nothing could stir him from his saddle; he endured the buck-leaps and other wilful eccentricities of his headstrong steed with perfect indifference, and amused himself, as he flew over the country, by going through the lance-exercise, in the most perfect manner I ever beheld. At last he got the horse in hand, and circled him in a large heavy field, till the sweat ran off his hide in streams; then he trotted quietly back to the column. From that hour he rode the beast, which became one of the best and most docile chargers in the corps. Beelzebub had found his master, and knew it.

The attention Schmidt drew upon himself by this incident, was sustained by subsequent peculiarities in his conduct. The captain of his troop wished to have him made a corporal; but he refused the grade, although he might be well assured it would lead to higher ones. He preferred serving as a private soldier, and did his duty admirably, but was more popular with his officers than with his comrades, on account of his reserved manner, and of the little disposition he showed to share the sports or revels of the latter. Before the enemy he was fearless almost to a fault, exposing his life for the mere pleasure, as it seemed, of doing so, whenever the opportunity offered. He did not cotton much, as the phrase goes, with any one, but in his more sociable moments, and when their squadrons happened to be together, he was more frequently seen with Heinzel than with any body else. In manner he was very mild and quiet, exceedingly silent, and would sometimes pass whole days without opening his lips, save to answer to his name at roll-call.

To return, however, to Master Heinzel. I was resolved to learn something of his history, and, by way of drawing him out, began to speak to him of his native country, generally the best topic to open a German's heart, and make him communicative. Heinzel gave into the snare, and gradually I brought him to talk of himself. I asked him if he had been a soldier in his own country—thinking it possible he might be a deserter from some Ger-

man service; but his reply was contradictory of this notion.

"All my service has been in Spain, sir," he said; "and it is not two years since I first put on a soldier's coat, although in one sense, I may say, I was born in the army. For I first saw light on the disastrous day of Wagram, and my father, an Austrian grenadier, was killed at the bridge of Znaim. My mother, a sutler, was wounded in the breast by a spent ball whilst supporting his head, and trying to recall the life that had fled for ever; and although she thought little of the hurt at the time, it occasioned her death a few months afterwards."

"A melancholy start in the world," I remarked. "The regiment should have adopted and made a soldier of the child born within sound of cannon, and deprived of both father and mother by the chances of war."

"Better for me if the regiment had, I dare say," replied Hemzel; "but somebody else adopted me, and by the time I was old enough to do something for myself, fighting was no longer in fashion. I might think myself lucky that I was not left to die by the roadside, for in those days soldiers' orphans were too plenty for one in a hundred to find a foster-father."

"And who acted as yours?"

"An elderly gentleman of Wurzburg, at whose door my mother, overcome by fatigue and sickness, one evening fell down. Incapacitated by ill-health from pursuing her former laborious and adventurous occupation, she had wandered that far on her way to Nassau, her native country. She never got there, but died at Wurzburg, and was buried at the charges of the excellent Ulrich Esch, who further smoothed her dying pillow by the promise that I should be cared for, and brought up as his child. Herr Esch had been a shopkeeper in Cologne, but having early amassed, by dint of industry and frugality, the moderate competency he coveted, he had retired from business, and settled down in a snug country-house in the suburbs of Wurzburg, where he fell in love and got married. Since then several years had elapsed, and the union, in other respects happy, had proved childless. It was a great vexation to the worthy man and to his

meek sweet-tempered spouse, when they were finally compelled to admit the small probability of their ever being blessed with a family. Herr Esch tried to draw consolation from his pipe, his wife from her pet dogs and birds; but these were poor substitutes for the cheering presence of children, and more than once the pair had consulted together on the propriety of adopting a child. They still demurred, however, when my mother's arrival and subsequent death, put an end to their indecision. The kind-hearted people received her into their house, and bestowed every care upon her, and, when she departed, they took me before the justice of peace, and formally adopted me as their child. For some months my situation was most enviable. True, that old Hannechen, the sour housekeeper, looked upon me with small favour, and was occasionally heard to mutter, when my presence gave her additional trouble, something about beggar's rats and foundlings. True also that Fido, the small white lapdog, viewed me with manifest jealousy, and that Mops, the big poodle, made felonious attempts to bite, which finally occasioned his banishment from the premises. I was too young to be sensible to these small outbreaks of envy, and my infancy glided happily away; when suddenly there was great jubilee in the house, and, after eight years of childless wedlock, Madame Esch presented her husband with a son. This event made a vast difference in my position and prospects, although I still had no reason to complain of my lot. My worthy foster-parents did their duty by me, and did not forget, in their gush of joy at the birth of a child to their old age, the claims of the orphan they had gathered up at their door. In due time I was sent to school, where, being extremely idle, I remained unusually late before I was held to have amassed a sufficient amount of learning to qualify me for a seat on a high stool in a Wurzburg counting-house. I was a desperately lazy dog, and a bit of a scapegrace, with a turn for making bad verses, and ridiculous ideas on the subject of liberty, both individual and national. My foster-father's intention was to establish me, after a certain period of probation, in a shop or small

business of my own; but the accounts he got of me from my employers were so unsatisfactory, and one or two mad pranks I played caused so much scandal in the town, that he deferred the execution of his plan, and thinking that absence from home, and a strict taskmaster, might be beneficial, he started me off to Frankfort-on-the-Maine, where a clerk's place was ready for me in the office of the long-established and highly respectable firm of Schraube & Co."

Here Heinzel broke off the narrative strain into which he had insensibly fallen, and apologised for intruding upon me so commonplace a tale. But he had got into the vein, I saw, and was willing enough to go on; and, on my part, I was curious to hear his story out, although I had already assigned to it, in my mind, the not unnatural termination of flight from a severe employer, renunciation by the adoptive father, and consequent destitution and compulsory enlistment. I begged him to continue, and he did not need much pressing.

"Frankfort is a famous place for Jews," continued Heinzel, "and Jews are notoriously sharp men of business; but the entire synagogue might have been searched in vain for a more thorough Hebrew in character and practice than that very Christian merchant, Herr Johann Schraube. He was one of those persons who seem sent into the world for the express purpose of making themselves as disagreeable as possible. A little, bandy-legged, ill-made man, with small ferret's eyes, and a countenance expressive of unbounded obstinacy and self-conceit; he had a pleasant way of repeating his own words when he ought to have listened to the answer, was never known to smile except when he had made somebody miserable, or to grant a favour till he had surlily refused it at least half-a-dozen times. His way of speaking was like the snap of a dog. Every body about him hated and feared him; his wife and children, his servants, his clerks, and even his partner, a tall strapping fellow who could have crushed him with his foot like a weasel, but who, nevertheless, literally trembled in presence of the concentrated bile of his amiable associate. I anticipated a pleasant time of it under the

rule of such a domestic tyrant, especially as it had been arranged that I was to live in the house. Accordingly, a bed-chamber was allotted to me. I took my meals, with some others of the clerks, at the lower end of the family dinner-table, and passed ten hours a-day in writing letters and making out accounts. My scanty moments of relaxation I was fain to pass either out of doors or reading in the counting-house; for although nominally treated as one of the family, I could see that my presence in the common sitting-room was any thing but welcome to Schraube and his circle. Altogether I led a dog's life, and I make no doubt I should have deserted my blotting-book and fled back to Wunzburg, had I not found one consolation amongst all these disagreeables. Herr Schraube had a daughter of the name of Jacqueline—a beautiful girl, with golden curls and laughing eyes, gay and lively, but coquettish and somewhat satirical. With this young lady I fell in love, and spoiled innumerable quires of post paper in scribbling bad poetry in praise of her charms. But it was long before I dared to offer her my rhymes; and, in the meantime, she had no suspicion of my flame. How could she possibly suspect that her father's new clerk, of whose existence she was scarcely conscious, save from seeing him twice or thrice a-day at the furthest extremity of the dining-table, would dare to lift his eyes to her with thoughts of love. She had no lack of more eligible adorers; and, although she encouraged none of them, there was one shambling bout of a fellow, with round shoulders and a sullen countenance, whom her father particularly favoured, because he was exceedingly rich, and whose addresses he insisted on her admitting. Like every body else, she stood in much awe of old Schraube; but her repugnance to this suitor gave her courage to resist his will, and, for some time, the matter remained in a sort of undecided state; stupid Gottlieb coming continually to the house, encouraged and made much of by the father, but snubbed and turned into ridicule by the vivacious and petulant daughter, both of whom, probably, trusted that time would change each other's determination.

"Such was the state of things when, one evening as I sat in the counting-house hard at work at an invoice, a servant came in and said that Miss Jacqueline wished to speak to me. A summons to appear at the Pope's footstool would not have surprised me more than this message from a young lady who had long occupied my thoughts, but had never seemed in the least to heed me. Since I had been in the house, we had not exchanged words half-a-dozen times, and what could be the reason of this sudden notice? Without waiting to reflect, however, I hurried to her presence. She was seated at her piano, with a quantity of music scattered about; and her first words dissipated the romantic dreams I had begun to indulge on my way from the counting-house to the drawing-room. She had heard I was clever with my pen, and she had a piece of music to copy. Would I oblige her by doing it? Although I had never attempted such a thing, I unhesitatingly accepted the task, overjoyed at what I flattered myself might lead to intimacy. I sat up all that night, labouring at the song, and after spoiling two or three copies, succeeded in producing one to my satisfaction. Jacqueline was delighted with it,—thanked me repeatedly,—spoke so kindly, and smiled so sweetly that my head was almost turned, and I ventured to kiss her hand. She seemed rather surprised and amused than angry, but took no particular notice, and dismissed me with another piece of music to copy. This was done with equal despatch and correctness, and procured me another interview with Jacqueline, and a third similar task. Henceforward the supply of work was pretty regular, and took up all my leisure time, and often a good part of my nights. But in such service I was far from grudging toil, or lamenting loss of sleep. Nearly every day I found means of seeing Jacqueline, either to return music, to ask a question about an illegible bar, or on some similar pretext. She was too much accustomed to admiration not at once to detect my sentiments. Apparently they gave her no offence; at any rate she showed no marks of displeasure when, after a short time, I ventured to substitute,

for the words of a song I copied, some couplets of my own which, although doubtless more fervent in style than meritorious as poetry, could not leave her in doubt of my feelings towards her. I even thought, upon our next meeting at the dinner-table, after she had received this effusion, that her cheek was tinged with a blush when I caught her bright blue eye. With such encouragement I continued to poetise at a furious rate, sometimes substituting my verses for those of songs, at others writing them out upon delicate pink paper, with a border of lyres and myrtles, and conveying them to her in the folds of the music. She never spoke to me of them, but neither did she return them; and I was satisfied with this passive acceptance of my homage. Thus we went on for some time, I sighing and she smiling; until at last I could no longer restrain my feelings, but told at her feet and confessed my love. A trifling but significant circumstance impelled me to this decisive step. Going into the sitting-room one afternoon, I beheld her standing at the window, engaged in the childish occupation of breathing on the glass and scribbling with her finger upon the clouded surface. So absorbed was she in this pastime that I approached her closely before she seemed aware of my presence, and was able to read over her shoulder what she wrote upon the pane. To my inexpressible delight, I distinguished the initials of my name. Just then she turned her head, gave a faint coquettish scream, and hurriedly smeared the characters with her hand. My heart beat quick with joyful surprise; I was too agitated to speak, but, laying down the music I carried, I hurried to my apartment to meditate in solitude on what had passed. I beheld my dearest dreams approaching realisation. I could no longer doubt that Jacqueline loved me! and although I was but her father's clerk, and he was reputed very wealthy, yet she was one of many children—my kind foster parent had promised to establish me in business—and, that done, there would be no very great impropriety in my offering myself as Herr Schraube's son-in-law. Upon the strength of these reflections, the next time I found myself alone with Jacque-



line, I made my declaration. Thrice bitter was the disenchantment of that moment. Her first words swept away my visions of happiness as summarily as her fingers had effaced the letters upon the tarnished glass. But the glass remained uninjured, whilst my heart was bruised and almost broken by the shock it now sustained. My avowal of love was received with affected surprise, and with cold and cutting scorn. In an instant the castle of cards, which for weeks and months I had built and decorated with flowers of love and fancy, fell with a crash, and left no trace of its existence save the desolation its ruin caused. I had been the victim of an arrant coquette, whose coquetry, however, I now believe, sprang rather from niter want of thought than innate badness of heart. Her arch looks, her friendly words, her wreathed smiles, the very initials on the window, were so many limed twigs, set for a silly bird. Jacqueline had all the while been acting. But what was comedy to her was deep tragedy to me. I fled from her presence, my heart full, my cheeks burning, my pulse throbbing with indignation. And as I meditated, in the silence of my chamber, upon my own folly and her cruel coquetry, I felt my fond love turn into furious hate, and I vowed to be revenged. How, I knew not, but my will was so strong that I was certain of finding a way. Unfortunately, an opportunity speedily offered itself.

For some days I was stupefied by the severity of my disappointment. I went through my counting-house duties mechanically; wrote, moved, got up and lay down, with the dull regularity, almost with the unconsciousness, of an automaton. I avoided as much as possible the sight of Jacqueline, who, of course, took no notice of me, and studiously averted her eyes from me, as I thought, when we met at meals; perhaps some feeling of shame at the cruel part she had acted made her unwilling to encounter my gaze. My leisure time, although not very abundant, hung heavily upon my hands, now that I had no music to copy, no amorous sonnets to write. A fellow-clerk, observing my dulness and melancholy, frequently urged me to accompany him to a kind of club,

held at a *hacienda*, or wine-house, where he was wont to pass his evenings. At last I suffered myself to be persuaded; and finding temporary oblivion of my misfortune in the fumes of canaster and Rhine wine, and in the boisterous mirth of a jovial noisy circle, I soon became a regular tavern-haunter; and, in order to pass part of the night, as well as the evening, over the bottle, I procured a key to the house-door, by means of which I was able to get in and out at hours that would have raised Herr Schraube's indignation to the very highest pitch, had he been aware of the practice.

"It chanced one night, or rather morning, as I ascended the steps, of mingled wood and brick, that led to the door of my employer's spacious but old-fashioned dwelling, that I dropped my key, and, owing to the extreme darkness, had difficulty in finding it. Whilst groping in the dusty corners of the stairs, my fingers suddenly encountered a small piece of paper protruding from a crack. I pulled it out; it was folded in the form of a note, and I took it up to my room. There was no address: but the contents did not leave me long in ignorance of the person for whom the epistle was intended. The first line contained the name of Jacqueline, which was repeated, coupled with innumerable tender epithets, in various parts of the billet-doux. It was signed by a certain Theodore, and contained the usual protestations of unbounded love and eternal fidelity, which, from time immemorial, lovers have made to their mistresses. Whoever the writer, he had evidently found favour with Jacqueline: for again and again he repeated how happy her love made him. Apparently, he was by no means so certain of the father's good-will, and had not yet ventured to approach him in the character of an aspirant to his daughter's hand; for he deplored the difficulties he foresaw in that quarter, and discussed the propriety of getting introduced to Herr Schraube, and seeking his consent. He begged Jacqueline to tell him when he might venture such a step. The letter did not refer to any previous ones, but seemed written in consequence of a verbal understanding;

and the writer reminded his mistress of her promise to place her answers to his missives in the same place where she found these, twice in every week, upon appointed days, which were named.

"The perusal of this letter revived in my breast the desire of revenge which its possession gave me a prospect of gratifying. At that moment I would not have bartered the flimsy scrap of paper for the largest note ever issued from a bank. I did not, it is true, immediately see in what way its discovery was to serve my purpose, but that, somehow or other, it would do so, I instinctively felt. After mature consideration, I quietly descended the stairs, and restored the letter to the hiding-place whence I had taken it. That afternoon it had disappeared, and on the following day, which was one of those appointed, I withdrew from the same crevice Jacqueline's perfumed and tender reply to her beloved Theodore. It breathed the warmest attachment. The coquette, who had trifled so cruelly with my feelings, was in her turn caught in Cupid's toils, and I might have deemed her sufficiently chastised for her treatment of me by the anxieties and difficulties with which her love was environed. She wrote to her admirer, that he must not yet think of speaking to her father, or even of getting introduced to him; for that, in the first place, Herr Schranbe had officers in peculiar aversion, and would not tolerate them in his house; and, secondly, it had long been his intention to marry her to Gottlieb Löffel, who was rich, ugly, and stupid, and whom she could not bear. She bid Theodore be patient, and of good courage; for that she would be true to him till death, and never marry the odious suitor they tried to force upon her, but would do all in her power to change her father's purpose, and incline him favourably to the man of her choice. Whilst deploring old Schranbe's cold-blooded and obstinate character, she still was sanguine that in the main he desired her happiness, and would not destroy it for ever by uniting her to a man she detested, and by severing her from him with whom alone would life be worth having, from her first and only love, her dearest Theo-

dore, &c., &c. And so forth, with renewed vows of unfailing affection. This was a highly important letter, as letting me further into the secrets of the lovers. So the lucky Theodore, who had so fascinated Jacqueline, was an officer. That the old gentleman hated military men, I was already aware; and it was no news to me that his daughter entertained a similar feeling towards the booby Löffel. I had long since discovered this, although fear of her father induced Jacqueline to treat her unwelcome suitor with much more urbanity and consideration than she would otherwise have shown him.

"The next day the lady's letter, which I carefully put back in the nook of the steps, was gone, and the following Saturday brought another tender epistle from the gentle Theodore, who this time, however, was any thing but gentle; for he vowed implacable hatred to his obnoxious rival, and devoted him to destruction if he persisted in his persecution of Jacqueline. Then there were fresh protestations of love, eternal fidelity, and the like, but nothing new of great importance. The correspondence continued in pretty much the same strain for several weeks, during which I regularly read the letters, and returned them to the clandestine post-office. At last I grew weary of the thing, and thought of putting a stop to it, but could not hit upon a way of doing so, and at the same time of sufficiently revenging myself, unless by a communication to Herr Schranbe, which plan did not altogether satisfy me. Whilst I thus hesitated, Jacqueline, in one of her letters, after detailing, for her lover's amusement, some awkward absurdities of which Löffel had been guilty, made mention of me.

"I never told you," she wrote, "of the presumption of one of my father's clerks; a raw-boned monster, with a face like a Calmuck, who, because he writes bad verses, and is here as a sort of gentleman-volunteer, thought himself permitted to make me, his master's daughter, the object of his particular regards. I must confess, that when I perceived him smitten, I was wicked enough to amuse myself a little at his expense, occasionally bestowing a word or smile which raised him to the

seventh heaven, and were sure to produce, within the twenty-four hours, a string of limping couplets, intended to praise my beauty and express his adoration, but, in reality, as deficient in meaning as they were faulty in metre. At last, one day, towards the commencement of my acquaintance with you, dearest Theodore, he detected me childishly engaged in writing your beloved initials in my breath upon the window. His initials happen to be the same as yours, (thank heaven, it is the only point of resemblance between you,) and it afterwards occurred to me he was perhaps misled by the coincidence. In no other way, at least, could I explain the fellow's assurance, when, two days afterwards, he plumped himself down upon his knees, and, sighing like the bellows of a forge, declared himself determined to adore me till the last day of his life, or some still more remote period. You may imagine my answer. I promise you he left off pestering me with bad rhymes; and from that day has scarcely dared raise his eyes higher than my shoe-tie.

"This last assertion was false. My love and rejection were no cause for shame; but she might well blush for her coquetry, of which I could not acquit her, even now the incident of the window was explained. Her injurious and satirical observations deeply wounded my self-love. I read and re-read the offensive paragraph, till every syllable was imprinted on my memory. Each fresh perusal increased my anger; and at last, my invention stimulated by fury, I devised a scheme which would afford me, I was sure, ample scope for vengeance on Jacqueline and her minion. A very skillful penman, I possessed great facility in imitating all manner of writing, and had often idly exercised myself in that dangerous art. I was quite sure that, with a model beside me, I should not have the slightest difficulty in counterfeiting the handwriting both of Jacqueline and Theodore; who, moreover, unsuspecting of deceit, would be unlikely to notice any slight differences. I resolved in future to carry on their correspondence myself, suppressing the real letters, and substituting false ones of a tenor conformable to my

object. I calculated on thus obtaining both amusement and revenge, and, enchanted with the ingenuity of my base project, I at once proceeded to its execution. It was fully successful; but the consequences were terrible, far exceeding any thing I had anticipated."

I could not restrain an exclamation of indignation and disgust at the disclosure of this vindictive and abominable scheme. Heinzl—who told his tale, I must do him the justice to say, not vauntingly, but rather in a tone of humility and shame which I have perhaps hardly rendered in committing the narrative to paper—Heinzl easily conjectured the feeling that prompted my indignant gesture and inarticulate ejaculation. He looked at me timidly and deprecatingly.

"I was a fiend, sir—a devil; I deserved hanging or worse. My only excuse, a very poor one, is the violent jealousy, the mad anger that possessed me—the profound conviction that Jacqueline had intentionally trifled with my heart's best feelings. Upon this conviction, I brooded till my blood turned to gall, and every kind of revenge, however criminal, to me appeared justifiable."

He paused, leaned his head mournfully upon his hand, and seemed indisposed to proceed.

"It is not for me to judge you, Heinzl," said I. "There is One above us all who will do that, and to whom penitence is an acceptable offering. Let me hear the end of your story."

"You shall, sir. You are the first to whom I ever told it, and I scarce know how I came to this confidence. But it does me good to unburden my conscience, though my cheek burns as I avow my infamy."

His voice faltered, and again he was silent. Respecting the unaffected emotion of the repentant sinner, I did not again urge him to proceed; but presently he recommenced, of his own accord, in a sad but steady voice, as if he had made up his mind to drink to the dregs the self-prescribed cup of humiliation.

"According to my determination, I kept back Jacqueline's next letter, and replaced it by one of my own, whose writing the most experienced judge would

have had difficulty in distinguishing from hers. In this supposititious epistle I gave Theodore a small ray of hope. The father, Jacqueline wrote, (or rather I wrote it for her,) was kinder to her than formerly, and had almost ceased to speak of her union with Löffel. Her hopes revived, and she thought things might still go happily, and Theodore become her husband. To obviate all probability of my manœuvres being discovered, I strictly enjoined the favoured officer to abstain in future from speaking to her (as I knew from previous letters he was in the habit of doing) on the promenade, or in other public places. I gave as a reason, that those interviews, although brief and guarded, had occasioned gossip, and that, should they come to her father's ears, they would materially impede, perhaps altogether prevent, the success of her efforts to get rid of Löffel. Her lover was to be kept informed of the progress she made in bringing Herr Schraube to her views, and to receive instant intimation when the propitious moment arrived for presenting himself in the character of a suitor. So far so good. This letter elicited a joyful answer from Theodore, who swore by all that was sacred to be quiet, and take patience, and wait her instructions. I superadded this, replacing it by one conformable to my arrangements. And now, in several following letters, I encouraged the officer, gradually raising his hopes higher and higher. At last I wrote to him that the day approached when he need no longer sigh in secret, but declare his love before the whole world, and especially before the hitherto intractable old merchant. His replies expressed unbounded delight and happiness, and eternal gratitude to the constant mistress who thus ably surmounted difficulties. But in the meanwhile things progressed precisely in the contrary direction. Herr Schraube, more than ever prepossessed in favour of Löffel's well-stored coffers, was deaf to his daughter's arguments, and insisted upon her marrying him. In one of Jacqueline's letters, kept back by me, she mournfully informed her lover of her father's irrevocable determination, adding that she would only yield to down-

right force, and would never cease to cherish in her heart the ill-fated love she had vowed to her Theodore. Then—and upon this, in my vindictive wickedness, I prided myself as a masterly stratagem—I caused the correspondence on the part of the officer to become gradually colder and more constrained, until at last his letters assumed a tone of ill-concealed indifference, and finally, some weeks before the day appointed for the wedding, ceased altogether. Of course I never allowed him to get possession of the poor girl's mournful and heartbroken replies, wherein she at last declared that, since Theodore deserted her, she would sacrifice herself like a lamb, obey her father, and marry Löffel. Life, she said, had no longer any charm for her: her hopes deceived, her affections blighted, the man she had so dearly loved faithless to his vows, she abandoned the idea of happiness in this world, and resigned herself to the lot imposed by a parent's will. Instead of these notes of lamentation, I sent to Theodore words of love and hope, and anticipations of approaching happiness. And at last, to cut short this long and shameful story, I wrote a concluding letter in Jacqueline's name, desiring him to present himself on the following Sunday at her father's house, and demand her hand in marriage. She had smoothed all difficulties, the unacceptable wooer had been dismissed, her father had relented, and was disposed to give the officer a favourable reception. Theodore's reply was incoherent with joy. But the Sunday, as I well knew, was the day fixed for Jacqueline's marriage with Gottlieb Löffel. The climax approached, and, like a villain as I was, I gloated in anticipation over my long-prepared revenge. The day came: the house was decorated, the guests appeared. The bride's eyes were red with weeping, her face was as white as her dress; repugnance and despair were written upon her features. The priest arrived, the ceremony was performed, the tears coursing the while over Jacqueline's wan face; when, just at its close, the jingle of spurs was heard upon the stairs, and Theodore, in the full-dress uniform of a Prussian officer, his face

beaming with hope and love, entered the apartment. The bride fell senseless to the ground; the officer, upon learning what had just taken place, turned as pale as his unhappy mistress, and rushed down stairs. Before Jacqueline regained consciousness, I had thrown into the post-office a packet to her address, containing the intercepted letters. It was my wedding present to the wife of Gottlieb Löffel."

Since the interruption above recorded, I had listened in silence, with strong but painful interest, to Heinzel's details of his odious treachery. But the climax of his cruel revenge came upon me unexpectedly. A hasty word escaped me, and I voluntarily sprang to my feet.

"I deserve your contempt and anger, sir," said Heinzel; "but, believe me, I have already been severely punished, although not to the extent I merit. Not one happy hour have I had since that day—no moment of oblivion, save what was procured me by this" (he held up his dram-bottle.) "I am haunted by a spectre that leaves me no rest. Did I not fear judgment there," and he pointed upwards, "I would soon leave the world—blow out my brains with my carbine, or throw myself to-morrow upon the bayonets of a Carlist battalion. But would such a death atone for my crime? Surely not, with the blood of that innocent girl on my head. No, I must live and suffer, for I am not fit to die."

"How! her blood?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, sir, as you shall hear. Jacqueline's fainting fit was succeeded by hysterical paroxysms, and it was necessary to put her to bed and send for a physician. He ordered great care and repose, for he feared a brain fever. Her mother watched by her that night, but, towards daybreak, retired to repose, leaving her in charge of a servant. I heard that she was ill, but so obdurate was my heart rendered by the vindictive feelings possessing it, that I rejoiced at the misery and suffering I had occasioned her. Early the next morning I was entering the counting-house when I met the postman with letters for the family; and I chuckled as I perceived amongst them the packet containing the corre-

spondence between Jacqueline and Theodore. I betook myself to my desk, next to a window that looked into the street, and commenced my usual quill-driving labours, pursuing them mechanically, whilst my mind dwelt upon Jacqueline's despairing regret on receiving the packet, conjectured her exclamations of grief and indignation when she discovered the bitter deception, her vain endeavours to guess its author. Nearly half an hour passed in this manner, when a sudden and momentary shade was cast upon my paper by an object passing before the window. Almost at the same instant I heard a heavy thump upon the pavement, and then a chorus of screams from the upper windows of the house. Throwing up the one near which I sat, I beheld, not six feet below me, the body of a woman attired in a long loose wrapper. She had fallen with her face to the ground, and concealed by her hair; but my mind misgave me who it was. I sprang into the street just as a passer-by raised the body, and disclosed the features of Jacqueline. They were livid and blood-streaked. She had received fatal injury, and survived but a few moments.

"A servant, it appeared, during Madame Schraube's absence, had delivered my letter to Jacqueline, who, after glancing at the address, of which the handwriting was unknown to her, (I had taken good care to disguise it,) laid the packet beside her with an indifferent air. A short time afterwards a movement of curiosity or caprice made her take it up and break the seal. The servant attending her saw her glance with surprise at the letters it enclosed, and then begin to read them. Seeing her thus occupied, the woman, unsuspecting of harm or danger, left the room for a few minutes. She reopened the door just in time to see Jacqueline, in her night-dress, her long hair streaming from her uncovered head, precipitate herself headlong from the window, a height of nearly thirty feet from the ground.

"The letters, scattered over Jacqueline's bed, served but partially to disclose the real motive of her melancholy suicide, which was publicly attributed to the delirium of fever. Old Schraube, who might well have

reproached himself with being, by his tyrannical conduct, its indirect cause, showed no signs of remorse, if any he felt. His harsh voice sounded perhaps a trifle more rasp-like; I fancied an additional wrinkle on his low, parchment forehead, but no other changes were perceptible in him. No one suspected (as how should they?) my share in the sad business, and I was left to the tortures of conscience. God knows they were acute enough, and are so still. The ghastly countenance of Jacqueline, as it appeared when distorted, crushed, and discoloured by its fall upon the pavement, beset my daylight thoughts and my nightly dreams. I was the most miserable of men, and, at last, unable longer to remain at the place of the grievous catastrophe, I pleaded bad health, which my worn and haggard countenance sufficiently denoted, as a pretext for a journey to Würzburg, and bade adieu to Frankfort, fully resolved never to return thither. The hand of a retributive Providence was already upon me. Upon reaching home, I found the household in confusion, and Herr Esch and his lady with countenances of perplexity and distress. They expressed surprise at seeing me, and wondered how I could have got my foster-father's letter so quickly. Its receipt, they supposed, was the cause of my return, and they marvelled when I said I had not heard from them for a month. An explanation ensued. By the failure of a house in whose hands the greater part of his property was deposited, Herr Esch found himself reduced nearly to indigence. He had written to his son to leave the expensive university at which he was studying, and to me to inform me of his misfortune, and of his consequent inability to establish life as he had promised and intended to do. He recommended me to remain with Schraube & Co., in whose service, by industry and attention, I might work my way to the post of chief clerk, and eventually, perhaps, to a partnership. With this injunction I could not resolve to comply. Insupportable was the idea of returning to the house where I had known Jacqueline and destroyed her happiness, and of sitting day after day, and year after year, at the very window outside of

which she had met her death. And could I have overcome this repugnance, which was impossible, I might still not have felt much disposed to place myself for an indefinite period and paltry salary under the tyrannical rule of old Schraube. I was unsettled and unhappy, and moreover, I perceived or fancied that absence had weakened my hold upon the affections of my adopted parents, who thought, perhaps, now fortune frowned upon them, that they had done unwisely in encumbering themselves with a stranger's son. And when, after a few days' indecision, I finally determined to proceed southwards, and seek my fortune in the Spanish service, Herr Esch, although he certainly pointed out the risk and rashness of the scheme, did not very earnestly oppose its adoption. He gave me a small sum of money and his blessing, and I turned my face to the Pyrenees. My plan was to enter as a cadet in a Spanish regiment, where I hoped soon to work my way to a commission, or to be delivered from my troubles and remorse by a bullet: I scarcely cared which of the two fates awaited me. But I found even a cadetship not easy of attainment. I had few introductions, any quality of foreigner was a grave impediment, many difficulties were thrown in my way, and so much time was lost that my resources were expended, and at last I was fain to enlist in this regiment. And now you know my whole history, sir, word for word, as it happened, except some of the names, which it was as well to alter."

"And the unfortunate Theodore," said I, "what became of him?"

"He resigned his commission two days afterwards, and disappeared from Frankfort. No one could think how he intended to live, for he had scarcely any thing beside his pay. I have sometimes asked myself whether he committed suicide, for his despair, I was told, was terrible, on learning the infidelity and death of Jacqueline. That would be another load on my conscience. But if he lives, the facts you have just heard must still be a mystery to him."

"They are no longer so," said a voice, whose strange and hollow tone made me start. At the same moment Schmidt, who during all this time had

lain so still and motionless that I had forgotten his presence, rose suddenly to his feet, and, dropping his cloak, strode through the hot ashes of the fire. His teeth were set, his eyes flashed, his face was white with rage, as he confronted the astonished Heinzl.

"Infernal villain!" he exclaimed, in German; "your name is not Heinzl, nor mine Schmidt; you are Thomas Wolff, and I am Theodore Werner!"

Heinzl, or Wolff, staggered back in consternation. His jaw dropped, and his eyes stared with an expression of vague alarm. Grinding his teeth with fury, Schmidt returned his gaze for a moment, or two, then, flashing his sabre from the scabbard, he struck his newly-found enemy across the face with the flat of the weapon, and drew back his arm to repeat the blow. The pain and insult roused Heinzl from his stupefaction; he bared his sword, and the weapons clashed together. It was time to interfere. I had my sheathed sabre in my hand; I struck up their blades, and stood between them.

"Return your swords instantly," I said. "Stand to your horse, Schmidt; and you, Heinzl, remain here. Whatever your private quarrel, this is no time or place to settle them."

Heinzl dropped his sabre point, and seemed willing enough to obey, but his antagonist glared fiercely at me; and pressed forward, as if to pass me and get at his enemy, who had retreated a pace or two. I repeated my command more imperatively than before. Still Schmidt hesitated between thirst for revenge and the habit of obedience, when, just at that moment, the trumpets changed out the first notes of the reveille. The Spanish bands were already playing the *diana*; the sky grew gray in the east, a few dropping shots were heard, exchanged by the hostile outposts whom the first glimmer of day rendered visible to each other. Heinzl hurried to his horse; and the instinct of discipline and duty prevailing with Schmidt, I sheathed his sabre and gloomily rejoined his squadron. The men hastily bridled up, and had scarcely done so when the word was given for the left squadron (which was mine) to mount. We were up sooner in the saddle than

we were marched away under the guidance of a Spanish staff-officer.

The day was a busy one; and it was not till we halted for the night that I found an opportunity of speaking to Heinzl. I inquired of him how it was that he had not recognised Theodore Werner in his comrade Schmidt. He then informed me that he knew the lover of the unhappy Jacqueline only by name, and by his letters, but had never seen him. At the time of his abode in Frankfort, there were a large number of Prussian officers in garrison there, in consequence of the revolutionary attempt of 1833; and it was not till after Werner's sudden appearance in Herr Schraube's house, upon the day of the wedding, that Heinzl learned his surname. In the letters Theodore was the only name used. Heinzl seemed to have been greatly shaken and alarmed by that morning's unexpected meeting. He was a brave fellow in the field, but I could see that he did not relish the idea of a personal encounter with the man he had so deeply injured, and that he would be likely to do what he could to avoid it. There was no immediate necessity to think about the matter: for the squadron did not rejoin the regiment, as we had expected, but was attached to a Spanish brigade, and sent away in a different direction.

Two months elapsed before we again saw the main body of the regiment, and the various changes and incidents that intervened nearly drove from my memory Heinzl's story and his feud with Schmidt. At last we rejoined headquarters, one broiling day in June, at a small town of Old Castile. After so long a separation, in bustling times of war, comrades have much to say to each other, and soon the officers of the three squadrons were assembled at the *posada*, discussing the events that had filled the interval. The trumpet-call to evening stables produced a dispersion, at least of the subalterns, who went to ascertain that the horses were properly put up, and the men at their duty. My troop was quartered in half-a-dozen houses, adjacent to each other, and on arriving there, the sergeant-major reported all present except Heinzl. I was not very much surprised at his absence, but concluded

that the heat of the day, and the abundance of wine,—particularly good and cheap in that neighbourhood,—had been too much for him, and that he was sleeping off, in some quiet corner, the effects of excessive potations. I mentally promised him a reprimand, and an extra guard or two, and returned to my billet. The next morning, however, it was the same story—Heinzel again absent, and had not been at his quarters all night. This required investigation. I could not think he had deserted; but he might have got quarrelsome in his cups, and have fallen out with the Spaniards, and have been made away with in some manner. I went to the house where he was billeted. The stable, or rather cowshed, was very small, only fit for two horses, and consequently Heinzel and one other man, a Pole, were the only troopers quartered there. I found the Pole burnishing his accoutrements, and singing, in French most barbarously broken, the burden of a *chanson à boire*. He could give no account of his comrade since the preceding day. Towards evening Heinzel had gone out with another German, and had not since made his appearance. I inquired the name of the other German. It was Franz Schmidt. This immediately suggested very different suspicions from those I had previously entertained as to the cause of Heinzel's absence. On further questioning, the Pole said that Schmidt came into the billet, and spoke to Heinzel loudly and vehemently in German, of which language he (the Pole) understood little, but yet could make out that the words used were angry and abusive. Heinzel replied meekly, and seemed to apologise, and to try to soften Schmidt; but the latter continued his violence, and at last raised his hand to strike him, overwhelming him, at the same time, with opprobrious epithets. All this was extracted from the Pole by degrees, and with some difficulty. He could not, or would not, tell if Heinzel had taken his sabre with him, but there could be little doubt, for it was not to be found. The Pole was afraid of getting himself, or Heinzel, into trouble by speaking openly; but he evidently knew well enough that the

two Germans had gone out to fight. I immediately went to the captain of Schmidt's troop, and found him in great anger at the absence of one of his best men. Several foreigners had deserted from the regiment within the last few months, and he suspected Schmidt of having followed their example, and betaken himself to the Carlists. What I told him scarcely altered his opinion. If the two men had gone out to fight, it was not likely that both were killed; and if one was, the survivor had probably deserted to escape punishment. The affair was reported to the colonel, and parties of foot and horse were sent to patrol the environs, and seek the missing men. At last they were found, in a straggling wood of willows and alder-bushes, that grew on marsh land about a mile from the town. Heinzel was first discovered. He lay upon a small patch of sandy soil, which had manifestly been the scene of a desperate struggle, for it was literally ploughed up by the heavy trampling and stamping of men's feet. He had only one wound, a tremendous sabre-thrust through the left side, which must have occasioned almost instant death. From his corpse a trail of blood led to that of Schmidt, which was found about a hundred yards off. The conqueror in this fierce duel, he had fared little better than his victim. He had received three wounds, no one of them mortal, but from which the loss of blood had proved fatal. He had made an effort to return to the town, but had sunk down exhausted, probably in a swoon, and had literally bled to death.

Both the deceased men being Protestants, the Spanish priesthood would of course do nothing for them, and we had no chaplain. They were buried soldier-fashion in the same grave, near the place of their death, and the funeral service of the Church of England was read over them. A rough block of stone, that lay near at hand, was rolled to the grave, and partly imbedded in the earth; and I got a soldier, who had been a stone-cutter, to carve on it a pair of crossed swords, a date, and the letters T. W. None could understand the meaning of these initials, until I told that evening, afterwards, the story of the Intercepted Letters.



## GREENWICH TIME.

"The time is out of joint—oh, cursed spite!"—*Hamlet*.

WE are no friends to modern miracles. Whether these be wrought at Trèves, Loretto; or Edinburgh, we protest and make head against them all; and we care not a farthing for the indignation of the miracle-monger, be he pope, prelate, priest, potentate, protector, or provost. The interference of modern town-councils, to which we have all been long accustomed, has at last reached a point which borders upon absolute impiety. Not content with poking their fingers into every civic and terrestrial mess—not satisfied with interfering in the functions of the superintendent of the city fulzie, and giving gratuitous and unheeded advice to prime ministers—they have at last aspired to control the sun, and to regulate the motions of the heavenly bodies according to their delectable will. Pray, do these gentlemen ever read their Bibles? Do they really think that they are so many Joshua's? Do they know what they are doing when they presume to interfere with the arrangements of Providence and of nature—to alter times and seasons, and to confound the Sabbath with the week? Our amazement at their unjustifiable proceedings is only surpassed by our wonder at the apathy which prevails among the insulted population. Beyond one or two feeble letters in the newspapers, there have been no symptoms of resistance. Surely they have some respect left for their beds and their religion—for their natural and their commanded rest. It will not do to remain suffering under this last monstrous outrage in apathy and indifference. The ballies shall not be permitted to eclipse Phœbus, and proclaim false hours to us with impunity. We are ready and willing to head a crusade upon this matter, and we call upon all sorts and sundries of our fellow-citizens to join us in insurrection against the nuisance.

How stand the facts of the case? Listen and perpend. At twelve of the night of Saturday the thirteenth day

of January, one thousand eight hundred and forty-eight, the public clocks of the city of Edinburgh were altered from their actual time by command of the Town Council, and advanced by twelve minutes and a half. To that extent, therefore, the clocks were made to lie. They had ceased to be regulated by the sun, and were put under civic jurisdiction. The amount of the variation matters little—it is the principle we contend for: at the same time it is quite clear that, if the magistrates possess this arbitrary power, they might have extended their reform, from minutes to hours, and forced us, under the most cruel of all possible penalties, to rise in the depth of winter at a time when nature has desired us to be in bed.

Now, we beg onr for all to state that we shall not get up, for the pleasure of any man, a single second sooner than we ought to do; and that we shall not, on any pretext whatever, permit ourselves to be defrauded, in the month of January, of twelve minutes and a half of our just and natural repose. Life is bitter enough of itself without enduring such an additional penalty. In our hyperborean regions, the sacrifice is too hard to be borne; and one actually shudders at the amount of human suffering which must be the inevitable consequence, if we do not organise a revolt. For let it be specially remembered, that this monstrous practical falsehood is not attended with any alleviating relaxations whatever. It is a foul conspiracy to drag us from our beds, and to tear us from communal felicity. The law courts, the banks, the public offices, the manufacturing, all meet at the accustomed matutinal hour; but that hour, be it six, eight, or nine, is now a liar, and has shot ahead of the sun. Countless are the curses muttered every morning, from thousands of unhappy men, dragged at the remorseless sound of the bell from pallet and

mattress, from bed of down or lair of straw, from blanket, sheet, and counterpane, to shiver in the bitter frost of February, for no better reason than to gratify the whim of a few burghesses congregated in the High Street, who have a confused notion that the motions of the sun are regulated by an observatory at Greenwich.

What, in the name of whitebait, have we to do with Greenwich more than with Timbuctoo, or Moscow, or Boston, or Astracan, or the capital of the Cannibal Islands? The great orb of day no doubt surveys all those places in turn, but he does not do so at the same moment, or minute, or hour. It has been ordained by Providence that one half of this globe should be wrapped in darkness whilst the other is illuminated by light—that one fraction of the town-councils of the earth may sleep and be silent, whilst another is awake and gabbling. Not the music of the spheres could be listened to by man or angel were the provision otherwise. And yet all this fair order is to be deranged by the civic Solons of the Modern Athens! It is small wonder if few of these gentlemen have personally much appetite for repose. The head which wears a cocked-hat may lie as uneasy as that which is decorated with a crown; and there is many a malignant thought to press upon and disturb their slumbers. They are men of mortal mould, and therefore it is fair to suppose that they have consciences. They cannot be altogether oblivious of the present disgraceful state of the streets. The Infirmary must weigh upon them, heavy as undigested pork-pie; and their recent exhibitions in the Court of Session have been by no means creditable to their understanding. Therefore we can readily comprehend why they, collectively, are early driven from their couches: but it is not so easy to discover why they have no bowels of mercy towards their fellow-citizens. The cry of the Parliament House is raised against them, and we own that our soul is sorry for the peripatetics of the Outer boards. An ancient and barbarous custom, which long ago should have been amended, forces them to appear, summer and winter, before

the Lords Ordinary at nine o'clock; and we have heard more than one of them confess, with tears in their eyes, that their fairest prospects in life have been cruelly blighted, because the darlings of their hearts could not think of marrying men who were dragged from bed, throughout a considerable portion of the year, in the dark, who shaved by candle-light, and who expected their helpmates to rise simultaneously, and superintend the preparation of their coffee. If these things occurred under the merciful jurisdiction of the sun, what will be the result of the active cruelties of the magistracy? Why, Advocate will become a word synonymous with that of bachelor, and not a single Writer to the Signet be followed by a son to the grave!

And why, we may ask, has this unwarrantable alteration been made? For what mighty consideration is it that the lives of so many of the lieges are to be embittered, and their comforts utterly destroyed? Simply for this reason, that there may be a uniformity of time established by the railway clocks, and that the trains may leave Edinburgh and London precisely at the same moment. Now, in the first place, we positively and distinctly deny that there is any advantage whatever, even to the small travelling fraction of the community, in any such arrangement. There is no earthly or intelligible connexion between the man who starts from Edinburgh and the other who starts from London. They have each a separate rail, and there is no chance of a collision because the sun rises in the one place later than it does in the other. The men, we shall suppose, are not idiots: they know how to set their watches, or, if they do not possess such a utensil, they can desire the Boots to call them at the proper hour, and go to bed like Christians who intend to enjoy the last possible moment of repose. If they are particular about time, as some old martinet are, they can have their watches reset when they arrive at the place of their destination, or regulate them by the different railway clocks as they pass along. They have nothing else to do; and it is as easy to set a watch as to drink off a tumbler of

brandy and water, for if the Fogies choose to be particular, why cannot the railway directors print alongside of the real time a column of the fabulous Greenwich? John Bull, we know, has a vast idea of his own superiority in every matter, and if he chooses also to prefer his own time, let the fat fellow be gratified, by all means. Only do not let us run the risk of being late, in our endeavour to humour him, by forestalling the advent of the sun. May his shadow never be less, nor ours continue to be augmented, in this merciless and arbitrary manner!

But, in the second place, we beg leave to ask, whether the comforts of our whole population, whose time has effectually been put out of joint, are to be sacrificed for the sake of the passengers travelling between this and London? Do the whole of us, or the half of us, or any of us, spend a considerable portion of our lives in whirling along the Caledonian or the North British railways? The Lord Provost may deem it necessary to go up to London once a-year on Parliamentary business; but surely it would be more decent in his Lordship to wait for the sun, than to move off in the proud conviction that the course of that luminary has been adjusted to suit his convenience. We are irresistibly put in mind of an anecdote told by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. A certain merchant, sleeping in a commercial hotel, had given orders overnight that he should be called at a particular hour. Boots was punctual. "The morning has broke, sir," said he, drawing the curtain. "Let it break, and go to the mischief!" replied the sleepy trader; "it owes me nothing!" Now, whatever may be the opinion of the provost and his subordinate senate, we, the people of Edinburgh, do set a certain value upon the morning, which we hold to be appointed by Providence, and not by the Town-Council; and we must have somewhat better reasons than have yet been adduced in favour of the change, before we consent to make ourselves miserable for life. Early rising may be a very good thing, though, for our part, we always suspect a fellow who is over-anxious to get out of bed before his neighbours;

but no man, or body of men, have a right to cram it as a dogma down our throats. And it is quite preposterous to maintain that the permanent comfort of many thousand people is to be sacrificed for the sake of a dubious convenience to the few bagmen who may be travelling with their samples to the southward. We protest in all sincerity, that, rather than subject ourselves to this *bouleversement* and disordering of nature, we would be content to see every railway throughout the kingdom torn up or battered down, and in every point of view we should consider ourselves gainers thereby. We, like the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, go once a-year to London, but then we rise from our bed every morning of the year. We are far more likely now to miss an early train than before; and yet, in order to secure that single disadvantage, we are compelled in all time coming unnaturally to anticipate the day.

It is probable that some of our sapient councillors think this a very grand and clever scheme for securing uniformity of time. We consider it neither grand nor clever, but simply stupid and idiotical; and we beg to tell them that they have not secured thereby even what they foolishly think to be an uniformity of time. They have merely, by attempting to meddle with nature, introduced an element of ceaseless and intolerable confusion. They have no jurisdiction beyond their limited parliamentary bounds. They cannot decree that their time is to be adopted by the county towns; and a glance at the map will show what a small portion of the population of Scotland is located upon the line of the railways. Then as to the country where clocks are uncommon, and a reference for time is made to that great disc which is flaring in the sky, are the people there also to submit to the dictation of the magistrates of Edinburgh, and, if they want to perform a journey, arrive too late for the coach or train, because they trusted to the unerring and infallible index of the Almighty? Then as to the dials, common on the terrace and garden, and not uncommon on the older country steeples—what is to become of them? Are they to be branded for ever as lying monitors by the decree

of sundry civic dignitaries, and broken up as utterly useless? Are all those who pin their faith to them to be deceived? Really this is carrying matters with a high hand, with a vengeance!

Uniformity is the hobby of the age, and, more than the mine of diamonds, it has been the curse of Scotland. A certain set of people have been trying for these thirty years to assimilate us utterly to England, and in their endeavour to do so they have wrought incalculable mischief. They are continually tampering with our laws, and they would, if they dared, attempt to tamper with our religion. A man can neither be baptised, married, nor buried after the fashion of his forefathers. We are not allowed to trade with each other except upon English currency principles; and they have thrust the English system of jury trial in civil cases upon us, against the unanimous and indignant remonstrance of the nation. Now, *ceteris paribus*, we are willing to admit that uniformity in the abstract may be a very good thing, if you can only carry it out. Uniformity of property, for example, upon principles of equal division, could hardly fail to be popular, and we should like to see every acre of land throughout Britain at a uniform rent of five pounds. But uniformity, in order to perfect the system, should be cosmopolitan, not national—universal, and not limited. It would, for example, be convenient, in a commercial point of view, if all the nations of Europe—nay, of the world—could be brought to speak a uniform language. Such a state of matters, we know, once existed, but it was put a stop to by a miracle at the building of the tower of Babel. It might possibly be convenient if the four seasons of the year were equally and simultaneously distributed throughout the world—if, when we are going to our beds, the huntsmen were not up in Arabia, but lying amidst their camels beneath a tent in some far oasis of the wilderness. But these matters have been regulated by Divine Intelligence, and uniformity is no part of the scheme. In a very few years we shall have direct railway communication throughout Europe, from the west to the east—will it therefore be advisable to

adopt a common standard of time—say that of Greenwich—for all the trains? Are the inhabitants of Paris to be aroused from slumber some three hours before their wont, because the early train from Moscow is to start at nine o'clock? If not, why is it sought to apply the same principle here? Perhaps our excellent councillors are not aware that there is no such thing as a universal time. There is no peculiar virtue in the Greenwich time, any more than in that which is noted at the observatory on the Calton Hill. We are afraid that a gross misconception upon this point prevails in the High Street, and that some of our friends have got hold of a legend, said to be current in the Canongate, that the city clocks were put back twelve minutes and a half by Charles Edward in the Forty-five—that they have given out false time for upwards of a century—and that the present is a patriotic and spirited move of the magistrates to restore the hours to their pristine order and arrangement. If any of our civic representatives have fallen into error on this account, and been led astray by the cunning fable, we beg to assure them that it rests upon no solid foundation. Our ancestors entertained an almost Persian veneration for the sun, and would not have suffered any such interference. The city clocks of Edinburgh were not set upon the authority of the famous watch discovered at Prestonpans, of which it stands recorded, that “she died the very night Vich Ian Vohr gave her to Murdoch.”

We are not aware that any regulation of the Lord Provost and Magistrates of the city of Edinburgh has the force and authority of a statute, or that their voice is potential in opposition to the almanack. If we are right in this, then we beg to tell them that the new arrangement is utterly in the teeth of the law, and may lead to serious consequences. Suppose that any of us has granted a bill which falls due at twelve o'clock. The hour peals from the steeple, and the bill is straightway protested, and our credit damaged. Five minutes afterwards we appear to satisfy the demand, but we are told that it is too late. In vain do we insist upon the fact that the bill is dated at Edm-

burgh, not at Greenwich, and appeal to the almanack and observatory for the true state of the time. We proffer the sun as our witness, but he is rejected as a suspicious testimony, and as one already tried before the civic court and convicted of fraud, falsehood, and wilful imposition. What is to become of us in such a case? Are we to go into the Gazette, because the Provost has set the clocks forward? Or suppose a man on death-bed wants to make his will. It is Wednesday the ninth of February, close upon midnight, and the sufferer has not a moment to lose. A few hasty lines are written by the lawyer, and as he finishes them the clock strikes twelve. The dying man signs and expires in the effort. The testing clause of that deed would bear that it was signed on Thursday the tenth; but the fact is that the man died upon Wednesday, and we know very well that corpses cannot handle a pen. How is that affair to be adjusted? Are people to be defrauded of their inheritance for a whim of the Town Council, or the convenience of a few dozen commercial travellers? Or take the case of an annuitant. Suppose an old lady, and there are plenty of them in that situation, dies on the term-day exactly five minutes after twelve according to Greenwich time in Edinburgh—who gets the money? Is it a *des inceptus* or a *des non*? If a new term has begun, her representatives are undoubtedly entitled to finger the coin; if not, the payer pockets it. By which arrangement—that of Providence, or that of the Provost—shall such a question be decided? Who is to rule the day, the term, and the season? We pause for a reply. Or let us take another and not imaginary case. A good many years ago we were asked to take shares in a tonfme, and complied. Twelve of us named a corresponding number of lives, whereof all have evaporated, save that of which we are the nominee, and one other which had been selected by an eminent vice-president of the Fogie Club. Our man resides in Greenwich, is a pensioner, and we defy you to point out a finer or livelier specimen of the Celtic race, at the advanced but by no means exorbitant age of ninety-

five. We are, from the best possible motives, extremely attentive to the old man, whom we supply gratuitously, but cautiously, with snuff and whisky; and his first caulk every day is turned over to our health, a libation which we cordially return. This year we were somewhat apprehensive, for his sake, of the prevalent fever and influenza; but M'Tavish escaped both, and is, at this moment, as hearty as a kyloe on the hills of Skye. The vice-president, oddly enough, had backed a supernannated chairman who is stated to be a native of Clackmannan. He is so extremely aged that the precise era of his birth is unknown, but he is supposed to have been, in some way or other, connected with the Porteous mob. With accumulations, there are about five thousand pounds at stake upon the survivorship of these two. Twice in the course of the last ten years, have each of them been seriously ill, and precisely at the same time; and twice has the milk of human kindness been soured between the worthy vice-president and ourselves.

Should the invisible and mysterious sympathy between M'Tavish and Hutcheon operate again—should Celt and Lowlander alike be stricken with sickness, the contested point between us will, in all probability, be brought to an issue. Both have taken effectual measures to have the death of his neighbour's nominee noted with accuracy to a second. Now, if Hutcheon were to die to-day in Edinburgh at twenty minutes past eleven according to the present regulation of the clocks, and if the next post brought intelligence that M'Tavish had given up the ghost at Greenwich precisely five minutes sooner, which of us two would be entitled to the stakes? On the twenty-ninth of January, when the old and true time was in observance, there could have been no doubt about the question. We should have been the winner by seven minutes and a half. Hutcheon would have died, like his grandfather, at seven and a half minutes after eleven, and M'Tavish at the quarter past. But, as it is, the life of M'Tavish has been cut short, or what is the same thing, that of Hutcheon has been preposterously prolonged. And so,

if the alteration made by the Town Council be legal, we may be defrauded of five thousand pounds—if not legal, what pretext have they for making it?

We do not envy the situation of our civic representatives on the unfortunate occasion of the next public execution in Edinburgh. In the first place, should their present regulation be adhered to, every subsequent culprit will be deprived of twelve minutes, and a half of his existence. So much shorter time will he have to repent of his sins, and make peace with his Creator: for the arbitrary alteration of the clocks will not alter the day of doom. The "usual hour" will be indicated in the sentence, and the trembling felon launched into eternity so much the sooner, that a few commercial travellers may be saved the pains of regulating their watches! We dare not speak lightly on such a subject: for who can estimate the value of those moments of existence which are thus thoughtlessly, but ruthlessly cut off? In the second place, whenever the like catastrophe shall occur, we have a strong suspicion that the magistrates will be morally responsible either for murder or for defeat of justice. It is in truth an extremely unpleasant dilemma, but one entirely of their own creating. For their own sakes, we beg their serious attention to the following remarks. We shall suppose the ordinary case of a man sentenced by the Judiciary Court, to be executed at the usual hour, which with us is eight in the morning. Hitherto we knew precisely what was meant by eight, but now we do not. But this we know, that if that man is executed at eight, as the clocks now stand, **HE IS MURDERED**, just as much as he would be, if, the evening before, he had been forcibly strangled in his cell! The felon's life is sacred until the hour arrives when justice has ordained him to die; and if the life be taken sooner, that is murder. Who, we ask, would be the responsible parties in this case, not perhaps to an earthly, but surely to a higher tribunal? On the other hand, if the execution does *not* take place at eight, it is highly questionable whether the criminal can be executed at all. The sentence must

be fulfilled to the letter. Delay in such matters is held by the clemency of our law to interpose a strong barrier in favour of the criminal; and this at least seems certain, that a man condemned to be executed on one day, cannot, without a new sentence, be capitally punished upon another. Hours—nay, minutes—are very precious when the question is one of life and death, and the consideration is a very grave one.

In short, the magistrates have landed themselves, and will land us in interminable confusion: and we foresee that not a little litigation will result from their proceedings. In all legal matters—and there are many in which punctuality is of the utmost moment—the clocks cannot be held to regulate time. They vary from each other according to their construction or their custody, and we have thrown away and abandoned the true standard. The difference of a single degree may prove as important as that of forty, and if there is to be a uniformity between the Edinburgh and the Greenwich time, why not extend it to the colonies? We warn the Town Council of Edinburgh that they may have much to answer for from the consequences of their absurd proceeding.

We understand that there are police statutes ordaining that all taverns shall be shut up at twelve o'clock of a Saturday night, and for breach of this rule people may be taken into custody. The magistrates have peremptorily altered twelve o'clock, and have made that period arrive at forty-seven and a half minutes after eleven. Is it lawful to conduct us to the watch-house, if we should chauce to be found at Ambrose's, lingering over a tumbler during the debatable twelve minutes and a half—or are we not entitled to knock down the ruffian who should presume to collar us during the interval? Whether have we or too follower of Mr Haining the best legal grounds for an action of assault and battery? We appeal to the heavenly bodies, and indignantly assert our innocence: Dogberry walks by the rule of the Right Honourable Adam Black, and accuses us of gross desecration. Which of us is in the right? and how is the statute to be interpreted? It is surely obvious to the

meanest capacity that, if the magistrates of Edinburgh have the power to proclaim Greenwich time within their liberties, there is nothing to prevent them from adopting the recognised standard of Kamschatka, or from ordaining our clocks to be set by the meridian of Tobolsk. They may turn day into night at their own good pleasure, and amalgamate the days of the week, as indeed they have done already; and this brings us to a consideration, which, in Scotland at least, deserves especial attention.

The public mind has of late been much agitated by the question of Sunday observance. We do not mean now to debate that point upon its merits, nor is it the least necessary for our present argument that we should do so. Every one, we are certain, wishes that the Lord's day should be properly and decently observed. There are differences of opinion, however, regarding the latitude which should be allowed—one party being in favour of a total cessation from work, and founding their view upon the decalogue; whilst the others maintain that, under the Christian dispensation, a new order of things has been established. There has been a good deal of discussion upon this topic, and the practical subject of dispute has been, whether railway trains should be permitted to run upon the first day of the week. On that head we shall say nothing; but we maintain that both parties are alike interested in having the limits of the Sunday accurately and distinctly declared. Some observance, whatever be its limit, is clearly due to the holy day, whether men hold it to be directly of divine ordinance, or to have been set apart for divine worship by ecclesiastical and conventional authority. By the present arrangement, the feelings of both parties are outraged. Sabbath or Sunday—call it which you will—has been changed by the Town Council, and is not the same as before. It is easy to say that this is quibbling, but in reality is it so? Can the Town Council compel us to accept any day they may please to nominate instead of Sunday, and consecrate Wednesday, for example, as that which is to be dedicated to pious uses? We repeat that this is but a question of

degree. No authority, at least no such authority as that of a body of local magistrates, can dovetail the Sabbath by making it begin earlier and end later than before. There are stringent ancient Scottish statutes, some of them not altogether in desuetude, against Sabbath desecration, and how are these now to be interpreted or enforced? No true Sabbatarian can support the present movement. His case is irretrievably lost if he acquiesces in the change; for the day has unquestionably been violated—and it may be violated as well in a minute as in an hour. Those who take the other view cannot fail to be equally offended. The order which they keenly advocate and maintain has been wantonly broken and destroyed. The limits of Sunday are annihilated. Men do not know when it commences or when it ends, and they may be gaming when they ought to be at prayers. Churches and congregations of every kind have a common interest in this. The individuality of the day must be supported, and there must be no doubt, and no loophole left for cavillers to carp at its existence.

Look at it in any light you please, the change is fraught with danger. We have enlarged somewhat on the score of inconvenience—for we thoroughly feel and resolutely maintain that the practical inconvenience is great—but the other results we have referred to are inevitable and are infinitely worse. Tampering with the laws of nature is not permitted, even to the most sapient of town councils; and, as they cannot wash the Ethiopian white, so neither need they try to control the progress of the sun, and to prove that great luminary a liar. Surely, they have plenty to do without interfering with the planetary bodies? We really thought better of their patriotism; nor could we have expected that they would falsify the host of heaven in order to take their future time from some distant English clock. So soon as the whole of the world is ripe for an uniformity of time, and contented to adopt it, we may then possibly become acclimated to the change, and rise at midnight, to go about our nightly, not daily duties, without a murmur. But pray, in this matter, let us at least secure recipro-

city. If we are to be dragged from our beds at untimely hours, let the rest of the population of the globe suffer to a similar extent; for in community of suffering there is always some kind of dim and indefinite comfort. We are rather partial to bagmen, and would endure something, though not this, to accelerate their progress; but why should the whole Scottish nation be made a holocaust and an offering for our weakness? Falstaff, who, whatever may be said of his valour, was a remarkably shrewd individual, might give a lesson to our civic dignitaries. He counted the length and endurance of his imaginary combat with Percy, by Shrewsbury clock, and did not seek to extend his renown by superadding to it the benefit which might have been derived by a reference to Greenwich time. Let us do the like, and submit to the ordinances of Providence—not try to oppose them by any vain and extravagant alteration. Without the least irreverence, because we hold that the whole profanity—though it may be unintended—is on the other side, let us ask the Town Council of Edinburgh, whether they consider themselves on a par with the great leader of Israel, and whether they are entitled to say “Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon?” And yet, what is their late move, but something tantamount to this? They have declared against the order of nature, and such a declaration must imply a species of gross and unwarrantable presumption.

And now, Messieurs of the Town Council of Edinburgh, what have you to say for yourselves? Are we right, or are we wrong?—have we failed, or have we succeeded in making out a case against you? We think we can discern some symptoms of a corporate blush suffusing your countenances; and, if so, far be it from us to stand in the way of your repentance. We are willing to believe that you have done this from the best of possible motives, but without forethought

or consideration. You probably were not aware of the consequences which might and must arise from this singular attempt at legislation. Be wise, therefore, and once more succumb, as is your duty, to the established laws and harmony of nature. Leave the planets alone to their course, and be contented to observe that time which is indicated and proclaimed from heaven. Recollect wherein it is written that the sun, and moon, and stars were set in the firmament of heaven *to rule over the day, and over the night, and to divide the light from the darkness.* By no possible sophistry can you pervert the meaning of that wholesome text. Why, then, should you act in opposition to it, and introduce this element of disorder among us? Go to, then, and retrace your steps. Put the clocks backward as before. Let the shadows be straight at mid-day. Leave us our allotted rest, for it is sweet and pleasant. Defraud us not of our inheritance. Let our children not be born before their time. Let the miserable malefactor live until the last moment of his allotted span. Preserve the Sunday intact, and let us hear no more of such nonsense. Why should you be wiser than your forefathers? If any man had told them to alter their time from England, they would have collared the seditious prig, and thrust him neck and heels into the Tolbooth. When grim old Archibald Bell-the-Cat was Provost, no man durst have hinted at Greenwich time on pain of the forfeiture of his ears: for, notwithstanding his performances at Lauder Bridge, Bell-the-Cat was a Christian, the father of a bishop, and knew his duties better than rashly to interfere with Providence. Restore our meridian, and, if you are really anxious to do your duty, occupy yourselves with meaner matters. It would much conduce to the comfort of the lieges, if, instead of directing the course of the sun, you were to give occasional orders for a partial sweeping of the streets.



## A MILITARY DISCUSSION TOUCHING OUR COAST DEFENCES.

SCENE.—*A mess-room after dinner, from whence the members have departed, except four, who draw round the fire.*

## PERSONÆ.

Major O'SHEEVO.  
Captain OLDHAM.

Lieutenant and Adjutant PIPECLAY.  
Ensign LOVELL.

OLDHAM.—Well, Lovell, my boy, so you prefer the claret and the old Fogies this time to the sparks in the barrack-rooms; we feel the compliment, I assure you. There comes a clean glass: now, stir the fire; that's a good fellow.—I'll do as much for you, when I'm your age.

LOVELL.—Why you see, Oldham, they say you old hands won't let out while all the mess are here, and you keep your opinions and experiences for these cosy little horse-shoe sittings. I should like to pick up a little soldiering, if I could, and so have ventured to out-sit the rest of them.

O'SHEEVO.—Ye're right, ye're right. A man that comes to value his claret early, has all the advantages of experience, without buying them dear. An old head upon young shoulders, in fact.

PIPECLAY.—And, you see, the youngster has an eye to a little military information; that's right.

LOVELL.—Why, these rumours of invasion make one look about him. If the French come, of course we shall give 'em an infernal good licking; but I am anxious to get an idea what sort of thing it will be, and I daresay you talk a good deal of these matters.

O'SHEEVO.—Ah! them French! Oldham, ye don't expect they'll come to spend next Christmas with us?

OLDHAM.—There's no saying what the rascals might be at; and as Lovell has broached the subject, we may as well talk it over.

O'SHEEVO.—Bravo! so we will; how say you, Pipeclay?

PIPECLAY.—By all means. You know I mentioned last night how ill I thought our formations adapted for manœuvring against a hostile force on the coast.

OLDHAM.—My dear Pipeclay, it is the misfortune of a long peace, and a theoretical education, that they narrow the mind to strain at matters of detail, and to neglect the greater consideration, *what is to be done*—not how should we do it. Now, in the old second battalion of the 197th, the lads were more apt to talk of the work than the drill-book, and a finer or more dashing set never wore scarlet.

O'SHEEVO.—Devil a doubt of it: not a man that wouldn't finish his three bottles before he'd think of stirring; and as for the seasoned files, the night was always too short for 'em. There's no saying what those men might have achieved, if they could have found the time.

LOVELL.—But if the French—

OLDHAM.—Excuse me, Lovell.—I know something about the French, if three years in the Peninsula could give knowledge; and I'll tell you, for a fact, whatever you may hear said, that the organisation of the French army—

PIPECLAY.—What! with that slovenly style of marching?

OLDHAM.—Never mind the style of marching: I say, that whether in the field, in camp, or in quarters—

O'SHEEVO.—Devilish bad quarters they'd be sometimes, in them same campaigns, eh, Oldham? Short commons, eh?

OLDHAM.—Short commons! sometimes no commons at all!

O'SHEEVO.—Thin claret?

OLDHAM.—Thin! the devil a drop. Sherry sometimes, of a quality according to our luck; but for claret we had to keep our stomachs till we got over the Pyrenees;—then, I may say, it ran in the rivers.

O'SHEEVO.—The devil it did ! Then I hope the next Peninsular expedition will sail direct for the coast of France.

LOVELL.—But if this invasion—

OLDHAM.—Well, now,—look here. Well, here's Cherbourg, this glass, do you see? well then, this is Portsmouth, this other—and this dirty one, if I can reach it—damn it, I've broke my own, stretching across the table.

O'SHEEVO.—PIPECLAY.—Two for one ! Two for one !

OLDHAM.—Well, never mind ; 'twas awkward. We don't stand the jokes the old 107th used to cut : there, if you only made the smallest chip in the stem of a glass, you were stuck for your new pair, while the damaged one did duty as well as ever. There wasn't a glass in the mess that hadn't reproduced itself in double at least nine times.

O'SHEEVO.—By the powers ! that beats the phaynix, who never became twins, that I heard of. I'd not have stood it from any one. A glass that I broke and paid for, I'd consider my own intirely.

PIPECLAY.—They had no right to put a glass on the table after it had been paid for ; the regulations wouldn't allow it.

OLDHAM.—Oh ! nobody knew any thing about the regulations in the old 107th. The colonel was a trump, and the lads were trumps, so they followed suit, and no lawyering.

PIPECLAY.—A colonel has no right to enforce an unjust charge.

OLDHAM.—Well, perhaps not ; but in our days we never troubled our heads about what was just or unjust. It's a bad sign of a corps when men begin to talk of their rights.

LOVELL.—True, Oldham ; you were saying, suppose that Cherbourg, the other Portsmouth—here's a third glass for you to complete.

PIPECLAY.—I beg your pardon one minute, Lovell. I wish to convince Oldham that there is some advantage in knowing how to assert your own rights.

O'SHEEVO.—I deny that *on toto*. The Ballyswig estate would have been in the O'Sheevo family to this day, if my great-aunt hadn't wished to assert her right to a haycock, which brought the title in question, and caused us to lose the whole property.

PIPECLAY.—But if another had a just claim?

O'SHEEVO.—Just humbug ! The opposite side retained Counsellor Curran, who'd have persuaded a jury out of their Sunday waistcoats, with a five-shilling piece in the pocket of each.

OLDHAM.—Well, well. Now, look here, Lovell. This, as I said, is Cherbourg—this Portsmouth. Edis, of the staff corps, used always to illustrate this way ; did you ever meet him?

LOVELL.—What ! the owner of May-Bee, who won the military steeplechase two years ago? To be sure, I did : devilish sharp fellow he was too.

PIPECLAY.—I don't know that ; he broke down in some charges he preferred against Sergeant O'Flinn of the Royal County Down, who was acquitted by a general court-martial. A fellow who does that, may be a very good fellow, but can't have much head-piece.

LOVELL.—May-Bee was a pretty piece of goods though. I saw the poor thing break her back last spring, under Jack Fisher of the carabineers : Jack nearly went out at the same time. Devilish sharply contested thing, till poor May-Bee's accident. Jack was picked up,—dreadful fall, as the papers said—gallant captain—small hopes of recovery—he universally regretted through the regiment—popular qualities—and that sort of thing ; but somehow he marched to Nottingham at the head of his troop, a fortnight after, worth fifty dead men.

PIPECLAY.—What do you value a dead man at, Lovell?

O'SHEEVO.—If a thing's worth what it'll *fetch*, a dead man's value wouldn't burst the Exchequer.

LOVELL.—Thank you, Major, for getting me out of that ; the Adjutant was going to bring me up rather straitly.

O'SHEEVO.—He's the very boy to do that. A bigoted ram's horn under

his hands, would be forced to relinquish its prejudices. Nobody stoops to conquer in his academy. Send for another jug, and we'll go on with our discussion. Smart letter that of the old Duke's.

OLDHAM.—Who'll be commander-in-chief when the old Briton dies?

PIPECLAY.—It'll depend upon the ministry of the day, which I hope will be a distant one. If he could only anticipate his posthumous fame now, how complete would be his glory.

O'SHEEVO.—Sure, he's got his posthumous fame already: he's not obliged, like the ancients, to immortalise himself by committing suicide.

LOVELL.—Certainly not, Major. Well, you know the Duke sees the necessity of defending our coasts—

PIPECLAY.—And of increasing the army. I have a plan of my own for raising men, which I shall propose, some day or other, to the Horse Guards.

OLDHAM.—There's no difficulty in getting men; any quantity may be raised in Ireland.

O'SHEEVO.—That's true, because any quantity are knocked over every day there; but they, poor men! are beyond the skill of even an adjutant.

PIPECLAY.—At any rate I should like to give my system a fair trial.

O'SHEEVO.—I have no opinion of systems; I've known many men entirely ruined by them.

PIPECLAY.—How so, Major?

O'SHEEVO.—Why, I knew a man who used to get a little jolly two or three times a-week, as occasion invited. Some well-meaning friends reproached him with the irregularity of his life, and pestered him to adopt a system, which, for the sake of peace and quietness, he at last did, and got blazing drunk every night; his own spirit didn't like the foreign invasion, and evacuated the place—that was system!

LOVELL.—We don't much relish the idea of foreign invasion ourselves.

PIPECLAY.—Let 'em come. If they intend to get a regular footing here, they would probably make a dash at Portland Island.

OLDHAM.—Now my idea is this. Suppose them embarked in steamers, and starting for a point on our coast,—a few old fellows, who know what Frenchmen are made of, are stationed at all the landing-places, while a railway communication enables them to be quickly collected in one point.

PIPECLAY.—I should object to old fellows as unfit for such sharp duties: active, intelligent young men would be better.

OLDHAM.—Pshaw! what's theory against Frenchmen? give me the old second battalion of the 107th before all the boys in the service.

PIPECLAY.—And give me smart youngsters, who would move.

OLDHAM.—I'd like to see such Johnny Raws oppose a landing.

PIPECLAY.—It stands to reason they must be better than a parcel of old worn-out sinners.

O'SHEEVO.—Bravo! I'd like to hear this question fairly handled. You see, Lovell, that's the advantage of military breeding; we can discuss these topics without the rudenesses that you observe in civil life. Every man, young or old, may give his opinion, and be patiently listened to at a mess table.

LOVELL.—It is certainly a great advantage.

OLDHAM.—I must maintain the superiority of veteran troops for all important duties;—you see a parcel of recruits would play the devil,—it's all stuff!

LOVELL.—But, if I may be allowed to remark—

OLDHAM.—You, sir! damme! what should you know about it? What are you, eh? A stripling, a mere stripling. By Jove, sir, if you had been in the 107th, you would have seen what they thought of such forwardness.

LOVELL.—You really mistake me,—I had no intention—

O'SHEEVO.—Well, well; but you mustn't be obstinate you know, my boy, in matters that you can't possibly know much about; you can never learn any thing that way.

PIPECLAY.—You should have a little modesty, Lovell.

O'SHEEVO.—We're a liberal set of fellows here; but, by Jove, Lovell, I've known many a man that would have asked you to a leaden breakfast. Young Spanker of the 18th was called out by old Mullins for only asking him to repeat the number of oysters he said he ate in his great bet with M'Gobble. They fired six shots without effect, and Mullins was thought very lenient in not asking for an apology or the seventh.

OLDHAM.—Oh! the service would go to the devil if youngsters were allowed to lay down the law.

PIPECLAY.—That would never do.

OLDHAM.—A strange file was that old Mullins you were talking of. Our second battalion was quartered with the 18th once, in Chatham barracks, when there were some memorable sittings.

PIPECLAY.—I saw old Mullins once only, and then I could form little opinion of him, as he was half screwed.

O'SHEEVO.—Half screwed! you must be mistaken.

PIPECLAY.—I assure you I am rather under the mark in saying half screwed.

O'SHEEVO.—Ah! I knew he never made so near an approach to sobriety as to be half screwed.

OLDHAM.—*He* would have been the fellow to receive the French! Come, now, Lovell, I'll show you, if you won't be obstinate and contradictory.

LOVELL.—Upon my word, Oldham—

OLDHAM.—There you fly out again now; it's impossible to do any thing with a youngster unless he has a tractable disposition. Here now, as I said, is Cherbourg,—here Portsmouth,—this little streak that I draw with my finger, the Channel. Jersey is somewhere there by the devilled biscuits; dy'e understand, Lovell?

LOVELL.—Thank you, I do.

OLDHAM.—Good. Then this is our coast well manned, throughout its length, with troops: steady tried troops, mind, none of your gaping, staring boys:—well protected.

PIPECLAY.—How protected?

OLDHAM.—How should I know? The engineers do that; of course they'd protect 'em with glacis, or ravelins or tenailles, or some of those damned jaw-breaking named things;—well protected by works and cannon.

O'SHEEVO.—Did you see that extraordinary cannon that West made in the mess-room this morning?

PIPECLAY.—Ah! yes,—not bad, but I've seen finer strokes than that. You should have seen Legge of the 32d play.

LOVELL.—Or Chowse of the artillery; by Jove! how he knocks about the balls! like an Indian juggler.

O'SHEEVO.—Both good hands; ye're not a bad fist at billiards yourself, Oldham.

OLDHAM.—I seldom play now;—getting old;—played many a good match in the 197th's mess-room; but I think I could astonish Master West.

PIPECLAY.—Well, if he'll play a match, I don't mind backing him against you even.

O'SHEEVO.—And I'll go five to four on the youngster to make the thing worth your while.

OLDHAM.—Oh! no, no; 'twouldn't do for me to be playing matches with a raw recruit like that: 'twouldn't be dignified.

O'SHEEVO.—Would it be more dignified if I said three to two?

OLDHAM.—Say two to one and I don't mind a rubber;—one rubber, remember.

O'SHEEVO.—Done then. Let's have it to-morrow, if we can. West comes off guard in the morning, so there's the more chance of his being steady and willing to play; when they get hold of him overnight, he's always shaky and sulky next day till four or five o'clock. A bad constitution is a sad tell-tale under a red coat; a bishop chokes, or an anti-corn-law leaguer is attacked with pleurisy from his exertions in the cause of humanity; a lawyer's nose

gets red from having his mind continually on the stretch; but if an ensign's colours only tremble a little in a strong gale, he's set down for a hard goer.

PIPECLAY.—It's a great thing to be able to carry one's liquor well.

O'SHEEVO.—Rather it's a dreadful misfortune when you can't. I always fancy that when a man can't show a bold face the morning after, he's been a great sinner.

OLDHAM.—Or that his forefathers have been so; I believe that posterity have to expiate the sins of their ancestors.

O'SHEEVO.—But, as a man can neither be his ancestors nor his posterity, I don't see that he need mind that.

PIPECLAY.—His ancestors' posterity is surely his affair.

O'SHEEVO.—It's quite enough for a man to think of his own posterity without minding that of his ancestors.

PIPECLAY.—He can't well help minding his ancestors when he daily and hourly feels the effects of their indiscretions.

O'SHEEVO.—But d'ye mean to say that if all his ancestors were fast men, the whole of their diseases would be accumulated on his shoulders?

PIPECLAY.—Not exactly. These things wear out in time, or are got rid of by crossing the breed; the nearer in time a man is to his rollicking ancestor, the more plainly he shows the hereditary taint.

O'SHEEVO.—Then if he's his contemporary he's as bad as himself. I don't think, though, that my father showed the want of the Ballyswig estate a bit more than I do. Bad luck to my old aunt who forgot her successors though her ancestors remembered her.

OLDHAM.—Buzza that ing. Lovell, and touch the bell for another; these discussions make one thirsty.

O'SHEEVO.—Thirst is nothing here to what it is in the tropics. By Jove! how I used to suffer at Jamaica.

LOVELL.—Nature is said to have there provided for the craving by a bountiful supply of water. The name Jamaica signifies, I believe, the "Isle of Springs." You had excellent water there. Major, had you not?

O'SHEEVO.—I always understood the water was very good, but I can't exactly remember that I ever tasted it. Nature is an affectionate mother, but there's no nourishment in her milk, so I put myself out to nurse upon saugree and portereup.

PIPECLAY.—Nasty, unwholesome stuff; there's a yellow fever in every glass of it.

O'SHEEVO.—It may be one of the ingredients; but that's no matter, if it's well mixed, because the other things correct it.

OLDHAM.—Our old second battalion buried I don't know how many in the seven years they spent out there. They always took the more intricate mixtures in the day time:—madeira and champagne at dinner, claret after, and topped up with brandy and water; after which they adjourned to settle, in the morning light, any little affairs of honour that had turned up in the evening.

LOVELL.—Were these of so regular occurrence?

OLDHAM.—Seldom missed a night. The old cotton tree outside the mess-room, at Stoney Hill, was always one of the stations; and as full of bullets as a pudding is of plums. It was settling every thing before the meeting separated that made us such a united jolly set of fellows.

PIPECLAY.—How much better we do things in the present day!

OLDHAM.—Another of your modern prejudices. How can any man of spirit think the investigations, explanations, and newspaper correspondence as creditable as settling the matter off-hand and like gentlemen?

PIPECLAY.—But a duel does not always settle the right and wrong of an affair; and surely the party in the wrong ought to be the sufferer. Human life has a higher value than in old times; and, therefore, to avoid the casualties caused by duels, the laws punish the duellist.

O'SHEEVO.—That's just it. In old times, if a man was killed there was an end; but now, to show the value of human life, the law hangs the survivor.

The fact is, they find it necessary to thin the population, and so they take two for one, as we do with the glasses.

OLDHAM.—I'm afraid, Pipeclay, you and I will never agree in these matters. It's a pity you never had the advantage of seeing a little active service, which would have enlightened you far more than all my preaching. We'll hope better things for these youngsters before they become irretrievably bigoted to these milk-and-water prejudices. Well now, Lovell, d'ye think you understand all I said about the French invasion? If you don't, ask, and I'll give you any explanation my experience supplies, with pleasure.

LOVELL.—I don't exactly understand how you would proceed after guarding your coast, and the enemy being off and on the shore.

OLDHAM.—Why, man, you never will understand if you don't attend. Here have I been talking this hour and a half exactly on that point, and you know no more about it than if I had not said a word. You must see, Lovell, that if you are thinking about horses, and women, and all sorts of nonsense, while I'm talking to you, you never can make a soldier. You should have seen our boys in the 107th. They would sit for hours and hold their breaths, while some old fire-eater told 'em his adventures and gave 'em advice.

O'SHEEVO.—Then they must have been as long-winded as he was.

OLDHAM.—Pshaw! Nothing of that sort ever seemed long-winded: the interest was thrilling, and every body was unhappy when a story was ended.

O'SHEEVO.—Except the man that was going to tell the next.

OLDHAM.—But really I wish we could get these youngsters to think a little more on professional subjects. I'm sure I'm always willing to give 'em any instruction in my power; and I think, Major, you'd not be behindhand in teaching the young idea how to shoot.

O'SHEEVO.—No, no, Oldham, every one to his trade,—that's the adjutant's business.

OLDHAM.—I don't mean literally that you'd show them how to let off a musket, but that you'd mould their dispositions, and guide their ardour to the best advantage.

O'SHEEVO.—My maxims are all summed up in a short sentence which I learnt from old Mullins himself, who found it carry him and his pupils through with honour—"Fear God and keep your powder dry." It's pithy, you see, and doesn't burden the memory.

PIPECLAY.—A liberal education for ingenuous youth.

O'SHEEVO.—I gave it for nothing, and so did old Mullins; so it's liberal enough, and the youth will be devilish ingenious if they find out any thing better.

OLDHAM.—I never, myself, see any good come of the hair-splitting and lawyering of the new school; indeed, I don't know what could be better than our second battalion was. Nowadays, by Jove! any whipper-snapper jackanapes, with a pocket full of money and the grimaces of a dancing-master, walks easily to the top of the tree, while an old soldier's services go for nothing. What did the Duke himself say to me thirty-five years ago? Never mind, damme!

LOVELL.—Indeed! what did he say?

OLDHAM.—Never you mind what he said; he'll never say it to you. An infernal system when fellows sit at a desk and think they're soldiers. I'm no office man, damme! leading on is my forte; let them promote quill-drivers and milksops if they like, what does Dick Oldham care? I've been bred among the right sort, and I'll go to my grave a real soldier, if not a fortunate one.

O'SHEEVO.—That's true, Oldham; when they fire over you, old boy, 'twont be the first time you smelt powder.

LOVELL.—I hope Oldham will have another meeting or two with his old friends over the water before that.

OLDHAM.—Oh! confound it! don't say a word about it; they'll soon forget what a soldier used to be. It's sickening—by Jove! sickening. I'd have

been a colonel of infantry before now, if there'd been any thing like justice. Never mind.

O'SHEEVO.—It's not too late yet. They must have soldiers where there's danger; they'll restore the old second battalion of the 107th, when the French come, and you'll command it yet.

OLDHAM.—Ugh! bother! (*Sleeps.*)

PIPECLAY.—I thought so. The detail of his grievances, and a lamentation over modern degeneracy, are generally the prelude to a nap; fine old fellow, if he wasn't so sadly bigoted.

O'SHEEVO.—Yes, but when means are scarce, men are driven into extremes; we sometimes overrate our capacities; if our friend here were to be put into a colonel of infantry's shoes to-morrow, he'd not find his position a bed of roses.

LOVELL.—I wish he'd gone on about the coast defences, that's what I wanted to hear.

O'SHEEVO.—Sure, that's very ungrateful of you, when we've all been talking for your edification.

PIPECLAY.—Patience, Lovell, patience; you can't learn all the art of war in a minute; follow the thing up, and you'll know all about it by-and-by. A death vacancy'll be giving me my step, some of these days, and I should like to throw my mantle over you, I confess.

O'SHEEVO.—I've mean that seedy old cloak that you've used these last fifteen years? if any one was to throw such a thing over me, I should consider it a personal affront.

PIPECLAY.—You're so literal, Major.

O'SHEEVO.—Ye're wrong there; I never composed any thing in my life, more to be blushed for than punch or sangree, and there's nothing literal in them except their being liquids.

PIPECLAY.—But I meant if Lovell could be eligible to succeed me in the adjutancy.

O'SHEEVO.—Oh! Lovell'll do very well by-and-by; those duties of yours are a little unpalatable at first; but by working at them they become easier, and an effort beyond that will make you do them quite involuntarily.

PIPECLAY.—There's encouragement for you, Lovell; the Major thinks you'll do, and I've great hopes of you myself.

LOVELL.—You're very good, I'm sure. Military discussions interest me much; I'm only anxious to hear you go on.

PIPECLAY.—It's getting late now; another time we'll resume the subject.

O'SHEEVO.—Yes, in a day or two. It's very good to rub up a little military stuff occasionally, but it is bad taste to be always talking shop. We've had a good dose for to-night, and to-morrow we must have a little light, easy conversation. Touch Oldham's arm, will you, Pipeclay, and let's jog. (*Pipeclay shakes Oldham.*)

OLDHAM.—Damned forward young humbugs! what the devil do they know about it? eh? what, going to mizzle?

O'SHEEVO.—Yes, the jug's empty, and I'm telling Lovell he must come again, and he'll like it better, and we'll make a soldier of him at last.

OLDHAM.—Ah! I'm afraid you'll do no good with any of them nowadays; he should have been in the 107th. Well, good-night, Lovell; we'll do what we can.

O'SHEEVO—PIPECLAY.—Good-night, Lovell; sleep upon it.

(*Exeunt Pipeclay, O'Sheevo, and Oldham. Lovell remains to light a cigar.*)

LOVELL.—Good-night. Well, I don't know but I might have spent the evening just as profitably if I'd gone to Jones's room, as he asked me. These old fellows are devilish close. However, patience, as the adjutant says. (*Exit.*)

## HUDSON'S BAY.

How few school-boys, newly emancipated from the manual remonstrances of their respective Cleishbothams, but would welcome with overflowing delight the prospect of a distant and adventurous voyage, no matter whither or on what errand! How few but would prefer a cruise in the far Pacific, a broil amidst Arabian sands, or a freeze in the Laplander's icy regions, to the scholastic toga, the gainful paths of commerce, or even to the gaudy scarlet, so ardently aspired to by many youthful imaginations! But to how very few, in this iron age of toil, is it given to roam at the time of life when roaming is most delightful—when the heart is light and the body strong, when the spirits are high, and thoughts unclogged by care, and when novelty and locomotion constitute keen and real enjoyment! A book by one of the fortunate minority is now before us, and a very pleasant book it is, but as yet unknown to the public; since, for some unexplained reason, whose goodness we incline to doubt, it has been printed for the perusal of friends, instead of being boldly entered to run for the prize of popular approval. If timidity was the cause, the feeling was groundless, the colt had more than a fair chance of the stakes. We would have wagered odds upon him against nags of far greater pretensions. To drop the equine metaphor, we daily see books less meritorious, and infinitely less entertaining, than Mr Ballantyne's "Hudson's Bay," confidently paraded before a public, whose suffrages do not always justify the authors' presumption. Our readers shall judge for themselves in this matter. Favoured with a copy of the privately circulated volume, we propose giving some account of it, and making a few extracts from its varied pages.

First, as regards the author. It is manifest, from various indications in his book, that he is still a very young man; and although he does not expli-

citly state his age, we conjecture him to have been about fifteen or sixteen years old when, in the month of May 1841, he was thrown into a state of ecstatic joy by the receipt of a letter, appointing him apprentice-clerk in the service of the Honourable Hudson's Bay Company. At first sight there certainly does not appear any thing especially exhilarating in such an appointment, which to most ears is suggestive of a gloomy office in the city of London, of tall stools, canvass sleeves, and steel pens. A most erroneous notion! There is not more difference between the duties of an African Spahi and a member of the city police, than between those of a Hudson's Bay Company's clerk and of the painstaking individual who accomplishes two journeys *per diem* between his lodging at Islington and his counting-house in Cornhill. Whilst the latter draws an invoice, effects an insurance, or closes an account-current, the Hudson's Bay man shoots bears and rapids, harters peltry with painted Indians, and traverses upon his snow-shoes hundreds of miles of frozen desert. We might protract the comparison, and show innumerable points of contrast, but these will appear as we proceed. Before we draw on our blanket coats, and the various wrappers rendered necessary by the awful severity of the climate, and plunge with Mr Ballantyne into the chill and dreary wilds to which he introduces us, we will give, for the benefit of any of our readers who may chance to have few definite ideas of the Hudson's Bay Company, beyond stuffed carnivora and cheap fur-shops, his brief account of the origin of that association.

"In the year 1669, a company was formed in London, under the direction of Prince Rupert, for the purpose of prosecuting the fur trade in the regions surrounding Hudson's Bay. This company obtained a charter from

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*Hudson's Bay; or, Snow-Shoe Journeys, Boat and Canoe Travelling Excursions, and Every-day Life in the Wilds of North America, during Six Years' Residence in the Territories of the Honourable Hudson's Bay Company. With Illustrations. By ROBERT MICHAEL BALLANTYNE. Edinburgh, 1847. Printed for Private Circulation.*



Charles II., granting to them and their successors, under the name of 'The Governor and Company of Adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay,' the sole right of trading in all the country watered by rivers flowing into Hudson's Bay. The charter also authorised them to build and fit out men-of-war, establish forts, prevent any other company from carrying on trade with the natives in their territories; and required that they should do all in their power to promote discovery. Armed with these powers, then, the Hudson's Bay Company established a fort near the head of James's Bay. Soon afterwards, several others were built in different parts of the country; and before long, the company spread and grew wealthy, and extended their trade far beyond the chartered limits."

Of what the present limits are, as well as of the state, aspect, arrangements, and population of the Hudson's Bay territory, a very clear and distinct notion is given by the following paragraph.

"Imagine an immense extent of country, many hundred miles broad and many hundred miles long, covered with dense forests, expanded lakes, broad rivers, and mighty mountains, and all in a state of primeval simplicity, undefaced by the axe of civilised man, and untenanted save by a few roving hordes of red Indians, and myriads of wild animals. Imagine, and this wilderness, a number of small squares, each enclosing half-a-dozen wooden houses, and about a dozen men, and between each of these establishments, a space of forest varying from fifty to three hundred miles in length, and you will have a pretty correct idea of the Hudson's Bay territories, and of the number of, and distance between, their forts. The idea, however, may be still more correctly obtained, by imagining populous Great Britain converted into a wilderness, and planted in the middle of Rupert's Land; the company, in that case, would build *three* forts in it—one at the Land's End, one in Wales, and one in the Highlands: so that in Britain there would be but three hamlets with a population of some thirty men, half a dozen women, and a few children! The company's posts extend, with

these intervals between, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and from within the Arctic Circle to the northern boundaries of the United States.

"Throughout this immense country there are probably not more ladies than would suffice to form half-a-dozen quadrilles; and these, poor banished creatures! are chiefly the wives of the principal gentlemen connected with the fur trade. The rest of the female population consist chiefly of half-breeds and Indians—the latter entirely devoid of education, and the former as much enlightened as can be expected from those whose life is spent in such a country. Even these are not very numerous; and yet without them the men would be in a sad condition: for they are the only tailors and washerwomen in the country, and make all the mittens, moccasins, fur caps, deer-skin coats, &c., &c., worn in the land."

To these desolate and inhospitable shores was bound the good ship Prince Rupert, on board of which Mr Ballantyne took his berth at Gravesend, converted in his own opinion, and by the simple fact of his appointment to the H. B. Company's service, from a raw school-boy into a perfect man of the world, and important member of society. He writes in a very lively style, and there is some quiet humour in his first impressions of the new scenes and associates into which he suddenly found himself thrust. He had not been many hours on board the Prince Rupert, when he beheld a small steamboat approach, freighted with a number of elderly gentlemen. He was enlightened as to who these were by the remark of a sailor, who whispered to a comrade, "I say, Bill, them's the great guns!" In other words, the committee of the Honourable Hudson's Bay Company, come to visit the three fine vessels which were to sail the following morning for their distant dominions. Of course this was too good a pretext for a dinner to be lost sight of by Englishmen; and before the gentlemen of the committee left the ship, they duly invited the captain and officers, and also, to the new apprentice-clerk's astonishment and delight, begged him to honour them with his company.

"I accepted the invitation with

extreme politeness; and, from inability to express my joy in any other way, winked to my friend W——, with whom I had become, by this time, pretty familiar. He, having been also invited, winked in return to me; and having disposed of this piece of juvenile froimasonry to our satisfaction, we assisted the crew in giving three hearty cheers as the little steamer darted from us, and proceeded to the shore." At the dinner "nothing intelligible was to be heard, except when a sudden lull in the noise gave a bald-headed old gentleman, near the head of the table, an opportunity of drinking the health of a red-faced old gentleman near the foot, upon whom he bestowed an amount of flattery perfectly bewildering: and, after making the unfortunate red-faced gentleman writhe for half an hour in a fever of modesty, sat down amid thunders of applause. Whether the applause, by the way, was intended for the speaker or the *speech*, I do not know: but, being quite indifferent, I clapped my hands with the rest. The red-faced gentleman, now purple with excitement, then rose, and, during a solemn silence, delivered himself of a speech, to the effect, that the day then passing was certainly the happiest in his mortal career, and that he felt quite faint with the mighty load of honour just thrown upon his delighted shoulders by his bald-headed friend. The red-faced gentleman then sat down to the national air of Rat-tat-tat, played in full chorus, with knives, forks, spoons, nutcrackers, and knuckles, on the polished surface of the mahogany table."

The whole account of the voyage out is very pleasantly given: but such voyages have often been described with more or less success: and we therefore pass to dry land, and to men and manners in Hudson's Bay, which have been far less frequently written about. In his preface Mr Ballantyne affirms, and with reason, the novelty of his subject. "It is true," he says, "that others have slightly sketched it in books upon Arctic discovery, and in works of general information; but the very nature of these publications prohibited their entering into a lengthened or minute description of *EVERY-DAY LIFE*.—the leading feature of the

present work." To this "every-day life," strikingly different from life in any other country of the world, we are first introduced at York Factory, the principal depot of the Company's northern department, the whole country being divided into four departments, known by the distinctive names of North, South, Montreal, and Columbia. At this factory, after a passage in a small craft up the Hayes River, Mr Ballantyne landed. Any one less willing to rough it, and less determined to encounter all disagreeables with perfect good temper, would speedily have been disgusted with Hudson's Bay by a residence in this establishment. Mr Ballantyne does not conceal its disagreeables. "Are you, reader," he says, "ambitious of dwelling in 'a pleasant cot in a tranquil spot, with a distant view of the changing sea?' If so, do not go to York Factory. Not that it is such an unpleasant place—for I spent two years very happily there—but simply (to give a poetical reason, and explain its character in one sentence) because it is a monstrous blot on a swampy spot, with a partial view of the frozen sea." Having given it this unfavourable character, the counsel for the prosecution stands up for the defence, and begins to prove York Factory better than it looks. But, argue it as he may, the abominations of the place, and especially of the climate, force themselves into prominence. Spring, summer, and autumn are included in four months, from June to September, which leaves eight months winter—and such winter! It is difficult for stay-at-home people, who at the first ice-tree upon their windows creep into the chimney corner, and fleecy hosiery, to imagine such an execrable temperature as that of Hudson's Bay, where, from October to April, the thermometer seldom rises to the freezing point, and frequently falls from 30° to 40°, 45°, and even 49° below zero of Fahrenheit. Luckily, however, this intense cold is less felt than might be supposed: for the reason that, whilst it lasts, the air continues perfectly calm. The slightest breath of wind would be destruction to noses, and, indeed, no man could venture out in it. This dry, still cold is very healthy, much more so than the heat of summer, which for a short time is ex-

treme, engendering millions of flies, mosquitoes, and other nuisances, that render the country unbearable. It seems strange that, in a region where spirit of wine is the only thing that can be used in thermometers, because mercury would remain frozen nearly half the winter, mosquito nets are, for a portion of the year, as necessary as in the torrid zone. "Nothing could save one from the attacks of the mosquitoes. Almost all other insects want to rest with the sun: sandflies, which bit viciously during the day, went to sleep at night: the large *bull-dog*, whose bite is terrible, slumbered in the evening: but the mosquito, the long-legged, determined, vicious, persevering mosquito, whose ceaseless hum dwells for ever in the ear, *never* went to sleep! Day and night the painful tender little pimples on our necks, and behind our ears, were being constantly retouched by these villainous flies." Worse even than midges by a Scottish burn, and those, heaven knows, are bad enough. The young gentlemen at York Factory, however, thought it effeminate to combat the bloodsuckers with the natural defensive weapon of a gauze canopy, and, in spite of various ingenious expedients, such as rendering their rooms unbearable by bonfires of damp moss and puffs of gunpowder, they were preyed upon by the mosquitoes, until frost put a period to their sufferings, and to the existence of their persecutors.

The account of York Factory, or Fort, (as all establishments in the Indian country, whether small or great, are called,) gives a general notion of the style and appearance of the more important of these trading posts. Within a large square, of about six or seven acres, enclosed by high stockades, nearly five miles above the mouth of Hayes River, stand a number of wooden buildings, stores, dwelling-houses, mess-rooms, and lodgings for labourers and tradesmen, as well as for visitors and temporary residents. The doors "and windows are all double, and the houses heated by large iron stoves, fed with wood; "yet so intense is the cold that I have seen the stove in places *red-hot*, and a basin of water in the room *frozen solid*." So unfavourable is the climate to vegetation, that

scarcely any thing can be raised in the small plot of ground called by courtesy a garden. Potatoes now and then, for a wonder, become the size of walnuts; and sometimes a cabbage and a turnip are prevailed upon to grow. The woods are filled with a great variety of wild berries, among which the cranberry and swampberry are considered the best. Black and red currants, as well as gooseberries, are plentiful, but the first are bitter, and the latter small. The swampberry is in shape something like the raspberry, of a light yellow colour, and grows on a low bush, almost close to the ground. The country around the fort is one immense level swamp, thickly covered with willows, and dotted here and there with a few clumps of pine-trees. Flowers there are none, and the only large timber in the vicinity grows on the banks of Hayes and Nelson rivers, and is chiefly spruce-fir. On account of the swampy nature of the ground, the houses in the fort are raised several feet upon blocks, and the squares are intersected by elevated wooden platforms, forming the inhabitant's sole promenade during the summer, at which season a walk of fifty yards beyond the gates ensures wet feet. These, and other details, give so pleasant an idea of York Factory, that one wonders at and admires the philosophy exhibited by its residents: by that portion of them, at least, inhabiting the "young gentlemen's house," Bachelor's Hall, as the young gentlemen themselves call it, was the scene, during Mr Ballantyne's abode there, of much hilarity and frolic, and we get a laughable account of the high jinks carried on there. The building itself, one storey high, comprised a large hall, whence doors led to the sleeping apartments of the clerks, apprentices, and other subalterns. The walls of this hall, originally white, were smoked to a dirty yellow; the carpetless floor had a similar hue, agreeably diversified by large knots; and in its centre, upon four crooked legs, stood a large oblong iron box, with a funnel communicating with the roof. This was the stove, besides which the only furniture consisted of two small tables and half-a-dozen chairs, one of which latter being

broken, and moreover light and handy, was occasionally used as a missile upon occasion of quarrels. The sleeping apartments contained a curtainless bed, a table, and a chest; they were carpetless, chairless, and we should have thought supremely comfortless, but for Mr Ballantyne's assurance that "they derived an appearance of warmth from the number of great-coats, leather capotes, fur caps, worsted sashes, guns, rifles, shot-belts, snow-shoes, and powder-horns, with which the walls were profusely decorated." As we have already intimated, the amount of wrappers required to resist the cold out of doors is so great that it is difficult to conceive how the wearers can have sufficient use of their limbs, when thus swaddled, to follow field-sports, and go through exertion and exercise of various kinds.

"The manner of dressing ourselves was curious. I will describe C—— as a type of the rest. After donning a pair of deerskin trousers, he proceeded to put on three pair of blanket socks, and over these a pair of moose-skin moccasins. Then a pair of blue cloth leggings were hauled over his trousers, partly to keep the snow from sticking to them, and partly for warmth. After this he put on a leather capote edged with fur. This coat was very warm, being lined with flannel, and overlapped very much in front. It was fastened with a scarlet worsted belt round the waist, and with a loop at the throat. A pair of thick mittens, made of deerskin, hung round his shoulders by a worsted cord, and his neck was wrapped in a huge shawl, over the mighty folds of which his good-humoured visage beamed like the sun on the edge of a fog-bank. A fur cap with ear-pieces completed his costume. Having finished his toilet, and tucked a pair of snow-shoes, five feet long, under one arm, and a double-barrelled fowling-piece under the other, C—— waxed extremely impatient, and proceeded systematically to aggravate the unfortunate skipper, (who was always very slow, poor man, except on board ship,) addressing sundry remarks to the stove upon the slowness of sea-faring men in general and skippers in particular." The intention of these pre-

parations was an onslaught upon the ptarmigan, and upon a kind of grouse called wood-partridges by the Hudson's Bay people. The game is for the most part very tame in those regions. After nearly filling their game-bags, the sportsmen "came suddenly upon a large flock of ptarmigan, so tame that they would not fly, but merely ran from us a little way at the noise of each shot. The firing that now commenced was quite terrific: C—— fired till both barrels of his gun were stopped up; the skipper fired till his powder and shot were done; and I fired till—I *skinned my tongue!* Lest any one should feel surprised at the last statement, I may as well explain *how* this happened. The cold had become so intense, and my hands so benumbed with loading, that the thumb at last obstinately refused to open the spring of my powder-flask. A partridge was sitting impudently before me, so that, in fear of losing the shot, I thought of trying to open it with my teeth. In the execution of this plan, I put the brass handle to my mouth, and my tongue happening to come in contact with it, stuck fast thereto,—or, in other words, was frozen to it. Upon discovering this, I instantly pulled the flask away, and with it a piece of skin about the size of a sixpence; and, having achieved this little feat, we once more bent our steps homewards." Upon their way, they were surprised by a storm; a tempest of hail and a cutting wind catching up mountains of snow in the air and dashing them into dust against their faces. Notwithstanding all the paraphernalia of wool and leather above described, they felt as if clothed in gauze; whilst their faces seemed to collapse and wrinkle up as they turned their backs to the wind and covered their agonised countenances with their mittens. On reaching Bachelor's Hall, like three animated marble statues, snow from head to foot, "it was curious to observe the change that took place in the appearance of our guns after we entered the warm room. The barrels and every bit of metal upon them, instantly became white, like ground glass. This phenomenon was caused by the condensation and freezing of the moist

atmosphere of the room upon the cold iron. Any piece of metal, when brought suddenly out of such intense cold into a warm room, will in this way become covered with a pure white coating of hoar-frost. It does not remain long in this state, however, as the warmth of the room soon heats the metal and melts the ice. Thus, in about ten minutes our guns assumed three different appearances. When we entered the house they were clear, polished, and dry; in five minutes they were white as snow; and, in five more, dripping wet."

The principal articles in which the Hudson's Bay Company trade, are furs of all kinds, oil, dry and salt fish, feathers and quills. Of the furs, the most valuable is that of the black fox, which resembles the common English fox, but is much larger and jet black, except one or two white hairs along the back bone, and a white tuft at the end of the tail. This animal's skin is very valuable, worth twenty-five to thirty guineas in the English market, but the specimens are very scarce. Besides the black fox, there are silver foxes, cross foxes, red, white, and blue foxes, whose hides are variously esteemed. The black, silver, cross, and red, are often produced in the same litter, the mother being a red fox. Beaver was formerly the grand article of commerce, but Paris hats have killed the demand and saved the beavers, which now build and fatten in comparative security. The marten fur is the most profitable Hudson's Bay produces. All the animals above named, and a few others, are caught in steel and wooden traps by the natives. Deer and buffaloes are run down, shot, and snared. Mr Ballantyne rather startles us by the statement, that the Indians can send an arrow through a buffalo. "In the Saskatchewan, the chief food, both of white men and Indians, is buffalo meat, so that parties are constantly sent out to hunt the buffalo. They generally chase them on horseback, the country being mostly prairie land; and, when they get close enough, shoot them with guns. The Indians, however, shoot them oftener with the bow and arrow, as they prefer keeping their powder and shot for warfare. They are very expert with the bow,

which is short and strong, and can easily send an arrow quite through a buffalo at twenty yards off." We almost suspect Mr Ballantyne of drawing a longer bow than his Indian friends. We do not understand him, however, to have himself seen any of these marvellous shots, (although he gives a spirited little drawing of a buffalo hunt,) and perhaps some of the wild fellows of the Saskatchewan brigade imposed upon his youthful credulity. These "brigades" are flotillas of boats, manned by Canadian and half-breed *coureurs*, who take goods for barter to the interior, and bring back furs in exchange. The men of the Saskatchewan "come from the prairies and the Rocky Mountains, and are consequently brimful of stories of the buffalo hunt, attacks upon grizzly bears, and wild Indians: some of them interesting and true enough, but the most of them either tremendous exaggerations or altogether inventions of their own wild fancies." To return, however, to the buffaloes. Two calves were wanted alive, to be sent to England, and a party was ordered out to procure them.

"Upon meeting with a herd, they all set off full gallop in chase: away went the startled animals at a round trot, which soon increased to a gallop as the horsemen neared them, and a shot or two told they were coming within range. Soon the shots became more numerous, and here and there a black spot on the prairie told where a buffalo had fallen. No slackening of the pace occurred, however, as each hunter, upon killing an animal, merely threw down his cap or mitten to mark it a his own, and continued in pursuit of the herd, loading his gun as he galloped along. The buffalo-hunters are very expert at loading and firing quickly while going at full gallop. They carry two or three bullets in their mouths, which they spit into the muzzles of their guns after dropping in a little powder; and, instead of ramming it down with a rod, merely hit the but-end of the gun on the pommel of their saddles, and, in this way, fire a great many shots in quick succession. This, however, is a dangerous mode of shooting, as the ball sometimes sticks half-way down

the barrel and bursts the gun, carrying away a finger, a joint, and occasionally a hand.

"In this way they soon killed as many buffaloes as they could carry in their carts, and one of the hunters set off in chase of a calf. In a short time he edged one away from the rest, and then, getting between it and the herd, ran straight against it with his horse and knocked it down. The frightened little animal jumped up and set off with redoubled speed, but another butt from the horse again sent it sprawling; again it rose and was again knocked down, and, in this way, was at last fairly tired out; when the hunter, jumping suddenly from his horse, threw a rope round its neck and drove it before him to the encampment, and soon after brought it to the fort. It was as wild as ever when I saw it at Norway House, and seemed to have as much distaste to its thralldom as the day it was taken."

Buffalo-meat, however, although abundant in the prairies, is scarce enough in other districts of the Hudson's Bay territory, and so, indeed, is game of all kinds; so that at certain times and seasons, both Indians and Company's servants are reduced to very short commons, and amongst the former starvation is by no means uncommon. The contrasts of diet are as striking as those of climate: the provender varying from the juicy buffalo hump and rich marrow-bone, to miserable dry fish and *tripe-de-roche*—a sort of moss or lichen growing on the rocks, which looks like dried-up sea-weed, and which only the extremity of hunger can render edible. From Peel's River, a post within the Arctic circle, a chief trader writes that all the fresh provisions he has seen during the winter, consisted of two squirrels and a crow. He and his companions had lived on dried meat, and were obliged to lock the gates to keep their scanty store from the Indians, who were literally eating each other outside the fort; for cannibalism is common enough amongst the Indians of that region, and Mr Ballantyne was acquainted with some old ladies who, on more than one occasion, had dined off their own children; whilst some, if report might be believed, had made a meal of their

husbands. It is justice to the savages to say, that they do not eat human flesh by preference, but only when urged by necessity, and by the absence of all other viands. They will scrape the rocks bare of the *tripe-de-roche*—which, however, only retards starvation for a time, without preventing it, unless varied by more nutritious food—before cutting up a cousin. Now and then an aggravated case occurs, and one of these we find cited. In the middle of winter, Wisagun, a Cree Indian, removed his encampment on account of scarcity of game. With him went his wife, a son eight or nine years of age, two or three other children, and some relations—ten souls in all. Their change of quarters did not improve their condition. No game appeared, and they were reduced to eat their moccasins and skin coats, cooked by singeing them over the fire. This wretched resource expended, they were on the brink of starvation, when a herd of buffaloes was descried far away on the prairie. Guns were instantly loaded, and snow-shoes put on, and away went the men, leaving women and children in the tent. But the famished Indians soon grew tired; the weaker dropped behind; Wisagun, and his son Natappe, gave up the chase and returned to the encampment. Wisagun peeped through a chink of the tent, and saw his wife cutting up one of her own children, preparatory to cooking it. In a transport of rage, he rushed forward and stabbed her and a woman who assisted her in her horrible cookery; and then, fearing the wrath of the other Indians, he fled to the woods. When the hunters came in and found their relatives murdered, they were so much exhausted by their fruitless chase, that they could only sit down and gaze on the mutilated bodies. During the night, Wisagun and Natappe returned to the tent, murdered the whole party, and were met, some time afterwards, by another party of savages, in good condition; although, from scarcity of game, every body else was starving. They accounted for their well-fed appearance, by saying they had fallen in with a deer, previously to which, however, the rest of the family had died of hunger.

This horrible story was told to an

Englishman in the Indian hall of a far-away post in Athabasca, by a party of Chipewyan Indians, come from their winter hunting-grounds to trade furs. They were the same men who had met the two Crees wandering in the plains after getting up their flesh by swallowing their family. The loathsome food had profited them, however, but a short while; for the Chipewyans had hardly told the tale, when "the hall door slowly opened, and Wisagun, gaunt and cadaverous, the very impersonation of famine, slunk into the room with Natappe, and seated himself in a corner near the fire. Mr C—— soon learned the truth of the foregoing story from his own lips; but he excused his horrible deed by saying that *most* of his relations had died before he ate them."

Notwithstanding this sanguinary tale, the Crees, who inhabit the woody country surrounding Hudson's Bay, are the quietest and most inoffensive of all the Indian tribes trading with the Company. They never go to war, scalping is obsolete amongst them, and the celebrated war-dance a mere tradition. But their pacific habits and intercourse with Europeans seem as yet to have done little towards their civilisation. Some of their customs are of the most barbarous description. They have no religion, beyond the absurd incantations of the medicine tent; and the amount of Christianity English missionaries have of late years succeeded in introducing amongst them is exceedingly small. They drink to excess when they can get spirits; and formerly, when the Hudson's Bay Company, in order to contend successfully with other associations, thought it necessary to distribute rum and whisky to the natives, the use of the "fire-water" was carried to a fearful extent. They smoke tobacco, mingled with some other leaf; are excessively lazy, and great gamblers. Polygamists, they ill-treat their wives, compelling them to severe toil, whilst they themselves indulge in utter indolence, except when roused to the chase. On the march, when old men, or women are unable to proceed, they are left behind in a small tent made of willows, in which are placed firewood, provisions, and a vessel of water. Here, when food and

wood are consumed, the unfortunate wretches perish. The habitual dwellings of the Crees are tents, of conical shape, made of deerskin, bark, or branches. The manner of construction is simple and rapid. Three poles are tied together at the top, their lower extremities spreading out in the form of a tripod; a number of other poles are piled around these at half-a-foot distance from each other, and thus a space is inclosed of fifteen to twenty feet in diameter. Over these poles are spread the skin-tent, or the rolls of birch-bark. The opening left for a doorway is covered with an old blanket, a deer-skin, or buffalo-robe; the floor is covered with a layer of small pine branches, a wood fire-blazes in the middle; and in this slight habitation, which is far warmer and more comfortable than could be imagined, the Indian spends a few days or weeks, according as game is scarce or plentiful. His modes of securing and trapping the beasts of the plain and forest are curious, often as ingenious and effective as they are simple and unartificial. Mr Ballantyne initiates us in many of them in the course of a nocturnal cruise overland with Stenaw the Indian, which gives an excellent insight into trapper life at Hudson's Bay. We start with the Cree from his tent, pitched in the neighbourhood of one of the Company's forts, at the foot of an immense tree, which stands in a little hollow where the willows and pines are luxuriant enough to afford shelter from the north wind. We have no difficulty in realising the scene, as graphically sketched by our young apprentice-clerk, who is frequently very happy in his scraps of description:—"A huge chasm, filled with fallen trees and mounds of snow, yawns on the left of the tent, and the ruddy sparks of fire which issue from a hole in its top throw this and the surrounding forest into deeper gloom. Suddenly the deerskin that covers the aperture of the wigwam is raised, and a bright stream of warm light gushes out, tipping the dark-green points of the opposite trees, and mingling strangely with the paler light of the moon; and Stenaw stands erect in front of his solitary home, to gaze a few moments at the sky and judge of the weather, as he intends to take

a long walk before laying his head upon his capote for the night. He is in the usual costume of the Cree Indians: a large leathern coat, very much overlapped in front, and fastened round the waist with a scarlet belt, protects his body from the cold. A small ratskin cap covers his head, and his legs are cased in the ordinary blue cloth leggins. Large moccasins, with two or three pair of blanket-socks, clothe his feet, and fingerless mittens, made of deerskin, complete his costume. After a few minutes passed in contemplation of the heavens, the Indian prepares himself for the walk. First, he sticks a small axe in his belt, serving as a counterpoise to a large hunting-knife and fire-bag which depend from the other side. He then slips his feet through the lines of his snow-shoes, and throws the line of a small hand-sledge over his shoulder. The hand-sledge is a thin flat slip or plank of wood, from five to six feet long by one foot broad, and is turned up at one end. It is extremely light, and Indians invariably use it when visiting their traps, for the purpose of dragging home the animals or game they may have caught. Having attached this to his back, he stoops to receive his gun from his faithful squaw, who has been watching his operations through a hole in the tent, and throwing it on his shoulder strides off, without uttering a word, across the moonlit space in front of the tent, turns into a small narrow track that leads down the dark ravine, and disappears in the shades of the forest."

The snow-shoes above referred to, and which are in general use amongst both Indians and Europeans at Hudson's Bay, are as unlike shoes as any thing bearing the name well can be. A snow-shoe is formed of two thin pieces of light wood, tied at both ends, and spread out in the centre, thus making an oval frame filled up with network of deerskin threads. The frame is strengthened by cross-bars, and fastened *loosely* to the foot by a line across the toe. The length of the machine is from *four to six* feet; the width from thirteen to twenty inches. Being very light, they are no way cumbersome, and without them pedestrianism would be impossible for many months of the year, on account of the

depth of the snow, which falls through the meshes of these shoes, as the traveller raises his foot. That they are not fatiguing wear, is manifest from the fact that an Indian will walk twenty, thirty, and even forty miles a day upon them. Only in damp weather, the moist snow clogs the meshes, and the lines are apt to gall the foot. Apropos of this inconvenience, Mr Ballantyne avails himself of the traveller's privilege, and favours us with a remarkable anecdote, told him by a Highland friend of his, Mr B——, chief of the Company's post at Tadousac.

"On one occasion, he was sent off upon a long journey over the snow where the country was so mountainous, that snow-shoe walking was rendered exceedingly painful by the feet slipping forward against the front bar of the shoe when descending the hills. After he had accomplished a good part of his journey, two large blisters rose under the nails of his great toes; and soon the nails themselves came off. Still he must go on, or die in the woods; so he was obliged to *tie* the nails on his toes each morning before starting, for the purpose of protecting the tender parts beneath; and every evening he wrapped them up carefully in a piece of rag, and put them into his waistcoat pocket,—*being afraid of losing them if he kept them on all night.*" This Mr B—— had had a long and eventful career in North America, and was rich in 'yarns,' more or less credible, with which he regaled Mr Ballantyne during a journey they made together. A deep scar on his nose was the memorial of a narrow escape he had made when dwelling at a solitary fort west of the Rocky Mountains. He had bought a fine horse of an Indian, one of the Blackfeet, a wild and warlike tribe, notorious as horse-stealers. The animal had been but a short time in his possession, when it was stolen. This was a very ordinary event, and was soon forgotten. Spring came, and a party of Indians arrived with a load of furs for barter. They were admitted one by one into the fort, their arms taken from them and locked up—a customary and necessary precaution, as they used to buy spirits, get drunk and quarrel, but without weapons they could do each other little harm."



When about a dozen had entered, the gate was shut, and then Mr B—— beheld, to his surprise, the horse he had lost the previous year. He asked to whom it belonged, and the Indian who had sold it him unblushingly stood forward. "Mr B—— (an exceedingly quiet, good-natured man, but like many men of his stamp, very passionate when roused) no sooner witnessed the fellow's audacity than he seized a gun from one of his men, and shot the horse. The Indian instantly sprang upon him; but being a less powerful man than Mr B——, and withal unaccustomed to use his fists, he was soon overcome, and pommelled out of the fort. Not content with this, Mr B—— followed him down to the Indian camp, pommelling him all the way. The instant, however, that the Indian found himself surrounded by his own friends, he taced about, and with a dozen warriors attacked Mr B——, and threw him on the ground, where they kicked and bruised him severely: whilst several boys of the tribe hovered around with bows and arrows, waiting a favourable opportunity to shoot him. Suddenly a savage came forward with a large stone in his hand, and, standing over his fallen enemy, raised it high in the air and dashed it down upon his face. Mr B——, when telling me the story, said that he had just time, upon seeing the stone in the act of falling, to commend his spirit to God, ere he was rendered insensible. The merciful God, to whom he thus looked for help at the eleventh hour, did not desert him. Several men belonging to the fort, seeing the turn things took, hastily armed themselves, and, hurrying out to the rescue, arrived just at the critical moment when the stone was dashed in his face. Though too late to prevent this, they were in time to prevent a repetition of the blow; and, after a short scuffle with the Indians, without any bloodshed, they succeeded in carrying their master up to the fort, where he soon recovered. The deep cut made by the stone on the bridge of his nose, left an indelible scar."

To return to Stemaw the trapper, whom we left striding along with confident step, as though the high road lay before him, although no track or trail, discernible by European eye, is

there to guide his footsteps. After a walk of two miles, a faint sound a-head brings him to a dead halt. He listens, and a noise like the rattling of a chain is heard from a dark, wild hollow in his front. "Another moment, and the rattle is again distinctly heard: a slight smile of satisfaction crosses Stemaw's dark visage; for one of his traps was set in that place, and he knows that something is caught. Quickly descending the slope, he enters the bushes whence the sound proceeds, and pauses when within a yard or two of his trap to peer through the gloom. A cloud passes off the moon, and a faint ray reveals, it may be, a beautiful black fox caught in the snare. A slight blow on the snout from Stemaw's axe-handle kills the unfortunate animal; in ten minutes more it is tied to his sledge, the trap is reset and again covered over with snow, so that it is almost impossible to tell that any thing is there; and the Indian pursues his way." And here we have a drawing of Reynard the Fox, a fine specimen of his kind, black as coal, with a white tuft to his tail, looking anxiously about him, his fore-paw fast in the jaws of a trap, with which a heavy log, fastened by a chain, prevents his making off. In the distance, the Indian, gun on shoulder, his snow-shoes, which look like small boats, upon his feet—strides forward, eager to secure his valuable prize. We give Mr Ballouyne all credit for the unpretending but useful wood-cuts scattered through his book, which serve to explain things whose form or nature would otherwise be but imperfectly understood. They are an honest and legitimate style of illustration, exactly corresponding to the requirements of a work of this kind.

The steel trap in which the fox is caught resembles a common English rat-trap, less the teeth, and is so set, that the jaws, when spread out flat, are exactly on a level with the snow. The chain and weight are hidden, a little snow is swept over the trap, and nothing is visible but the bait—usually chips of frozen partridge, rabbit, or fish, which are scattered all around the snare. Foxes, beavers, wolves, lynx, and other animals, are thus taken, sometimes by a fore-leg, sometimes by a hind one, or by two

at once, and occasionally by the nose. By two legs is the preferable way—for the trapper, that is to say—for then escape is impossible. "When foxes are caught by one leg, they often eat it off close to the trap, and escape on the other three. I have frequently seen this happen; and I once saw a fox caught which had evidently escaped in this way, as one of its legs was gone, and the stump healed up and covered again with hair. When caught by the nose, they are almost sure to escape, unless taken out of the trap very soon after capture, as their snouts are so sharp and wedgelike, that they can pull them from between the jaws of the trap with the greatest ease." We are tempted to doubt the ease, or at any rate the pleasure, of such an operation, and to compassionate the unfortunate quadrupeds, whose only chance of escape from being knocked on the head lies in biting off their own feet, or scraping the skin off their jaws between those of a trap. The poor brutes have no chance of a fair fight, or even of a few yards' law and a run for their lives. Their hungry stomachs and keen olfactories touchingly appealed to by the scraps of frozen game, they eat their way to the trap, and finally put their foot in it. The trapper's trade is a sneaking sort of business: and one cannot but understand the feeling of self-humiliation of Cooper's Natty Bumppo, upon finding himself reduced from the rifle to the snare—from the stand-up fight in the forest to the stealthy prowl and treacherous trap. And hence, doubtless, do we find the occupation far more frequently followed by Indians and half-breeds than by white men—at least at Hudson's Bay. Nevertheless Mr Ballantyne, whilst enjoying dignified solitude in the remote station of Seven Islands, his French-Canadian servant and his Newfoundland dog Humbug for sole companions, received the visit of a trapper, who was not only white, but a gentleman to boot. This individual, who was dressed in aboriginal style, had been in the employ of a fur company, had married an Indian girl, and taken to trapping. He was a good-natured man, we are told, and had been well educated—talked philosophy, and put his new acquaintance up to the fact,

that what he for some time had taken for a bank of sea-weed, was a shoal of kipling, close inshore. He stopped a week at the station, living on salt pork and flour-and-water pancakes, and telling his adventures to his gratified host, to whom, in his lonely condition, far worse society would have been highly acceptable.

The trapper's occupation is not always unattended with danger. So long as he has only foxes and such small gear to deal with, whom a tap on the snout finishes, it is mere child's play, barring the fatigue of long walks and heavy loads; but now and then he finds an ugly customer in one of his traps, and encounters some risk before securing him. This we shall see exemplified, if we follow Stemaw to two traps, which he set in the morning close to each other, for the purpose of catching one of the formidable coast-wolves. "These animals are so sagacious, that they will scrape all round a trap, let it be ever so well set, and, after eating all the bait, walk away unhurt. Indians consequently endeavour in every possible way to catch them, and, amongst others, by setting *two* traps close together, so that, whilst the wolf scrapes at one, he may perhaps put his foot in the other. It is in this way Stemaw's traps are set; and he now advances cautiously towards them, his gun in the hollow of his left arm. Slowly he advances, peering through the bushes; but nothing is visible. Suddenly a branch crashes under his snow-shoe, and, with a savage growl, a large wolf bounds towards him, landing almost at his feet. A single glance, however, shows the Indian that both traps are on his legs, and that the chains prevent his further advance. He places his gun against a tree, draws his axe, and advances to kill the animal. It is an undertaking, however, of some difficulty. The fierce brute, which is larger than a Newfoundland dog, strains every nerve and sinew to break its chains; whilst its eyes glisten in the uncertain light, and foam curls from its blood-red mouth. Now it retreats as the Indian advances, grinning horribly as it goes; and anon, as the chains check its further retreat, it springs with fearful growl towards Stemaw, who slightly wounds it with his axe,

as he jumps backward just in time to save himself from the infuriated animal, which catches in its fangs the flap of his leggin, and tears it from his limb. Again Stemaw advances and the wolf retreats, and again springs upon him, but without success. At last, as the wolf glances for a moment to one side—apparently to see if there is no way of escape—quick as lightning the axe flashes in the air, and descends with stunning violence on its head; another blow follows, and in five minutes more the animal is fastened to the sledge."

Weary with this skirmish, and with the previous walk, Stemaw calls a halt under a big tree, and prepares to bivouac. Having started with him, we shall accompany him to the end of his expedition, the more willingly that his proceedings are very interesting, and capitably described by Mr Ballantyne, in whose words we continue to give them.

"Selecting a large pine, whose spreading branches covered a patch of ground free from underwood, he scrapes away the snow with his snow-shoe. Silently but busily he labours for a quarter of an hour; and then, having cleared a space seven or eight feet in diameter, and nearly four feet deep, he cuts down a number of small branches, which he strews at the bottom of the hollow till all the snow is covered. This done, he fells two or three of the nearest trees, cuts them up into lengths of about five feet long, and piles them at the root of the tree. A light is applied to the pile, and up glances the ruddy flame, crackling among the branches overhead, and sending thousands of bright sparks into the air. No one who has not seen it can have the least idea of the change that takes place in the appearance of the woods at night, when a large fire is suddenly lighted. Before, all was cold, silent, chilling, gloomy, and desolate, and the pale snow looked unearthly in the dark. Now, a bright ruddy glow falls upon the thick stems of the trees, and penetrates through the branches overhead, tipping those nearest the fire with a ruby tinge, the mere sight of which warms one. The white snow changes to a beautiful pink; whilst the stems of the trees, bright and clearly visible near at hand, become

more and more indistinct in the distance, till they are lost in the black background. The darkness, however, need not be seen from the encampment, for, when the Indian lies down, he will be surrounded by the snowy walls, which sparkle in the firelight as if set with diamonds. These do not melt, as might be expected: the frost is much too intense for that; and nothing melts except the snow quite close to the fire. Stemaw has now concluded his arrangements: a small piece of dried deer's meat warms before the blaze, and meanwhile he spreads his green blanket on the ground, and fills a stone calumet (a pipe with a wooden stem) with tobacco, mixed with a kind of weed prepared by himself."

His pipe smoked, his venison devoured, the trapper wraps him in his blanket, and sleeps. We are then transported to a beaver-lodge at the extremity of a frozen and snow-covered lake. Yonder, where the points of a few bulrushes appear above the monotonous surface of dazzling white, are a number of small earthy mounds, the trees and bushes in whose vicinity are cut and barked in many places. It is a lively place enough in the warm season, when the beavers are busy nibbling down trees and bushes, to mend their dams and stock their storehouses with food. Now it is very different: in winter the beaver stays at home, and sleeps. His awakening is sometimes an unpleasant one.

"Do you observe that small black speck moving over the white surface of the lake, far away in the horizon? It looks like a crow, but the forward motion is much too steady and constant for that. As it approaches, it assumes the form of a man; and at last the figure of Stemaw, dragging his empty sleigh behind him, (for he has left his wolf and foxes in the last night's encampment, to be taken up when returning home,) becomes clearly distinguishable through the dreamy haze of the cold wintry morning. He arrives at the beaver-lodges, and, I warrant, will soon play havoc among the inmates.

"His first proceeding is to cut down several stakes, which he points at the ends. These are driven, after he has cut away a good deal of ice

from around the beaver-lodge, into the ground between it and the shore. This is to prevent the beaver from running along the passage they always have from their lodge to the shore, where their storehouse is kept, which would make it necessary to excavate the whole passage. The beaver, if there are any, being thus imprisoned in the lodge, the hunter next stakes up the opening into the storehouse on shore, and so imprisons those that may have fled there for shelter on hearing the noise of his axe at the other house. Things being thus arranged to his entire satisfaction, he takes an instrument called an ice-chisel—which is a bit of steel about a foot long by one inch broad, fastened to the end of a stout pole, wherewith he proceeds to dig through the lodge. This is by no means an easy operation; and although he covers the snow around him with great quantities of mud and sticks, yet his work is not half finished. At last, however, the interior of the hut is laid bare, and the Indian, stooping down, gives a great pull, when out comes a large, fat, sleepy beaver, which he flings sprawling on the snow. Being thus unceremoniously awakened from its winter nap, the shivering animal looks languidly around, and even goes the length of making a face at Stenaw, by way of showing its teeth, for which it is rewarded with a blow on the head from the pole of the ice-chisel, which puts an end to it. In this way several more are killed, and packed on the sleigh. Stenaw, then turns his face towards his encampment, where he collects the game left there, and away he goes at a tremendous pace, dashing the snow in clouds from his snow-shoes, as he hurries over the trackless wilderness to his forest home"—where, upon arrival, he is welcomed with immense glee by his greedy Squaw, whose lips water at the prospect of a good gorge upon fat beaver. We are not informed what sort of eating this is; but we read of soup made of beaver skins, which are oily, and stew well, resorted to by Europeans when short of provender in the dreary wilds of Hudson's Bay. Indeed all manner of queer things obtain favour as edibles in the territory of the

Honourable Hudson's Bay Company. A party of Canadian *voyageurs* or boatmen find a basket made of bark and filled with bear's grease, which had been hidden away by Indians, who doubtless entertained the landable design of forwarding it, per next ship, to the address of a London hairdresser. The boatmen preferred its internal application to the external one usually made of the famous capillary regenerator, and in less than two days devoured the whole of the precious ointment, spread upon the flour-cakes which, with *pemican*, form their usual provisions. Pemican is buffalo flesh, dried in flakes and then pounded between two stones. "These are put into a bag made of the animal's hide, with the hair on the outside, and well mixed with melted grease; the top of the bag is then sewed up, and the pemican allowed to cool. In this state it may be eaten uncooked; but the voyageurs mix it with a little flour and water, and then boil it; in which state it is known throughout the country by the elegant name of *robiboo*. Pemican is good wholesome food, will keep fresh for a great length of time, and, were it not for its unprepossessing appearance, and a good many buffalo hairs mixed with it, through the carelessness of the hunters, would be very palatable." The Indians, it has already been shown, are by no means particular in their diet, and devour, with equal relish, a beaver and a kinsman. Another unusual article of food in favour amongst them is a species of white owl, which looks, we are told, when skinned, comically like very young babies. They are large and beautiful birds, sometimes nearly as big as swans. Mr Ballantyne shot one measuring five feet three inches across the wings. "They are in the habit of alighting upon the tops of blighted trees, and on poles of any kind, which happen to stand conspicuously apart from the forest trees; for the purpose, probably, of watching for birds and mice, on which they prey. Taking advantage of this habit, the Indian plants his trap (a fox trap) on the top of a bare tree, so that, when the owl alights, it is generally caught by the legs." Owls of all sizes abound in Hudson's Bay, from the gigantic species just de-

scribed, down to the small gray owl, not much bigger than a man's hand.

Hudson's Bay not being a colony, but a great waste country, sprinkled with a few European dwellings, dealings are carried on by barter rather than by cash payments, and of money there is little or none. But, to facilitate trade with the Indians, there is a certain standard of value known as a *castor*, and represented by pieces of wood. We may conjecture the term to have originated in the French word *castor*, signifying a beaver—of which animal these wooden tokens were probably intended to represent the value. It stands to reason that such a coinage is too easily counterfeited for its general circulation to be permitted, and it consequently is current only in the Company's barter-rooms. "Thus an Indian arrives at a fort with a bundle of furs, with which he proceeds to the Indian trading-room. There the trader separates the furs into different lots, and valuing each at the standard valuation, adds the amounts together, and tells the Indian, who has looked on the while with great interest and anxiety, that he has got fifty or sixty castors; at the same time handing him fifty or sixty little bits of wood in lieu of cash, so that he may, by returning these in payment of the goods for which he really exchanges his skins, know how fast his funds decrease. The Indian then looks around upon the bales of cloth, powder-horns, guns, blankets, knives, &c., with which the shop is filled, and after a good while makes up his mind to have a small blanket. This being given him, the trader tells him that the price is six castors; the purchaser hands him six of his little bits of wood, and selects something else. In this way he goes on till the wooden cash is expended. The value of a castor is from one to two shillings. The natives generally visit the establishments of the Company twice a-year; once in October, when they bring in the produce of their autumn hunts, and again in March, when they come in with that of the great winter hunt. The number of castors that an Indian makes in a winter hunt varies from fifty to two hundred, according to his perseverance and activity, and the part of

the country in which he hunts. The largest amount I ever heard of was made by a man named Piaquata-Kiscum, who brought in furs, on one occasion, to the value of two hundred and sixty castors. The poor fellow was soon afterwards poisoned by his relatives, who were jealous of his superior abilities as a hunter, and envious of the favour shown him by the white men."

Mr Ballantyne visits and describes Red River settlement, the only colony in the extensive district traded over by the Hudson's Bay Company. It contained in 1843 about five thousand souls—French Canadians, Scotchmen, and Indians—and since then the population has rapidly increased. In the time of the North-West Company, since amalgamated with that of Hudson's Bay, it was the scene of a smart skirmish or two between the rival fur-traders, in one of which Mr Semple, governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, lost his life, and a number of his men were killed and wounded. We find some curious particulars of the stratagems and manoeuvres employed by the two associations to outwit each other, and get the earliest deal with the Indian hunters. But to this we can only thus cursorily refer, whilst to many other chapters of equal novelty and interest we cannot even do that. We are obliged to refuse ourselves the pleasure of a piscatorial page, in which we would have shown the brethren of the angle, roaming by loch and stream on trout and salmon intent, how in the land of Hendrik Hudson silver fish are caught whose eyes are living gold. All we can do, before laying down the pen, is to commend Mr Ballantyne's book, which does him great credit. It is unaffected and to the purpose, written in an honest, straightforward style, and is full of real interest and amusement, without the unnecessary wordiness and importunate gossip with which books of this description are too often swollen. We are glad to learn, whilst concluding this paper, that the public will soon be enabled, by a second edition of the volume, to form a better idea of its merits than it has been possible for us to give by these few brief extracts.

## THE BUDGET.

The budget has just been produced, and the country has heard the lamentable exposure which the prime minister of the United Kingdom has been forced to submit to parliament. Such is the state of our financial affairs and future prospects, under the operation of the free-trade mania: and it is matter of congratulation that the mischievous and anti-national doctrines of the Manchester school should have been refuted at so early a period of their practice, and that the results of democratic rule are already made apparent even to the dullest understanding. Since warning has failed—or rather, let us say, since deep and deliberate treachery has combined with ambition and selfishness to alter the system through which Britain obtained and maintained its greatness, it is well that the hard but wholesome admonitions of experience should be felt. Better, surely, now than hereafter; before we have become familiarised to the annual tale of a declining revenue, and before we have lost heart and courage to meet the danger with a front of defiance!

The balance-sheet of last year exhibits the deplorable fact, that there is an excess of expenditure over income to the amount of very nearly THREE MILLIONS. For such a result our readers must have been perfectly prepared. We have pointed out, over and over again, the disastrous effects which were certain to follow upon the adoption of the new theories; the depreciation of property, and the depression of industry, inevitable as the consequence of such measures; and the defalcation of the revenue is the best proof of the soundness and accuracy of our views. Not that such defalcation is to be taken in any degree as the measure of our loss. It is a mere trivial fraction of the injury sustained in consequence of misguided legislation: a little proof, but a sure one, that we have entered upon the path which we must retread, unless we are to move on deliberately towards ruin. Three millions is of itself an inconsiderable sum to be provided for by the British nation, if the exigency were only temporary, and the resources of the country augmenting.

But three millions may be a serious matter, if the demand is to be annual and increasing, and if, whilst, our means are dwindling and notoriously on the wane.

We write at so late a period of the month, that our remarks must necessarily be contracted. Before these sheets can issue from the press, the debate will have commenced in earnest, and the proposed financial measures be thoroughly discussed in parliament. We have no wish at present to fall back upon the earlier question, or to resume consideration of the causes which have led to this extraordinary deficiency. We are content to take Lord John Russell's figures and apology as we find them. His estimates may very possibly be within the mark, and we believe he has been cautious in framing them. Warned by the experience of last year, he has not ventured to calculate upon any increase in the cardinal items of the customs and excise, thereby tacitly renouncing his faith in the realisation of the Cobdenite prophecies; and the result of the whole is, that the yearly revenue of the country, even including the present income-tax, will be short of the expenditure by more than three millions. It may be right to subjoin Lord John Russell's own calculations.

## ESTIMATED ORDINARY REVENUE.

Customs	-	-	-	L.19,774,760
Excise	-	-	-	13,340,000
Stamps	-	-	-	7,150,000
Taxes	-	-	-	1,340,000
Property-tax	-	-	-	5,420,000
Post-office	-	-	-	923,000
Crown Lands	-	-	-	60,000
Miscellaneous	-	-	-	325,000
				<hr/>
				L.51,332,760

## ESTIMATED EXPENDITURE.

Funded debt	-	-	L.27,770,000
Exchequer bills	-	-	752,000
			<hr/>
			L.28,520,000
Charges on Consolidated Fund	-	-	2,750,000
Cadre War	-	-	1,100,000
Naval excess	-	-	245,500
Navy	-	L.7,226,610	} 21,020,441
Army	-	7,162,906	
Ordnance	-	2,924,835	
Miscellaneous	-	4,006,000	}
			<hr/>
			L.54,446,541
Add militia	-	-	150,000
			<hr/>
			L.54,596,541

The calculated deficit will therefore amount to £3,263,781.

This is a lamentable enough exposition, more especially as it follows upon a year of singular hardship and depression. Burdened as we are already, both with state and with local burdens, we are now required to submit to a further pressure: the credit of the nation must be maintained, and in some way or other this additional impost must be levied. And here we shall state, at once, that, all things considered, we see no just grounds for charging Lord John Russell—or his Chancellor of the Exchequer, who seems, on this occasion, to have been superseded as incompetent—with any undue want of economy. An outcry will, of course, be made by the furious and fatuous fanatics of the League against the increase of the army and navy estimates, amounting altogether to about £300,000. This charge, for reasons which we have stated before, we believe to be just and reasonable, and it is certainly nothing more than the situation of the country demands. But supposing that not one additional shilling were to be laid out on the strengthening of either service, there would still remain a sum of nearly three millions to be provided for: and we have now to consider the means by which that additional impost may be fairly and equitably levied.

The system pursued of late years in this country, with regard to revenue matters, has been cowardly, dangerous, and, in one instance at least, deliberately deceptive. It has been cowardly, because ministers have not chosen to abide by principles which they have acknowledged to be just; but, on the contrary, for the sake of popularity and the retention of power, they have invariably yielded to clamour, and surrendered, one after another, many of the surest means of raising an adequate revenue. All idea of reducing the amount of the national debt has long since been abandoned. The moment any surplus appeared, some minor tax was remitted. If the consumer did not gain thereby, as in most instances has been the case, the ministry at least could claim credit for their desire to remove burdens; and these reductions, however profitless to the public, looked well in a financial statement. It has been dangerous,

because, as a natural consequence, the remissions made in a prosperous year, when the revenue was full, caused a corresponding defalcation in another when the scales had turned against us. It is easy and popular to remove an existing tax; but difficult and decidedly obnoxious to levy a new one. We had gradually cut down our indirect taxation so far, that any further reductions became impossible, without reverting to direct taxation, which is the most grievous and oppressive, as it is usually the most unequitable method of collecting a public revenue.

We were in this position when the great financial juggle of the age was attempted; and, we are sorry to say, successfully carried through by its schemer. The history of the imposition of the income-tax in 1842, must, hereafter, to the exclusion of all minor matters, be considered the point upon which the posthumous reputation of Sir Robert Peel will rest. No minister of this country ever assumed the reins of office under auspices more favourable, if his practice had been equal to his profession. In 1841—and the coincidence is singular—the Whigs found themselves placed in nearly the same financial difficulty as now. They had a deficit of about three millions to provide for, and they fell in consequence. All eyes were turned to Sir Robert Peel, whose prestige as a commercial minister was then at its very height. He was at the head of a great, concentrated, and enthusiastic party, whose chief fault was the consummate reliance which they were disposed to place in their leader; and the destinies of the nation were committed with extraordinary confidence into his hands. He had but to dictate his course, and every one was ready to obey. It was then that he came forward with the proposition of an income and property tax—not, be it remarked, as a permanent measure, but as the means of removing the temporary and pressing difficulty, and of sustaining the revenue until the ordinary sources should produce the necessary supply. It is needless, now, to recount the process of persuasive rhetoric employed by the minister to ensure the adoption of his scheme. The injustice of the tax was admitted; the sacrifice lauded as an example of public patriotism; and that portion of the community who were selected as

the victims, so lugged, coaxed, and wheedled, that it was almost beyond the power of human nature to deny a boon which was implored in such terms of seducing endearment. And, in truth, the scheme did involve a sacrifice; because it amounted to nothing less than a partial confiscation of property. One class of the community were to be directly taxed, whilst another was allowed to go free. What was still worse, two of the united kingdoms were to be subjected to a burden from which the third was altogether relieved. On principle, the income-tax was indefensible, nor did Sir Robert Peel attempt to place his measure so high. With much seeming candour he anticipated all objections, and his scheme was carried on the faith of its merely temporary endurance.

Instead of producing three millions, as was anticipated, the income-tax returns amounted to considerably more than five; and, as trade did revive, it was within the power of Sir Robert Peel to have redeemed his pledge with honour, and to have relieved the class which had been subjected, voluntarily, to this unusual burden, at the termination of the first period of three years. It then, however, appeared that the revenue so raised had been diverted from its proper purpose. It was not used as the substitute for a temporary deficiency, but as the means of making that deficiency absolutely permanent. More indirect taxes were taken off, more duties repealed; so that, at the end of three years, it was impossible to dispense with the income-tax. In fact, the minister had broken his word. The horse, says *Æsop*, being desirous to avenge himself on his old enemy the stag, allowed the man to clap a saddle on his back, and to ride in pursuit. He had his revenge, indeed, but the saddle has never been removed to the present day. It would be well if, in this age, when prevarication and disingenuity are so rife in high places, the fables of the shrewd Phrygian were consulted more frequently, for the sake of the morals which they convey.

Of all the gorgeous promises held out in 1842, and since repeated, not only by ministers, but by the accredited organs of free-trade, not one has been fulfilled. Instead of the

Pactolus which was to flow in to us, we find that the ordinary streams of commerce have shrunk alarmingly in their channels: instead of being relieved from the temporary income-tax, there is another deficit of three millions staring us in the face. The statutory period of the income-tax expires in April next: we are now asked to renew it for another period of five years, and to augment it, for two of these years, from three to five per cent. The income-tax, therefore, has changed its character. It is no longer a voluntary grant, but has become part and parcel of our national system of taxation. It is to be maintained and levied in order to make up for the deficiencies occasioned by the late commercial experiments; and Lord John Russell does not propose to modify or alter its arrangements in any degree whatever. It is to be drawn from the same class as before, with this difference, that whereas we have hitherto paid sevenpence in the pound, we are now to contribute a shilling.

This is, indeed, a most serious matter; and we shall look forward to the financial debate with feelings of the greatest anxiety. This is no ordinary crisis, and it must be met with corresponding fortitude and promptness. A measure, admittedly unjust in its principle, is now to be recognised as a law; and the faith which was pledged, a few years ago, to the most important section of the community, is now to be deliberately broken. Property is at last assailed, not covertly but openly: and the worst anticipations of those who deprecated our departure from the older system, are upon the eve of being realised.

Two considerations now arise, and each of them is of the utmost importance. The first concerns the policy of this measure: the second relates to its injustice. On both points we have a few words to say.

And first, as to its policy. A direct property or income-tax has hitherto been considered and acknowledged by all governments of this country as the very last which can be resorted to in cases of extraordinary emergency. In the event of danger, of war or of invasion, unusual imposts will be submitted to without a murmur: in time of



peace it has always been held as a principle, that the ordinary expenditure should be met by the ordinary methods of taxation; and these have been for the most part indirect. Of all our sources of revenue, that derived from the customs, which has been most tampered with, is the easiest of collection. It amounts to much more than one-third of the whole, and in time of peace is capable of contraction and of expansion. That is the mark at which the free-traders have discharged the whole of their battery, and certainly they have succeeded in effecting a notable reduction. In consequence, we are now called upon in time of peace to submit to a war-tax, which is in effect a sort of monetary conscription. By adopting it, we sacrifice the power of falling back in any case of emergency upon a strong existing reserve. It will be conceded on all hands, that in time of war we cannot look to the customs and excise for any additional support; and if we go on multiplying direct taxation in the time of peace, to what source can we turn in the event of an unforeseen emergency? This is perhaps the most mischievous result of our adoption of the free-trade doctrine, because it leaves us utterly fettered, at the moment when freedom of action is most necessary for the safety of the whole state. We are extremely glad that on this point we are corroborated by the opinions of Mr Francis Baring, formerly Chancellor of the Exchequer under the Melbourne administration, whose clear and forcible denunciation of the proposed financial policy must have been listened to by his former colleagues with feelings of considerable shame. "At a time," said Mr Baring, "when we talk of preparing our defences, I deeply regret that we should be throwing away that which is the most powerful financial weapon in our whole armoury in the case of a war. If you now lay on a tax of five per cent, in case of a war to what source of taxation would you turn? Do you think you could raise the income-tax above five per cent? or are you prepared, at a time when you shall be in difficulty and distress, to have recourse to the taxes on customs and excise which you have so lavishly thrown away? I opposed the income-tax at its first introduction,

because I thought it a dangerous course to accumulate in direct taxation any very large amount of taxation of a different kind." With these sentiments we entirely coincide; nor can I such a tax, we venture to say, have been originally imposed, unless it had been broadly and explicitly stated that it was only temporary in its duration. At every step we encounter the efforts of Sir Robert Peel's indefensible and cruel want of candour. Had he acted in that noble and upright spirit which has characterised British statesmen of a former age, we should have been spared that distress and difficulty; but he chose to prefer the crooked path to the straight one; he hatched and harboured commercial designs which he did not dare to impart to his colleagues, and he asked the support of a large body of the community on the strength of representations which he never intended to fulfil. It is not surprising that Lord John Russell should adopt without hesitation the legacy of his predecessor, and attempt to profit by the income-tax when he has the machinery ready to his hand. But we warn the people of this country—we warn those who were betrayed into yielding by specious promises, but who now find to their cost that they in reality are to become the bearers of the burden of the state—we warn them, that the same game will be continued, and that, if they consent to this augmentation, it will not be by any means the last. If the proposals of the ministry should unfortunately be adopted, and if once more the defalcation in the national revenue should be made good—if trade again revives, and a surplus is exhibited in the balance sheet, more indirect taxes will be repealed, more tampering with our ordinary revenue be resorted to; free-trade will progress as it has begun, crippling our native industry, destroying our means, and sacrificing the British labourer even in the home market to the foreigner, until the defalcation again arises, and another attack is made directly upon property. When that time shall arrive—and unless prompt resistance is now made, we do not think it is far distant—the limits of taxation will have been reached. It will be no longer possible to go on. The lesser

confiscation will give way to the greater, and the sponge be propounded as the remedy.

But the second point—that of the injustice of this measure—is most glaring, and demands immediate attention. Opposed as we are to the substitution of direct for indirect taxation, we can yet understand the motives of a minister who comes forward with a distinct and equitable plan for an entire remodelment of the system. We believe that no such scheme can possibly be reduced to practice; and that, if attempted, it would prove utterly obnoxious and subversive of the national interest: we think that it would be unwise, but at the same time it might not be unjust as between man and man in the community. There is a certain burden to be borne by the whole of the nation, and the great problem is, to find out how every man can be made to contribute his proper share. Laws are framed and institutions founded for the protection of property and person; and, strictly speaking, every one is bound to bear the expense according to his means. The only effectual method which has ever yet been discovered for securing this, is the system of indirect taxation. By that system each man contributes to the revenue in proportion to the amount of taxed articles which he consumes. Wealth, in the aggregate, superinduces luxury, and the higher classes pay proportionally for the increased comforts they enjoy. Such were the principles of indirect taxation before Sir Robert Peel began to alter it, and even yet many of the original features remain. But we cannot recognise in his tariff's any thing of a consistent plan. That foreign luxuries, which cannot be produced in this country, should be brought in at as low a rate of duty as the state of the revenue will allow, is admitted on all hands. Wine, for example, which is no product of ours, is a case in point. But when we find him deliberately fostering foreign industry at the expense of home manufactures—reducing or abolishing the duties upon such articles as ornamental glass, boots, gloves, or made-up fancy silks, which, from their natures, are consumed by the higher classes only, our belief in

his sagacity vanishes. The time is fast approaching when the artisan will feel severely the effects of that departure from our older system, which regarded home industry with peculiar favour, and refused to sacrifice it for the sake of increasing the yearly amount of our imports. Every curtailed or superseded branch of employment in this overpeopled country is a national loss and a misfortune.

Direct taxation might be accepted as a substitute if it only could be adequately enforced. This, however, we know to be impossible. The expense of collection below a certain limit would entirely swallow up the profit; and besides, it is clearly beyond the power of human ingenuity to ascertain, with any thing like accuracy, the means of the whole population. The only approximation to the direct system which has ever been suggested, is through a regulated house-tax; but even that would fail in accomplishing its end, and the inequality would still prevail. Direct taxation is liable to infinite abuse. It is odious and inquisitorial in its nature, and no minister has been bold enough to propound a plan for making it supersede the other.

If therefore, this income-tax, palmed upon us through fraudulent representation, and now proposed as perpetual on the plea of pressing emergency, is to be continued for ever, it will be necessary for us to consider how far it is levied on those benefited by the removal of indirect taxes—how far it applies to all classes—and whether it is one-sided and unjust, or fair and equitable, in its operation. Before we consent to an impost which must affect us and our children, it is well that we should thoroughly understand the nature of the obligation we undertake. The income-tax was originally proposed to supply the loss of revenue sustained in consequence of an over-reduction of the indirect taxes; and as a matter of equity it follows, that the supplies should be drawn, though in a different form, from the same portion of the community.

Is this the case? Can any man venture to say that the income-tax, as we have known it for the last five years, has been borne with equal

fairness by all classes of the community? Is it not, on the contrary, the most unequal, the most unjust, and the most oppressive tax that ever yet was levied? We hardly believe that on this point there can be any difference of opinion: and we shall now proceed to notice the separate considerations upon which our decided and determined hostility to the measure is based.

By exempting from taxation all incomes below £150, a glaring act of injustice is committed. There is no reason whatever why that amount should be fixed upon as the lowest point—why the tradesman, clerk, or rising professional man, who barely clears that amount of profit, should be made to pay permanently for the others who are not so industrious or so fortunate. It is not, however, difficult to understand why Sir Robert Peel, in proposing the tax as a mere temporary relief, should have been cautious to avoid any agitation of the masses on a question so vitally important to their well-being, had justice been the foundation of his plan. He probably thought that, by exempting that portion of the middle classes whose incomes did not reach the above amount, he would at all events secure their neutrality, and perhaps purchase their support in any subsequent attempt to render the tax perpetual. This view is fortified by the exposition contained in the famous Elbing letter, and though we may admire the ingenuity of the scheme, we cannot commend it for morality. If this tax is to be continued and augmented, we are in justice entitled to demand that it shall be carried down to the very lowest point at which the amount of revenue drawn may exceed the cost of collection. In 1798, according to Mr Porter, "an income tax was imposed at the rate of ten per cent upon all incomes amounting to £200 and upwards, with diminishing rates upon smaller incomes, down to £60 per annum, below which rate the tax was not to apply." If we are to persevere in this unwholesome style of taxation, there is no reason whatever why some such arrangement as the above should not be adopted. It is contrary to the constitution of a free country, that any class should be selected as the

subjects of isolated taxation, and doubly so when the selection is made for the almost avowed purpose of relieving some other class from the impost. Equal laws and equal rights can only be maintained where there is a proper equality of burdens; and if it be difficult to arrange the scale, as it undoubtedly is, the difficulty must be met by those who propose to substitute this unconstitutional mode of taxation for that which applied equally to all classes of the community. Why should each and all of us, who subsist by our own industry, and who are ready to pay our own share of the national expenditure, be forced in addition to pay the quota of others whose incomes do not amount to £150? Surely, there is less difference in position between the man who clears £140 a-year by his trade, and another whose gross profits amount to £155, than between the latter and the possessor of a revenue of £10,000 per annum? And yet, the two last are to be charged five per cent on their incomes, whilst the other, who has the sense to moderate his industry, is to be entitled to escape scot-free!

Another monstrous hardship of the income-tax is its pressure upon professional men, and upon those whose incomes are precarious. No distinction is made by the act of 1842, between profits accruing from realised property, and those which are entirely the product of individual and personal exertion: and yet, in every point of view, there is a vast difference between the parties so situated. The man who derives an income of £1000 a-year from landed property, or from the funds, is in a far better position than the divine, the lawyer, the physician, or the military officer, whose incomes perish with their persons. That most pressing duty of life, the necessity of laying by some provision for a rising family, is in the one case already fulfilled—in the other it is urgent; and yet no distinction whatever is made between the two. The professional man is compelled year after year to lay aside a large portion of his income, for the sake of securing, by insurance or otherwise, the means of subsistence for his family in the case of sudden death. He may not be able to spend one half of

his apparent income, and yet no deduction is allowed on this account. He must pay for burdens not his own, and for ministerial folly in which he was no participator, an amount equal to that which is levied from the fundholder or the man of acres, in the full knowledge that, when he dies, his capital is buried with him, whilst that of the other class remains tangible and available by inheritance. This is another ground upon which we decidedly object to the continuance and augmentation of the income-tax.

But the worst and most intolerable feature of the whole remains behind. Unjustly apportioned as this tax undoubtedly is among ourselves, the total exemption of Ireland from its operation is a matter which cannot fail to excite throughout Great Britain a feeling of universal and bitter indignation. Ireland, as we all know, is already exempted from several of our heaviest burdens: she is by far the greatest pensioner of the public purse; and the charities and bounties which have been so indiscriminately lavished upon her, are beyond all bounds disproportionate either to her wants or her gratitude. But when it is seriously proposed to make this tax—which is a class one—permanent, and to exempt from its operation all persons of property and income in Ireland, it is full time that we should speak out boldly, and declare, that at all hazards we shall not submit to so gross and flagrant an injustice. This is no time for puerile remonstrance. We have already borne and suffered more than we are able to endure; and we must not permit ourselves to be sacrificed, in order that Lord John Russell may command the Irish votes; we must not be impoverished, in order to give a new impetus to the cause of turbulence and sedition. In particular, let us impress upon our representatives, that this is a matter in which Scotland is vitally concerned. We have submitted very tamely and quietly to much neglect, and to a good deal of palpable injustice: we have abstained from making that outcry which the notorious neglect, by each succeeding government, of our institutions and foundations rendered almost a national duty. We have allowed ourselves, though the poorer country of

the two, to be taxed on the same scale with England; but we cannot, and must not, be silent sufferers under this crowning act of oppression. Ireland must not be permitted any longer to benefit by our patience and our thrift. On this part of the subject, Lord John Russell is peculiarly weak. He feels, and by implication admits, the impropriety of the Irish exemption; and he took refuge from the derisive cheering of the House in some general, but useless axioms, to the effect that the prosperity of Ireland involved the prosperity of the United Kingdom. All we can say upon that topic is, that if the well-being of Britain depends upon the exertions and tranquillity of Ireland, our existence as a great empire at the present day may be counted as the most stupendous of modern miracles. But this, even in the most favourable point of view, affords no argument at all. We presume it is admitted, that the prosperity of Scotland has something to do with the welfare of the United Kingdom: but are we on that account entitled to demand that the people of England shall bear at least one half of our proper fiscal burdens? The pretext is so flimsy, that we wonder how any prime minister could find courage to state it in his place. This is avowedly not a tax which is to affect the working or pauper population: it does not wring the pence from the hands of the peasant. It spares all incomes under £150: and are we now to be deliberately told, when this impost is sought to be made permanent, that the lawyers, physicians, and tradesmen of Dublin are to be exempted from an assessment, occasioned by a general defalcation of the revenue, to the gross injury of their professional brethren who have the misfortune to reside in Edinburgh? But we go a great deal further than this. We say, that if exemption is to be given to the Irish landlords, a stronger case for the same immunity may be preferred in behalf of the landowners throughout the greater part of Scotland. The cruel suppression of the kelp manufacture has long ago reduced a vast portion of the population located in the Western Highlands and Islands to a state of pauperism. Poor-rates have been enormously increased; and

the failure of the potato-crop was felt in those districts at least as severely as in Ireland. Very scanty indeed was the relief doled out by government here, at the time when large supplies were forced into the turbulent island: the burden of maintaining the poor was thrown upon our proprietors; and their reward is to be an augmented income-tax of five per cent. whilst the Irish, as usual, are to go free! Really, when we consider this matter in its broad and open bearing, the injustice appears so enormous, that we can hardly bring ourselves to believe that it is seriously intended to perpetrate it. At all events our course is clear. There can be no party distinctions in such a matter as this. Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the policy of continuing the income-tax, there can be none as to the propriety of its just and equal distribution throughout the empire. The voice of Scotland must be heard upon this point, and loudly too, else our fragmentary representation is nothing more than a shadow and a dream. We trust that both the counties and the towns will bestir themselves to oppose this meditated act of spoliation: and by a ready and united resistance compel the ministry to remember that higher and weightier considerations than the command of some Irish votes are involved in a question so momentous and so vital to the whole community.

Indeed, if the income-tax is really to become permanent, it must be placed upon an entirely different basis, and undergo a thorough revision. It cannot be suffered to pass in that light and easy manner which Lord John Russell seems to contemplate. His former colleague, Mr Baring, feels this, and does not hesitate to say it. We quote from his remarks upon the subject:—"It might be very well in times of great difficulty, or in time of war, to do that under the pressing necessity of the circumstances, which they were prepared to justify solely on the grounds of such necessity, but which would not be justifiable without it. When, then, they proposed for two or three years to lay on an income-tax in time of war, they might not be very nice in seeing that the tax pressed

equally on all classes; but when they came to raise an income-tax of five per cent, and made it part of the permanent system of taxation, he thought they were bound to make it a more equable and fair tax than it was at present. He alluded to the different manner in which the tax pressed upon incomes derived from property, and from those which depended on the exertions of individuals. He did not think this tax, as it was at present imposed, could long stand the test of fair reasoning." It may be very well for the premier to state, with Whig glibness, that "we propose, therefore, to take the tax exactly as it has been imposed in late years—on the same principles on which it was proposed and defended by Mr Pitt, on the principles on which it was increased by Lord Grenville and Lord Lansdowne." He is utterly wrong. The present tax is, in its most important features, defensible upon no principle that ever was enunciated before; and he is mistaken if he supposes that the British nation will consider a permanent impost in the same light as one which was merely temporary. We maintain that the measure, as a whole, is in the highest degree dangerous and unconstitutional; but if we are compelled to submit to it as the product of wild and reckless experiment, it is absolutely necessary that it should be reconstructed in accordance to the dictates of justice. The late act was neither so framed nor administered. Upon what principle, we should like to know, is the English landed proprietor assessed upon a rental from which all parochial and other burdens are deducted, whilst in Scotland the landlord is charged upon the gross amount? The Englishman is entitled to deduction of poor, county, highway, church, and police rates; whilst the Scotchman is very coolly handed over to the tender mercies of the commissioners under schedule A, and assessed to the uttermost farthing! This is but one instance of the inequality which pervades the act of 1842; and although it might have been passed over without much notice in a scheme of taxation which was only to last for a limited time, it must not be suffered

to remain unaltered when a permanent burden is to be laid upon our aching shoulders. This country, far more than Ireland, stands in need of a national association to watch over and protect its interests.

We shall not venture to anticipate the reception of this most deplorable financial statement when it is fully brought before parliament. We fully agree with Mr Osborne, who said that, "had there been a regularly organised Opposition, such a statement would never have been made. In such a case, the fact of a minister under present circumstances calling for an increase in taxation, would have signed the death-warrant of his cabinet. The present ministry, he believed, would be the most unpopular and the most unfortunate who had ever sat within these walls." Hard language this certainly, when addressed to the prophets of unbounded prosperity following in the wake of free-trade, but not more hard than true. Commercial distress, unexampled bankruptcy, money at a minimum rate of eight per cent, ruined colonies, and a war-tax made permanent and augmented, have been the first-fruits of that glorious measure which was absolutely to swamp us with an inundation of unexampled riches! How much further, we may ask, is it proposed to carry the experiment? Are the navigation laws to be repealed by a ministry which acknowledges the necessity of increasing our armaments? Which interest is next to suffer?

"Who else must be let blood—who else is rank?"

What other reductions are to be made—what further filching from the customs effected, in order that, in another year or two, a fresh direct demand may be made upon an isolated class of the community? We have read over every part of Lord John Russell's financial statement with the utmost attention; and, fully satisfied as we are that the deficiency in the balance must be made good, we have arrived at the conclusion that the proposed measures are upon no account whatever justifiable. Are the Whigs sincere in their belief that the free-trade experiment will prosper? If they are, why do they seek

to make this income-tax permanent?—why do they ask for five years as the shortest nominal term? "Give us a fair time for the experiment!" shouts the free-trader whenever he is reminded of the utter failure of his scheme. But what is to be considered as a fair time? Are we to be taxed directly, and exorbitantly, for five years, in the hope that when these are over some ray of our former sunshine may revisit us? or are we to wait in patience, with a revenue yearly dwindling, until reciprocity shall arrive for the benefit of a future generation? The effects of the potato failure are now over, railway speculation has subsided, nothing stands in the way of free-trade to prevent us from participating in all its blessings. If the ministry have confidence in it, as they have over and over again professed to have, why do they seek more than the prolongation of the present tax for another year? They know why. In their hearts they are thoroughly aware, that they have been led astray by a phantom; or rather, that they have fostered a gross delusion for the mean purpose of obtaining power, and the tone which they are now compelled to assume sufficiently proves it. There is no vaunting this time—no gay and golden prophecy. All is black and dreary before them; and they are trembling at the account which they will be forced to render to the country. Weak in purpose, they have not the courage to confess their former folly; to own that they have been misled by the dangerous example of their predecessor; and that, by deserting the older financial system which regulated the affairs of this country, they are plunging the nation into unheard-of difficulties, and preparing for themselves an early, and certainly an inglorious fall.

Unhappy indeed is their position, for even the most discreditable section of their allies is upon the eve of desertion. Mr Cobden of course is frantic at the idea of the smallest addition to our armaments. He wants the country party to join with him in a crusade against the army and navy, and is kind enough to propose a coalition. There is very small chance of the gentlemen of England being found in any such dubious company. Betrayed

as they have been, they form not only a compact party, but they have high and patriotic principles from which nothing will induce them to swerve; and they can well afford to wait the time when the country, writhing under misgovernment, shall demand the restitution of those principles through which it rose to greatness, and by abandoning which, it has perilled its prosperity and its power. They have no aspirations after office, merely for its sake. Those who have left them, and deserted their early faith at the bidding of a shifty leader, may now, perhaps, be mourning their folly, when they see the precarious tenure of the Whigs, and the disgust which they are universally exciting. The time is rapidly approaching when the eyes of the people will be opened; and when, by deliberately contrasting their present deplorable state with the prosperity which they formerly enjoyed, they will arrive at the conclusion that they have grossly erred in giving any credence to the doctrines of fanatical demagogues, or in consenting to the schemes of their abettors. In patience, but in confidence, let us abide the time. No man knows better than Mr Cobden in which direction the popular opinion is likely to set. He has had his period for delusion, and it is now nearly over. He is pleased to state that it is impossible in any way to recur to our older system; that even if we should be convinced of the falsity of the move, it is in vain to retract it: that nothing remains but a general attack upon the existing institutions of the country. Such language is rather ominous of the sponge, but the moral of it is unmistakable. It is Fagin's system. Once get a boy to pick a pocket, and he must go on until his career terminates at the gallows. There can be no relapse to honesty. Such an idea, to

borrow Mr Cobden's own elegant phraseology, "is all sham and fudge!" Once let a woman lapse from virtue, and repentance becomes impossible; she must pursue her destiny till she lies in a garret or the hospital. These may be Mr Cobden's opinions, but they are not ours, and neither do we believe that they have received the sanction of the country. He seems at the present moment, to judge from the tone of his harangues, in the same state of excitement as the sailor, who, when the vessel is in danger, insists upon breaking open the spirit-room. He is determined to have free-trade for ever, let the experiment cost what it may.

One thing, however, is remarkable, and that is, that even Mr Cobden seems to have lost faith in the efficacy of his former nostrums. Neither at Manchester nor in the House of Commons does he attempt to explain the unaccountable absence of the vast benefits which he proposed to confer upon the nation. Probably he is wise in abstaining from any explanation which may draw attention to this subject. His attempt to get up a false alarm on the score of increased establishments, is not without adroitness, especially at the present time; but after all, it is a mere prolongation of his existence. He cannot hope to escape the penalty which is common to all false prophets—that of standing before his dupes in the character of a detected impostor.

However this matter may end, we have all a duty to perform. Those who think with us will do it fearlessly and frankly; without faction, but also without the compromise of a single principle. They will support the independence and the credit of the country from motives which Mr Cobden cannot understand, and which the leaders of the Whig party have not the courage or the manliness to avow.

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VOL. LXIII.

FALL OF THE THRONE OF THE BARRICADES.

"Deus patiens quia Æternus."—ST AUGUSTIN.

EIGHTEEN years ago, when the throne of Charles X. was overturned amidst the universal exultation of the liberal party in this country, we ventured, amidst the general transports, to arraign the policy and condemn the morality of the change. We pleaded strongly, in several articles,\* that that great event foreboded nothing but a long series of calamities to France and to Europe; that liberty had been rendered impossible in a country which, casting aside all the bonds of religion and loyalty, had left no other foundation for government but force, and that the external peace of the Continent would be put in imminent peril by an ardent military population, heated by the successful issue of one great revolt, placed in the midst of monarchies in which the feudal institutions and chivalrous feelings were still in ascendancy. We doubted the stability of a government founded on the success of one well-organised urban insurrection: we distrusted the fidelity of men who had begun their career by treachery and treason. Nominally the aggressor, we concluded that Charles X. was really on the defensive; he attempted a *coup d'état*, because government in any other way had become impossible. We were told in reply, that these were antiquated and exploded

ideas; that the revolution was necessary to save the liberties of France from destruction; that a new era had opened upon mankind with the fire of the Barricades; that loyalty was no longer required when the interest of mankind to be well governed was generally felt; and that a throne surrounded by republican institutions was the best form of government, and the only one in which the monarchical principle could any longer be tolerated in the enlightened states of modern Europe.

With how much vehemence these principles were maintained by the whole whig and liberal party in Great Britain, need be told to none who recollect the rise of the dynasty of the Barricades in the year 1830. To those who do not, ample evidence of the general delusion, and of the perseverance with which it was combated, will be found in the pages of the *Journal* for 1831 and 1832. Time has rolled on, and brought its wonted changes on its wings. More quickly than we anticipated, the perilous nature of the convulsion which had proved victorious was demonstrated—more clearly than we ventured to predict, was the necessity of Prince Polignac's ordinances demonstrated. It soon became apparent that France could be governed only by force.

The government of Louis Philippe



was a continual denial of its origin—an incessant effort to crush the spirit which had raised it. The repeated and sanguinary disorders in Paris; the two dreadful insurrections in Lyons; the awful drowning of the revolt of the cloister of St Méry in blood; demonstrated, before two years had elapsed, that the government had felt the necessity of extinguishing the visionary ideas which had been evoked, as the means of elevating itself into power. More than once it stood on the edge of the abyss; and it was saved only by the vigour of the sovereign, and the newly awakened terrors of the holders of property, which prevented them from openly coalescing with the determined republicans, who aimed at overturning all the institutions of society, and realising in the nineteenth century the visions of Robespierre and Babeuf in the eighteenth. In the course of this protracted struggle, the new government felt daily more and more the necessity of resting their authority on force, and detaching it from the anarchical doctrines, amidst the triumphs of which it had taken its rise. Paris was declared in a state of siege; the ordinances of Polignac were re-enacted with additional rigour; the military establishment of the country was doubled: its expenditure raised from nine hundred millions to fifteen hundred millions francs: an incessant and persevering war waged with the democratic press; and Paris surrounded by a chain of forts, which effectually prevented any other will from governing France but that of the military who were in possession of their batteries. Such was the result to the cause of freedom in France of the triumph of the Barricades.

But in eighteen years an entirely new generation rises to the active direction of affairs. In 1846, the personal experience, the well-founded fears, the sights of woe which had retained the strength of France round the standards of the Barricades, were forgotten. The fearful contests with anarchy by which the first years of the reign of Louis Philippe had

been marked, had passed into the page of history; that is, were become familiar to a tenth part only of the active population. To those who did learn it from this limited source, it was known chiefly from the volumes of A. Louis Blanc, who, in his "Ten years of the reign of Louis Philippe," painted that monarch in no other light but as one of the most deceitful and sanguinary tyrants who ever disgraced humanity. Thus the lessons of experience were lost to the vast majority of the active citizens. The necessity of keeping at peace, which Louis Philippe so strongly felt, and so energetically asserted, became in the course of years an insupportable restraint upon a people fraught with revolutionary ideas, and heated by the glowing recollections of the Empire. A nation containing six millions of separate landed proprietors,\* the great majority of whom were at the plough, and not possessed of six pounds a-year in the world, necessarily clutes against any power which imposes the restraints of order and peace—the appetite for plunder and the lust of conquest. This was the true secret of the fall of the dynasties of the Restoration and the Barricades. They fell because they kept the nation at peace with its neighbours, and at peace with itself,—because they terminated the dream of foreign conquest, and checked the visions of internal utopia; because they did not, like Napoleon, open the career of arms to every man in the country capable of carrying a musket: or, like Robespierre, pursue the supposed advantage of the working classes by the destruction of every interest above them in society. Had either Charles X. or Louis Philippe been foreign conquerors, and the state of Europe had permitted of their waging war with success, they would have lived and died on the throne of France, and left an honoured crown to their successors. There never were monarchs who mowed down the population and wasted the resources of France like Napoleon and Louis XIV.; but as long as they were successful, and kept open

\* 5,462,000 in 1836, which must be at least 6,000,000 in 1846.—*Statistique de la France*—(Agriculture, 84-89.)

the career of elevation to the people, they commanded their universal attachment. It was when they grew unfortunate, and could call them only to discharge the mournful duties of adversity, that they became the objects of universal execration. The revolution has ever been true to its polar star, viz.—worldly success.

In making these observations, we must guard against being misunderstood. We do not assert that the present leaders of the Revolution desire foreign war, or are insincere in the pacific professions which they have put forth in their public proclamations. We have no doubt that "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," is what they really desire; and that with England in particular they are sincerely desirous to remain, at present at least, on terms of amity. The early promoters of the Revolution of 1789—*Skyes, Bailly, Mirabeau, and Lafayette*—were equally loud and probably sincere in their pacific protestations at the outset of the first convulsion. What we assert is another proposition entirely corroborated by past history, and scarcely less important in its present application—viz., that the members of the existing Revolutionary Government are placed in a false position; that they have been elevated to power by the force of passion, and the spread of principles inconsistent with the existence of society, that if they continue to fan them, they will ruin their country, if they attempt to coerce them, they will be destroyed themselves. This is the constant and dreadful alternative in which a Revolutionary Government is placed, and which has so uniformly led in past history to what is called a departure from the principles of freedom by its successful leaders. It was this which brought Lafayette into such discredit in Paris, that his life was saved only by his fortunate confinement in an Austrian dungeon: it was this which rendered Mirabeau in the end a royalist, and for ever ruined him in popular favour: it was this which made Robespierre strive to restore the sway of natural religion in the infidel metropolis: it was this which gave Napoleon such a horror of the metaphysical "Ideologues," who, according to him, had ruined France, and rendered

him the resolute and unbending opponent of the Revolution. But even Napoleon's iron arm was unequal to the task of arresting the fiery coursoers of democracy: he only succeeded in maintaining internal tranquillity by giving them a *foreign* direction. He turned them not against the Tuilleries, but against the Kremlin; he preserved peace in France only by waging war in Europe. A "Napoleon of Peace" will never succeed in restraining the Revolution.

Observe the pledges with which the Provisional Government are commencing their career. They are, that the state is to provide employment for all who cannot procure it from private individuals; that an ample remuneration is to be secured to labour; that the right of combination to raise wages is to be protected by law; that the House of Peers is to be abolished, as well as all titles of honour, the bearing of which is to be absolutely prohibited; that a noble career to all Frenchmen is to be opened in the army; the national representation is to be placed on the most democratic basis of a National Assembly, elected by nine millions of electors; all burdens on subsistence are to be abolished; unlimited circulation is to be provided for newspapers and the extension of knowledge; but the taxes, in the mean time at least, are to undergo no diminution. These promises and pledges sufficiently demonstrate what interest in the state has now got the ascendancy. It is the interest, or rather *supposed* interest, of labour, in opposition to that of capital—of numbers against property.

The Revolution that has taken place is a communist or socialist triumph; the chiefs who have been installed in power are the leaders of the party who think that the grand evil of civilisation is the encroachment of the profit of capital on the wages of labour, and that the only effectual remedy for them is to be found in the forcible diminution of the former and extension of the latter.

The doctrine of this party in France has long been, that Robespierre perished because he did not venture to pronounce the word, *agrarian law*. It would be to little purpose to pronounce that word now, when the Republic has got nearly six millions of separate

proprietors, most of them not worth six pounds a-year each. There is little but sturdy resistance to be got by attempting to spoliolate this immense and indigent body, as they have spoliolated the old territorial proprietors. But the capitalists and shopkeepers of towns stand in a different situation. In their hands, since the fall of Napoleon, very considerable wealth has accumulated. The peace and order maintained by the governments of the Restoration and the Barricades, though fatal to themselves, has been eminently favourable to the growth of bourgeois opulence. It is against that opulence that the recent Revolution was directed. The shopkeepers, deluded to their own destruction, began the insurrection: they surrounded and compelled the abandonment of the Tuileries. All successful convulsions are headed, in the first instance at least, by a portion of the higher or middle ranks. But they were soon passed by the rabble who followed their armed columns: and when the tumultuous mob broke into the Chamber of Deputies, fired at the picture of Louis Philippe, and pointed their muskets at the head of the Duchess of Orleans, it was too late to talk of Thiers and Odillon Barrot; the cause of reform was already passed by that of Revolution; and nothing could serve the victorious and highly excited multitude, but the abolition of monarchy, peers, and titles of honour, and the vesting of government in the hands of dreamers on equality, and leaders of Trades' Unions in France.

Let the National Guard, who brought about the Revolution, and seduced or overcame the loyalty of the troops of the line, explain, if they can, the benefit they are likely to derive from this triumph of Socialism over Bourgeoisie, of labour over capital, of numbers over property. The Revolution was the work of their hands, and they must reap its fruits, as unquestionably they will bear its responsibility. It is of more importance for us in this country to inquire how the promises made by government, and the expectations formed by the people, are to be realised in the present social and political state of France. Already, before the *Jo. Poems* upon the fall of the

Orleans dynasty have ceased, the difficulties of the new government in this respect have proclaimed themselves. Columns of *ten and fifteen* thousand workmen daily wait on the administration to insist on the immediate recognition of the rights of labour: their demands were promptly acceded to by the decree of 3d March, which fixes the hours of labour in Paris at *ten* hours a-day, and in the provinces at *eleven* hours. They were formerly eleven hours in Paris and twelve in the provinces. This is quite intelligible: it is reasonable that the Civil Prætorian Guards of the capital should work less than the serfs of the provinces. Cutting off an hour's labour over a whole country would be deemed a pretty serious matter in "l'industriouse Angleterre:" but on the other side of the Channel, we suppose, it is a mere bagatelle, important chiefly as showing from what quarter the wind sets. Other prognostics of coming events are already visible. Monster meetings of operatives and workmen in and around Paris continue to be held in the Champs de Mars, to take the interests and rights of labour into consideration: it is probable that they will still further reduce the hours of toil, and proportionately raise its wages. Already the stone-cutters have insisted on a minimum of pay and maximum of work, and got it. Eight hours a-day, and ten sous an hour, is their ultimatum. The journalists early clamoured for the immediate removal of all duties affecting them. They succeeded in shaking off their burdens; other classes will not be slow in following their example. Meanwhile government is burdened, as in the worst days of the first Revolution, with the maintenance of an immense body of citizens with arms in their hands, and very little bread to put into their mouths. How to feed this immense body, with resources conditionally failing, from the terrors of capital, the flight of the English from Paris, and the diminished expenditure of all the wealthier classes, would, according to the former maxims of government, have been deemed a matter of no small difficulty. But we suppose the regenerators of society

have discovered some method of arriving, with railway speed, at public opulence amidst private suffering.

The melancholy progress of the first Revolution has naturally made numbers of persons, not intimately acquainted with its events, apprehensive of the immediate return of the Reign of Terror and the restoration of the guillotine into its terrible and irresistible sovereignty in France. Without disputing that there is much danger in the present excited and disjointed state of the population of that country, there are several reasons which induce us to believe that such an event is not very probable, at least in the *first instance*, and that it is from a different quarter that the real danger that now threatens France is, in the outset at least, to be apprehended.

In the first place, although the Reign of Terror is over, and few indeed of the actual witnesses are still in existence, yet the recollection of it will never pass away: it has affixed a stain to the cause of revolution which will never be effaced, but which its subsequent leaders are most anxious to be freed from. Its numerous tragic scenes—its frightful atrocity—its heroic suffering, have indelibly sunk into the minds of men. To the end of the world, they will interest and melt every succeeding age. The young will ever find them the most engrossing and attractive theme,—the middle-aged, the most important subject of reflection,—the old, the most delightful means of renewing the emotions of youth. History is never weary of recording its bloody catastrophes,—romance has already arrayed them with the colours of poetry,—the drama will ere long seize upon them as the finest subjects that human events have ever furnished for the awakening of tragic emotion. They will be as immortal in story as the heroes of the *Iliad*, the woes of the *Atrides*, the catastrophe of *Edipus*, the death of *Queen Mary*. So strongly have these fascinating tragedies riveted the attention of mankind, that nothing has ever created so powerful a moral barrier against the encroachments of democracy. The royal, like the Christian martyrs, have lighted a fire which, by the grace

of God, will never be extinguished. So strongly are the popular leaders in every country impressed with the moral effects of these catastrophes, that their first efforts are always now directed to clear every successive convulsion of their damning influence. Guizot and Lafayette, at the hazard of their lives, in December 1830, saved Prince Polignac and M. Peyronnet from the guillotine; and the first act of the Provisional Government of France in 1848, to their honour be it said, was to proclaim the abolition of the punishment of death for political offences, in order to save, as they intended, M. Guizot himself.

In the next place, the bloodshed and confiscation of the first Revolution have, as subsequent writers have repeatedly demonstrated, so completely extinguished the elements of national resistance in France, that the dangers which threatened its progress and ensanguined its steps no longer exist. It was no easy matter to overturn the monarchy and church of old France. It was interwoven with the noblest, because the most disinterested feelings of our nature,—it touched the chords of religion and loyalty,—it was supported by historic names, and the lustre of ancient descent,—it rested on the strongest and most dignified attachments of modern times. The overthrow of such a fabric, like the destruction of the monarchy of Great Britain at this time, could not be effected but by the shedding of torrents of blood. Despite the irresolution of the king, the defection of the army, the conquest of the capital, and the emigration of the noblesse, accordingly, a most desperate resistance arose in the provinces; and the revolution was consolidated only by the *mitrillades* of Lyons and Toulon, the *noyades* of the Loire, the proscriptions of the Convention, the blood of La Vendée. France was not then enslaved by its capital. But now these elements of resistance to the government of the dominant multitude at Paris no longer exist. The nobles have been destroyed and their estates confiscated; the clergy are reduced to humble stipendiaries, not superior in station or influence to village schoolmasters; the corporations of towns are dissolved; the house of peers has

degenerated into a body of well-dressed and titled employés. Six millions of separate landed proprietors, without leaders, wealth, information, or influence, have seized upon and now cultivate the soil of France. Power is, over the whole realm, synonymous with office. Every appointment in the kingdom flows from Paris. In these circumstances, how is it possible that resistance to the decrees of the sovereign power, in possession of the armed force of the capital, the treasury, the telegraph, and the post-office, can arise in France elsewhere than in the capital? Civil war, therefore, on an extended scale over the country, is improbable; and the victorious leaders of the Revolution, delivered from immediate apprehension, save in their own metropolis, of domestic danger, have no motive for shocking the feelings of mankind, and endangering their relations with foreign powers, by needless and unnecessary deeds of cruelty. It was during the struggle with the patri-cians that the proscriptions of Sylla and Marius deluged Italy with blood. After they were destroyed, by mutual slaughter and the denunciations of the Triumvirate, though there was often the greatest possible tyranny and oppression under the emperors, there was none of the wholesale destruction of life which disgraced the republic, when the rival factions fronted each other in yet undiminished strength.

Although, however, for these reasons, we do not anticipate, at least at present, those sanguinary proscriptions which have for ever rendered infamous the first Revolution, yet we fear there is reason to apprehend changes not less destructive in their tendency, misery still more widespread in its effects, destined, perhaps, to terminate at last in bloodshed not less universal. Men have discovered that they are not mere beasts of prey: they cannot live on flesh and blood. But they have learned also that they can live very well on capital and property: and it is against these, in consequence, that the present Revolution will be directed. They will not be openly admitted: direct confiscations of possessions have fallen almost as much

into disrepute as the shedding torrents of blood on the scaffold. The thing will be done more covertly, but not the less effectually. They will take a leaf out of the former private lives of the Italians, and the recent public history of Great Britain. We have shown them that, under cover of a cry for the emancipation of slaves, property to the amount of one hundred and twenty millions can be quietly and securely destroyed in the colonies; that, veiled under the disguise of placing the currency on a secure basis, a third can be added to all the debts, and as much taken from the remuneration of every species of industry, throughout the country. These are great discoveries, they are the glory of modern civilisation: they have secured the support of the whole liberal party in Great Britain. The objects of the French Revolutionists are wholly different, but the mode of proceeding will be the same. The stiletto and the poison bowl have gone out of fashion: they are discarded as the rude invention of a barbarous age. The civilised Italians have taught us how to do the thing. Slow and unseen poison is the real secret; there are Lucretia Borgia's in the political not less than the physical world. The great thing is to secure the support of the masses by loud professions of philanthropy, and the warmest expressions of an interest in the improvement of mankind; and having roused them to action, and paralysed the defenders of the existing order of things by these means, then to turn the united force of the nation to their own purposes, and the placing of the whole wealth of the state at their disposal. Thus the ends of Revolution are gained without its leaders being disgraced: the substantial advantages of a transfer of property are enjoyed without a moral reaction being raised up against it. Fortunes are made by some, without a direct spoliation of others being perceived: multitudes are involved in misery, but then they do not know to what cause their distresses are owing, nor is any peculiar obloquy brought upon the real authors of the public calamities.

We do not say that the present Provisional Government of France are

actuated by these motives, any more than we say that our negro emancipators or bullionists and free-traders meant, in pursuing the system which they have adopted, to occasion the wholesale and ruinous destruction of property which their measures have occasioned. We consider both the one and the other as *political fanatics*; men inaccessible to reason, insensible to experience; who pursue certain visionary theories of their own, wholly regardless of the devastation they produce in society, or the misery they occasion in whole classes of the state. "Perish the colonies," said Robespierre, "rather than one iota of principle be abandoned." That is the essence of political fanaticism: it rages at present with equal violence on both sides of the Channel. The present Provisional Government of France are some of them able and eloquent—all of them, we believe, well-meaning and sincere men. But they set out with discarding the lessons of experience, their principle is an entire negation of all former systems of government. They think a new era has opened in human affairs: that the first Revolution has destroyed the former method of directing mankind, and the present has ushered in the novel one. They see no bounds to the spread of human felicity, by the adoption of a social system different from any which has yet obtained among men. They have adopted the ideas of Robespierre without his blood,—the visions of Rousseau without his profligacy.

The writings of Lamartine and Louis Blanc clearly reveal these principles, particularly the "*Histoire des Girondins*" of the former, and the "*Dix Ans de l'Histoire de Louis Philippe*" of the latter. Lamartine says the Girondins fell because they did not, on the 10th August 1792, when the throne was overturned, instantly proclaim a republic, and go frankly and sincerely into the democratic system. If he himself falls, it will not be from a repetition of the error; he has done what they left undone. We shall see the result. Experience will prove whether, by discarding all former institutions, we

have cast off at the same time the slough of corruption which has descended to all from our first parents. We shall see whether the effects of the fall can be shaken off by changing the institutions of society; whether the devil cannot find as many agents among the Socialists as the Jacobins; whether he cannot mount on the shoulders of Lamartine and Arago as well as he did on those of Robespierre and Marat. In the meantime, while we are the spectators of this great experiment, we request the attention of our readers to the following interesting particulars regarding the acts of the new government, the professions they have made, the expectations which are formed of them.

One of the most popular journals of the working classes of Paris—that is, the present rulers of France—the *Democratic Pacifique*, has adopted the following mottoes:—

"The Revolution of 1789 has destroyed the old Regime; that of 1848 should establish the new one."

"Social reform is the end, as Republic is the means; all the Socialists are *Republicans*, all the *Republicans* are *Socialists*."

The methods by which the plans of the Socialists are to be worked out, are in the same journal declared to be as follows:—

#### "PROGRAMME OF THE PEOPLE"

"A man with a heart,—a man greatly loved by the working classes, has lent his hand to the formation of a programme dictated by the popular will. The ideas on which it rests, treated as utopian yesterday, have no need to be discussed to-day. The last Revolution is an explosion of light which has dissipated the darkness. The Socialist ideas raised at yesterday, accepted to-day, will be realised to-morrow. Its principles are,—

"I. *The rights of labour*.—It is the duty of the state to furnish employment, and if necessary a *minimum* of wages, to all the members of society whom private industry does not employ.

"II. *House of refuge* for industry.

"III. Despotism must be for ever disarmed by the transformation of the army into *industrial regiments*, (or *regiments industriels*), suited alike to the defence of the territory and the execution of the great works of the Republic.

"IV. Public education, equal, gratuitous, and obligatory upon all.

"V. Savings' banks (caisses d'épargne) which keep capital dead, shall be civified by labour: the people who produce all riches can afford to be their own bankers.

"VI. A universal reform of law courts, juries every where.

"VII. Absolute freedom of communications of thought.

"VIII. A progressive scale of taxation.

"IX. A progressional tax on machinery employed in industry.

"X. An effectual guarantee for a fair division of profits between the capitalists and the workmen.

"XI. A tax on luxury.

"XII. Universal suffrage.

"XIII. A national assembly.

"XIV. Annual elections by all.

"Vive la République !

Gardons nos armes ! " \*

To carry out these principles, they propose a general centralisation of all undertakings in the hands of government, to be brought under the direct control of a simple majority of universal suffrage electors. In the same journal we find the following proposals:—

**"ABSORPTION OF RAILWAYS BY THE STATE.**

"Let us reproduce to-day, with the certainty of being heard by the country, the wishes which the *Democratique Pacifique* has announced every morning since its origin, seventeen years ago.

"I. All railways, roads, canals, and public ways, by which the life of France circulates, to be absorbed by the state.

"II. The state should undertake all stage-coaches, carriers, waggons, and means of conveyance or transport, of every description.

"III. All joint-stock banks should be absorbed by the state—(A l'état les banques confédérées.)

"IV. All insurance companies, mines, and salt-works, to be undertaken by the state.

"V. No more forestalling, accumulating, regrating, or anarchical competition. Feudal industry is pierced to the heart; let us not allow it to raise itself from the dust." †

Such are the proposals to be found in a single journal which represents the ideas that are now fermenting in the mind of France.

These propositions will probably

"donnent à penser," as the French say, to most of our readers. Some of them will perhaps be of opinion that our lively neighbours are getting on at railway speed in the regeneration of society. We recommend their projects to the consideration of the numerous holders of French railway and other stock, in the British islands. They will doubtless get good round sums for their claims of damages against the French government, when it has absorbed all the joint-stock companies of the country!—the more so when it is recollected, 1st, That the damages will be assessed by juries elected by universal suffrage. 2d, That they will be paid by a government appointed by an assembly elected in the same way. We are not surprised, when such ideas are afloat in the ruling and irresistible workmen of Paris, who have just overturned Louis Philippe, at the head of one hundred thousand men, that the French funds have fallen *thirty-five per cent* in these few days, and railway and other stock in a still greater proportion. The Paris 3 per cents are now (March 18) at 50; the 5 per cents at 72 !

Nor let it be said these ideas are the mere dreams of enthusiasts, which never can be carried into practice by any government. These enthusiasts are now the ruling power in the state; their doctrines are those which will quickly be carried into execution by the liberal and enlightened masses, invested by universal suffrage with supreme dominion in the Republic. Most assuredly they will carry their ideas into execution: the seed which the liberal writers of France have been sowing for the last thirty years, will bring forth its appropriate fruits. What power, is to prevent the adoption of these popular and highly lauded "improvements," after the government of Louis Philippe and Guizot has been overturned by their announcement? These persons stood as the barrier between France and the "social revolution" with which it was menaced: when they were destroyed, all means of resisting it are

\* *Democratique Pacifique*, 1st March, 1848, p. 1.

† *Ibid*.

at an end, and the friends of humanity must trust to prevent its extension to other states, mainly to the reaction arising from its experienced effects in the land of its birth.

Already there appears, not merely in the language of the popular journals, but in the official acts of the Provisional Government, decisive evidence that the *socialist ideas* are about to be carried into execution by the supreme authority in France. On March 1st, there appeared the following decree of the Provisional Government:—

“The Provisional Government, considering that the revolution made by the people should be made for them:

“That it is time to put an end to the long and iniquitous sufferings of the working classes:

“That the question of labour is one of supreme importance:

“That there can be no higher or more dignified preoccupation of the Republic than Government:

“That it becomes France to study ardently, and to solve, a problem which now occupies all the states of Europe:

“That it is indispensable, without a moment's delay, to guarantee to the people the fruits of their labours:

“The Provisional Government has decreed,—

“That a permanent commission shall be formed, which shall be entitled, ‘The Commission of Government for the Labourers,’ and charged, in a peculiar and especial manner, with their lot.

“To show the importance which government attaches to this commission, it names one of its members, M. Louis Blanc, president of the commission, and for vice-president, another of its members, M. Albret, mechanical workman.

“Workmen are invited to form part of the commission.

“It shall hold its sittings in the palace of the Luxembourg.

“LOUIS BLANC.

“ARMAND MARRAST.

“GARNIER PAGES.”

How is the Provisional Government to find funds for the enormous multitudes who will thus be thrown upon them, or to satisfy the boundless expectations thus formed of them, and which their own acts have done so much to cherish? Already the want of money has been experienced.

Nearly all the banks of Paris have failed; the savings' banks have been virtually confiscated, by the depositors being paid only a tenth in specie, and the Bank of France has suspended cash payments. The government has got into an altercation with a class of the highest importance, under existing circumstances, which is striving to liberate itself from the imposts which are more immediately felt by it. So early as March 2d, the journalists claimed an exemption from the stamp duties on the public journals; and on the government hesitating to comply with their requests, they loudly demand the dismissal of M. Cremieux, the new minister of justice. The *Democratique Pacifique* of March 2d, observes—

“The greatest danger of our situation is, not that which comes from without, but that which comes from within. The most imminent danger would be the slightest doubt on the intentions of government, the least retrograde step in the presence of events. That disquietude, we are bound to admit, already exists in the minds of many—distrust is the precursor of revolutions.

“The government has had under its eyes the conduct of the people. Let it imitate it. Energy, constant energy, is the only way to do good. The people have proved it. It is by energy alone that the prolongation of struggles is prevented—the effusion of blood arrested—dangerous reactions averted.

“Forward, and Force to power! Such is the double cry of the Republic.

“The Chamber of Deputies and of Peers must not only be interdicted from meeting; like royalty, they must be abolished.

“M. Cremieux, the minister of justice, has forgotten his principles. He is not prepared for the part he has to perform. He blindly yields to old attachments and prejudices. At the moment when the most absolute liberty of the press, the most rapid and ceaseless emission of ideas, is the sole condition of the public safety—at the moment when we are in the midst of a chaos from whence we cannot escape if light does not guide our steps—at that moment M. Cremieux proposes to extinguish it—he proposes this, a retrograde step, to the minister of finance—the re-establishment of the stamps on journals.

“A revolution of yesterday cannot be thus braved.



"These gentlemen wish a republic surrounded by republican institutions.

*"The people have not yet laid down their arms."*

The government, after having made a show of resistance, yielded to their masters. The duties on journals were abolished, and absolute freedom given to the pouring of the rankest political poisons into the mind of France.

It is easy to see, with a government resting on such a basis, where the first practical difficulty will be found. Embarrassment of finance is the rock on which it will inevitably split: the more certain that it has been preceded by a huge deficit created by the former government; the more galling that it will be accompanied by the flight or hoarding of capital from the measures of the present one. Capitalists are universally alarmed over the whole country. A monetary crisis, as is the case with all successful revolutions, and that too of the severest kind, has ensued. M. Gouin's bank, the same which formerly bore the name of Laffitte, has failed under liabilities to the extent of three millions. Nearly all the other banking establishments of Paris have already followed the example. The payment of all bills, was, by government, postponed for three weeks, from February 24: a further extension of the time of payment for a month after March 20, has been petitioned for by *eight hundred of the first bankers and merchants in Paris*. This amounts to a declaration of a general public and private insolvency. Overwhelmed by the difficulties of his situation, the first minister of finance has resigned; the second, M. Garnier Pages, has published a financial account, which exhibits so deplorable a state of the finances, that it may almost be said to amount to an admission of national bankruptcy. Despite all the efforts made to uphold them, the French three per cents, on this publication, fell to forty-seven. The terrors of the holders of stock are extreme.

An able eye-witness gives the following account of the state of Paris, amidst this terrible social and financial crisis.—

"I have seen daily and intimately persons of all parties; Legitimists, Conservateurs, or adherents of the late government—adherents of the Molé Ministry of half-an-hour—adherents of the Barrot Ministry, equally short-lived—friends and intimates of members of the Provisional Government. I can most truly and distinctly affirm, that I saw and heard nothing from any of them but alarm and consternation; mingled with the strongest condemnation of the two conflicting parties whose obstinacy had brought about a collision which every body had feared, though no one's fears had come within the widest range of the reality. I heard only expressions of the conviction that the present order of things could not last; that, in spite of the heroic efforts, the excellent intentions, and the acknowledged talents of several members of the government, it had undertaken to construct an edifice which must fall and crush them under its ruins; that it was now forced by tear upon promises, and would be forced upon acts utterly inconsistent with the stability of any government whatever. In short, the profoundest anxiety and alarm sit at the heart of the educated classes of France, of whatever party—and, not the least, of those who have undertaken the awful task of ruling her. Of that you may be fully assured.

"English Liberals will perhaps say 'This we expected; but the people?' Well, I must affirm that, if by 'people' they mean the industrious, quiet working-classes, the real basis of society, the object of the respect and solicitude of all enlightened rulers—if they mean these men, the alarm and consternation are greater among them than in the higher classes, in proportion to the slenderness of the resources they have to fall back upon; in many cases this amounts to a sort of blank despair. The more clear-sighted among them see the terrible chances that await them; they see capital leaving the country, confidence destroyed, and employment suddenly suspended or withdrawn, to an extent never seen before.

"Let me mention a few small but significant facts:—

"My locksmith told me he had always employed four men; he has discharged three. An English pastry-cook, who has constantly employed fifteen journeymen, was about to discharge nearly all. Every body is turning away servants, especially men, as the more expensive. I was told that good carriage-horses had been sold for five hundred francs each. A vast number of houses are becoming tenant-

loss; the removal of the English alone would make a visible change in this respect. And what, think you, are the feelings of all the tribe of water-carriers, washerwomen, and the humble dependents for existence on these houses? Nothing, during the three days, seemed to be more affecting and alarming than the sight of these humblest ministrants to the prime wants of life rushing from door to door, even in the quietest streets, to get their hard labour accomplished in safety. Our porteur d'eau was every morning our earliest informant of the events of the night, and I was struck with the good sense and clearness of his views. '*Ces messieurs parlent d'égalité*,' he said: '*c'est ce qu'ils veulent se faire porteurs d'eau? C'est absurde—ce sont des mensonges.*' ('These gentlemen talk of equality: will they turn water-carriers? It is absurd—these are lies.') '*Ils vont nous ruiner tous.*' ('They are going to ruin us all.') These last words I heard frequently repeated by persons of the working classes. A poor commissioner, who, for high pay, and through long *détours*, conveyed a letter for me on the 23d, came in looking aghast. '*Nous voilà sans maître.*' ('Here we are without a master,') said he. '*Bon Dieu! qu'est ce que nous allons devenir!*' ('Good God! what will become of us?') '*Un pays sans maître, ce n'est plus un pays.*' ('A country without a master is no longer a country.') '*Nous allons retomber dans la barbarie.*' ('We shall fall back into barbarism.') This, indeed, was so soon felt by all, that masses were appointed. But has that restored the feeling of reverence for authority, or of confidence in those who wield it, indispensable to civil society?

"I heard with astonishment English people on the road saying, 'Oh, all is quiet now.' 'All is going on very well now.' From no Frenchman have I heard this superficial view of the case. Paris is indeed quiet enough, but it is the quiet of exhaustion, fear, distrust, and dejection. The absolute silence of the streets at night was awful. But a few nights before the 22d, I had complained of the incessant roll of carriages during this season of balls. From the night of the 26th to the 3d of March, the most retired village could not have been more utterly noiseless. Not a carriage—not a foot-fall—except at intervals the steady and silent step of the patrol of the National Guard, listened for as the sole guarantee for safety. 'Every man,' said a grocer, wearing the uniform of the Guard, to me in his shop, 'must now defend his own. We have no protectors but ourselves; no police, no army.'"—*Times*, March 8, 1848.

These are sufficiently alarming

features in the political and social condition of any country: but they become doubly so, when it is recollected that they coexist with unbounded expectations formed in the labouring masses, in whom supreme power is now both practically and theoretically vested. 'The Revolution has been the triumph of the workmen over the employers, of the "*prolétaires*" over the "*bourgeois*," of labour over capital. How such a triumph is to eventuate with a vehement and indigent population, impelling the government on in the career of revolution, and capital daily leaving the country or hiding itself from the dread of the acts of a government about to be appointed by *nine millions of electors*, is a question on which it well becomes all the holders of property, in whatever rank, seriously to reflect in this country.

Some idea of the extravagance and universality of their expectations may be formed from the following passage in the description of a still later eye-witness:—

"Paris is to all appearance tranquil; but there is much agitation that does not show itself outwardly. *The workmen of all trades are intent on legislation which shall secure more wages for less toil.* They beset the Luxembourg with processions, and fill the Chamber of Peers with deputations. 'Louis Blanc has discovered that to organise labour in a pamphlet and put the theory into practice are two very different things. The walls are covered with the manifestoes of the several branches of occupation; every day sees a new crop; they reveal the existence of dissensions among the workmen themselves, though they are all based on nearly the same principles; the seven-hooped pot is to have ten hoops, and it is to be felony to drink small-beer. The *cochers* have secured a tariff, with an advance of wages; the tailors are demanding the same; the 'cheap' establishments are in despair, for they supply classes that cannot buy at higher prices. An anxious employer placed the difficulty before some of the men; the only answer recorded was the comforting assurance that every body will be able to pay five pounds for his coat 'as soon as society is regenerated!' What is to be said of such magnificence of hope? A *citoyen* coatmaker can only shrug his shoulders and wait for the end. One step has been taken that seems likely to lead to it—the Commission has opened a *registre* of all

employments, and all seeking to be employed, in Paris. Not till the stern truth is revealed by figures will the full difficulty be known, and some estimate formed of what a government can not do. All the edicts that can be forced from it by the pressure\* of the hour will break down under the weight of necessity, as they always have done.

"Parallel with this agitation, which is material, runs another, which is philosophical. The republic is not perfect enough, and some vile distinctions still exist, irritating to the eye of equality. The government is petitioned to abolish all marks of honour for civilians; the names of distinguished citizens can be recorded in a golden book, a *livre d'or* of the Republic, as the recompense of great services; but no cross or riband is to be worn. Equality *devant la mort* is also insisted on; the same place in the cemetery and the same bier for all are to

render the grave in appearance, as in reality, the great leveller. This proscription of the poor vanities of life and death is made a serious object by some of the active spirits of the time, as if there were any real importance in them."—*Times*, March 13th, 1848.

If, with material resources continually and rapidly diminishing, capital leaving the country, employment failing, bankruptcies general, the expenditure of the opulent at an end, the finances of the State in hopeless embarrassment, the French Government can satisfy these extravagant wants and expectations without plunging in a foreign war, they will achieve what has never yet been accomplished by man.

Who is answerable for this calamitous Revolution, which has thus

\* The present state of the finances of France is thus explained by the Finance Minister :—

"On the 1st of January 1841, the capital of the public debt, the government stock belonging to the sinking fund being deducted, was 4,267,315,402 francs. On the 1st of January 1848, it amounted to 5,179,644,730 francs. Far from taking advantage of so long a peace to reduce the amount of the debt, the last administration augmented it in those enormous proportions,—912,329,328 francs in seven years.

#### " BUDGETS.

"The budgets followed the progression of the debt.

"Those of 1829 to 1830 amount to 1,014,014,000 francs. The entire of the credits placed at the disposal of the fallen government to the year 1847 amounts to 1,712,979,639f. 62c. Notwithstanding the successive increase of the receipts, the budgets presented each year a considerable deficit. The expenses from 1840 to 1847 inclusively, exceeded the receipts by 604,525,000 francs. The deficit calculated for the year 1848 is 48,000,000 francs, without counting the additional chapter of supplementary and extraordinary credits, which will raise the total amount of the budgets to the charge of the last administration to 652,525,000 francs.

#### " PUBLIC WORKS.

"The public works heedlessly undertaken simultaneously, at all points of the territory, to satisfy or to encourage electoral corruption, and not with that reserve which prudence so imperiously commanded, have raised the credits to 1,081,000,000 francs. From this sum are to be deducted the sums reimbursed by the companies, amounting to 160,000,000 francs; the last loan, 82,000,000 francs, making together 242,000,000 francs, and leaving a balance of 839,000,000 francs. Out of this sum, 435,000,000 francs has been expended out of the resources of the floating debt, and 404,000,000 francs still remain to be expended on the completion of the works.

#### " FLOATING DEBT.

"The floating debt increased in proportions not less considerable. At the commencement of 1831 it reached an amount of about 250,000,000 francs. At the date of the 20th of February last it exceeded 670,000,000 francs, to which is to be added the government stock belonging to the savings' banks, 202,000,000 francs, making altogether 872,000,000 francs. Under such a system the position of the central office of the Treasury could not often be brilliant. During the two hundred and sixty-eight last days of its existence, the fallen government expended more than 294,800,000 francs beyond its ordinary resources, or 1,100,000 francs per day."—*Report of Finance Minister*, March 9, 1848.

arrested the internal prosperity of France, involved its finances in apparently hopeless embarrassment, thrown back for probably half a century the progress of real freedom in that country, and perhaps consigned it to a series of internal convulsions, and Europe to the horrors of general war, for a very long period? We answer without hesitation that the responsibility rests with two parties, and two parties only—the King and the National Guard.

The King is most of all to blame, for having engaged in a conflict, and, when victory was within his grasp, allowing it to slip from his hands from want of resolution at the decisive moment. It is too soon after these great and astonishing events to be able to form a decided opinion on the whole details connected with them; but the concurring statements from all parties go to prove that on the first day the troops of the line were perfectly steady; and history will record that the heroic firmness of the Municipal Guard has rivalled all that is most honourable in French history. The military force was immense; not less than eighty thousand men, backed by strong forts, and amply provided with all the muniments of war. Their success on the first day was unbroken: they had carried above a hundred barricades, and were in possession of all the military positions of the capital. But at this moment the indecision of the King ruined every thing. Age seems to have extinguished the vigour for which he was once so celebrated. He shrunk from a contest with the insurgents, paralysed the troops by orders not to fire on the people, and openly receded before the insurgent populace, by abandoning Guizot and the firm policy which he himself had adopted, and striving to conciliate revolution by the *mezzo termine* of Count Molé, and a more liberal cabinet. It is with retreat in presence of an insurrection, as in the case of an invading army; the first move towards the rear is a certain step to ruin. The moment it was seen that the King was giving way, all was paralysed, because all foresaw to which side the victory would incline. The soldiers threw away their muskets, the officers broke

their swords, and the vast array, equal to the army which fought at Austerlitz, was dissolved like a rope of sand. Louis Philippe fell without either the intrepidity of the royal martyr in 1793, or the dignity of the elder house of Bourbon in 1830; and if it be true, as is generally said, that the Queen urged the King to mount on horseback and die “*en roi*” in front of the Tuileries, and he declined, preferring to escape in disguise to this country, history must record, with shame, that royalty perished in France without the virtues it was entitled to expect in the meanest of its supporters.

The second cause which appears to have occasioned the overthrow of the monarchy in France, is the general, it may be said universal, defection of the National Guard. It had been openly announced that twenty thousand of that body were to line the Champs Elysées in their uniform on occasion of the banquet; it was perfectly known that that banquet was a mere pretext for getting the forces of this Revolution together; and that the intention of the conspirators was to march in a body to the Tuileries after it was over, and compel the King to accede to their demands. When they were called out in the afternoon, they declined to act against the people, and by their treachery occasioned the defection of the troops of the line, and rendered farther resistance hopeless. They expected, by this declaration against the King of their choice, the monarch of the barricades, to secure a larger share in the government for themselves. They went to the Chamber of Deputies, intending to put up the Duchess of Orleans as Regent, and the Count of Paris as King, and to procure a large measure of reform for the constitution. What was the result? Why, that they were speedily supplanted by the rabble who, following in their footsteps, and who, deriding the eloquence of Odillon Barrot, and insensible to the heroism of the Duchess of Orleans, by force and violence expelled the majority of the deputies from their seats, seized on the President's chair, and, amidst an unparalleled scene of riot and confusion, subverted the Orleans dynasty, proclaimed a Re-

public, and adjourned to the Hotel de Ville to name a Provisional Government! The account given of this whole revolt by an eye-witness, which has appeared in the *Times*, is so instructive, that we make no apology for transferring it to our columns:—

"On the afternoon of Wednesday, Feb. 23, Paris was greatly agitated, but no severe fighting had taken place; a few barricades had been raised and retaken by the troops; the plans of the government were complete—Marshal Bugeaud had been named to the command of the forces in Paris, and M. Guizot informed the King that he was confident that the Executive Government could put down the insurrection. The royal answer was—a dismissal. The King dismissed M. Guizot, and dissolved the Cabinet at that momentous instant, when all the energies of united power were required to fight in the streets a battle which it had itself deliberately provoked.

"Still, however, the mischief might yet have been repaired if vigorous measures had been taken. But, from that hour, nothing but the most extraordinary blunders and pusillanimity marked the conduct of the Court. Count Molé was sent for, and the evening of Wednesday passed in attempts, or no attempts, we hardly know which, on his part to form a semi-Liberal Cabinet. In the city, the fall of the Guizot ministry was hailed with acclamation and illumination, as the first sign of popular victory; and at that same critical juncture the fatal discharge of musketry took place opposite the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, which stained the pavement with blood, and inflamed the people to a revolutionary pitch. The night was spent in preparation for a more terrible morrow; but as yet the army had neither fraternised nor laid down its weapons. It was, on the contrary, for the most part prepared to act; but a circumstance occurred at Court which totally paralysed its resistance.

"After Count Molé's failure, the King sent for M. Thiers. That gentleman may be said to have actually formed a Cabinet in conjunction with M. Odillon Barrot and M. Duvergier de Hauranne, for they instantly proceeded to the discharge of the highest possible duty which could devolve on ministerial responsibility. The one act of their government was the publication of that inconceivable proclamation, stating that no further resistance should be made, and the promulgation of orders to the officers commanding regiments to withdraw them. This was of

course the capitulation of the Monarchy. Marshal Bugeaud—who had the command of the troops, had now completed his preparations for the general attack of the barricades, and was confident of success—protested most energetically against this extraordinary order, and said that if it was acted on all was lost. The King's then ministers, M. Thiers and M. Barrot, insisted; the King took their advice, and Marshal Bugeaud resigned the command of the troops, observing that it was useless for him to retain it if nothing was to be done. General Lamoricière was therefore named to the command of Paris, and M. Thiers and his friends proceeded to effect their pacific arrangements. The effects of their orders were immediately perceptible, although the declaration of their names was certainly not followed by the consequences they had anticipated. The officers of the army, indignant at so unexpected a termination of their duties, sheathed their swords; the men allowed themselves to be disarmed by the mob, whom they had been ordered not to resist, and the people, encountering no serious opposition except from the Municipal Guard, which was cut to pieces, rushed on to the conquest of the Palais-Royal and the Tuilleries. To sum up this narrative in two words—the dismissal of the Guizot government rendered it impossible for the Executive Government to act effectually; the subsequent advice of M. Thiers and the resignation of Marshal Bugeaud, rendered it impossible to act at all. If this be, as we have every reason to believe it is, a correct narrative of these transactions, we are not surprised that M. Thiers and his colleagues should not have made themselves conspicuous in the subsequent passage of this Revolution.

"The mob of Paris, at no hour of the day, (the 21st,) was formidable to ten thousand men, much less to a hundred thousand, or at least eighty thousand. On the Thursday (24th) public opinion had abandoned the cause. The National Guard would now have done any thing to reproduce order, but they had no time, there was no opportunity to reunite themselves; besides which, they wanted courage and support, and did not even dream of the extreme to which things might be pushed. There never was, at any time, any *acharnement* among the people; the troops were every where well received; not a hostile head looked from a window. It was hoped that something might be done by a demonstration of public opinion, but nothing more. The *émancipation* the first and second day simply took advantage of the absence of the National Guard. They were all the time ill looked upon by the real

people of Paris, but they were permitted to go on as a means of action on the court and government. The accident, or rather the gross and infamous blunder, committed before the Bureaux des Affaires Étrangères (of which the accounts published are erroneous), produced a violent irritation, which was ably worked upon by the Republican committee, who were all along on the watch; but this irritation, which certainly changed the character of the contest, gave no arms to the people; and although it increased their numbers, they were never, even numerically, formidable, as I have said, to ten thousand men. As for the barricades, there was not one that was ever defended except against some weak patrol, and then, after a little popping, it was always abandoned. Literally, there was no fighting; there was skirmishing on the part of the brave Municipals—the only force that acted—and I presume it acted on orders which did not emanate from the chief military authority, but had some separate and general instructions of its own. Literally, I repeat, there was no fighting. How could there be! There were no arms; that is, not a musket to a hundred men, till eleven or twelve o'clock in the day, when the troops, without orders—except “not to fire,” or act against the people—became, in several parts of Paris, mixed up and united with them.”—*Times*, March 11 and 14, 1848.

Here, then, is the whole affair clearly revealed. It was the timidity of Government, and the defection of the National Guard, which ruined every thing; which paralysed the troops of the line, encouraged the insurgents, left the brave Municipal Guards to their fate, and caused the surrender of the Tuileries. And what has been the result of this shameful treachery on the part of the sworn defenders of order—this “*civic*” praetorian guard of France? Nothing but this, that they have destroyed the monarchy, ruined industry, banished capital, rendered freedom hopeless, and made bankrupt the state! Such are the effects of armed men forgetting the first of social duties, that of fidelity to their oaths. How soon were these treacherous National Guards passed in the career of revolution by the infuriated rabble! How soon were Odillon Barrot and Thiers supplanted by Lamartine and Arago! How rapidly were

the Duchess of Orleans and the Count of Paris, expelled at the point of the bayonet from the Chamber of Deputies—the cry for reform drowned in that of revolution! How many of the twenty thousand National Guards, who by their treachery brought about the Revolution, will be solvent at the end of two months? Not a tenth of their number. They will perish deservedly and ignobly; ruined in their fortunes, beggared in their families, despised by their compatriots, execrated by Europe! That they may anticipate what history will say of their conduct, let them listen to the verdict which it has pronounced on the National Guard which, on a similar crisis, 10th August 1792, betrayed Louis XVI., as pronounced by an authority whom they will not suspect of leaning to the Royalist side—M. Lamartine.

“The National Guard, on the 10th August, returned humiliated and in consternation to their shops and counting-houses: they had justly lost the lead of the people. Thenceforth it could no longer aspire but to be the parade force of the Revolution, compelled to assist at all its acts, at all its fêtes, at all its crimes; a vain living decoration of all the mechanists of the Revolution.”

Of which revolution is Lamartine now speaking; of that of 10th August 1792, or of 24th February 1848? Beyond all doubt history will pass a severer judgment on the treachery which overthrew Louis Philippe than on that which consummated the destruction of Louis XVI.\* for the former had the example of the latter for its guide; they knew how soon the massacre of September followed the triumph of August, and what incalculable calamities the defection of their predecessors in the Place Carrousel brought upon their country and Europe.

What benefit have the working classes derived, or are they likely to derive, from this deplorable convulsion? Great ones they doubtless expect, as it has issued in a triumph of labour over capital. But what has it realised? We shall mention one

of two particulars to illustrate the benefits hitherto reaped by this class from its victory.

The savings banks of France had prospered immensely under the firm and pacific government of Louis Philippe. The following account of them is derived from official sources.

"The state of the savings' banks in France at the time of the Revolution indicated an extraordinary degree of confidence in the stability of the late government. In 1834 there were only seventy savings' banks in France, and the amount of deposits on hand was 34,000,000 francs. In 1839 there were four hundred and four banks, and the deposits had increased to 171,000,000 francs; in 1848, at the moment of the Revolution, the deposits had risen to 355,000,000 francs, or ten times the amount deposited fourteen years before. In 1839 the average value of each deposit was 650 francs, which is probably increased to 600 francs average at the present time. The partial suspension of payment by these institutions must affect at least half a million of persons of the most industrious and economical part of the population, chiefly belonging to the towns, and they are deprived of a large portion of their savings at the very moment they most need them."—*Times*, March 14, 1848.

Now, these savings' banks, holding deposits to the amount of about £14,000,000 at the commencement of the Revolution, and which had increased *ten-fold* during Louis Philippe's reign, have to all practical purposes been rendered bankrupt. Unable to stand the dreadful run upon them after the outbreak, or to realise the amount of their deposits by the sale of their funded property, in consequence of its prodigious fall, they had no resource but to suspend payment. By a decree of Government, the holders of deposits in the savings' banks are to receive only a *tenth* in cash, the remainder being payable six months hence, in a paper now practically worth nothing. By this single result of the Revolution, above five hundred thousand of the most meritorious and hard-working of the operatives of France have been in effect deprived of the savings of a whole lifetime.

As to the condition of the labouring population in any degree more favourable. In the *Times* correspondent from Paris of March 14, we find

the following account of their present condition:—

"The financial question, the state of trade and commerce, and the task of providing work and food for the people, with which the government has charged itself, are additional motives for seriousness, however. The credit of more than one banking-house is to-day said to be tottering. One firm, it is openly mentioned, has resolved to stop payment to-morrow. Trade is very bad. Work will soon become scarce, and distress and outcry must be expected; and with the knowledge of all these facts, and with the determination to do every thing possible for the relief of the working classes, possessed by the Provisional Government, this source of uneasiness is menacing to-day. I wish a more cheerful view of the situation of affairs were more general than it is, for it might check the departure of rich natives and foreigners from the capital, who continue to retire from it in alarming numbers, and, obviously, with no view to return, for we hear of sales of carriages and horses, for a fifth part of the value they bore three weeks since. *Twenty thousand servants are said to be already discharged in Paris, and many houses or hotels in the fashionable quarters have become literally devoid of occupants.*"—*Times*, 14th March 1848.

That such a state of things must in the end terminate in domestic or foreign war must be evident to all who have looked even on the surface of past events. The causes which at present uphold, and must ere long destroy the Republican Government in France, are thus ably stated by the Paris correspondent of the same well-informed journal:—

"The Provisional Government continues to exist at the moment only from two causes. The first is, that all respectable persons hasten to its support under the influence of fear. The other day every body expected to be robbed and murdered: as the Provisional Government showed a strong desire to preserve order, all those individuals, still surprised to find themselves unplundered and unassassinated, attributed the miracle to the government, and ran to its support in self-defence. The adhesions have been readier and more numerous many times over than in 1830. The second cause which gives a short reprieve to the government is, that it *humours the ferocious monster that made it*,—and which is ready at any moment to overturn it as it set it up,—by the most absurd indulgences, by still more fatal

promises for the future. The same set of ruffians (heroes) who forced the Chamber, and who thrust the Provisional Government on the deputies, are still there to invade the Hôtel de Ville, and substitute another idol for Lamartine & Co. Still I believe they will not do so just yet; perhaps we may get on till the constitutional or National Assembly meets, but I doubt it. But then, even then,—what is to take place? Faction, clubs, war to the knife. The French are precisely the same men they were in '89—they are not changed in the least. Classes have been modified by wealth, commerce, prosperity, &c.; but *these are the quiet classes, who will be soothed up in the course of the next few years.* At the present moment the working, or the *so-called* working classes, who are literally the sovereign power, are looked upon with fear, disgust, and abhorrence by every man in France of a superior condition, *including the National Guard*; and they are all speculating how to get rid of them; while, on the other hand, Louis Blanc is keeping them quiet by preaching Socialism. He is doing so, honestly and enthusiastically, it is said; and even it is, that a great mass of the people are flattered and soothed by the idea of converting work into an amusement, of obtaining perpetuity of employment by the State, and a pension at fifty-five years of age. This passion, however, does not devalue the commerce, the capital, the education of France, or, as I said, the *general conviction to which the French are brought by war.* The plan of doing so, most consonant with the French character, is war. The National Guard is convinced they must shortly fight the men themselves, or send them to fight the foreigners: the latter is the expedient that will be hit upon; and undoubtedly the state of Europe moves them to interfere in the concerns of others, from whom they will receive invitations which, in the condition of men's minds in this country, it will be impossible for any government to reject. Besides which, even Frenchmen of the best order are, on questions of national glory or honour, not to be relied on for a moment: the best of them may be carried away by a word, a paragraph, a rumour, and all rave 'Frontier of the Rhine,' 'Waterloo,' and a thousand other follies, which, however sad, may be excused in the present state of their neighbours, though not for that reason the less to be lamented. In all international questions whatever, the characteristics of the French are arrogance, and susceptibility of so extreme a nature, that no body of Frenchmen can be dealt with by foreigners. A sovereign and a

minister or two in cold blood, and with all the weight of undivided responsibility upon them, are difficult enough to manage even by the ablest and most impartial of negotiators ; but the masses must always be intractable.

"I give the present Provisional Government immense credit for their efficient exertions, and I have considerable reliance on the good intentions of the majority of them; but they will not last; and, above all, whether they last or not, they must obey and not pretend to guide. Lamartine, by his genius, has now and then gained a point; but he, as well as the rest, have been rather the organs of the sovereignty of the day than his directors and guides."—*Times*, March 13, 1848.

It is not surprising that views of this description should be entertained by all well-informed persons on the spot in France, for the new "National Assembly," to whom the formation of a constitution is to be intrusted in that country, is to be composed in such a way, as renders the direct or indirect spoliation of property a matter of almost certainty. The following is the decree of the Provisional Government on the subject :—

“ FRENCH REPUBLIC.

\* LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY.

"The Provisional Government of the Republic, wishing to resign, as soon as possible, into the hands of the Definitive Government the powers it exercises in the interest and by the command of the people,

• Deer, etc.

" Article 1.—The electoral assemblies are convoked in each district for the 9th of April next, to elect the representatives of the people in the National Assembly, which is to frame the constitution.

"Article 2.—The election shall have the population for its basis.

"Article 3.—The total number of the representatives of the people shall be 900, including those of Algeria and the French colonies.

“Article 4.—They shall be apportioned by the deputies in the proportion indicated in the annexed table.

"Article 5.—The suffrage shall be direct and universal.

"Article 6.—All Frenchmen, 21 years of age, having resided in the district during six months, and not judicially deprived of or suspended in the exercise of their civic rights, are electors."

\* Article 7.—All Frenchmen, 25 years of age, and not judicially deprived of or



suspended in the exercise of their civic rights, are eligible.

"Article 8.—The ballot shall be secret.

"Article 9.—All the electors shall vote in the chief town of their district, by ballot. Each bulletin shall contain as many names as there shall be representatives to elect in the department.

"No man can be named a representative of the people unless he obtain 2,000 suffrages.

"Article 10.—Every representative of the people shall receive an indemnity of 25f. per day during the session."

Here is a tolerably democratic constitution, which will probably excite some little disquietude in the breasts of the holders of French stock and railway shares. Universal suffrage—a single assembly of nine hundred members, each of whom is to be paid a pound a-day during the session. To make the experiment still more perilous, the minister of public instruction to the Provisional Government has issued a circular to the ministers of instruction throughout the country, in which he enjoins them to recommend to the people "*to avoid the representatives who enjoy the advantages of education or the gifts of fortune.*"\* This circular excited, as well it might, such a panic in Paris, that the other members of the Provisional Government were obliged to disown it. But that only makes matters worse: it shows what the Provisional Government really meant, and how completely they have already come to stand on the verge of civil war. The projected decree for levelling the National Guard, by distributing the companies of voltigeurs and chasscurs (the *élite*) through the whole mass, has already produced an address by their battalion, *in uniform*, to the Provisional Government, which was received at the Hotel de Ville by an immense crowd with cries of "*A bas les Aristocrates! on ne passe pas!*" It is no wonder the National Guard are at length alarmed. The aristocracies of knowledge and property are to be alike discarded! Ignorance and a sympathy with the

most indigent class are to be the great recommendations to the electors! This is certainly making root-and-branch work; it is Jack Cade alive again. Paris, it is expected, will return for its representatives

11 of the Provisional Government,  
5 Socialists,  
18 Operatives,

34

Truly the National Guard will soon reap the whirlwind; we are not surprised the French funds have undergone so prodigious a fall. The holders of Spanish bonds and American States' debts know how universal suffrage assemblies settle with their state-creditors. Sidney Smith has told the world something on the subject.

The "pressure from without" on the Provisional Government becomes every day more severe and alarming as time rolls on: wages cease, stock falls in value, savings' banks suspend payment, and all means of relief, save such as may be extorted from the fears of the government, disappear. The following is a late account of the state of matters in this important respect, from the French metropolis:—

"France, crowded, impoverished, indebted, and straitened at all points, sees an opening in the exercise of a sovereign people's will. It gets a glimpse of light and life through the Hotel de Ville. Hence this desperate competition for the national resources; and hence, we grieve to add, this wasteful and improvident distribution.

"These deputations are a congenital evil. They began from the very moment the Provisional Government was proclaimed in the Chamber of Deputies. Its progress thence from the Hotel de Ville was a deputation. The members immediately began to thunder at the doors and clamour for admittance. A club orator has since boasted that, had it not been for this importunity, nothing would have been done—that not a step has been taken without external impulse—and that the people had to wait two hours, on that wonderful Thursday, before the Provisional Government would announce a republic. Since that moment

\* "*La plus grande erreur contre laquelle il faille prémunir la population de nos campagnes, c'est que pour être représentant il soit nécessaire d'avoir de l'éducation ou de la fortune.*"—*Circulaire du Ministre d'Instruction publique, Mars 9 et 6, 1848.*

the deputations may be said *never to have ceased in Paris*. For the first week they did not affect a distinctive character, but came as accident had thrown them together — *ten thousand from this quarter, and twenty thousand from that; sometimes the people, and sometimes the National Guard, or a medley of all sorts. In those days they were armed.* Lamartine had to turn out six times a-day, make gestures half an hour for a hearing, and then spend his brilliant eloquence on a field of bayonets and blouse. When the poet had sunk from sheer exhaustion, the indefatigable deputation adjourned to the Ministry of the Interior, and drew forth M. Louis Rollin, who had not learned his way about the apartments, or the names of the officials, before he was required to promulgate, off-hand, a complete system for the internal administration of France. It is possible that his first thoughts might have been as good as his second on this subject; but the demand was nevertheless premature. The stream of deputation has become less turbid, violent, and full, but it has become more numerous, and, to all appearance, *labitur in omne volubilis æcum*.

"We believe there is not a single branch of employment or of idleness in Paris, that has not marched in a mass to the Hotel de Ville to demand more wages, less work, more employment, and a reduction of the taxes and restrictions which the principles of their masters had found to be wise. It is unwise to damp the expectations of five thousand armed men. In some cases, therefore, the government capitulated on rather hard terms. By and by it adopted what we really think the best possible alternative. It requested the trades to nominate their several deputies, and set the operative parliament to adjust all its rival pretensions at the Luxembourg. Then there came deputations of women, of students, of pawnbrokers' tickets, of bankers, of bread-eaters, of bread-makers, of cabmen, of busmen, of sailors, of porters, of every thing that had, or had not, an office and a name. France, of course, has had the precedence, having, in a manner, the first start; but the nations of the earth are beginning to find room in the endless procession. All the world will run into it in time. The vast column is just beginning to form in Chinese Tartary, and is slowly debouching round the Caspian Sea. Already we see a hundred European sections. They follow in one another's trail. An Anacharsis Clootz is waiting to receive them at the barriers, and marshal them to the Hotel de Ville." — *Times*, March 15, 1848.

This state of matters is certainly abundantly formidable to France and to Europe. A great experiment is making as to the practicability of the working-classes governing themselves and the rest of the state, without the aid of property or education. France has become a *huge trades-union*, the committee of which forms the Provisional Government, and the decrees of which compose the foundation of the future government of the republic. Such an experiment is certainly new in human affairs. No previous example of it is to be found, at least, in the old world; for it will hardly be said that the republic of 1793, steeped in blood, engrossed in war, ruled with a rod of iron by the Committee of Public Salvation, is a precedent to which the present regeneration of society will refer. In support of the principles they are now reducing to practice. We fear its state has been not less justly than graphically described by one of our most distinguished correspondents, who says — "They are sitting as at a pantomime: every thing is grand and glorious: France is regenerated, and all is flourish of trumpets. Meanwhile France is *utterly insane—a vast lunatic asylum without its doctors.*"

The present state of Paris, (March 21,) and the germs of social conflict which are beginning to emerge from amidst the triumph of the Socialists, may be judged of from the following extracts of the correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*, dated Paris, 18th March:—

"Paris, Friday Evening.—There has been another day of great excitement and alarm in Paris. Upwards of thirty thousand of the working classes congregated in the Champs Elysées, and went in procession to the Hotel de Ville to assure the Government that it might depend upon their assistance against any attempt that might be made to coerce it, from whatever quarter it came. I need hardly inform you that this formidable demonstration is intended as a *contre coup* to the protest presented by the National Guards yesterday, against M. Louis Rollin's decree dissolving the grenadier and light companies of the National Guards. It is not the least alarming feature in this affair, that it exhibits an amount of discipline among the working classes, and a promptitude of execution, which are but too sure indications both of the power

and the readiness of the leaders of the movement to do mischief. It was only yesterday that the demonstration took place which displeased the masses; yet, in one short night, the order goes forth, the arrangements are made, and before ordinary mortals are out of their beds, thirty thousand of the working classes are marshalled under their leaders, and on their march to make a demonstration of their force, in presence of the executive government—a demonstration which, on the present occasion, to be sure, is favourable to the Government, but which to-morrow may be against it. Who have the orders proceeded from that drew together these masses? How were they brought together? The affair is involved in mystery, but there is enough in it to show an amount of organisation for which the public was not prepared; and which ought to show all those within its operation that they are sitting upon a barrel of gunpowder. The fact is—and there is no denying or concealing it—Paris is in the possession of the clubs, who rule not only it, but the ostensible government. The National Guards, so powerful only a week ago, are now impotent—either for good or evil. “A house divided against itself cannot stand.” The National Guards have quarrelled. The Chasseurs look with jealousy on the *compagnies d’élite*—the *compagnies d’élite* will not fraternise with the Chasseurs. The eighty-four thousand men, who formed the National Guard before the 24th of February, look with contempt on the one hundred and fifty thousand new men thrust into their ranks by M. Ledru Rollin, for election purposes, and call them *cassepaille*. The new levies feel that they cannot compete in wealth with the good company in which they so unexpectedly find themselves, and they call the old guards *aristocrate*. Add to this the discontent of the grenadier and light companies at being deprived of their distinctive association and dress, the displeasure of the old officers, who are about to be deprived of their epaulettes by their new and democratic associates, and the intriguing of the would-be officers to secure a majority of suffrages in their own favour, and you may arrive at a judgment of the slight chance there is of the National Guards of the present day uniting for any one purpose or object. The result of this is obvious. In case of an outbreak, the National Guards, who were so useful in re-establishing order on the two days after the abdication of Louis Philippe, could no longer be depended on. Paris would be in the possession of the mob, and that mob is under the direction of leaders composed of the

worst and the most unscrupulous of demagogues.”

The same correspondent adds:—

“The financial and commercial crisis which has created such savages here for the last week is rapidly extending. I have already given you a distressing list of private bankers who have been obliged to suspend payment. Another bank, though not one of any great name, was spoken of yesterday as being on the eve of bankruptcy; but on inquiry, I find that the bank is still open this morning, although it is doubtful if it will continue so to the end of the day. I abstain from mentioning the name. The commercial world is just in as deep distress as the financial world. *Every branch of trade is paralysed*. It is useless to attempt to give particular names or even trades. I shall, therefore, only mention, that in one branch of trade, which is generally considered one of the richest in France, namely, the metal trade, there is an almost total suspension of payments. It is not that the traders have no property, but that they cannot turn it into cash. They have acceptances to meet, and they have acceptances in hand, but they cannot pay what is due by them, for they cannot get what others owe. In short, *trade is paralysed*, for the medium by which it is ordinarily carried on has disappeared. In other trades precisely the same circumstances occur; but I only mention this one trade as showing the position of all others. How long is this to last? No one can say; but one thing certain is, that no symptom of amelioration has hitherto shown itself.” —*Morning Chronicle*, March 20.

As the experiment now making in France is new, and in the highest degree important so it is to the last degree to be wished that it may go on undisturbed. The other powers of Europe cannot be too much on their guard against it; but no armed intervention should be attempted, if France retains the pacific attitude she has hitherto held in regard to other states. The republicans of that country have never ceased to declare that the first Revolution terminated in internal bloodshed, military despotism, and foreign subjugation, because it was not let alone—because the Girondists plunged it into war, in order to provide a vent for the ardent passions and vehement aspirations of the unemployed multitudes in that country. Lamartine admits, in his celebrated circular, that in

1792 "war was a necessity to France." He disclaims, as every man of the least knowledge on the subject must do, the idea that it was provoked by the European powers, who, it is historically known, were drawn into it when wholly unprepared, and as unwillingly as a conscientious father of a family is forced into a duel. Lamartine says the same necessity no longer exists—that the world has become pacific, and that internal regeneration, not foreign conquest, is the end of this revolution. We hope it is so. We are sure it is ardently desired in this country that pacific relations should not be disturbed with the great republic, provided she keeps within her own territory, and does not seek to assuage her thirst at foreign fountains. By all means let the long wished-for experiment be made. Let it be seen how society can get on without the direction of property and knowledge. Let it be seen into what sort of state the doctrines of the Socialists and St. Simonsians, the dictates of the trade-unions, the clamour of the working masses, will speedily reduce society. Theirs be the glory and the honour if the experiment succeeds—theirs the disgrace and the obloquy if it fails. Let all other nations stand aloof, and witness the great experiment—"a clear stage and no favour" be the universal maxim. But let every other people abstain from imitating the example, *till it is seen how the experiment has succeeded in the great parent republic*. It will be time enough to follow its footsteps when experience has proved it is conducive to human happiness and social stability.

But while, as ardently as any Socialist in existence, we deprecate the commencement of hostilities by any European power, and earnestly desire to see the great social experiment now making in France brought to a pacific issue, in order that its practicability and expedience may for ever be determined among men, yet it is evident that things *may* take a different issue in that country. It is possible—though God forbid we should say it is probable—that the great republic may, from internal suf-

fering, be driven to foreign aggression. This, on Lamartine's own admission, has happened once: it may happen twice. France has four hundred thousand regular troops under arms; and every man capable of bearing a musket is to be forthwith enrolled in the National Guard. Twenty-five thousand of that body have already been taken into regular and permanent pay, at thirty sous, or about fivepence, a-day, and sent to the frontier. It is impossible to say how soon this immense and excited mass, with arms in their hands, and little food in their stomachs, may *drive* the government, as in 1792 they did that of the Girondists, on Lamartine's admission, into foreign warfare. It behoves Europe to be on its guard. Fortunately the course which its governments should pursue in such an event lies clear and open. They have only to resume the Treaty of Chaumont, concluded in 1813, to curb the ambition of the great military republic of which Napoleon was the head. Let that treaty be secretly but immediately renewed as a purely *defensive league*. Let no one think of attacking France; but the moment that France invades any other power, let the four great powers forthwith bring a hundred and fifty thousand each into the field. Let not the wretched mistake be again committed, of the others looking tamely on when one is assailed—"et dum singuli pugnant, universi vincuntur."\* The moment the French cross the Rhine or the Alps, the states of Europe must stand side by side as they did at Leipsic and Waterloo, if they would avoid another long period of oppression by the conquering republicans.

Nearly sixty years have elapsed since Mr Burke observed—"The age of chivalry is gone; that of sophists, economists, and calculators has succeeded, and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex—that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life—the cheap

\* Tacitus.

defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiments—is gone. It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage while it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half of its evil, by losing all its grossness.”\* What a commentary on these well-known and long-admired words have recent events afforded! It is indeed gone, the loyalty to rank and sex—the proud submission, the dignified obedience, the *subordination of the heart*, which formerly characterised and adorned the states of modern Europe. With more courage than the German Empress, the Duchess of Orleans fronted the revolutionary mob in the Chamber of Deputies; but no swords leapt from their scabbards in the Chamber of Deputies when her noble appeal was made to the loyalty of France—no generous hearts found vent in the words, “*Moriamini pro rege nostro, Maria Theresia!*” It could no longer be said—

Fair Austria spread her  
charms—

The Queen, the  
world to arms

The infuriated rabble point the muskets at the royal hero! the few loyal members of the assembly were glad to purchase her safety by removing her from the disgraceful scene. Not a shot was thereafter fired; not a show even of resistance to the plebeian usurpation was made. An army of four hundred thousand men, five hundred thousand National Guards, thirty-four millions of men, in a moment forgot their loyalty, broke their oaths, and surrendered their country to the worst of tyrannies, the tyranny of a multitude of tyrants.

“The unbought grace of life,” says Mr Burke, “the *cheap defence of nations*, is at an end.” What a commentary has the triumph of the Barricades, the government of Louis Philippe, afforded on these words! M. Garnier Pages, in his Financial Report, has unfolded the state of the French finances, the confusion and disastrous state of which he is fain to

ascribe to the prodigal expenditure and unbounded corruption of Louis Philippe. He tells us, and we doubt not with truth, that during the seventeen years of his government, the expenditure has been raised from 900,000,000 francs, (£36,000,000,) to 1700,000,000 francs, (£68,000,000;) that the debt has been increased during that period by £64,000,000; and that the nation was running, under his direction, headlong into the gulf of national bankruptcy. He observes, with a sigh, how moderate in comparison, how cheap in expenditure, and pacific in conduct, was the government of Charles X., which never brought its expenditure up to £40,000.

It is all true: it is what we predicted eighteen years ago would be the inevitable result of a democratic revolt; it is the consummation we invariably predicted of the transports following the fall of Charles X. The republicans, now so loud in reprobation of the expenditure of the Citizen King, forget that his throne was of their own making; that he was a successful usurper; that his power was due to the aid of the shouts of the republicans in all Europe, amidst the smoke of the Barricades. A usurping government is necessarily and invariably more costly than a legitimate one: because, having lost the loyalty of the heart, it has no foundation to rest on, but the terrors of the senses, or the seductions of interest. It was for precisely the same reason that William III. in ten years raised the expenditure of Great Britain from £1,800,000 a year, to £6,000,000; and that, in the first twenty years of the English government subsequent to the Revolution, the national debt had increased from £600,000 to £54,000,000. When the moral and cheap bond of loyalty is broken, government has no resource but an appeal to the passions or interests of the people. The Convention tried an appeal to their republican passions, and they brought on the Reign of Terror. Napoleon tried an appeal to their military passions, and he brought on the subjugation of France by Europe. Louis Philippe, as the only remaining resource, appealed to their

selfish interests, and he induced the revolution of 1848. Mankind cannot escape from the gentle influence of moral obligations, but to fall under the reaction of conquest, the debasement of corruption, or the government of force.

But all these governments, say the republicans, fell, because they departed from the principles of the Revolution, and because they became corrupted by power as soon as they had tasted its sweets. But even supposing this were true,—supposing that Mirabeau, Danton, Robespierre, Napoleon, and Louis Philippe were all overthrown, not because they took the only method left open to them to preserve the support of the senators, but because they departed from the principles of the Revolution: do the republicans not see that the very announcement of that fact is the most decisive condemnation of their system of government? Do they expect to find liberals more eloquent than Mirabeau, republicans more energetic than Danton, socialists more ardent than Robespierre, generals more capable than Napoleon, citizen kings more astute than Louis Philippe? Republican power must be committed to some one. Mankind cannot exist an hour without a government: the first act of the infuriated and victorious rabble in the Chamber of Deputies was to name a Provisional one. But if experience has proved that intellect the most powerful, patriotism the most ardent, genius the most transcendent, penetration the most piercing, experience the most extensive, are invariably shipwrecked amidst the temptations and the shoals of newly acquired republican power, do they not see that it is not a form of government adapted for the weakness of humanity; and that if the leaders of revolution are not impelled to destruction by an external and overbearing necessity, they are infallibly seduced into it by the passions which, amidst the novelty of newly acquired power, arise in their own breasts? In either case, a revolution government must terminate in its own destruction,—in

private sufferings and public disasters; and so it will be with the government of M. Lamartine and that of the new National Assembly, as it has been with all those which have preceded it.

"Deus patiens," says St Augustin, "quia eternus."\*—What an awful commentary on this magnificent text have recent events afforded! Eighteen years ago Louis Philippe forgot his loyalty and broke his oath; the first prince of the blood elevated himself to power by successful treason; he adopted, if he did not make, a revolution. He sent his lawful monarch into exile; he prevented the placing the crown on the head of his grandson; he for ever severed France from its lawful sovereigns. What has been the result of his usurpation? Where are now his enduring projects, his family alliances, his vast army, his consolidated power? During seventeen years he laboured with indefatigable industry and great ability to establish his newly acquired authority, and secure, by the confirmation of his own power, the perpetual exile of the lawful sovereign of France. Loud and long was the applause at first bestowed by the liberal party in Europe on the usurpation; great was the triumph of the bourgeoisie in every state at seeing a lawful monarch overturned by a well-concerted urban revolt, and the National converted into a Praetorian Guard, which could dispose of crowns at pleasure. But meanwhile the justice of Heaven neither slumbered nor slept. The means taken by Louis Philippe to consolidate his power, and which were in truth the only ones that remained at his disposal, consummated his ruin. His steady adherence to peace dissatisfied the ardent spirits which sought for war; his firm internal government disconcerted the republicans; his vast internal expenditure drew after it a serious embarrassment of finance. He could not appeal to the loyal feelings of the generous, for he was a usurper; he could not rest on the support of the multitude, for they would have driven the state to ruin; he could not rally the army

\* "God is patient because eternal."

round his throne, for they would have impelled him into war. Thus he could rest only on the selfish interests; and great was the skill with which he worked on that powerful principle in human affairs. But a government which stands on selfish feelings alone is a castle built on sand: the first wind of adversity levels it with the dust. Napoleon's throne was founded on this principle, for he sacrificed to warlike selfishness; Louis Philippe on the same, for he sacrificed to pacific selfishness. Both have undergone the stern but just law of retribution. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, has been meted out to both. To Napoleon, who had sent so many foreign princes into banishment, and subverted so many gallant states, a defeat in the field, a melancholy exile, and unfriended death, in a foreign land; to Louis Philippe, who had dethroned his lawful sovereign, and carried the standard of treason into the halls of the Tuilleries, the fate which he allotted to Charles X., that of being expelled with still greater ignominy from the *same halls*, being compelled to eat the bread of the stranger, and see his dynasty driven from their usurped throne amidst the derision and contempt of mankind.

"If absolute power," says M. De Tocqueville, "shall re-establish itself in whatever hands, in any of the democratic states of Europe, I have no doubt it will assume a form unknown to our fathers. When the great families and the spirit of clan-ship prevailed, the individual who had to contend with tyranny never found himself alone—he was supported by his clients, his relations, his friends. But when the estates are divided, and races confounded, where shall we find the spirit of family? What form will remain in the influences of habit among a people changing perpetually, where every act of tyranny will find a precedent in previous disorders, where every crime can be justified by an example, where nothing exists of sufficient antiquity to render its destruction an object of dread, and nothing can be figured so new that men are afraid to engage in it? What resis-

taunce would manners afford which have already received so many shocks? What would public opinion do, when twenty persons do not exist bound together by any common tie; when you can no more meet with a man, a family, a body corporate, or a class of society, which could represent or act upon that opinion; where each citizen is equally poor, equally impotent, equally isolated, *and can only oppose his individual weakness to the organised strength of the Central Government.* To figure any thing equal to the despotism which would then be established amongst us, we would require to recur not to our own annals; we would be forced to go back to those frightful periods of tyranny, when, manners being corrupted, old recollections effaced, habits destroyed, opinions wavering, liberty deprived of its asylum under the laws, men made a sport of the people, and princes were out the clemency of heaven rather than the patience of their subjects. They are blind indeed who look for democratic equality in the monarchy of Henry IV. and Louis XIV.\* What a commentary on this terrible prophecy have recent events supplied! The revolutionists say, that France is entering the last phase of the revolution.—It is true, it is entering it, but it is the last phase of punishment to which it is blindly hurrying. The sins of the fathers are about to be visited on the third generation. To talk of real freedom, stable institutions, protected industry, social happiness, in such a country, is out of the question. With their own hands, in the first great convulsion, they destroyed all the bulwarks of freedom in the land, and nothing remains to them, after the madness of socialism has run its course, but the equality of despotism. They have thrown off the laws of God and man, and Providence will leave their punishment to their own hands. "The Romans," says Gibbon, "aspired to be equal: they were levelled by the equality of Asiatic bondage."

Amidst so many mournful subjects of contemplation, there is one consideration which forces itself upon the

\* De Tocqueville, *Democratic en Amerique*, ii. 268.

view, of great importance in the present condition of this country. This revolution in France being a revolt of labour against capital, its first principle is a *deadly hostility to the principle of free-trade*. The recent barbarous expulsion of the English labourers from France, several thousands in number, after having enriched the country by their labour, and taught it by their example, proves what sympathy foreign industry meets with from the great and *fraternising* republic. The confiscation of their hard-won earnings by the cessation of the savings' banks to pay more than a tenth in cash, shows what they have to expect from the justice and sobriety of its government. With the rise of the communist and socialist party in France to power, whose abomination is capital, whose idol is labour, it may with certainty be predicted that the *sternest and most unflinching prohibition of British goods will immediately be adopted by the great philanthropic and fraternising republic*. All other countries which follow in any degree the example of the great parent republic, by the popularising of their institutions, will, from the influence of the labour party, do the same. America already draws nineteen million dollars, or nearly £4,000,000 sterling, from its iron ports, the greater part of which is a direct tax levied on the industry of this country. Reciprocity, always on-sided, will ere long be at last isolated. We shall be,

"Penita dis                      Br."

even more by our policy than our situation.

What chance there is of free-trade doctrines being adopted by the present socialist and free-trade government in France, may be judged of by the following quotation from the *Constitutionnel*:—

"Is not, in fact, the consumer, such as the free-traders represent him to us, a strange creation? He is, as he has been wittily described, a fantastic being—a monster who has a mouth and a stomach to consume produce, but who has neither legs to move nor arms to work. We do not fear that the operative classes will suffer themselves to be seduced by those doctrines. We are aware that they have constantly rejected them through the

organs of the press more especially charged with the defence of their interests; but it behoves them likewise that the Provisional Government should remain on its guard against principles which would be still more disastrous under existing circumstances. M. Bethmont, the minister of commerce, has declared, in a letter addressed by him to the association for the defence of national labour, that he would never grant facilities of which the consequences would be calculated to injure our manufacturers. We see by this declaration that the dispositions of the Provisional Government are good. The very inquiry which is now being held to devise means to ameliorate the moral and material condition of the operatives, ought to confirm the government in the necessity of maintaining the system which protects industry. Let us inquire what the consequence would be, in fact, if we were so imprudent as to suffer foreign produce to enter France free of duty. Political economy teaches us that wages find their balance in consequence of the competition existing between nations; but they find their equilibrium by falling, and not by rising. If that were not the case, there would be no possibility of maintaining the struggle. Now, if we opened our ports, this cruel necessity would become the more imperious for us, as, being placed opposite to England in conditions of inferiority, greater in respect to capital, to the means of transport, and to the price of matters of the first necessity, we could not redeem those disadvantages except by a reduction of wages. This, in fact, would be the annihilation of the operative."—*Constitutionnel*, March 16, 1848.

This is the inevitable result of republican and socialist triumph in the neighbouring kingdom, and the impulse given to liberal institutions, an inlet thereby opened to manufacturing jealousy all over the world. Debarred thus from all possibility of reciprocal advantages: shut out forever from the smallest benefit in return, is it expedient for Great Britain to continue any longer her concessions to foreign industry, or incur the blasting imputation of a suicidal policy towards her own inhabitants in favour of ungrateful and selfish foreigners, who meet concessions with prohibition, and industrial teaching with savage expulsion from the instructed territory.

"No revolution," says Madame de Staël, "can succeed in any country,



unless it is headed by a portion of the higher, and the majority of the middle classes." Recent events have afforded another to the many confirmations which history affords of this important observation. Had the National Guard of Paris stood firm, the troops of the line would never have wavered: the government would not have been intimidated; a socialist revolution would have been averted; public credit preserved; the savings' bank, the place of deposit of the poor—the public funds, the investment of the middle classes—saved from destruction. When we contemplate the dreadful monetary crisis which has been brought on in France by the revolution; when we behold the bank of France suspending payments, and all the chief banks of the metropolis rendered bankrupt by the shock; when we behold wealth in ship-loads flying from its menaced shores, and destitution in crowds stalking through its crowded and idle streets, we are struck with horror, and impressed with a deeper sense of thankfulness at the good sense and patriotic spirit of the middle classes in this country, which has so quickly crushed the efforts of the seditious to involve us in similar calamities. "The unbought loyalty of men,—the cheap defence of nations,"—still, thank God! subsists amongst us. The poison of infidelity has not destroyed the moral bonds of society—the rolling-stone of revolution has not crushed the institutions of freedom amongst us. There are hearts to love their country—arms to defend their Queen—not less among our civil than our military defenders. The pillage of Glasgow on the fast

outbreak of the disturbances there, their speedy suppression, by the energy of the inhabitants, has not been lost on the empire. It is not in vain that twenty thousand constables came forward to be enrolled in one day in Glasgow, and eleven thousand in Manchester. We see what we have to expect from the seditious; they see what they have to expect from the middle classes of society, and the whole virtuous part of the lower. With such dispositions in both, Great Britain may be exposed to local disorder or momentary alarm, but it can never be seriously endangered, or undergo that worst of horrors—a social revolution. Nor will she, with such dispositions in her people, be less prepared to assert the ancient glory of her arms, should circumstances render that alternative necessary. She has no internal reforms to make that she cannot achieve peaceably, by the means which her constitution affords. Her giant strength slumbers, not sleeps. Our ships of war, in the noble words of Mr Canning, "how soon one of those stupendous masses, now reposing on their shadows in perfect stillness,—how soon, upon any call of patriotism, or of necessity, it would assume the likeness of an animated thing, instinct with life and motion—how soon it would ruffle, as it were, its swelling plumage—how quickly it would put forth all its beauty and its bravery, collect its scattered elements of strength, and awaken its dormant thunder!"—how soon would the flag of Waterloo again be unfurled to the breeze!

## A GERMAN DITTY.

The following is a very loose imitation of a popular German air.

While life's early friends still surround us,  
Yet another bright hour let us pass,  
And wake the old rafters around us  
With the song and the circling glass.

For it cannot thus long hold together  
Here under the changeable moon;  
To bloom for a time, then to wither,  
Is the lot of all, later or soon.

Then here's to the many good fellows  
Who before us have tippled and laugh'd :  
Be they under the turf or the billows,  
To them let this goblet be quaff'd.

That if, after us, others as merry  
Shall keep up as joyous a train,  
One bumper of port or of sherry  
To us in our turn they may drain—

As they keep up the charter of joyance,  
As by us was maintain'd in our day :  
Not to drown dull care and annoyance,  
Not ignobly to moisten our clay :—

But to raise an extempore shrine,  
Where Momus, revisiting earth,  
May find humour and whim yet divine,  
And the glorious spirit of mirth.

For 'twas not we were reckless of duty,  
Or the sterner requirements of life ;  
'Twas not we were mindless of beauty,  
Or are now, of home, children, and wife :

But 'tis,—that the wandering hours  
Have a singular frolicsome way  
Of scattering the fairest of flowers  
O'er moments of fellowship gay :

When fancy leads off to a measure  
That youth might mistake for its own.  
As its wont were to seek after pleasure,  
With feeling and wit for its tone :

And so vivid and bright the ideal  
Her fairy-light shows us the while,  
That wisdom asks nothing more real.  
And genius applauds with a smile.



## MY ROUTE INTO CANADA.

NO. II.

LAKE Champlain was long known to the Dutch, and through them to the English, as the Lake of Corlaer. It seems that one Corlaer was for a long time the great man of a little Dutch settlement on the Mohawk, where for many years he swayed the civicsword so potently and with such terror to evil-doers among the Indians, that they adopted his name into their language to signify a white governor. This doughty Dutchman, therefore, left the title to his successors, and the Corlaers went through their decline and fall with as much dignity, in a small way, as history ascribes to the Pharaohs and the Cæsars. Like the founders of other dynasties, however, the original Van Corlaer came to a remarkable and tragic end; and as this deplorable event took place on the Lake, now known by the name of Champlain, the Dutch stubbornly regarded their own hero as having the best right to name it. For a time it seemed likely that fortune would decide for the Dutch; but, with a fickleness for which the flint is proverbial, she suddenly declared for the French claim; and time having ratified the award, the name of Corlaer is no more heard among mortals, except when some one of antiquarian tastes, like myself, discovers, with a meditative sigh, that it once could start a ghost as soon as Cæsar, and come very near being "writ in water," which, strange to say, would have rendered it immortal.

It seems that in those days there was, somewhere in the lake, a remarkable rock which the Mohawks regarded as the dome of a submarine palace, in which dwelt with his mermaids a wicked old Indian enchanter, who ruled over Boreas and Euryclidon. The superstition was quite coincident in its particulars with the more classical and familiar one which is served up in the story of Æneas; but this mischievous king of the winds had the merit of being easily propitiated; and the Indians, as they timidly passed his stronghold, never failed to send down to him the tributary peace offer-

ing of a pipe, an arrow, or any thing else, save their bottles of fire-water, of which the old fellow was dexterously cheated. The doughty Van Corlaer, undertaking a voyage to the north, was duly informed of these facts; but he swore "by stone and bone" that he would not pay the tribute, or ask any one's permission to navigate the lake. I am sorry to add that he would not be argued out of his rash and inconsiderate vow. Tradition relates that, as he approached the rock, his mariners showed signs of fear, which appeared so puerile and idle to the enlarged soul of the hero, that he on the contrary steered close to the fearful citadel, and, shamefully exposing his person, made an unseemly gesture towards the abode of the Indian Æolus, and added some Dutch formula of defiance. It is almost needless to relate that the wrath of his ventose majesty was greatly excited. He scorned, indeed, to make a tempest about it; but despatching several angry little squalls after the insolent admiral, they bored him fore and aft, and beset him from so many quarters at once, in a narrow gorge of the lake, that, in short, he was effectually swamped, and thus made a warning example to all succeeding Van Corlaers. His name, as I said, was for a while bequeathed to the lake; but even this poor recompense for a disaster so terrible has proved as evanescent as the bubbles, in which the last sigh of the unfortunate Dutchman came up from the caves to which, like the great Kempenfelt, he went down in a moment.

The lake, therefore, retains its Gallic appellation, and preserves the name and memory of Samuel de Champlain, a servant of Henry IV., and justly surnamed the father of *La Nouvelle France*. The expedition in which it first received his name was a romantic one, and so well illustrates what I have already said of the border feuds of the seventeenth century, that I must be excused for relating its story. Champlain had come down to the shores of the lake with a party of

Adirondacks, and was advancing through the forest towards the land of the Iroquois, when suddenly they came in sight of a strong party of that nation, who showed no disposition to decline an encounter. On the contrary, setting up their warwhoop, they advanced pell-mell to the attack. The Frenchmen, betaking themselves to an ambuscade, made ready to receive them with their fusils; while their savage allies awaited the foe with their usual coolness and contempt of danger. The Iroquois were the more numerous, and, elated by their apparent superiority, came down with the sweeping violence of a whirlwind. The Adirondacks seemed in their eyes as chaff; and with howls and hatchets they were just pouncing upon their prey, when the blazing fusils of Champlain and his comrades laid the foremost of the Iroquois warriors in the dust. The remainder fled into the wilderness with the most frantic outbreaks of astonishment and despair. It was the first volley of fire-arms that ever reached the ear or the heart of an Iroquois—the first that ever startled the echoes of that lake, which was so soon destined to tremble beneath the bellowing thunders of navies. They were defeated they knew not how; but they retired to the depths of the forest, muttering the deadliest vows of revenge. It so happened that another collision of the same kind occurred soon after on the Saurel—a little river, much broken by rapids, through which the waters of the lake make their way to the sea. There was among the Algonquins a bold and dashing chief whose name was Pisquaret. He had made an incursion against the Iroquois, and was laden with the scalps which he had taken from an Indian village which he surprised at night and completely destroyed. As he was navigating the rapids of the Saurel with his Adirondacks and several Frenchmen, he was surprised by a powerful armament of Iroquois, who immediately bore down upon him, with great advantage from the current. The treacherous Algonquins feigned to give themselves up for lost, and, setting up the death-song of the Adirondacks, appeared to await their inevitable fate. The Frenchmen, throwing themselves flat in the

batteaux, and resting the muzzles of their carbines upon the gunnels, coolly calculated the effects of the coming discharge; but Pisquaret and his warriors raised their voices in chanting the victories of their tribe, inflaming the Iroquois by vaunts of injuries which they had done them, and defying them in return not to spare any torture in seeing how the Algonquins could die. The exasperated foe was just pealing the war-cry, when the deadly blaze of the carbines changed their exultation in a moment to howls of agony and dismay. But these were tricks which could not be repeated; and, long after, the empire of the Grande Monarque paid dearly for these frolics in the unpruned wilderness. Those who are fond of tracing the greatest political events and changes to accidents inconsiderable in themselves, have maintained that the first volley of fire-arms that startled the echoes of Lake Champlain, decided the fate and fixed the limits of French dominion in America. Nor is this theory to be lightly dismissed as fanciful: for it cannot be doubted that the subsequent spread of the Anglo-Saxon race over the hunting-grounds of the Mohawks and through them to the further west, was owing to the favourable treatment the English were able to give the Iroquois in the days of their power.—Treaties which, had they been secured by the French, would have opened the whole now called New York to their countrymen, and filled it with a mongrel population under the absolute control of Jesuits and political adventure. Nor can any thing be ascertained more decisive of what was at first a game and a problem, than the collisions I have described. The Iroquois soon found out the secret of their discomfiture, and associated the name of a Frenchman with that of the Algonquins in their inveterate hatred. And when they in turn found Pale-faces to seek their alliance, and supply them with arms, they became the barrier of British enterprise against the encroachments of France; and so it was that the beautiful vale of Mohawk, the shores of Erie and Ontario, and the rugged mountains of Vermont, came to be filled with the sons

of Englishmen, and not with the dwarfish overgrowth of the French Canadian provinces. The laws, civil institutions, and the religion of England thus found a footing in that great territory, which, as more or less influencing all the other members of the American confederacy, is called the empire state:—and perhaps the bells that ring for the English service throughout that region would have been tolling for the Latin mass, but for those early encounters on the shores of Lake Champlain.

Our delay at Whitehall was owing to a blunder of Freke's. He had assured us that we would certainly arrive in time to take the steamer down the lake to St John's; but it had been several hours on its way when we arrived at the inn. Since the burning of the steamer several years before, there had been no regular service on the waters; and as it was a one-way trip, it would not be in the steamer for Whitehall for several days. He was a pretty half-breed, but not a bad one; but he had brought the sun hat to the inn, and I

I was

the head of  
ten me using ex-  
pictur squ little har-  
er view.

The barbour i alle the basin; and  
Wood-creek and the lake,  
st he ditch s together.  
Vessels of differ sorts and sizes lie  
huddled and crowded at their con-  
fluence, and the waters are precisely  
of the colour of *café-au-lait*! Shade  
of merry Charles, how came they to  
change Skenesborough into Whitehall?

I have compared the ditch-water to *café-au-lait*; but all I can say of my breakfast is, that its coffee was not comparable to ditch-water. Freke was despatched to look us out a vessel willing to take us any where, for staying here was out of the question. He had given us the Indian name of the place as *Kaw-ko-kaw-na*, assuring us that this euphonious polysyllable was

good Iroquois for the place where they catch fish. This little item of knowledge proved to us a dangerous thing, for it suggested a fishing excursion to fill up the hours of Freke's anticipated absence. We rowed ourselves for some distance along a narrow channel, with marshes on both sides, which looked like the stroughold of that cohort of agues and fevers which, since the days of Prometheus, have delighted in burning and shaking the race of mortals. Wood-creek throws itself into the basin with a foaming cataract of waters; and beyond the marshes are precipitous walls of rocks, that confine the view. These rocks they call the Heights; and I doubt not they would look well at a distance, but the mischief is, there is no viewing them in so favourable a way. They rise like a natural Bastille, and so near your nose, that your only prospect is perpendicular; and you are consequently obliged to think more of your nose than the prospect. In the moonlight, the evening before, I did think there was something magnificent about the Heights; but this impression, like other visions of the night, did not survive the daybreak. I should think a geologist or a stone-mason might find them interesting; and an unprincipled inhabitant of Whitehall, out of patience with life in such a place, or envious of the Lesbian Sappho, would doubtless find them suitable to the nefarious purpose of breaking his neck. This is all I can say for them; and as for the fishing excursion, we soon gave it up, and paddled back to the quay, out of patience with Freke for his instructions in Indian philology, and heartily tired of attempting to catch fish in *Kaw-ko-kaw-na*.

Freke, for once in his life, had been employed to some purpose. He met us on the quay, and immediately conducted us to a gay little sloop, to which he had already transferred our luggage, and which was ready for a start down the lake to Plattsburgh. We were introduced to a raw-boned, bare-throated Vermonter as "Captain Pusher," and, ratifying the bargain of our commissary, were soon snugly on board his vessel; of which I regret that I forget the name, though I distinctly remember the letters that shone on the painted sterns we passed.—

such as the Macdonough, the Congress, the Green-Mountain-Boy, and the Lady of the Lake. Whatever was its name, its deck contained several baskets of vegetables and joints of meat, which gave us promise of a good dinner; and scarcely were we under weigh, before Sambo the cook began to pare turnips, and grin from ear to ear over savoury collops of mutton, which he was submitting to some incipient process of cookery.

We were favoured with a good breeze; but the channel of which I have spoken seemed to drag its length like an Alexandrine. We reached a place where it is so narrow, and makes an angle so abrupt, that there is a contrivance on the bank which steamers are obliged to employ in turning. It is best described by the name which has been given to it by the sailors, from

"A pigmy scraper wi' his fiddle,  
Wha used at tryste and fairs to driddle,  
Wi' hand on haunch, and upward e'e."

They call it the Fiddler's Elbow; and as it seems the limit of Whitehall, we were glad to double the cape as speedily as possible. A squadron of ducks that were puddling in the dirty water of the marshes gave point to a quotation from Voltaire, with which one of our company paid his parting compliments to *Kau-ko-kau-na*, as its author did to Holland—*Adieu! canards, canaillcs, canaux.*

After clearing this place, we found an object of interest in the decaying hulks of the two flotillas that came to an engagement in Plattsburgh bay, in the year 1814. The British and America galleys lay there rotting together, with many marks of the sharp action in which they had well borne their part. The more imposing proportions of Captain Downie's flag-ship the *Confiance* arrested our particular attention. She was a sheer hulk, charred and begrimed by fire, and a verdant growth of grass was sprouting from her seams and honourable scars. A few years before, she was a gallant frigate, cruising upon the open lake, and bearing proudly in the fight the red-cross of St George. Her commander fell upon her deck in the first moment of the action; and after a fierce engagement, during which she received 105 round-shot in her hull, she was surrendered. There was something in the sight of these rival

squadrons thus rotting side by side, that might have inspired a moralist. How many brave fellows that once trode their decks were likewise mouldering in the dust of death! But in another view of the matter there was something inspiring. They were a witness of peace between the two nations who hold Lake Champlain between them: and long may it be before either shall wish to recall them from the nothingness into which they have long since crumbled!

The lake becomes gradually wider, and though not remarkable for beauty, affords scenes to engage the eye and occupy the mind. It is rather river scenery, than what we naturally associate with lakes. On the left are the mountain ridges that divide its waters from those of Lake George; on the right, is the rocky boundary of Vermont. The lake occupies the whole defile, lying very nearly due north and south. As we approached Ticonderoga, the region became more mountainous, and the view was consequently more attractive. Before us on the east was Mount Independence, and just opposite, on the west, rose the bold height of Mount Defiance, completely covering the fortress, which we knew lurked behind it to the north. By the help of a good wind, we were not long in reaching the spot where the outlet of Lake George debouches. It comes into Lake Champlain, apparently from the north-west, at the foot of Mount Defiance; the lake making a bend and winding eastward; and between the lake and the outlet, on a sloping and partially wooded promontory of some hundred feet in height, rise the rough but picturesque ruins of Ticonderoga. They present an appearance not usual in American scenery; and having every charm of association which Indian, French, British, and patriotic warfare can throw around such places, are naturally enough endeared to Americans, and gratifying to the curiosity of travellers.

This fortress was originally built by the French, in 1756; and subsequently, until the ascent of Mount Defiance by Burgoyne proved its exposure to attack on that point, it was contested, captured, and recaptured, and held by French, English, and

Americans, as a stronghold of mastery and power. It commanded the avenue to the Hudson, and the pass to Lake George. The name Ticonderoga, in which every ear must detect a significant beauty, is said to denote, in the Indian dialect, the noise of the cataracts in the outlet; but the French called the fort Carillon, and afterwards Vaudreuil, in honour of one of their governors in Acadie, the Marquis de Vaudreuil. In 1757, when Montcalm (who fell in the defence of Quebec two years afterwards) was making his expedition against the English forts on Lake George, he remained at this place awaiting that powerful reinforcement of savages, whose treachery and thirst for blood rendered the campaign so lamentably memorable. To one who stands, as I did, on that beautiful peninsula, and surveys the quiet scene of land and water—sails betokening civilised commerce, and a trading village in Vermont, exhibiting every mark of prosperous thrift—it seems incredible that within the lifetime of persons yet surviving, that very scene was alive with savage nations who called it their own, and gave it to whom they would; but of whom nothing remains but wild traditions, and the certainty that they have been. Yet, only forty-three years before British and American flotillas were contending for this lake, in sight of a village with spires, and with none other than civilised arts of war, the same waters were covered with two hundred canoes of Nipistungues, Abnakis, Amenekis, and Algonquins, paddling their way to the massacre of a British force in a fortress at the head of Lake George. From Father Roubaud, a Jesuit priest who accompanied them, the particulars of that expedition have been handed down. He describes the savages as bedaubed with green, yellow, and vermillion; adorned with glistening ornaments, the gifts of their allies; their heads shaven, saving their scalp-locks, which rose from their heads like crests, stiffened with tallow, and decorated with beads and feathers; their chiefs bedizened with finery, and each nation embarked under wild but appropriate ensigns. Such were the Christians with whom Father Roubaud travelled as chaplain, and whom he led against

his fellow Christians like another Peter the Hermit pursuing Turks. It is the plague of Popery that it often expends itself in inspiring the deepest religious sentiment, without implanting the least religious principle. The Italian bandit kneels at a wayside crucifix, to praise God and the Virgin for the plunder he has taken with bloodshed; the Irish priest, at the altar, devotes to death his unoffending neighbours, with the very lips which, as he believes, have just enclosed the soul, body, and divinity of the world's Redeemer; and the Jesuit missionary of New France had no scruple in consecrating with the most awful rites of religion, an expedition whose object was the scalps of baptised men, and whose results were the massacre of women and children. The holy father himself is particular to relate the fact that he celebrated a mass before the embarkation, for the express purpose of securing the Divine blessing, and he compliments the fervour with which the savages assisted at the solemnity! He had described the English to them as a race of blasphemers, and they, at least, were not to blame for embarking in the spirit of crusaders "against black Pagans, Turks, and Saracens." Daily, for a whole week, as the armament advanced, did the wily Jesuit land them on one of the many isles that gem the lower waters of Lake Champlain, on purpose to renew the august sacrament of the altar before their eyes: and he describes these savages as chanting the praises of the Lamb of God, with a fervour from which he augured the consummation of their character as Christians. At the end of a week, they descried with joy the French lilies as they waved over the walls of Carillon; and in order to make their approach more imposing, they immediately arranged their canoes under their ensigns, and advanced in battle array. From the height on which I stood, Montcalm beheld his allies, on a bright July morning, their hatchets and tomahawks gleaming in the sun; their standards and scalp-locks fluttering in the breeze; and their thousand paddles hurrying them through the waves of that beautiful water: such a sight as no eye will ever see again. To a nobleman fresh from the gallantries of Versailles, it must



have been a spectacle full of wild and romantic interest; and the picture is altogether such a one as any imagination may delight to reproduce. Yet, when we reflect that it is even now but fourscore years and ten since such a scene was a terrible reality, how striking the reflection that it has as absolutely vanished from the earth, beyond the possibility of revival, as the display of tournaments, and the more formidable pageants of the Crusades.

The following year an expedition against this fort was made by the gallant Abercrombie, who approached it from Lake George, and endeavoured to take it by storm. It is commonly said that Lord Howe fell in this assault before the walls; but in fact he fell the day before, while leading an advanced guard through the forest. Ticonderoga was garrisoned by about four thousand men—French, Canadians, and Indians—and their entrenchments were defended by almost impregnable outworks. The British troops nevertheless made the attack with the greatest intrepidity, and in spite of a murderous fire, forced their way to the walls, and even scaled them, to be immediately cut down. But after repeated assaults, and the loss of two thousand men, General Abercrombie was forced to desist from the attempt; and the French kept the post for a time. It of course became English in the following year, when the French power in America was destroyed by the taking of Quebec.

I have already referred to its seizure by the eccentric Ethan Allen, on the breaking out of the American war in 1775. This officer was a native of Vermont, who had been an infidel preacher, and was notorious as the editor of the first deistical publication that ever issued from the American press. The revolution was hardly begun, when the province of Connecticut gave him a commission to capture Ticonderoga. With about three hundred of his hardy "Green-mountain-boys," he was hastening to the spot, when he fell in with Arnold, bearing a similar commission from Massachusetts. After some dispute as to the command, Allen was made leader, and Arnold his assistant. They arrived by night on the Vermont shore, opposite the fort. There they

found a lad who had been accustomed to visit the fort every day with provisions and pedlar's wares, and crossing by his directions, without noise, they were shown a secret and covered entrance into the fort itself. Climbing up through this passage, Allen led his men within the walls, and drew them up in the area of the fortress, having silenced and disarmed the only sentry who guarded the entrance. The commander of the post, who hardly knew there was war, was actually startled from his sleep, by Allen's demand for its surrender. The drowsy officer inquired—"By what authority?" And was answered by Allen, half banter and half in bombast,—"In the name of the Great Jehovah, and of the Continental Congress!" To one in his straits, with a word at his naked breast, he was hardly, however unintelligible, so completely overpowering, and the post was rendered without resistance. Its reduction in 1777 by Burgoyne has been already described, but Ticonderoga is forever endeared to Americans from the fact, that the first ever was so early given to the free summit.

A guide who showed us to the ruins of Enoch Gold, led me over the ruins. He pretended to have been with St. Clair, and to have seen Burgoyne and his men on Mount Denan. He showed us the way through which Allen gained his entrance, and took us into the vaults and magazines. A subtle trap apartment was seen, and the old fellow declared he had eaten bread hot out of its ovens. We gave the *son-disant* man the full reward of a hero, but I suspect we were paying him for his imagination, rather than for his hardships.

The ruins of the fortress were beginning to lengthen on the lake, as we returned to our bark. The mountains of Vermont, which are richly well wooded, looked brightly in the broad sunshine, and tempted us to wish we had time for an excursion to their heights. It was afterwards my happiness to go into Vermont, on a visit to Lake Plumage, which lies among its mountains, and supplies delicious fish. I found it a truly Arcadian region, abounding with streams and pasturages, and rich

in flocks and herds. It breeds a rugged race of men, with some characteristics decidedly Swiss. It is said, indeed, that a Switzer, who had come to settle in America, preferred these diminutive Alps, with their lakes and mountaineer population, to any other part of the country; and, fixing his dwelling accordingly, soon ceased to be home-sick, and sigh at the *ranz des vaches*.

Crown Point, the twin sister of Ticonderoga, is only ten miles beyond; but we did not reach it as soon as we had expected, for the wind had changed, and we were obliged to tack. Every now and then, the man at the helm, which was our gallant captain himself, would cry out.—“Heads!” and the boom would come sweeping across the deck, with woe to the head that wore a hat, or did not bow soon enough to save it. Several times I expected to see our friend Fike carried overboard bodily, and ngalled by another Carliac; for so profoundly was he engaged with his cigar, as he sat, or rather squatted, on the hatches, that the captain’s monotonous warning failed to alarm him till the whole company had echoed—“Heads!” and, with other demonstrations of passionate solicitude, forced him on all-fours.

At Crown Point the lake greatly improves. The water appears much clearer, and the width the boat nearly a not quite fourfold. It continues to expand till it becomes ten or twelve miles in breadth, and islands begin to be numerous. To the northward the higher peaks of the Green Mountains stretch away with magnificent outlines; and on the west, a bleak and craggy range of hills, which are said to harbour and vet the wolf and the bear, approach, and then recede from the shore. Here, as early as 1731, the French built Fort Frederick, as the first move towards the seizure and claim of the whole surrounding territory; and from this point they made their bloody and atrocious incursions into New England, and towards the Mohawk, or dismissed their hireling savages to do it for them. The recesses of Fort Frederick are believed to have rivalled the dungeons of the Inquisition in scenes of misery and crime. In its gloomy cells were plotted the inhuman

massacres which drenched the American settlements in blood. There, it is said, the Indian butchers received their commissions to burn, tomahawk, and scalp; and there, in the presence of Jesuit fathers, or at least with their connivance, was the gleaming gold counted down to the savages in return for their infernal trophies of success; the silvery locks of the aged colonist, the clotted tresses of women, and the crimsoned ringlets of the child. In 1759 this detestable hold of grasping and remorseless tyranny was blown up, and abandoned by the French to General Amherst. Soon after, the British Government began to erect a fortification in the vicinity of the ruins, and a noble work it was; though it proved of no use at all, after the enormous sum of two millions sterling had been expended on its walls of granite, and ditches blasted in the solid rock. The exploits of Arnold and Sir Guy Carleton in this vicinity have been already described. Since the close of the war of the Revolution, the costly works at Crown Point have been suffered to fall into decay; and they are now piles of ruin, covered with weeds, among which the red berries of the sunnatch are conspicuously beautiful in their time.

Though “Captain Pusher” made a landing at this point to procure a little milk for our tea, we did not go ashore, and were soon on our way once more with a freer prospect, and perhaps with somewhat expanded spirits. The setting sun, in the clear climate of America, is in fair weather almost always beautiful; and my recollections of the rosy and purple tints with which it adorned the feathery flakes of cloud that floated around the peaks of the Green Mountains, are to this day almost as bright in memory as when they first made my heart leap up to behold them in the soft summer-sky of Vermont. As the lake grew wider and the darkness deeper, there was of course less and less to be seen; and the noble scenery at Burlington, where the width of the lake is greatest, and the shores assume a bolder and higher character of beauty, was to our great regret unavoidably passed in the night. Still, there is something in starlight upon the waters, in

new and romantic regions, which peculiarly inspires me. The same constellations which one has long been accustomed to view in familiar scenes and associations, come out like old friends in the heavens of strange and untried lands; shining witnesses to the brotherhood of differing nations, and to the impartial benevolence and unsleeping love of God. But I have no reason to regret that the only night I ever passed on Lake Champlain was mostly spent in watching; for long before I was tired of gazing at Orion and the Pleiads, I was rewarded by the sight of one of the most splendid auroras that I ever beheld. In a moment, the whole northern heaven was illuminated with columnar light: and the zenith seemed to rain it down, so to speak—while the surface of the lake reflecting it, gave us, to our own eyes, the appearance of sailing in some bright fluid, midway between a vault and an abyss of fire. This display of glory continued to flash and quiver above us for several hours. There were, in quick succession, sheets and spires and pencils of variegated light, rolling and tremulous, wavy and flame-like, blazing heaven's azure with something like heraldic brocade and colours. Towards morning, the intense cold and heavy mountain dews drove me for a season to my berth; but I was on deck again in time to see the moon make her heliacal rising over the eastern peaks, in the wan paleness of her last quarter. The approach of day was attended with a fog; but it soon thinned off, and we made Plattsburgh in good time. Here we parted with our vessel, and her worthy commander; and though we neither gave him a piece of plate nor voted him an accomplished gentleman, we left him with such wishes as, if they have been fulfilled, have long since removed him from the helm of his sloop, and the waters of Lake Champlain, to a snug little cot at Burlington, and the company of any number of rosy little Green-Mountain boys and their interesting mother.

Plattsburgh is situated on the western bank of the lake, just where the crescent shore of a bold peninsula begins to curve round a broad semi-circular bay, several miles in circum-

ference, and of liberal depth. Here the American squadron, under Commodore Macdonough, was anchored on the 11th of September 1814, in order to assist the land forces under General Macomb, in repelling an expected attack from the British troops under Sir George Prevost. The English flotilla had been ordered up from the Isle-aux-Noix to engage Macdonough, and divert his fire from the shore; and accordingly, at about eight o'clock in the morning, was seen off the peninsula of Cumberland Head, and hailed by both armies with vociferous acclamations. The cannonade instantly began from the ships and on the land, and for two hours and twenty minutes the naval engagement was continued with the most stubborn resolution on both sides. Though the battle on shore was sorely contested, the action between the squadrons was anxiously watched by both armies, and by thousands of deeply interested spectators, who surveyed the field and the fleets from the neighbouring heights. Macdonough's flag-ship, the *Saratoga*, was twice on fire; and though Downie had fallen in the first moment of the conflict, the *Confiance* had succeeded in dismantling all the starboard guns of her antagonist, when the lower-cable of the *Saratoga* was cut, and a stern-anchor dropped, on which she rounded to, and presented a fresh broadside. The *Confiance* was unable to imitate this manœuvre, and she was obliged to strike, the remainder of the flotilla soon following her example. A few of the British galleys escaped, but as there was not another mast standing in either fleet, they could neither be followed by friends or by foes. The decision of the contest was vociferously cheered from the shore; and Sir George, perceiving the fate of his fleet, commenced a retreat, having suffered the loss of nearly a thousand men. This brilliant action in Cumberland Bay has made the name of Macdonough the pride and glory of Lake Champlain; and deservedly so, for his professional merit appears to have been no greater than his private worth. The brave but unfortunate Downie, who, with a squadron wanting a full third of being as strong as that of his antagonist, maintained this gallant contest, sleeps in a quiet grave at

Plattburgh, under a simple monument erected by the affection of a sister. He is always mentioned with respectful regret; but Macdonough is, of course, the hero of every panegyric. An anecdote which we heard at Whitehall gives me a higher opinion of the latter, however, than all that has been justly said of his merits as an officer. A few minutes before the action commenced, he caused his chaplain to offer the appropriate prayers in the presence of all his fleet—the men standing reverently uncovered, and the commander himself kneeling upon the deck. An officer of the *Confiance* is said to have observed this becoming, but somewhat extraordinary, devotion through his glass, and to have reported it to Captain Downie, who seemed to be immediately struck with a foreboding of the result. The sailors on our little sloop told us another story of the action with great expressions of delight. It seems the *hen-coop* of the *Saratoga* was struck in the beginning of the action, and a cock becoming released flew into the rigging, and, flapping his wings, crowed lustily through the fire and smoke. The gunners gave chauticleer a hearty cheer, and taking the incident as an omen of victory, stood to their guns with fresh spirit and enthusiasm. Smaller things than this have turned the tide of battles far greater, and more important to nations and the world.

We spent a day at Plattburgh surveying the field and the fort, and picking up stories of the fight. Relics of the battle were every where visible; and grape-shot and cannon-balls were lying here and there in the ditches. The evening was fair, and we drove out to an Indian encampment on the peninsula, the first thing of the kind I ever beheld. Entering one of the wigwams, or huts, I found the squaws engaged in weaving small baskets of delicate withes of elm, dyed and stained with brilliant vegetable-colours. An infant strapped to a flat board, and set like a cane or umbrella against the stakes of the hut, was looking on with truly Indian stoicism. The mother said her child never cried; but whether it runs in the blood, or is the effect of discipline, is more than I could learn. On the beach were

canoes of bark, which had been newly constructed by the men. A squaw, who desired us to purchase, lifted one of them with her hand; yet it could have carried six or seven men with safety on the lake. We observed that males and females alike wore crucifixes, and were evidently Christians, however degraded and ignorant. They spoke French, so as to be easily understood, and some English. These poor and feeble creatures were the last of the Iroquois.

Next day, in post-coaches, we came into Canada. At St John's, where we dined, Freke boisterously drank to his Majesty. So deep were the loyal feelings of our friend, however, that he continued his bumpers to "all the royal family," which, though not quite so great an achievement then as it would be now, was quite sufficient to consign him to the attentions of our host, where we left him without an adieu. We were much amused by the novelties of our road, so decidedly Frenchified, and unlike any thing in the States. Women, in the costume of French peasants, were at work in the fields; and we saw one engaged in bricklaying at the bottom of a ditch or cellar. The men in caps, smock-frocks, and almost always with pipes in their mouths, drove by in light *carettes*, or waggons with rails at the sides, drawn by stout little ponies of a plump yet delicate build, and for cart-horses remarkably fleet. For the first time in my life I observed also dogs harnessed in the Esquimaux manner, and drawing miniature *charettes*, laden with bark or faggots. Every thing reminded us that we were not in England or America, but only in Acadie.

We were jaunting merrily along, when vociferous halloos behind us caused our whip to pull up with a jerk. A Yorkshire man, in terror of footpads, began to bellow *Drive on!* and our heads were thrust forth in farcical preparation for a stand-and-deliver assault, when a waggon was discovered approaching us, in which were two men, one without a hat, his hair streaming like a meteor, and both bawling *Stop, stop!* like the post-boy at the heels of John Gilpin. In a moment we recognised Freke. With any thing but a volley of compliments, he assailed the driver for carrying off

his luggage, which sure enough was found in the boot, with his splendid initials inscribed in a constellation of brass nails. His hat had been blown off in the pursuit: but after adorning himself with a turban, he was again admitted to our company, though not without some reluctance expressed or understood. The fumes of his dinner had not entirely subsided: and I am sorry to say, that his enthusiasm for his king and country was about in inverse proportion to the honour he did them by his extraordinary appearance. I wish it had exhausted itself in song and sentiment; but it was evident that a strong desire to fight the whole universe was fast superseding the exhilaration of reunion with his friends. Unfortunately a poor Canadian, in passing with his *charrette*, struck the wheels of our coach; and though he alone was the sufferer, being knocked into a ditch instantaneously, Freke was upon him in a second, inflicting such a drubbing as reminded me forcibly of a similar incident in Horace's route to Brundisium. It was with difficulty that we succeeded in reducing our hero to a sense of propriety, and compelling him to console the astounded provincial with damages. The sufferer who thanked him in French for a not over generous remuneration seemed altogether at a loss to tell for what he had been beaten; and am happy to say that the politeness of the peasant seemed to restore our military friend to consciousness, and a fear that he had behaved like a brute. At the next stage he provided himself with a Canadian cap, and on resuming his seat overwhelmed us with apologies: so that we were compelled to forgive the aberration, which was doubtless, as he said, attributable solely to his loyal concern for the health of his Majesty, and to an overflow of spirits at finding himself once more in the pale of the British empire.

It was late in the afternoon when we arrived at Laprairie, that little old Canadian town on the St Lawrence, where passengers take the steamer to Montreal. Here was celebrating some kind of fête which had brought a procession of nuns into the street, around whom were congregated groups of smiling children in

their holiday dresses. I entered a church, which I found nearly deserted. A few of the poorer sort of persons were at prayer, saying their *aves* and *paters* by the rosary—not, as is sometimes supposed, through voluntary devotion, but in performance of appointed penances, which they make haste to get through. Some funeral ceremony seemed to be in preparation; for the church was dark, and a *cantafalque* near the entrance gave me a startling sensation of awe. All that Laprairie could show us was soon beheld; but our usual fortune had attended us to the last, and we were again too late for the steamer. It would not cross again till the morrow; yet there was the city of Montreal distinctly visible before our eyes. From the quay we could discern, down the river, the tin roof of the convent of Grayfriars, glittering brightly in the descending sun. In fact, the whole city was glittering, for every where its spires and roofs shone with a sheeting of the Cornish material which somehow or other, in this climate, seems to resist oxidation.

their resplendent robes, the scene was not  
 remarkable, except that there was  
 the river—thoroughfare, road, freights and mag-  
 nificent St. Louis, and its islands, with its ad-  
 vances, and abreast of the city, its  
 fortresses were seen. The  
*said to be* masked with the notes of  
 birds, fragrant with the flowers

We were regretting the premature departure of the steamer, when one of our party came to announce that some Canadian boatmen were willing to take us over in a batteau, if we would embark without delay. It was nine miles, and the rapids were high; but we were informed that our ferry-men were born to the war, and might confidently be trusted with our lives. We therefore lost no time in stowing ourselves, and part of our luggage, into a mere shell of a boat, manned by half-a-dozen Canadians, who pulled us into deep water with an air and a motion peculiarly their own. Once fairly embarked, there was something not unpleasant in finding ourselves upon the St. Lawrence in a legitimate manner; for steamers were yet a novelty in those waters, and were

regarded by the watermen with the same kind of contempt which an old English mail-coachman feels, in the bottom of his soul, for stokers and railways. Finding ourselves, by a lucky accident, thus agreeably launched, we naturally desired to hear a genuine Canadian boat-song, and were not long in making the oarsmen understand that an augmentation of their pay would be cheerfully afforded, if they would but favour us with music. Every one has heard the beautiful words of Tom Moore, inspired by a similar adventure. He says of the familiar air to which they are set, that though critics may think it trifling, it is for him rich with that charm which is given by association to every little memorial of by-gone scenes and feelings. I cannot say that the air of our *voyageurs* was the same; yet I am quite inclined to think that the words which he gives as the burden of the Canadian boat-song which he heard so often, were those to which we were treated. Barbarous, indeed, was their dialect if they attempted to give us any thing so definite as the chanson.

"Dau mon chœur j'ai une autre

Deux cavaliers, mes bien-aimés ;"

but there was a perpetually recurring refrain which sounded like *de - dau - daou - dau*, and which I suppose to be a sort of French *gal-de-oul*, but which I can easily conceive to have been, as our English Anacreon reports it:—

"A l'ondée d'un bois je m'en vas jouer,

A l'ondée d'un bois je m'en vas danser."

Rude as was the verse and the music, however, I must own that, in its place on that magnificent river, as we were approaching the rapids whose white caps were already leaping about our frail bark, with the meditative light of sunset throwing a mellow radiance over all, there was something that appealed very strongly to the imagination in that simple Canadian air. I am not musical, and cannot recall it; yet even now it will sometimes ring in my ears, when I go back in fancy to that bright season of my life when I too was a *voyageur*; and I have often been happy that accident thus gave me the pleasure of

hearing what I shall never hear again, and what travellers on the St Lawrence are every year less and less likely to hear repeated. Indeed, I am almost able to adopt every word which Moore has so poetically appended to his song. "I remember," says he, "when we entered at sunset upon one of those beautiful lakes into which the St Lawrence so grandly and so unexpectedly opens, I have heard this simple air with a pleasure which the finest conceptions of the finest masters have never given me; and now there is not a note of it which does not recall to my memory the dip of our oars in the St Lawrence, the flight of our boat down the rapids, and all the new and fanciful impressions to which my heart was alive during the whole of this very interesting voyage."

But our trip was not all poetry and song. When we were fairly upon those bright-looking rapids, we found our little nutshell quite too heavily loaded, and were forced to feel our evident danger with somewhat of alarm. The billows whirled and tossed us about, till our Canadians themselves became frightened, and foolishly throwing up their oars, began to cross themselves, and to call on the Virgin and all the saints. The tutelary of the St Lawrence is said to inhabit hard by, at St Anne's,—but such was our want of confidence in his power to interfere, that we met this outbreak of Romish devotion with a protest so vehement that it would have surprised the celebrated diet of Spiros. Certain it is that, on resuming their oars, the fellows did much more for us than their aspirations had accomplished, when unaided by efforts. We soon began to enjoy the dancing of our batteau, which gradually became less violent, and was rather inspiring. Still, as no one but a coward would sport in safety with dangers which were once sufficient to appal, let me confess that I believe I should be thankful that my journey and my mortal life were not cued together in those dangerous waters. I trust it was not without some inward gratitude to Him who numbers the very hairs of our head, that we found ourselves again in smooth tides, and were soon landed in safety on the quay at Montreal.

## THE CONQUEST OF NAPLES.

THE stirring period of the middle ages, rich in examples of bold enterprise and events of romantic interest, includes no more striking and remarkable episode than the invasion and conquest, by the brother of St Louis, of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. As an episode it has hitherto been treated—introduced, and not unfrequently crushed into unmerited insignificance, in works of general history. By both historian and poet fragments have been brought into strong relief; as an independent whole, no writer, until the present time, has ventured and chosen to attempt its delineation. The virtues and misfortunes of the last legitimate descendant of the imperial house of Stauffen, a house once so numerous and powerful, have been wept over by the minstrels to whose fraternity he belonged, vaunted by indignant chroniclers, and sung by the greatest of Italy's bards. The gallant and successful insurrection by which the brightest gem was wrenched from the French usurper's fire-new diadem, and set in Arragon's crown, has been repeatedly recorded and enlarged upon, and not unfrequently mistold. But the integral treatment of the conquest of Naples, in a work devoted to it alone, and worthy of the weight and interest of the subject—the narrative of the onsting of the German dynasty and establishment of a French one, including the circumstances that led to the change, and apart from contemporary and irrelevant history—were left for the elegant and capable pen of an author honourably known for extensive learning and indefatigable research. The puissant rule of Frederick the Hohenstauffe—the heroic virtues and Homeric feats of Charles of Anjou—the precocious talents, fatal errors, and untimely end of the luckless Conradin—have found a fit chronicler in the accomplished Count of St Priest.

Besides acknowledged talents and great industry, this writer has brought to his arduous task a familiar acquaintance—the result of long and assiduous study—with the times and personages of whom he writes, a sound judgment, and an honest desire of impartiality. In his quality of Frenchman the latter was especially essential, to guard him against the natural bias in favour of an illustrious and valiant countryman, that might lead, almost unconsciously, to an undue exaltation of the virtues, and extenuation of the crimes, of the hero of his narrative. Nor was this the only instance in which he was liable to temptation. The circumstances and causes of the massacre known as the Sicilian Vespers, were handed down, in the first instance, by Italian writers, in the adoption of whose views and assertions subsequent historians have perhaps displayed too great servility. If we consider the vindictive and treacherous instincts of the Sicilians, their fierce impatience of foreign domination, and the slight account made of him in life by the natives of southern Europe generally, we cannot too hastily reject the assertions and arguments by which M. de St Priest props his opinion, that the vengeance was greater than the offence, the oppressed more cruel than the oppressor. History affixes to an entire nation the stigma of goading a conquered people to madness, by arrogance, injustice, and excess. M. de St Priest takes up the defence, and, without claiming for his client an honourable acquittal, strives, by the production of extenuating circumstances, to induce the world to reconsider its severe and sweeping verdict. He asks whether the evidence has been sufficiently sifted, whether the facts have been properly understood and appreciated, or even known. "I think," he says, "they have not. The Sicilians them-

selves acknowledge this. One of their most distinguished writers has, suspected falsehood, and sought the truth; but he has done so only in a very exclusive, and consequently a very incomplete point of view. He has aggravated the reproach that rests upon the memory of the French of the thirteenth century. In my turn, I have resumed the debate with a national feeling as strong, but less partial I hope, than that of most of the Italian and German annalists, in whose footsteps our own historians have trodden with undue complaisance. It is time to stand aloof from these, and to reply to them." It would be inverting the order of our subject, here to dilate upon M. de St Priest's views concerning the massacre, to which we may hereafter recur. He scarcely makes out so good a case for the French victims to Sicilian vengeance as he does for the most prominent personage of his book, Charles of Anjou, whose character he handles with masterly skill. He admits his crimes—sets off with their acknowledgment; and yet so successfully does he palliate them by the received ideas of the time, by the necessities and perplexities of a most difficult position, that the reader forgets the faults in the virtues of the hero, and receives an impression decidedly favourable to the first French sovereign of Naples. "Had I proposed,"—we quote from the preface—"to write a biography, and not a history, to paint a portrait instead of a picture, I might have recoiled before my hero. The blood of Conradin still cries out against his pitiless conqueror; but the crime of the chief must not be imputed to the army. Aged warriors were seen to weep and pray around the scaffold of a child. The end I propose is not that of a retrospective vindication—an ungrateful, and often a puerile task. Charles of Anjou was guilty. That fact admitted, he still remains the greatest captain, the sole organising genius, and one of the most illustrious princes of a period fertile in great kings. Like his brother Louis IX., from whom, in other respects, he was only too different, he valiantly served France. He carried the French name into the most distant countries. By his political combinations, by the alliances he

secured for his family as much as by his victories, Charles I., King of Sicily, seated his lineage upon the thrones of Greece, Hungary, and Poland. Yet more—he saved the western world from another Mahomedan invasion, less perceived, but not less imminent, than the invasions of the eighth and seventeenth centuries. The bust of Charles of Anjou merits a place between the statues of Charles Martel and John Sobieski."

This high eulogium, at the very commencement of the book, strikes us as scarcely according with the promise of impartiality recorded upon the following page. The meed of praise exceeds that we should be disposed to allot to the conqueror of Naples. Still, upon investigation, it is difficult to controvert his historian's assertions, although some of them admit of modification. Here M. de St Priest rather veils and overlooks his hero's faults than denies them to have existed. He says nothing in this place of the misgovernment that lost Sicily, within a few years of its reduction. Yet to such misrule, more even than to the excesses of a licentious soldiery—partly consequent on it—was attributable the temporary separation of that fair island from the Neapolitan dominions. Subsequently he admits the imprudent contempt shown by Charles to this portion of his new kingdom, his injudicious choice of the agents and representatives of his authority, the exclusion of the natives from public offices and employments—filled almost wholly by Frenchmen—with many other arbitrary, oppressive, and unjust measures, sometimes more vexatious in form than efficient for the end proposed; as, for instance, the decree disarming the Sicilians, which must have been wretchedly enforced, since the Palermitans, when the signal for slaughter was given, were at no loss for weapons to exterminate their tyrants. Whilst admitting the skill shown by Charles in his foreign policy, and in the formation of great and advantageous alliances, we must refuse him, upon his advocate's own showing, the merit of able internal administration. His military virtues are less questionable, although the greatest of his victories, which placed his rival in his power and secured his seat on the



Neapolitan throne, was due less to any generalship of his own than to the bold stratagem of a gray-headed crusader.

Apart from its historical importance, M. de St Priest's work is valuable as exposing and illustrating the peculiar ideas, strange customs, and barbarous prejudices of a remote and highly interesting period, less known than it deserves, and whose annals and archives few have explored more industriously than himself. In this point of view are we disposed, whilst glancing at some of the principal events it records, especially to consider it: and under this aspect it will probably be most prized and esteemed by the majority. A greater familiarity than the general mass of readers possess with the complicated history of the second period of the middle ages is requisite for the due appreciation of the book, and especially of its first volume. This is purely introductory to the conquest. The name of the conqueror is mentioned for the first time upon its last page. The matter it contains is not the less essential. It sketches the establishment of the Norman dynasty in Sicily: the elevation of that country into a monarchy by Duke Roger II.; the fall of the unity of Tancred, and the reign of Frederick II. (Emperor of Germany, and grandson of Barbarossa,) who inherited the crown of the Two Sicilies at right of his mother, the pious daughter of Roger, and the last of the Norman line. This brings into the thick of the long-standing feud between the Pope and the Empire, which, after having had the whole of Europe for its battle-field, at last concentrated itself in a single country. "Towards the middle of the thirteenth century it was transported to the southern extremity of Italy, to the rich and beautiful lands now composing the kingdom of Naples. The quarrel of the investitures terminated by the crusade of Sicily; a debate about ecclesiastical jurisdiction ended in a dispute concerning territorial possession. But although reduced to less vast proportions and more simple terms, the antagonism of the pontificate and the throne lost nothing of its depth, activity, and strength. Far from becoming weakened, it assumed

the more implacable and rancorous character of a personal encounter. The war became a duel. It was natural that this should happen. So soon as a regular power was founded in the south of Italy, Rome could not permit the same power to establish itself in the north of the peninsula. The interest of the temporal existence of the papedom, the geographical position of the States of the Church, rendered this policy stringent. The Popes could never allow Lombardy and the Two Sicilies to be united under one sceptre. A King of Naples, as King of the Lombards, pressed them on all sides: but as Emperor he crushed them. This formidable hypothesis realised itself. A German dynasty menaced the Holy See, and was broken. A French dynasty was called to replace it, and obtained victory, power, and duration." When this occurred—when the Pope, beholding from the towers of Civita Vecchia his earthly sway menaced with annihilation, and the Saracen hordes of Sicily's powerful King ravaging the Campagna, fulminated anathemas upon the impious invaders, and summoned to his aid a prince of France—Maufredi, Prince of Taranto, or Mainfroy, as M. de St Priest prefers to call him, the natural son of Frederick II., was the virtuous sovereign of the Two Sicilies. Frederick, who died in his arms, left him regent of the kingdom during the absence in Germany of his legitimate son Conrad—named his heir in preference to his grandson Frederick, the orphan child of his eldest son Henry, who had died a rebel, conquered and captive. This was not all. "The imperial will declared the Prince of Taranto bailiff or viceroy of the Two Sicilies, with unlimited powers and regal rights, whenever Conrad should be resident in Germany or elsewhere. Things were just then in the state thus provided for. Mainfroy became *ipso facto* regent of the kingdom: and the lucky bastard saw himself not only eventually called to the powerful inheritance of the house of Swabia, but preferred to the natural and direct heir of so many crowns."

The death of Frederick the Hohenstauff, who for long after his decease was popularly known—as in our day a greater than he still is—as *the*

Emperor, revived the hopes and courage of Pope Innocent IV., who resolved to strike a decisive blow at the power of the house of Suabia. Mainfroy was then its representative in Italy. He was only nineteen—a noble enemy, so thought Innocent, whom a word from the pontifical throne would suffice to level with the dust. But where the sanguine Pope expected to find a child, he met a man, in talent, energy, and prudence. These qualities Mainfroy displayed in an eminent degree in the struggle that ensued, and when Conrad landed in his kingdom, which had been represented to him as turbulent and agitated, he was astonished at the tranquillity it enjoyed. He embraced his brother, and insisted on his walking by his side, under the same dais, from the sea to the city. This good understanding did not last long. Conrad was jealous of the man who had so ably supplied his place, and jealousy at last became hatred. He deprived Mainfroy of the possessions secured to him by his father's will, banished his maternal relatives with ignominy, and did all he could, but in vain, to drive him to revolt. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that when Conrad died, at the age of twenty-six, leaving Berthold, Margrave of Hohenburg, regent of the kingdom during the minority of his son Conrad V., or Conradin—who had been born since his departure from Germany, and whom he had never seen—there were not wanting persons to accuse Mainfroy as an accessory to his death. Mainfroy had already been charged—falsely, there can be little doubt—of having smothered, under mattresses, his father and benefactor, the Emperor Frederick. There was more probability, if not more truth, in the accusation of fratricide; for, if Conrad had lived, doubtless Mainfroy would, sooner or later, have been sacrificed to his jealousy or safety. “The majority of chroniclers assign to Mainfroy, as an accomplice, a physician of Salerno; and add, with the credulity of the times, that he killed the King of the Romans by introducing diamond dust, an infallible poison, into his entrails. Others, bolder or better informed, give the name of the poisoner, and call him John of Procida.”

Whether this death resulted from poison or disease, it was hailed as a happy event by the Italians, and with a great burst of laughter by the Pope, who at once renounced his project of calling a foreign prince to the throne of Sicily, and resumed, with fresh ardour, his plans of conquest and annexation. Advancing to the Neapolitan frontier, he was there met by the Prince of Taranto and the Margrave of Hohenburg, who came to place themselves at his disposal, and to supplicate him on behalf of the infant Conradin. The Pope, who saw a proof of weakness in this humility, insisted that the Two Sicilies should be delivered up to the Church; saying that he would then investigate the rights of Conradin, and admit them if valid. The Margrave, alarmed at the aspect of things, made over the regency to Mainfroy, who accepted it with affected repugnance. A powerful party called this prince to the throne: it was the aristocratic and national party, averse alike to papal domination and to the government of a child. They entered into an agreement with Mainfroy, by which they swore to obey him as regent, so long as the little King should live; stipulating that if he died a minor, or without direct heirs, the Prince of Taranto should succeed him as sovereign. The Margrave of Hohenburg, faithless to the trust reposed in him by Conrad, agreed to these conditions, and promised to deliver up to Mainfroy the late King's treasures. Instead of so doing, the double traitor made his escape with them, leaving the new regent in such poverty that, in order to pay his German mercenaries, he was compelled to sell the hereditary jewels and gold and silver vases of his mother's family.

If Mainfroy had made good fight in defence of Conrad's rights, we may be sure he did not less strenuously strive when his own claim was to be vindicated. Unfortunate at first; and about to succumb to papal power and intrigues, he, as a last resource, threw himself into the arms of the Saracens of Lucera. These unbelievers had been greatly encouraged by his father, who was passionately addicted to things oriental. “From his infancy,” M. de St Priest says of Frederick, “he

lived surrounded with astrologers, eunuchs, and odaliques. His palace was a *seraglio*, himself a sultan. This was quite natural. In Sicily all visible objects were Asiatic. The external form of the houses, their internal architecture, the streets, the baths, the gardens, even the churches, bore the stamp of Islamism. The praises of God are still to be seen engraved in Arabic on marble columns; and in the same language were they traced, in gold and diamonds and pearls, upon the mantle and dalmatica of Sicily's Queens and Kings. Palermo was then called the trilingual city. Latin and Arabic were equally spoken there; and the Italian, the *favella volgare*, originated at the court of Frederick-Roger, under the Moorish arcades of his palaces at Palermo and Catania. The language of Petrarch was murmured, for the first time, beside the fountains of the Ziza. The outward forms of Islamism were then, in southern Europe, the ensign hoisted by that small number of liberal thinkers, the avowed enemies of ecclesiastical and monkish domination, who willingly assumed the name of Epicureans." Further on we have the following, explanatory of the peaceable settlement of the infidel in Sicily, and curiously illustrating the contradictions and bigotry of the time. "With an audacity previously unheard-of, Frederick II., after fighting and conquering the Saracens who overran and disturbed Sicily, transported entire colonies of them to Lucera, in the Capitanata, in the immediate vicinity of the patrimony of St Peter, thus planting, in the heart of his kingdom, the Mahomedan standard he was about to combat in Syria. Decrepid though he was, Pope Honorius felt the danger and insult of such proximity. What were the arms of the holy see against an opponent that none of its anathemas could touch? The Pontiff became indignant, vented threats; but was soon appeased. When the wily Frederick saw him angry, he promised a crusade: whereupon the Pope calmed himself, and treated the Emperor as a son." Subsequent Popes were less easy to pacify, and ban and excommunication were heaped upon the Emperor's head. Gregory IX., in his bulls, called him "*a marine*

*monster, whose jaws are full of blasphemies*;" to which complimentary phrase Frederick replied by the epithets of "*great dragon, antichrist*," and "*new Balaam*." A third extract will complete the sketch of the Saracens, and their position in Sicily. "Surrounded by odaliques and dancing women; giving eunuchs for guards to his wife, the beautiful Isabella Plantagenet, a daughter of the English King; often clothed in oriental robes; in war-time mounted on an elephant; in his palace surrounded by tame lions; always accompanied by a troop of Mussulmans, to whom he showed great indulgence, permitting them the violation of churches and women, debauch and sacrilege, — Frederick II., in the opinion of his subjects, was no longer a Christian prince. During the last ten years of his reign this state of things reached its height. The number of barbarian troops daily increased. Seventeen new companies, summoned from Africa, were dispersed, like an invading army, over the Basilicata and Calabria. Finally, the Emperor went so far as to install them in the places of masters of ports, and in other offices that gave these Mussulmans jurisdiction over Christian populations." And when a Saracen captain, named Phocax, in garrison at Trani, ill-treated a citizen of noble birth, Messer Simone Rocca, and grossly outraged his wife, the aggrieved man could obtain no satisfaction. "The Emperor only laughed. '*Messer Simone*,' he said, to the complainant, '*dov'è forza non vergogna*. Go, Phocax will not do it again; had he been a native of the country, I would have had his head cut off.'" On the death of this indulgent patron, the Saracen colony in the kingdom of Naples saw its existence menaced. The infidels were lost if Rome became mistress of the country. The triumph of the Pope would be the tocsin of their extermination. They resolved to defend themselves to the last. They held Lucera, Accerenza, and Girafalco, three impregnable fortresses; they also commanded at other points, less strong but still important. They felt themselves numerous, courageous, and determined. Mainfroy could not doubt that they would gladly rally round

the banner of their benefactor's son; and in this hope he set out for Lucera, where John the Moor then commanded. This man, a slave whom the Emperor's caprice had raised to the highest dignities, promised Mainfroy the best of receptions. But when the Prince of Tarento reached Lucera, the traitor had gone over to the Pope, taking with him a thousand Saracens and three hundred Germans, and leaving the town in the keeping of a man of his tribe, Makrizi by name. On learning this treachery, Mainfroy still did not renounce his project of confiding himself to the Arabs—so cherished by his father, so favoured by himself. Only, instead of approaching the fortress with his little army, as regent of the kingdom, he preferred to go as a knight-errant, attended only by three esquires, like a paladin of the Round Table. This portion of Mainfroy's life, as well as many other passages in M. de St Priest's book, reads like an extract from some old romance of chivalry. After wandering about, in the gloom and rain of a November night, and losing his way repeatedly, Adenulfo, one of Mainfroy's three men-at-arms, and formerly forester to Frederick II., perceived a white object in the darkness, and recognised a hunting-lodge built by the Emperor. He conducted the prince thither, and they lighted a large fire,—a most imprudent act, for the flame was easily perceptible at Foggia, where Otho of Hohenburg was then in garrison with a portion of the papal army. But Mainfroy was young and a poet. At sight of the splendid trees blazing on the hearth, he forgot the present, and thought only of the past; perhaps he recalled the time, not yet very distant, when as a child, on winter nights like that one, and perchance in that very place, he had seen his father, on his return from an imperial hunt, seat himself at that same hearth, and talk familiarly with his attendants of his wars and his amours,

singing the praises of the lovely Catalans,\* and venting curses on the Pope. The illusion was of short duration. At early dawn Mainfroy and his little escort took horse, and after an hour's march they beheld, through the misty morning air, the tall hill of Lucera, and on its summit the Saracen citadel and its massive walls, crowned with two-and-twenty towers. But the guardians of the gate refused to open without orders from Makrizi, who moreover, it would appear, had the key in his keeping. Sure that he would deny admittance, they urged the prince to enter as he best might, for that, once within the walls, all would go well. Beneath the gate was a sort of trench, or gutter, to carry off the rain, and through this it was not difficult for a young man of twenty, slender and active like Mainfroy, to squeeze himself. He attempted to do so, but the Saracens could not support the sight of their Emperor's son grovelling on the ground like a reptile. "Let us not," they exclaimed, "allowed our lord to enter our walls in this vile posture. Let his entrance be worthy of a prince! Let us break the gates!" In an instant these were overthrown; Mainfroy passed over their ruins, and was carried upon the shoulders of the Saracens to the public market-place, surrounded by a joyous multitude. He met Makrizi, who, furious at the news of his entrance, was summoning the garrison to arms. "Makrizi! Makrizi!" cried the Saracens and the people, "get off your horse, and kiss the prince's feet!" The Arab obeyed, and prostrated himself. Mainfroy had valiantly played his last stake, and fortune favoured his audacity. In Lucera he found the treasures of Frederick II., of King Conrad, of the Margrave Berthold, and of John the Moor. Then, as ever, money was the power of war. Its possession changed the aspect of affairs. In less than a month, the proscribed and fugitive

\* "Plasmi el cavalier Frances  
E la donna Catalans," &c., &c.

A well-known song which Voltaire rightly attributes to Frederick II., and which Guinguené, who is here wrong in his criticism of Voltaire, gives to Frederick Barbarossa.

Mainfroy had dispersed the Pope's army, taken and executed John the Moor, and marched upon Naples to seize a crown. And now, for many years, his career of success was unchecked by a reverse. His arms were uniformly triumphant in the field; he was the most magnificent prince, and passed as the richest sovereign, in Europe. At last the marriage of his daughter Constance with the Infante Don Pedro, daughter of King James of Arragon, crowned his prosperity. Concluded in defiance of the court of Rome, this marriage allied the bastard Prince of Taranto with the French royal family; for Isabella of Arragon, sister of his son-in-law Don Pedro, became the wife of Philip, son of Louis IX., and heir apparent to the crown of France. This last piece of good fortune nearly turned Mainfroy's head. Instead of defending himself against the Holy See, he assumed the offensive, and invaded its territories. Moreover, he now openly professed, and established as a principle, that the right to dispose of the imperial diadem was not vested in the Popes, but in the senate and people of Rome. "It is time," he added, "to put an end to this usurpation." Such maxims, thus publicly proclaimed, rendered the Pope irreconcilable. The papal dream of annexing the Two Sicilies to the pontificate had long melted into air before the sun of Mainfroy's arrogant prosperity; and Urban IV., convinced that the Church had need of a valiant and devoted defender, turned his eyes northwards, whilst his lips pronounced the name of Charles of Anjou.

Charles, the good Count of Anjou, as some of the chroniclers call him, was married to Beatrice of Savoy, Countess of Provence, whose hand he obtained in preference to two formidable rivals,—Conrad, son of the Hohenstauffe, and Pedro of Arragon. The latter we have just referred to as having subsequently married a daughter of Mainfroy. Through life Peter and Charles were destined to be rivals; and if the latter had the advantage at the outset, his competitor afterwards in some degree balanced the account by robbing him of the island of Sicily. In 1248, soon after his marriage, Charles embarked at

Aiguemortes with his brother Louis and their wives, on a crusade,—was sick to death at the island of Cyprus; but recovered, and performed prodigies of valour in fight with the Saracens. It seemed as if the scant of battle sufficed to restore him his full vigour; and he displayed a furious impetuosity and reckless daring that almost surpass belief. On arriving off Damietta, and at sight of the Saracen army waiting on the shore, he and St Louis sprang from their galley, and waded to land, with the water to their waists. Surrounded by the enemy, Charles raised a wall of corpses around him, until his knights came up to the rescue. Heading them, he charged the infidel host, ordering to strike at the horses' breasts. The noble Arab chargers fell by hundreds; the Saracens fled; Louis and Charles pursued; Damietta was the prize of the Christians. "The adventurous prince feared the elements as little as he did man. One day the Saracens threw Greek fire upon the crusaders' tents. Struck with surprise at sight of this mysterious enemy, the Christians were so terrified that they dared not attempt to extinguish the flames. 'I will go,' cried the Count of Anjou. They tried to retain him by force, but he broke from them like a madman, and succeeded in his design. At another time, St Louis, from the top of a hill, saw him engaged single-handed with a whole troop of Saracens, who hurled at him darts with flaming flags, which stuck into and burnt his horse's crupper. Thus did Charles display the first symptoms of a will incapable of receding even before impossibilities,—a dangerous application of a great virtue; but then, these feats of the Count of Anjou delighted every body. Other exploits followed. Like a Christian Horatius, Charles one day stopped the whole Mussulman army upon a wooden bridge." This great bravery was accompanied by pride, egotism, and hardness of heart, and these qualities caused bickerings between him and St Louis. Nevertheless, the brothers were fondly attached to each other; and when Charles returned to Provence he displayed a depth of emotion on parting from his king that surprised the army, which did not give him credit for so

much fraternal affection. There was great contrast of character between him and his royal brother. "They had in common," says M. de St Priest, "military courage, chastity, probity, and respect to their pledged word. . . . St Louis was a Frenchman, Charles of Anjou a Spaniard. St Louis had that communicative disposition, that taste for social enjoyment, that necessity of expansion and gentle gaiety, generally attributed to our nation. He was evidently the man born beside the waters of Loire or Seine. Charles, on the other hand, seemed to have received life upon the rugged rocks of Toledo, or in the naked and melancholy plains of Valladolid. He was proud and gloomy; no smile ever curved his lips. Uncommunicative, he confided his designs to no one. Although hasty, violent, and passionate, he strove to conceal his emotions. He slept little, spoke less; never forgot a service or an injury. His indulgence for his partisans and servants was unbounded: if he was passionately fond of gold, it was especially that he might shower it upon them. Charles and Louis were a contrast even in form and colour of face. Louis was fair and ruddy; Charles had black hair, an olive skin, nervous limbs, and a prominent nose. Goodness was the characteristic of the king, severity of the count. Both of imposing aspect,—one as a father, the other as a master—Louis inspired respect and love, Charles respect and terror. By the admission of all his contemporaries, nothing could be more majestic than the look, gait, and stature of the Count of Anjou. In an assemblage of princes he eclipsed them all. A poet who knew him well, and who calls him the most *seigniorial* of men, shows him to us at the court of France in the midst of his brothers, and characterises him by this energetic line—

'Tous furent filz de roy, mais Charles le fut mieur.'

Such was the man who, on the 15th May 1265, embarked at Marseilles for Rome, with a thousand chosen knights upon thirty galleys, leaving the main body of his army at Lyons to cross the Alps with the Countess Beatrix,

under the nominal command of the young Robert de Bethune Dampierre, heir to the county of Flanders, and the real guidance of Gilles de Traisignies, constable of France. At the moment of his departure, timid counsellors magnified the peril of the enterprise, and the superiority of the hostile fleet that watched to intercept him; but nothing could shake the determination of the Count of Anjou. "Good conduct," he said, as he put foot on his galley's deck, "overcomes ill fortune. I promised the Pope to be at Rome before Pentecost, and I will keep my word." If fortune had not favoured him, however, it is doubtful if he would have succeeded in running the gauntlet through the sixty Sicilian galleys, manned with the practised mariners of Pisa, Naples, and Amalfi, that waited to pounce, like hawk on sparrow, upon his feeble armament. Independently of this formidable squadron, the entrance of the port of Ostia was encumbered, by Mainfroy's order, with beams and huge stones, against which the French ships were expected inevitably to shatter themselves. Altogether, the marine preparations were so formidable, they were proclaimed with such ostentation, and Mainfroy appeared so convinced of their efficacy, that at Rome the partisans of Charles and the Pope lost courage. The decisive moment arrived, and no fleet appeared; when suddenly a rumour spread that Charles was shipwrecked and drowned. The Ghibellines, or imperialists, hailed the report with delight, the Guelfs with terror. Friends and enemies alike believed the fatal intelligence, when at break of day, on the eve of Pentecost, a boat, containing ten men, entered the Tiber. Amongst these ten men was Charles of Anjou. He owed his safety to his peril; deliverance had grown out of impending destruction. A violent storm had had a double result: Mainfroy's fleet, which for some days past had blockaded the Tiber, was compelled to put to sea, and the thirty Provençal galleys were dispersed in view of Pisa. Charles was wrecked on the coast of Tuscany; to escape capture by one of Mainfroy's lieutenants, he threw himself into a skiff, and the wind guided him into the Tiber, which he entered unper-

ceived by the Sicilian admiral. Such was the fortunate chance that served him. Men believed him at the bottom of the sea, and at that moment he landed in Italy.

Mainfroy prepared for defence, affecting boundless confidence in the result of the approaching strife, but in reality uneasy at the approach of his formidable foe. His hatred found vent in sarcasm and abusive words. "Although the name of the terrible Charles of Anjou did not encourage childish diminutives, Mainfroy, and his flatterers never spoke of him otherwise than as *Carlotto*" (Charley.) This was not very dignified or in good taste. But Charles was at no loss for a retort. When his wife had joined him, at the head of thirty thousand men, and the royal pair had been crowned in the Church of the Lateran, in sight and amidst the acclamations of an immense multitude, King and Queen of Sicily, he marched upon Naples. At the frontier, Mainfroy, after a vain attempt to intimidate the Pope, endeavoured to delay his progress by negotiation. "Tell the Sultan of Lucera," replied Charles to the Swabian envoys, "that between us there can be neither peace nor truce; that soon he shall transport me to paradise or I will send him to hell." And having thus branded his opponent as an infidel, and his opponent's cause as unjust, he resolutely entered the Neapolitan states. The first barrier to his progress, the fortified bridge of Caprano, was opened to him by Riccardo d'Aquino, Count of Caserte, out of revenge for the alleged seduction or violation of his wife by Mainfroy. The count was about to defend the post, when news of his dishonour reached him. He vowed a terrible revenge; but, scrupulous even in his anger, he sent to consult the casuists of the French camp, whether a vassal had the right to punish the liege lord who had outraged him in his honour. The casuists made an affirmative reply, and Caserte gave free passage to Charles of Anjou. History is more positive of the count's treason than of the outrage said to have induced it. The occupation of the bridge was but a small step towards the conquest of the Two Sicilies. Charles's path was strewn with obstacles, augmented by

the difficulty of transporting his warlike engines, and by fierce dissensions in his army. These alone were sufficient to ruin the enterprise; but the valour and military science of the French prince supplied all deficiencies. His operations were sometimes, however, a little impeded from pious scruples; as, for instance, when he put off the assault of a town for two days, in order not to fight on Ash Wednesday. Nevertheless his progress was rapid and triumphant, and soon the silver fleur-de-lis of France, and the crimson ones of the Guelphs, floated above the walls or over the ruins of Mainfroy's strongest forts. All the Saracens who fell into Charles's hands were immediately put to the sword. At last, in the valley of Santa Maria de Grandella, and at four miles from the town of Benevento, the French army—to which were now united the levies of many disaffected Neapolitan nobles—came in sight of Mainfroy's host, drawn up in order of battle. The strength of the two armies is variously stated, but it appears certain that the numerical advantage was considerably on the side of Charles. Before engaging, each leader made a speech to his troops. That of Charles reminds us of Cromwell's well-known exhortation to his men, to trust in God and keep their powder dry. "Have confidence in God," said the valiant and pious Frenchman, "but neglect not human means; and be attentive, when battle begins, to what I now tell you: strike at the horses rather than at the men, not with edge, but with point; so that, falling with his horse and being unable to rise quickly, on account of the weight of his armour, the cavalier may immediately have his throat cut by the *ribauds*. Let each of you be always accompanied by one of those varlets, and even by two. Forget not that, and march!" The manœuvre prescribed by Charles of Anjou, and which he had already essayed in Palestine, was forbidden by chivalrous etiquette, which stigmatised as disloyal the act of striking at the horses' heads. But Charles was not at a tournament. His aim was victory, and his injunction was well received by his knights, whom his words excited, says a chronicler, *as the hunts-*

*man excites the dogs.* There was neither blame nor murmur. Nevertheless his chevaliers were the flower of nobility; but they did not hold themselves engaged in a regular war; they looked upon the expedition as a crusade against infidels. The bishop of Auxerre gave a final benediction; the trumpets sounded, and the signal of battle echoed through both camps.

Neither army had left its ground when the clamour of many thousand voices was heard; and, like a whirlwind, the Saracen archers from Lucera poured upon the field. Crossing the little river Calora, they fell upon the French infantry with a discharge of arrows. The French, with loud cries of "Down with the Saracens! Down with the swine!" rushed furiously to meet them. The medley was terrible, and at first victory favoured the turban. Charles's troops broke and fled, when Ruggiero San Severino rallied them, waving, by way of banner, a bloody shirt, stripped from a soldier's corpse. Philip de Montfort brought up the reserve, and threw himself upon the Saracens, whom he cut to pieces with cries of "Montfort, chevaliers!" "Swabia, chevaliers!" replied Gualvano Lancia, who, without waiting orders from Mainfroy, hurried forward a thousand men of the best German troops. He fell upon the French, who were weary with striking, and made a great slaughter of them. Charles of Anjou, who in his part of the field performed, as usual, prodigies of valour, now left the wing he commanded and attacked Gualvano Lancia. The Germans and Saracens were cut to pieces and dispersed; but the Italian battalions, commanded by nobles of the country, had not yet shared the combat. Mainfroy had kept them as a reserve, and now called upon them to follow him. Instead of so doing, they turned their backs and fled. At the same moment a silver eagle, surmounting Mainfroy's helm, fell and broke in pieces. At this evil omen, the son of the Hohenstauffe felt himself lost. He turned towards the faithful few who still stood by him, and said in the words of the Catholic Church: *Hoc est signum Dei.* Then, followed by Tibaldo Annibaldi, he plunged into the thickest of the hostile squadrons, and was seen no

more alive. For three days nothing was heard of him, and Charles of Anjou thought he had escaped, when a soldier led his war-horse past the window of Gualvano Lancia and two other Ghibelline prisoners. On recognising the steed, the captives burst into tears, and implored the soldier, a Picard, to tell them the fate of its rider, whether prisoner, slain, or fugitive. "The Picard, having learned who the prisoners were, replied thus: 'I will tell you the truth; during the fight, the man who mounted this horse came up, uttering terrible cries. He rushed into the mêlée, followed by another cavalier much less than himself, and fell upon us with such courage that, had he been supported by others as brave, he would have beaten us or given us much to do. I showed front to this knight and wounded his charger in the head with a lance-thrust; the horse, feeling itself wounded, threw its rider; then the *ribauds* despoiled him of his arms and made an end of him. As his scarf was very beautiful, I took it, as well as his horse; and here they both are.' Such was the noble end of Manfred, or Machtfried, of Stauffen, whom the French were wont to call Mainfroy of Sicily." With great difficulty, the royal corpse was found, amidst heaps of slain, and the French chevaliers entreated Charles to allow it honourable burial. "Willingly," replied Charles, "were he not excommunicated." The new King of Sicily could not reasonably be expected to grant ecclesiastical interment to the man, whom he had fought and supplanted on the sole ground of his being out of the pale of the church. So a trench was dug at the foot of the bridge over the Calora, the body was laid in it, the army filed by, and each soldier, as he passed, threw a stone upon the unconsecrated grave. As great warriors have had worse monuments. But papal hatred followed Mainfroy even beyond the tomb. Under pretence that the remains of the excommunicated hero infected the pontifical soil, Clement IV.'s nuncio had them unearched and dragged at night, without torches, to the banks of the Garigliano. There they were abandoned to the pelting storm and prowling beast of prey. "While a savage fanaticism thus insulted the



ashes of Sicily's King, poetry prepared him a glorious revenge. Eight months before the battle of Benevento, a child was born at Florence, in May 1265, whose name was Dante Alighieri. Dante protected the memory of Mainfroy."

For eight days the unfortunate town of Benevento was abandoned to the horrors of the sack. At the end of that time Charles called his greedy soldiers from pillage and excess, rallied them round his standard and marched to Naples. The magnificence of his entrance dazzled and delighted the people, surpassing even the vaunted splendour of the proud Hohenstaufen. In every respect Charles's victory was complete. The Angevine banner floated throughout the kingdom of Naples; and after very slight resistance on the part of Gualvano Lancia and of Conrad of Antioch, an illegitimate grandson of the Emperor Frederick, Sicily and Calabria were also reduced and tranquillised. But the triumphant king was still surrounded with difficulties. His pecuniary obligations were numerous and heavy, and his new kingdom offered no resources for their acquittal. The population was greatly reduced, agriculture had disappeared, commerce was at the very lowest ebb, the nobility were ruined, and revenue there was none. On the other hand, Charles's troops were clamorous for arrears; and the Pope, who had pledged the treasures of the Roman churches to Tuscan bankers for funds to carry on the war, was urgent in his demands of repayment, and went so far as to threaten his debtor with excommunication. Charles the First was in great perplexity. The clergy, who alone had some means, he was forbidden to tax, by the terms of his treaty with the Pope. In this dilemma, the King was compelled to resort to imposts and extortions, which rendered him odious to his subjects. In this respect he was no worse, perhaps, than his immediate predecessors, who seldom scrupled to raise a forced contribution, even by the armed hand; but his manner of procuring his supplies was particularly obnoxious to the Neapolitans. He reduced it to a regular system, based upon the French fiscal forms. The people preferred

the occasional swoop of a party of Saracens to the tax-gatherer's systematic spoliation. The irritation became general. Murmurs and complaints were heard on all sides, mingled with regrets for Mainfroy. The Pope, unwilling to share Charles's unpopularity, dissatisfied at the non-payment of his advances, and but slightly appeased by the present of a golden throne and candelabra sent him from the sack of Benevento, wrote harsh letters to his ally, and sent him long lectures and instructions as to how he should govern, bidding him, above all things, to be *amiable*. This was not much in Charles's way; neither did his political views at all agree with those of his Holiness Clement IV. He was certainly by no means amiable, and, moreover, he committed a grievous blunder, common enough with his countrymen, and which alienated the affections of his subjects. He tried to Frenchify his new dominions. Obstinate bent on moving the mountain, he would not even meet it half-way. He scorned to take a lesson from the Norman founders of the kingdom, who "governed Sicily not as conquerors but as old hereditary sovereigns," and were cautious of the too sudden introduction of foreign innovations. His object, according to M. de St Priest's own showing, was at least as much the increase of the power and importance of France, as the happiness of the people he had come to reign over. His historian admires him for this, and for his wish "to make half Europe, not a vassal, but a dependency of France." He introduced the forms of French administration, abolished the offices and etiquette that had existed since the days of King Roger, and replaced them by those of the court of Vincennes, changes which excited great hatred and dislike to their author. He abandoned the Castel Capuano, the residence of Frederick II., and built the Castel Nuovo, on the model of the Paris Bastille. The copy has survived the original. But we must pass over, for the present, the merits and errors of Charles, and his ambitious designs upon Italy and the East, to bring upon the scene the last heir of the house of Staufen.

Conrad, known in history by the

diminutive of Conradin,\* was born at Landshut, in Bavaria, on the 25th of March 1252, and was hailed in his cradle by the high-sounding titles of king of Jerusalem and Sicily, king of the Romans, future emperor, &c. Not one of these imaginary crowns did he ever enjoy; even his paternal heritage was wrested from him whilst yet an infant; the grandson of Frederick II. knew want and poverty, and was more than once indebted to faithful friends and adherents for a roof to cover his head. The events of his life were as remarkable as the years composing it were few. "Born in 1252, he died in 1268. The interval embraces but sixteen years, and yet that short period is animated by all the passions, emotions, and tumult of a virile mind. We find in it, in a high degree, ambition, courage, friendship, and, in a more doubtful perspective—love. In reality, Conradin had no childhood. His life had nothing to do with the laws regulating human growth. From the cradle his existence was one of agitation."

An anecdote, whose truth modern writers have contested, but to which M. de St Priest gives credit, confirms, in conjunction with many other circumstances, the child's extraordinary precocity of intelligence and feeling. Considering his mother as widow of an emperor, although his father had never legally borne the imperial title, since he had not been crowned at Rome, Conradin treated her with the utmost ceremony and observance of etiquette. Suddenly, weary of living in dependence at the court of her brother, Louis the Severe, Duke of Bavaria, Queen Elizabeth-Margaret married Meinhard de Gorice, brother of the Count de Tirol, and from queen became a mere countess.† This alliance, unequal but not low, greatly shocked Conradin: in the words of a chronicler, he was moved by it beyond power of expression, and from that moment he abstained from

paying his mother the usual honours. She asked him the reason. "Mother," replied Conradin, "I rendered you the homage due to an emperor's widow; now you are married to one less than him, and I, a king and an emperor's son, can no longer render you the honours due to an empress." He who spoke this was but seven years old, and hence many writers have treated the words as fiction. But it must be borne in mind that from his very cradle he had been nourished with the hopes of his party, whose pretensions and dreams of triumph had been unceasingly instilled into him. The talk of all-around him had been of sceptres to reconquer, victories to win, rebels to chastise; and the pathetic but deceitful picture of an oppressed people, sighing for his return, had been kept continually before his eyes. Every act of his life was premature. Brought up in a political hot-bed, he showed early symptoms of imperfect mental growth, and was crushed and annihilated by the first storm. Whilst yet a very young child, he was surrounded by the empty forms of sovereignty, and made to think himself both a man and a king. His uncle and stepfather dragged him from town to town, dressed in regal robes, and compelled him to hold provincial diets. Whilst thus parading, they unscrupulously despoiled him. Before he was ten years old, the Duke of Bavaria made him sign a will bequeathing to him the whole of his possessions, in case of his death without heirs. Even this did not satisfy the greedy Bavarian, who soon afterwards extracted from him, by manner of donation, some of his richest domains in Rhineland and the Palatinate. The example found imitators. Princes, bishops, cities, and abbays fell tooth and nail upon the heritage of the unfortunate child. The bishops of Augsburg and Constance, the counts of Wurtemberg, the burgraves of Nuremberg, the king of Bohemia, and

\* "Der wart auch Chunrad genant  
Doch ner alle Welchesche Lanud  
Da nannten die Lewt in  
Nicht anders denn Chunradin."

Ottakher's *Austria Chronicon Germanicum*.

† In the middle ages remarried queens lost their title. Conradin, in his edicts, never called his mother otherwise than comitissa.

several others, shared the spoils. The houses of Austria and Prussia date their rise from that time—the nucleus of the two monarchies was formed by fragments of Conradin's dominions; and the whole of Germany as it now appears, in its kingdoms and divisions, may be traced back to the fragments of this total wreck and infamous spoliation. Thus plundered, nothing remained but to start the victim on his travels; a royal Quixote in search of a crown. At first he showed small disposition to such an adventure, and more than one deputation of Ghibellines, and even of Guelfs, departed unsuccessful from before the young king's footstool; until at last Gualvano Lancia, Mainfroy's relative and faithful adherent, and Corrado and Marino Capece, presented themselves at the gate of the ancient castle of Hohenschwangau. Lancia had been amnestied after the battle of Benevento, at the request of the Pope, but much against the will of Charles of Anjou. He took the oaths to the new king, but soon afterwards left the kingdom, and now appeared before Conradin as deputy from the whole body of Ghibellines, which had reconstituted itself throughout the entire kingdom of the Sicilies, and sent to the grandson of the Emperor Frederick assurances of its devotion, the promise of an army, and considerable sums of money. Lancia was the bearer of one hundred thousand gold florins. Thus was it, says the chronicler, Saba Malaspina, that the little sleeping dog was roused up: "*ad suscitandum catulum dormientem.*" In spite of the tears and entreaties of his mother, who had a foreboding of his fate, and urged him to remain with her, Conradin published a lengthy manifesto, asserting his rights to the crown of Sicily, put himself at the head of ten thousand men, hired by Ghibelline gold, and entered Italy, full of confidence, hope, and enthusiasm, accompanied by his bosom friend, Frederick, Duke of Austria, son of the Margrave of Baden, and followed by the Duke of Bavaria, and by other nobles, who promised him support, but afterwards abandoned him at Verona, upon the most absurd and frivolous pretexts. The poor boy was born to be every body's dupe. He

believed implicitly the hypocritical professions of his treacherous kinsman, made over to him one of the last shreds of his German possessions, and parted from him with tears in his eyes, remaining alone at Verona, with Frederick of Austria, who was only three years his senior, for sole ally—his troops reduced by the defection of his uncle and the others to about three thousand men. Instead of marching at once to Pisa, and taking ship for Sicily, whose inhabitants were ripe for insurrection, he sent Corrado Capece thither, and himself lingered two months in total inaction. Pisa was devoted to the house of Swabia; Capece had no difficulty in obtaining a galley (Conradin would have found a fleet as easily), and after calling at Tunis for the Spanish Infante Don Fadrique, with four hundred Spaniards and Saracens, he landed at Sciacca, gained an advantage over the French, and saw the greater part of Sicily declare for Conradin. After a while, Conradin, having raised money from the Ghibelline towns, and recruited his forces, moved forward to Pavia; whilst Charles of Anjou, advancing northward to meet his rival, entered Pisa sword in hand, upset its towers and ruined its port. It would lead us too far, and be of no great interest, to trace the singular complications of Italian affairs at this moment, and the perplexities of the Pope, who was at least as jealous of the abode of Charles in Tuscany, as of the feeble attempt of the old German dynasty to regain its seat upon the Neapolitan throne. We must confine ourselves to the career of Conradin, and follow his fortunes, now drawing to a lamentable close. There was a bright flash, however, before the final setting of his star. He occupied Pisa—still the first port in Italy—in spite of the devastations of Charles of Anjou; on all sides the Ghibelline party raised its head, and his enterprise assumed a serious aspect. Clement IV. became alarmed, and sent, for the third time, an order to Conradin to lay down his arms, and appear in person before the pontifical chair to justify his conduct, under pain of all manner of excommunication. Conradin, who seems to have inherited a wholesome contempt for

the Pope, replied by despatching a fleet of four-and-twenty Pisan galleys to Sicily. This was another blunder. He should have gone himself, with all his forces, and certain success awaited him. Charles of Anjou absent, his troops dispersed and surprised, Sicily was lost to the French dynasty. But Conradin, like a child as he was, thought only of a triumphant march on Rome and Naples. For a paltry pageant, he threw away a kingdom. Whilst his adherents gained ground in Sicily, Apulia, Calabria, and other provinces, he nullified their advantages by folly and delay. His only forced marches were upon the road to ruin. A successful but unimportant ambuscade, in which fifty of the enemy were cut off, completely turned his head. The prisoners were conducted in triumph to Sienna; and Conradin and his army, brimful of confidence, scoffing at pontifical anathemas, and followed by a crowd of Ghibellines which every hour augmented, marched upon Rome, taking the longest route by way of Viterbo, in order to show themselves to Clement IV., then resident in that city. They passed under its walls, crowned with verdure and flowers, more like bacchanals and vintagers than men-at-arms. From the window of his palace Clement witnessed the loose array. "Behold!" said he, "the sheep led to the slaughter!" The prelates surrounding him remained silent, in respectful doubt. The pontiff, penetrating their thoughts, persisted in his assertion. "Truly," he said, "in eight days nothing will remain of that army." His firm voice, his imposing countenance, his fervent piety, impressed the hearers with a conviction that he spoke prophetically. The event justified the prediction, the result of political clear-sightedness rather than of divine inspiration.

Conradin's reception at Rome completed his intoxication. He was accompanied into the city by a chorus of young girls, singing and tambourine-playing in the midst of the soldiers. Magnificently dressed ladies showed themselves at the windows of the palaces; the people thronged the streets. Every where he passed under triumphal arches, hastily raised

in his honour. They consisted of cords tied across the street, and supporting, instead of the usual garlands of laurels and flowers, the most precious objects the Romans possessed; rich furs and garments, bucklers, rings, bracelets, arms and jewellery of all kinds. Amidst public acclamations in honour of his courage and beauty, Conradin ascended to the Capitol, escorted by the most illustrious Romans of the Imperial party. What head of sixteen would not have been turned by such incense! At last he quitted Rome at the head of five thousand German and Italian men-at-arms, and of nine hundred Spanish cavaliers; surrounded and pressed on all sides by a clamorous and jubilant multitude. He had formed a plan which showed resolution and some military skill. Instead of marching to Ceprano, the usual route of the conquerors of Naples, and in which direction he was persuaded Charles (then besieging Lucera) would advance to meet him, he conceived the bold project of turning his enemy's flank by penetrating into the Abruzzi, effecting a junction with the Saracens of Lucera, and thence proceeding to Naples. But Charles was too old a soldier to be easily outwitted. Advised from Rome of Conradin's departure and route, he abruptly raised the siege he was engaged in, and marched day and night to Aquila, the key of the Abruzzi. Thence he pushed on to the heights of Androssano, near the ruins of the old Roman town of Alba, and appeared before the astounded Conradin, who thus suddenly beheld in his immediate front an enemy he deemed far in his rear. A day passed without blows: Charles made a reconnaissance; Conradin, to frighten his opponent, to whom the fidelity of the inhabitants of Aquila was most important, caused false deputies to be introduced into his camp, dressed in municipal robes, and bearing apparently the keys of their town. Informed of this event, Charles felt very uneasy, but concealed his anxiety from all but three knights, with whom he set out at nightfall and galloped to Aquila. He arrived at midnight; the inhabitants were asleep. He struck upon the gates of the citadel, and cried with a loud voice, "For

whom do you hold this fort?" "For King Charles," replied the sentinel. "Then open, for I am the king!" Reassured by the joyful reception he met, Charles returned to his camp, weary with a ride that had lasted all night. But he had little time for repose. Both armies were early afoot: on the one side the flower of French and Provençal chivalry: on the other a medley of Germans, Spaniards, and Italians. The forces were very unequal. Conradin brought 6,000 horsemen into the field; Charles only half the number. On both sides were equal fury, hatred, and eagerness to commence the fray. Charles of Anjou's audacity and impetuosity might possibly have had disastrous results, but for the opportune arrival of Erard de Valéry, constable of Champagne, his earliest friend and companion in arms. Erard was then very old, but still full of vigour. His colossal stature, herculean vigour, and white hair gave him resemblance to the centenary giant of an Arabian tale. Formerly he had refused to become a priest, that he might remain in the society of princes and nobles. Now, a true Christian-soldier, he lived only in God. The old chevalier was on his way from the Holy Land, returning to France with a hundred good knights in his train. Whilst traversing the kingdom of Naples, he heard of the king's presence, and would not proceed without visiting him. Charles urged him to take part in the approaching fight. Erard refused, alleging his age, his wish to die in peace far from human turmoil, and, finally, a vow to fight only against infidels. Charles overruled all objections, replying to the last one that his opponents were excommunicated, and consequently worse than infidels. Then the wary old chief arranged an ambush, which would have been utterly unsuccessful with an ordinarily prudent foe, but which answered well enough with the unlucky Conradin, who had not even made the necessary reconnaissances. Charles, who had great deference for the Sieur de Valéry, willingly put himself under his orders, leaving him the direction of all things. The army was divided into three bodies, of which the strongest, commanded

by Charles himself, was placed in ambush behind a hill in rear of the Neapolitan position. The other two, sent forward against Conradin, were beaten and cut to pieces, after a combat that lasted from sunrise till six in the evening. Henry de Cousseance, a French marshal, who resembled Charles in stature and appearance, and who, with a purple mantle over his armour and a crown upon his helm, took post in the centre of the army, to personate the king, was killed early in the action. Meanwhile Charles of Anjou, in ambuscade with Erard de Valéry and his eight hundred knights, trembled with rage. Burning with eagerness to strike in, he rode up and down in rear of the hill, like a lion in his cage; he was dying with impatience and grief, (*moriva di dolore*, says Villani, *rendendo la sua gente così barattare*.) With inflamed eyes, he from time to time looked Valéry in the face, thus silently demanding permission to show himself and fight. He might have foreseen the massacre of his two squadrons. The plan of battle adopted was likely to entail this disaster. But what he had not foreseen was that it would be impossible for him to support such a sight. When the gallant Cousseance fell, pierced with a thousand blows, and Conradin's army made the welkin ring with exulting shouts of "Victory! the tyrant is dead!" Charles wept with rage. But his promise to Valéry chained him to his rock of agony. What follows is highly romantic and chivalrous. "The knights who surrounded him said, 'So noble a fate is it to die for the justice of a royal cause, that we would infinitely rejoice thus to lose our lives. Be well assured, sire, that we will follow you every where, even to death.' With feverish impatience they waited the signal of Erard de Valéry, who remained imperturbable. Suddenly Guillaume de l'Estendard (one of the commanders of the troops already engaged) crossed the battlefield at speed, feigning to fly, in order to draw the Spaniards on. They followed. Then the old knight raised his enormous head and gigantic person above the brow of the little hill, and said to the King, 'Marchons!'

Charles was off like a dart, followed by Valéry and the eight hundred chevaliers; they swept across the plain, and found Conradin, Gualvano Lancia, and Frederick of Austria seated unhelmed and unarmed on the bank of the little river Salto, like conquerors reposing; whilst the German mercenaries were dispersed in search of booty, stripping the dead and loading the spoils on carts. Charles and his reserve of fresh and picked men had a cheap bargain of them, as also of the Spaniards, who were taken prisoners, on their return from the pursuit of Estandard, almost to a man. A complete victory, alloyed only by a heavy loss of brave and devoted followers, remained to Charles of Anjou. Such," says M. de St Priest, "was the celebrated battle of Alba, improperly named the battle of Tagliacozzo, after a village six miles from the scene of it is one of those deeds of arms of which history will ever preserve the memory, less on account of the greatness of the result, than for the dramatic interest attaching to the quarrel and the men. On the one hand we see a young prince in the flush of youth and brilliant valour, full of conviction of his good right, the noblest and most unfortunate of pretenders; on the other, a warrior terrible even to ferocity, but not less convinced of the legitimacy of his cause, one of the greatest princes, and, beyond contradiction, the greatest captain of his time." M. de St Priest proceeds to attribute the chief merit of the victory to his hero. "In this bloody game at bars, full of snares, traps, surprises, where we see these terrible condottieri, covered with blood, running after each other like school-boys at play, success was due less to the odd stratagem of Valéry than to the rapid march, the four days' race in the mountains, from Lucera to Aquila. If Charles showed himself a great general, it was less when in ambuscade behind the hill of Capello, than when, like a bird of prey hovering above the wild Abruzzi, he fell with a swoop upon the imprudent band, who deemed him astray in the defiles, lost in the ravines, or fallen amongst precipices."

Meanwhile Conradin, his army destroyed, his hopes shattered, was a fugitive, with scarcely a follower.

One or two days he abode in Rome, protected by the Ghibellines; then, driven forth by the return of the Gueffs, consequent on the ruin of his cause, he fled with Frederick of Austria and a few Italian nobles, to the sea-coast, near the castle of Astura, a fortress of the Frangipani family. Hiring a boat, they set sail for Pisa, but were pursued and overtaken by a fast galley, whose commander summoned them to bring to, and ordered the passengers to repair to his quarter-deck. Conradin asked in astonishment who this man was, and heard in reply that it was Giovanni Frangipani, master of the neighbouring castle. At this name Conradin was overjoyed. "Giovanni is a Roman," he said; "his family have always been devoted to the house of Swabia; they have been loaded with benefits by the Emperor Frederick; a Frangipani will assuredly defend and befriend me." Full of confidence, he went on board the galley. "I am King Conrad V.," was his hasty speech to the lord of Astura, "and I have sought to reconquer the kingdom of my ancestors." Frangipani made no reply: the prince was astonished at his silence, asked him to assist his flight, descended at last to entreaties, offered, it is said, to marry his daughter; but the stern pirate remained mute, and on reaching land, threw the prince and his companions into a dungeon. Delivered up to Charles, they were led to Rome on foot and in chains. "Oh, my mother!" cried Conradin, with bitter tears, "you foretold this, and I was deaf to your words. Oh, my mother! what grief for your old age!" He did nothing but sob the whole of the road. Saba Malaspina tells us, and seemed half dead, and as if out of his senses. But this weakness, which, in such misfortune and in a mere child, was not unnatural, soon gave way to tranquil fortitude and Christian resignation.

The ashes of the fires lighted in Rome to celebrate Conradin's triumphant passage had scarcely cooled, when he re-entered the walls of the Eternal City, a fettered captive marching to his doom. Thence he was taken to Naples, where an imposing and numerous tribunal assembled to judge him. Many of its members were

for a mild punishment, some for none at all; others remained silent; one only opined for the death of the accused. But Charles had determined on his young rival's destruction; he threw his word and influence into the scale, and sentence of decapitation was pronounced on Conradin of Swabia, Frederick of Baden, known as Duke of Austria, and the barons taken in their company. The two princes had not expected such severity, and were playing at chess in their prison when it was announced to them. They piously confessed, were absolved by the Pope, who relented at this extreme moment, and were led to the scaffold, which was covered with a red cloth in honour of the victims' royal blood. The executioner was there, with naked arms and feet, and axe in hand. Conradin embraced him, having previously done the same by his friend Frederick and the other sufferers—then laid his head upon the block. When the axe rose, the French chevaliers who stood around the scaffold fell upon their knees and prayed; and as they did so, the head of Conradin rolled upon the crimson cloth. At this sight the Duke of Austria started up as if crazed with despair; he was seized and executed, uttering horrible cries. This butchery at last roused the indignation of the French knights. Robert de Béthune threw himself upon the prothonotary, who had read Conradin's sentence, and with a blow of his sword cast him down half dead from his platform. This strange and unreasonable act, proceeding from a generous but savage impulse, was greatly applauded by the spectators. Even Charles himself was compelled to feign approval of his son-in-law's violence.

No funeral honours were paid to Conradin and his companions. They were buried secretly in the sand, on the shore of the sea, at the mouth of the river Sebeto. Of their captivity, judgment, and death, M. de St Priest declares himself to have given, with the fidelity of a conscientious historian, an exact and truthful account. At the same time, he subjoins various details that have obtained more or less credence, but which he treats as fables. It has been said, that when Conradin embarked at Astura, he gave a ring in payment of his passage; that

the boatmen who received the jewel took it to Frangipani, and that the fugitive was recognised and arrested upon this romantic indication. According to traditions, the Duke of Austria was executed the first, and Conradin kissed his head, which, all severed and bleeding as it was, still invoked the Holy Virgin. Robert de Béthune killed, it has been affirmed, the prothonotary Robert de Bari, whose signature is found, however, in many subsequent acts. And to crown all these marvels, it has been confidently asserted that, after the execution of the two princes, a masked stranger stabbed the headsman. Very recent and trustworthy writers have recorded as fact, that Conradin, just before receiving the fatal blow, threw a glove amongst the crowd, to be taken to Peter of Arragon, to whom he bequeathed his vengeance and crown. A German chevalier, Truchsess de Waldburg, (M. de St Priest calls him Waldburg de Truchsess), gathered up the gage, and with much risk and difficulty bore it to its destination. The present historian discredits the whole of this glove-story—a fiction, he says, of the invention of Sylvius Piccolomini. He is more unwilling to doubt the following touching tradition:—"One day the inhabitants of Naples beheld in their bay a vessel of strange form and colour; hull, sails, and rigging were all black. A woman in deep sables left the ship,—it was Queen Elizabeth-Margaret, Conradin's mother. At the rumour of her son's captivity she embarked all her treasures, and, gaining intrepidity from her maternal love, this Elizabeth, previously so feeble and fearful that she dared not leave her castles in Swabia and the Tyrol, exposed herself to the perils of the sea, as bearer of her child's ransom. But it was too late. When she reached Naples, Conradin was dead. Then the unhappy mother implored a single favour: she desired to erect a monument to him she wept, on the spot where he had perished. Charles would not consent, although he authorised the erection of a church upon the place of execution, and contributed a considerable sum towards the work,—an expiatory offering which, in conjunction with the useless ransom, attested at once

the grief of an inconsolable mother, and the tardy remorse of a pitiless victor." The church is to be seen at Naples, upon the square of Santa Maria del Carmine; beneath its altar is the tomb, with its inscription; the statue of Elizabeth stands there with a purse in its hand. Surely this is confirmation strong of the truth of the tradition! Unfortunately, church, inscription, and statue are all of a recent date.

The events just detailed left Charles of Anjou at the pinnacle of power and greatness. The magnitude of the danger he had run added to the lustre of his triumph. Nothing now resisted him; he might almost be styled the master of Italy. Every where the Guefs drove the Ghibellines before them; every where the Swabian eagle fled before the red and silver lilies. The cause of the Ghibellines was lost. The fortunate conqueror was on every point successful. His domestic prosperity kept pace with his political and military success. Charles, then forty-two years old, beheld himself surrounded by a numerous posterity. He had two sons and three daughters. His queen, Beatrix of Provence, was dead; but soon he contracted a second marriage with the young and beautiful Margaret of Burgundy. Nature herself seemed to favour him; for in the short space of three years, all his enemies, in any way formidable, disappeared from the scene. Amongst others, the valiant and adventurous Corrado Capece, taken prisoner by the implacable Guillaume de l'Estendard, had his eyes put out, and was hung upon a gibbet of extraordinary altitude, erected for the purpose upon the coast of Catania. The Saracens of Lucera still held out. Besieged by a powerful army, with Charles at its head, they resisted for six months, till reduced to eat hay and roots. The bodies of stragglers from the town being opened by the besiegers, only grass was found in their bellies. At last they gave in. Charles, with a wise policy, showed them mercy, contenting himself with banishing them from Lucera, and distributing them amongst the towns of the interior. Although the piety of the first French king of Sicily was carried almost to an exaggerated extent, it did

not degenerate into fanaticism; at least not into that fanaticism which engenders persecution. He never adopted the prejudices of the time against the Jews; on the contrary, he delivered them from the hands of state inquisitors, and suppressed the distinctive mark they were compelled to wear upon their garments. Financial considerations may not improbably have stimulated, at least as much as the dictates of reason and humanity, this enlightened spirit of tolerance; but still it is to the credit of Charles that he did not, like many very Christian kings and nobles of his and subsequent centuries, smite the Israelite with one hand whilst stripping him with the other. The King of Jerusalem was merciful to his subjects. Charles it was who first added this title to that of King of Sicily, by purchase from the old Princess Mary of Antioch, who called herself *Made-moiselle de Jerusalem*, and claimed that crown, then little more than a name. When Charles, for a pension of four thousand *livres tournois*, acquired her rights, he hastened to vindicate them. They were disputed by Henry, King of Cyprus, who had the advantage of possession; for he held Ptolemais, the last fragment of the christian kingdom of Palestine. The Knights of St John supported him; Venice and the Templars backed King Charles. The latter carried the day.

Master of southern Italy, armed protector of the north, Charles I. had no longer aught to check him; the East was open before him. Already he occupied a part of Greece. All that mountainous coast of Albania, celebrated in our days for the devotedness of the Suliots, belonged to him by the death of Helena Comnenus, Mainfroy's widow, daughter of the despot of Thessaly and Epirus. He also held the island of Corfu, that natural bridge thrown between Italy and the East. The town of Durazzo revolted in his favour, and called him within its walls. He swayed Achaia and the Morea, and had constituted himself candidate for the throne of Constantinople by marrying his daughter to Philip de Courtenay, nominal heir to the Latin Empire, but living in reality on the alms of his father-in-law. It



seemed, then, that he had nothing to do but to bid his fleet sail for Byzantium. But in the midst of his ambitious projects he was interrupted by the new crusade, the last undertaken, got up by Saint Louis, and in which Charles could not refuse to join. The death of St Louis terminated the expedition; and after dictating terms of peace to the sultan of Tunis, in whose dominions the adventurers had landed, their return to Europe, by way of Sicily, was decided upon. It was not consistent with Charles's character to forget or abandon an enterprise he had once decided upon; and on landing at Trapani, he assembled the council of crusading kings and princes, and proposed to them to re-embark for Constantinople. It was a bold and sagacious idea to take advantage of this unusual assemblage of naval forces to establish French power in the East; but Charles, indefatigable himself, spoke to disheartened and disgusted men. All refused, and Edward Plantagenet (afterwards Edward I. of England) rejected with insulting energy his uncle's proposition, declaring that he would winter in Sicily, and afterwards return to Syria, which he did, without other result than the wound cured by the well-known trait of conjugal affection and courage of the virtuous and intrepid Eleanor of Castile. Subsequently, the realisation of Charles's ambitious designs upon the East, long entertained, was continually prevented by one circumstance or another, until at last the affairs of Sicily gave him occupation at home, effectually precluding aggrandisement abroad. Essentially a man of war, he nevertheless, in time of peace, showed skill, intelligence, and activity in the administration of the kingdom of Naples. Had the distant provinces of his dominions been as well governed, M. de St Priest affirms that the Two Sicilies would not, during more than two centuries, have been sundered and at enmity. But Charles abandoned the island Sicily to his lieutenants. He positively disliked and ill-treated it, and determined to dispossess Palermo of its title of capital, in favour of the city of Naples, of which he was enthusiastically fond. Palermo was too devoted to the house of Swabia; and,

moreover, to maintain correspondence with the north of Italy, with Rome, and especially with France, it suited Charles far better to fix his headquarters and seat of government at Naples. From the very first moment, he had been greatly struck by the aspect of the latter city. The bright sky and sunny sea and mountain amphitheatre that still charm and fascinate the tourist, had a far stronger effect upon the prince whom conquest rendered their master. He at once mentally fixed upon Naples as his capital, and gradually accomplished his project—without, however, announcing it by public declaration, and even continuing to give to Palermo the titles establishing its supremacy. But, whilst retaining the empty name of superiority, the Sicilian city felt itself substantially fallen: and this may have been a cause, and no slight one, that its inhabitants were the first to rise in arms against the galling yoke and insolent neglect of their French rulers.

M. de St Priest's third volume brings Charles to the zenith of his fortunes. Invested for life with the high dignity of sole Roman senator, he had the full support and hearty alliance of Martin IV.—a French pope, whose election had been compelled from the conclave by the intimidation of the sword. It was the first time since Charles had entered Italy that the pontifical chair had been occupied by a man on whose docility he could entirely reckon. Papal mistrust and jealousy had been the bane of many of his projects. All apprehensions from that quarter were now removed, and, strong in this holy alliance, he again prepared for his eastern expedition. All was ready; at the head of five thousand men, without counting infantry, and of a hundred and thirty ships, he had only to give the order to steer for the Bosphorus. But in Sicily, the storm, long brewing, was on the eve of bursting forth; and the powerful armament intended for distant conquest, was found insufficient to retain present possessions. The decline of Charles's life was also that of his power: his last days were days of heaviness, disaster, and grief.

## TRAVELLING IN TAFFYLAND.

PEOPLE wander into Wales principally in search of health and amusement; a few for business; many without any purpose whatever, except the desire of changing place and doing something. Any one who finds himself in either of these classes need not fear being disappointed in the results of his visit; for there is motion and change enough throughout the country; sufficient business to make it worth the while of those who know how to buy and sell; amusement for all who are worth amusing, and health enough for all the world. Let no man, however, deceive himself with the vain expectation that he shall have no ups and downs in his pilgrimage through the country; let no one suppose that it is perpetual sunshine there; nor let any one fondly think that, because he does himself the honour of whipping a stream with fly and line, therefore, at every throw a sixpound trout is sure to swallow his bait. Far otherwise. The tourist in Wales must not be a man of many expectations, and then he will not be disappointed: he must be content to go many a weary mile to see some choice bit of scenery, and then to come as many or more miles home again: he must make up his mind to have plenty of rain, wind and cold, in the hottest day in summer; and he may cast his fly all the way up from Conwy to Penmachno without having "one single glorious rise." In fact, he must be a patient reasonable man, and then he may adventure himself in Taffylund without fear.

But if he is an acute observer of nature—if he loves to see the wildest forms that mountains, and streams, and lakes can assume—if he likes to make himself a denizen of the clouds, and to hold converse with the children of the mist—if he can appreciate primitive national manners—if he has ever so small a smattering of English history—if he can listen to simple, plaintive music, and can be content to see birds, beasts, and fishes all enjoying themselves in their original free-

dom, then let him hasten to the mountain side, wander up the valley, stroll along the river, or dream away his day by the shingle bank on the sea shore; he will never repent of a visit to Wales.

The old road from Chester to Holyhead has been, and now is more than ever, the main line of entry for Saxons and other foreigners into the Cimbric land; but there are others quite as good. From Salop to Bangor by Telford's Parliamentary road, through some of the finest scenery the country affords; or from Wrexham by Llangollen's Vale and Bala's Lake, athwart the land to Dolgelly; or from Aberystwyth, creeping along the seacoast by Barmouth and Tremadoc to Caernarvon; or from Liverpool by the fast-going steamers close under Orme's Head to the Menai Bridge; any of these ways is good. The main thing is once to get the foot fairly planted on Welsh soil: the natural attractions of the country will be sure to lead the traveller onward, and can scarcely lead him amiss.

Let no one come into Wales with a superfluity of luggage: the lighter the impediments of travelling, the quicker and the cheaper is that travelling performed. Let no one, unless absolutely forced to it, pretend to travel alone: solitude is sweet no doubt, but Montaigne remarks that it is still sweeter if there be somebody to whisper this to: add to which that society enlivens the journey, and, as the Scotch song has it,

"Company is aye the best, crossing owre the heather."

Seeing too that conveyances are not so plentiful in the principality as they might be; and that a car or chaise costs no more for four than it does for one; let all those who are wise in their designs of Welsh travel come by pairs, or double couples. Four is an excellent number for a travelling party, since in case of dispute the votes are either even, or are three to one; four make up a *parti carré* at dinner: four balance a car well: four

can split into two parties if need be; and four coming together to an inn are sure to fare much better than one solitary traveller.

Don't go to Wales in July, the wettest and windiest month of the twelve that the principality has the honour of knowing. May is a sweet month: the colours of the woods and mountains gay and delicate, with little rain, and generally as much sun as is wanted. In June, every thing is in full perfection, and there are long days to boot, and you may then remain out under a rock all night without damage. August corresponds to June, but the days are shorter, and the company to be met with is commonly more select. September is generally the equivalent of May, but the colours are glowing with the rich tints of autumn: and though the days are still shorter, yet the sights to be seen in them will make up for this falling off. No person goes among the mountains in winter, except those who cannot help it: yet this is not their least advantageous period for being witnessed: and those who can brave frost and snow, and the unchained force of all the winds of heaven, will be repaid for the labours and discomforts of such a visit.

For those who are fond of the rod, the gun, and the chase, North Wales is a land of choice. Whether they bob for whales in Bardsey Sound, or hunt up the brooks and prattling streams of Merionethshire, or seek the banks of many a glassy mountain pool, they will find enough to repay them for their trouble. The shooter will find, from the grouse of Montgomeryshire and Caernarvonshire to the partridges and the snipes of Anglesey, abundant occupation for his gun. And the huntsman, though he cannot gallop over Caddir-Idris, will find many a wily fox more than a match for him and all his dogs, among the desolate cairns of the mountain tops, or may find hares as big as sheep, and fleet enough to try the mettle of the best horse he will dare to ride after them.

Whenever a tourist wishes to pass his summer months healthily and agreeably, but is in doubt whither to go, let him start off for Wales—North Wales—forthwith; and let him not

return till wood and water, and hill and dale have ceased to call forth his admiration.

Do not trust too implicitly to guide-books, good traveller; take them and consult them; but beware of their lying propensities. They have inveigled many a loving subject of her Majesty's into a scrape, and have proved the dearest things he ever admitted into his pocket. Go with your eyes open: go with a little common sense; go to be pleased: don't go to find fault. Make up your mind to rough it if need be: and don't give yourself the airs of my Lord Duke at every little wayside inn that your dignity may be forced to put up at. You may then travel smoothly and cheerfully through the Cimbric territory.

Take also this along with you. The Welsh are tremendously slow coaches. Indolent, pig-headed, and careless, the *dolce far niente* is their motto throughout life: and, were they left to themselves, they would positively retrograde through unwillingness to go a-head. It is of no use hurrying them: a Welshman was never in a hurry in his life: time, like water, is to him of little value: he has plenty and to spare of it, and the waste of either commodity is not thought of. In Wales, they let both run away often to little purpose; they have fewer "water privileges" than any one could imagine; and they turn their privilege of an *ad libitum* supply of leisure to very poor account. So do not hurry a Welshman; for you will not gain any of his time, but will only lose some of your own, by so doing.

The true way to enjoy Wales, and to understand the country, is to go and fix your quarters at some quiet little country inn in a spot to your taste; and remain there for a fortnight—a month—or as long as your *gusto* endures; walking up the whole country around, until you know every crook and cranny of it, until it becomes in fact your "ancient neighbourhood." Many, or rather innumerable are the spots where you may so fix yourself, and where your enjoyments, though simple, may be extreme. If you are a bachelor, you can get clean beds, sheets of driven snow,

plenty of good milk, mountain mutton, and bread and butter à discretion; and what the deuce does a man want more? If he is young, and in good health and spirits, and cannot fare upon this, let him put up his traps and go to the antipodes. Or, if you are in the softer predicament of having with you what, when you and I were young, you know, used to be called *poetice*, the "girl of your heart"—but what now in Polichinellic phraseology is termed the "wife of your bussum"—why, even in this extremity, you may find room for two in any inn that you venture to light upon. The lady must not be too fine in her notions, it is true; she must be of that breed and mettle that will enable her to face the mountain breeze, and wipe with hasty foot—as friend Gray says,—the dews of the upland lawn; to meet the sun or the moon, or any other natural phenomenon that is to be encountered on the hill-side. In short, she must be the sort of girl that can mount a rough pony, or scramble over a stone wall, and not care for her bonnet or her locks in a pelting shower, but must be content to follow her liege lord, and love him—and love his pursuits too, whether by the purling brook, or on the misty height. Be sure of it, my friend, that with such a companion as this, Welsh scenery—mountain scenery—nay, any scenery, will have for you a double—ay, a tenfold charm.

Men enjoy mountains: women enjoy waterfalls. There is no saying why it is; but the fact is positive. Perhaps it may be that men can toil up the rugged steep with greater ease, and therefore enjoy themselves the more when they reach the top. Perhaps it is that there is something grand, and bold, and rough, and dangerous, in the very nature of a mountain, which the masculine mind is alone capable of fully understanding. In waterfalls, there is all the beauty of form, and light and graceful motion, and harmonious sound, and cooling freshness, and ever-changing variety that woman always loves; and there are overshadowing trees, and an escape from the noontide sun, and the hum of insect life, and moss-grown stones, and soft grassy banks. Waterfalls and their adjuncts have a kind of

mystic influence about them that acts with all-persuasive energy on the female mind: hearts like stones are worn down by their action, and the swain has often been indebted to the Naiad for the granting of his prayer.

Well; wherever you may be, whether single or double, any where in Wales, the first thing to do is to make a bargain with your landlady, (Welsh inns are always ~~let~~ by women,) whereby you may be "boarded and lodged and done for" at so much a day, or a week, or a month, or whatever time it may please you to stay. This is the very best of all plans for "taking your pleasure in your inn;" you know then the exact cost of your stay—the precise damage done to your pocket; you dine comfortably, without fearing that you are swallowing a five shilling piece in the midst of each chop, and you can witness the last day of your sojourn arrive without dread of that unpleasant winding up—the bill. You may get boarded and lodged comfortably, nay luxuriously, as far as mountain luxury goes, for a pound a-week: you may take your full swing of the house for this; and your landlady will ask for a repetition of the honour next year when you depart. So let no man say that living in Wales is extravagant; it is only the *savoir vivre* that is the scarce commodity.

And if you would know where to go and find comfortable quarters of this kind, and at this rate, then take our advice, gentle reader, and listen to a few experiences. Go to Bala, and fish the lake there till not a trout is left in it, and cut away at mine host's mutton and beef, when you come back from your day's excursion, as though you had not eaten for a week; and turn in by ten at night,—not later, mind; and be up again by five, and out on the mountain side, or amid the woods by six, and home again by seven to your morning fare. So shall you have health and happiness, and freedom from ennui the livelong day.

Or go to Ffestiniog, up among its mountains, and ramble over to the lakes below Snowdon, and visit the company at Beddgelert and Tan-y-

Bwlch—rather aristocratic places in their way, and made for travellers with long purses. At Ffestiniog you are in the neighbourhood of the best mountain scenery of Wales; and as for vales and streams, you have such as you will never see elsewhere.

Or else go to Bettws-y-Coed near Llanrwst, the village of the confluence of so many streams and valleys; that sweet woodland scene, that choice land of waterfalls, and sunny glades, and wood-clad cliffs. Here you may have variety of scenery in the greatest perfection; and here you may enjoy the happiest admixture of the wild and the beautiful that the principality can boast of. It is indeed a lovely spot; and, provided the visitor has some intellectual resources and amusements within himself, one that the tourist can never get tired of. It will bear visiting again and again. *Ducus repetita placebit.*

But, dear sir, if you are bent upon making the grand tour, and if you positively will see the whole of the country, then by all means start from Chester, and make a continual round until you arrive at Shrewsbury: so shall you see the whole length and breadth,—the bosom and the very bowels of the land. You must go and see Conwy, Penmaen Mawr, and "the Bridge," as it is still emphatically called—Telford's beautiful exemplification of the catenary curve—and then go and hunt out Prince Edward's natal room in Caernarvon's towers; and then clamber up Snowdon; and then go down again to Capel Curig and Beddgelert, and so pass by Pont Aberglaslyn to Tan-y-Bwlch, Ffestiniog and Dolgelly; and then mount Cadair Idris; and then run up to Bala and Llangollen, and so stretch away to the abode of the "prond Salopians." And a very agreeable tour you will have made, no doubt; but you will not know Wales for all that. You have not been along the byways, nor over the dreary heath, nor into the river's bed, nor under the sea-crag's height: you will not have seen a tithe of the wonders of the country. You must see all these great places of course; but you ought to look after much

more than this; you must wander over the broad lands of the Vale of Clwyd, and look up all its glorious little trout streams; you must go to the solitary heights of Carnedd Llewelyn, and the Gidir above Nant Francon; and you must get up to Elyn Idwal, and have nerve enough to climb over and under the rocks of the Tŵll Du; and you must go to the very end of Llŷn, or else you will never know what it is to lie down flat at the edge of the Parwyd precipice, and look down six hundred feet sheer into the sea, with not a blade of grass nor a stone between you and the deep blue waters fresh from the Atlantic. And you must climb over the bleak Merionethshire hills to seaward, and hunt up the lonely fishing pools that abound in their recesses; and you must dive into the green wooded valleys of Montgomeryshire, and learn whence the Severn draws all its peat-brown waters. There is occupation enough in this for the longest summer that ever yet shone on Wales; you may start on your pilgrimage with the first green bud of spring, and end it with the serene and yellow leaf of autumn; but it is only in such lengthened and lonely rambles as these that the real beauties of the country are to be seen, and that the full loveliness of nature—unsophisticated nature—is to be perceived.

Take your fishing-rod with you, take your sketch-book; explore the whole country; bring it away with you both in mind and on paper: leave care and trouble behind you; banish all reminiscences of town; go and be a dweller with the birds and the dumb animals, with the leaves and the stones, with the oak in the forest and the carn on the mountain, and gain thereby a fund of health and satisfaction, that shall endure for many a long day and year, nor be exhausted even then.

You are too old a traveller, we will suppose, to need many instructions as to the general apparatus required; only mind and err rather on the side of scantiness than otherwise; you can get all you really want at the first town you come to. Who is the rash man that would risk a good hat or a good coat on a Welsh

mountain? Alas! he shall soon know the end of his gear, and lament over the loss of his pence. The very idea of going into cloud-land with any thing on that you care about spoiling, or rather that can by any possibility be spoiled! Is it not your privilege, your aim, your pride, when you get among the mountains, to be able to go right on end, through stream and bog, over rock and swamp, without stopping to think of habilimentary consequences? You may tell an old traveller by the "cut of his jib;" it is only your thorough cockney that comes down in his new green shooting coat, and his bright shepherd's plaid trowsers, just out of the tailor's hands, and a hat with the shine not yet taken out of it. Look at that tall, thin, bonny, shewy man, going along the road there with an easy gait, neither stiff nor lax, neither quick nor slow, but always uniform, whether up hill or down hill, or on level ground, always at the same pace; his knees never tightened, his step never approaching to a hop, but in all weathers and in all seasons, over rough or smooth, never falling under three nor quite coming up to four miles an hour. And look at his low-crowned felt hat,—he wears a Jim-Crow one, by the way, in very hot weather,—why, you would not give it to a pig-driver, so brown and battered it seems; and look at his funny little coat; neither a coat nor a jacket,—neither black, nor brown, nor blue, but a mixture of all colours, just as the rain may have been pleased to leave portions of its dye remaining. And his trowsers, shrunk to mid-leg proportions, are just covering the tops of his gaiters, yet allowing a bit of his gray worsted socks to appear. A stout stick which he twirls merrily in his hand, and a light leathern wallet, not bigger than your letter-bag, thrown over one shoulder,—or else his fishing-basket coming snugly under his elbow. He is the true pedestrian,—he is the ancient traveller,—he is the lover of the Cymro and the Cymraeg,—he is the man that enjoys himself thoroughly in Wales.

Once upon a time, dear friend, we found ourselves coming over Moel Siabod, that wild and beautiful

hill rising over the eastern side of Capel Curig; swinging away in our simplicity of heart, and purposing to reach the lonely fastness of Dolwyddelan by noon, on a piping hot July day. We had crowned the mountain ridge, and had come half-way down the eastern slope, when we found ourselves at the edge of a great peat bog, with never a path, nor a stone, nor any thing to guide us through it. Beyond and below it lay the valley for which we were making, green, smiling, and beautiful, as Welsh valleys generally are. Above and behind us rose the bare crags of the mountain, darkening into a purple crest as their summits reached the fleecy clouds. We had nothing to do but to adopt the glorious old rule of following our nose; and so, without further ado, we tried to pick our way across the bog. We have a reminiscence of sundry skippings from tuft to tuft of heather, and of wonderful displays of agility; and at last we began to congratulate ourselves on the immense display of juvenile vigour which we were making. One more leap on to a fine bright piece of green grassy sward, and we were safe. Beyond it lay a ridge of rock and terra firma to carry us onward. One more spring and we should have crossed the bog. So now here goes for it: three paces backwards, a good swing with the arms,—one, two, three, and away!—plump into the very middle of the green sward,—and through it, down, down, down, until our hat and stick alone remained aloft! Why, 'twas the most treacherous place of the whole; a kind of syren's isle that tempted men to destruction by the beauty of outward form,—though beauty of sound, indeed, there was none. How we got out has always remained a mystery; but we floundered and tumbled about, and cut more extraordinary figures with our arms than we had done at any time the last ten days with our legs, until at length we seemed to crawl out like a fly out of a treacle pot, and to attain some drier ground. Our black velvet shooting coat, and our nice white ducks had never made such an approximation of colour before: we had put on the sad and sober russet brown in which dame

nature so much delights, and we came forth from our grassy bed a good specimen of the tints of the mountain dye-house. It was enough; our resolution was taken:—half an hour's sharp walking down the descent brought us to the banks of the Lledr: we were not five minutes in selecting a proper spot; and there we immediately converted ourselves into our own washerwoman, after the most primitive fashion that any ante-noachite ever adopted. In another half hour we were beginning to look whitish again; and by the end of the sixty minutes we were clad in garments on the most approved hydropathic principles; wet bandages we had plenty of,—for if any one had offered us the wealth of India, we could not at that moment have produced a single dry thread on our body. But here our pedestrian resources again came to our aid: the sun shone more bright than ever; we were in the bottom of the valley: the heat was intense. The village was still four miles off, and by the time we arrived abreast of the welcome notification of "*Cwrw dda*," we were dried, ironed, mangled, folded, and plaited, more commodiously, (though less uniformly,) than ever our buxom little laundress could have done for us.

Once and again we got into a brown predicament in Wales, not so easily got rid of, nor leaving so few disagreeable reminiscences. You will excuse us for mentioning it, if you please; but our *tableau de mœurs* would not be complete without it. And here we beg leave to give notice that fastidious readers may at once close their eyes and read no more, or else skip over this page and try another. If they become offended, 'twill be their own fault; what business have they to be prying into our secrets?

Once upon a time we did a rash thing: we made up our mind—and also our knapsack—to go to Bardsey Island. Now, 'tis a hundred to one that you never heard of Bardsey Island; and that, though your careful parents may have paid many a guinea per quarter for you, while at school, to learn Geography and the use of the Globes, you never yet were

questioned by your usher as to where Bardsey Island was, nor what sort of a place it might be. Know, then, that it lies, a solitary green isle, some three miles or so from the extreme south-western point of Caernarvonshire,—a sort of *avant-poste* to Wales, like the Scilly Isles to Cornwall. On it live some five-score of inhabitants, real natives, supporting themselves on oysters and lobsters, and other marine monsters. An occasional dog-fish is there reckoned a luxury. 'Tis a vastly curious place,—the oddest kinds of sea-birds to be found there of any spot under the sun,—at least in these latitudes; the rarest shells; the most unique sea-weeds; the greatest pets of periwinkles; and such loves of limpets! We were off, then, for Bardsey:—do not go there, dear reader—take our warning by the way, and remain rather at home. We got to a place with a most out-of-the-way name—Pwllheli; a sort of *ne plus ultra* of stupidity and dulness; and from thence we made our way in a car to one of more euphonious denomination, Aberdaron. This was really a lovely spot, embosomed in a deep valley, at the corner of a romantic bay, with an expanse of snow-white sand, sufficient to accommodate all the bathers in England,—the sea of as deep a blue as at Madeira, and rocks like those of Land's End, with the eternal spray of the ocean playing over them. A picturesque old church, partly converted into a school, partly into a pigeon-house—and the main entry to which was by one of the windows, stands at one end of the village with a miserable pot-house at the other. There is a stream and a bridge for loungers to lean and spit over; but other amusement in the place is none. As for public accommodation, it has not yet been thought of; strangers do not come there. None but the adjoining boars come thither to rot and gossip:—and as for our dear mellifluous Anglo-Saxon tongue, 'tis a thing never heard of. On arriving there and exploring the localities, and arranging for a boat to Bardsey next morning, we began to think about a bed, and soon perceived, on reflection, the total absence of any suitable accommodation within the limits of

the village. But mark you the excellence of Welsh hospitality. The grocer of the place, the man of "the shop" *par excellence*, hearing of, or rather seeing us in a quandary, sent us his compliments, with a polite request that we would take up our quarters under his roof for the night. This was genuine hospitality; we hesitated not; and a better turn-out in the way of feeding we have not often met with. Broiled steaks of salmon, fresh caught in the adjoining stream, fowls, and a good slice of Cheshire cheese, soon set our gastronomic capabilities at ease. Porter—some of Guinness's best—and a glorious jorum of whisky and water, moistened our clay, and comforted our inward man. None of your wishy-washy whisky, or poor pale limpid compound, such as you buy in London; but some of the real potheen, just arrived from Wicklow—thick, yellow, oily, and slow to come out of its narrow-necked bottle. And then such a bouquet!—none but a genuine smuggler ever tasted the like. 'Twas a thing to be tasted, not described,—the real nectar of the Druids—if not of the Gods. Being somewhat fortified by these stout applications, and having discussed half-a-dozen of Pontet's best Havannahs, we mounted the rickety stairs that led through the lofts of our host's dwelling to a goodly dormitory at the further end. And here the worthy man had really set out for us his best bed: all the little china and plaster images were ranged in prime order on the mantel-piece; and pictures of the Queen of Sheba and the Prodigal Son adorned the walls with unfading brilliancy. The bed looked as clean as ever we saw a bed in our lives: there was an odour of lavender about the room, and we were soon between the sheets, lost in dreamy oblivion.

We awoke: 'twas a lovely morning, with the earliest sun shining brightly in through the lattice; and we thought in our emotion to spring out of bed. Off went the bed-clothes at a bound, and we sat erect!—but how shall we describe our horror? We had gone to bed more or less white—more or less European in the tinge of our skin: we awoke of a glaring red, or, where the crimson dye

was less vivid, we bore a mottled appearance, like a speckled toad. And, as Gulliver once lay among the Lilliputians, who ran from him, on his stirring, in frightened thousands, so there were now our accursed night visitants scampering away from us in every direction, possible and impossible, by thousands—nay, by myriads. The bed was literally *brown* with them; and ever, as we moved a limb, fresh gangs of latent devourers fled from beneath, and scoured across the sheets. They had lost the supernatural form our dreams had given them, and assumed the more homely one of ordinary fleas—of fleas of all sizes from a pea to a pin's head! Old Nereus gave us some relief, for we rushed into his arms as soon as doors could be opened, and bolts forced out of their sockets; but, for many a long day after, we bore about us a vivid impression of our visitants at Aberdaron.

Do not, therefore, venture to sleep in a Welsh cottage; nor scarcely in a farm-house: trust yourself only to an inn,—your chances of sound rest and an untenanted bed are at least more favourable there;—but if ever you are benighted and forced to remain away from head-quarters, make up your mind fairly to bivouac it amid the fern and the heather, or else sit up at your vigils by your host's fire-side. The chirping cricket and the purring cat shall then be your sole companions.

We might detain you till doomsday with these "incidents of travel;" but we shall leave you to make your own experiments;—yet, ere you venture into the wilds of Taffyland, peruse and carry with you for your use and edification the following:—

#### TRIADS FOR TRAVELLERS.

Three mountains that every body goes up: Snowdon, Cadair Idris, and Llanmaen Mawr.

Three mountains that nobody will repent going up: Holyhead Mountain, Carn Madryn, and the Breiddin.

Three mountains that nobody goes up: Plinlimmon, Arrepig, and Carnedd Llewelyn.

Three castles that every body sees: Caernarvon, Conwy, and Harlech.



Three castles that every body ought to see: Beaumarais, Criccaeth, and Denbigh.

Three castles that nobody sees: Flint, Dolwyddelan, and Castell Prysor.

Three wells that every body should go and drink from: Holywell, Wyg-fair, and Ffynnon Beuno.

The three great waterfalls of Caernaryonshire: Rhaiadr-y-Wenol, the Falls of the Conwy, and the Falls of the Ogwen.

The three great waterfalls of Merionethshire: Pistill-y-Cain, Rhaiadr-y-Mawddach, and Rhaiadr ddu.

The three grandest scenes in Wales: Llyn Idwal, Y-Glas Llyn, and Pen-y-Cil.

The three sweetest scenes in North Wales: Beddgelert, Tan-y-Bwlch, and the Banks of the Menni.

The three beautiful lakes: Llyn Gwyrant, Llyn Peris, and Llyn Tegid.

Three vales that every body ought to see: the Vale of Ffestiniog, the Vale of Llanrwst, and the Vale of Dolgelly.

The three rich vales: the Vale of the Clwyd, the Vale of the Dee, and the Vale of the Severn.

Three passes that every body ought to go through: the Pass of Llanberis, the Pass of Pont Aberglaslyn, and the Pass of Nantlleon.

Three good pools for anglers: Llyn Tegid, Llyn Ogwen, and Llyn Cwlad.

Three good rivers for fish: the Dee, the Conwy, and the Vyrnwy.

The three finest abbeys of North Wales: Valle Crucis, Cymmer, and Basingwerk.

The three finest churches in North Wales: Wrexham, Grestford, and Mold.

The three bridges of North Wales: Conwy Bridge, Menai Bridge, and Llanrwst Bridge.

Three out-of-the-way places that people should go to: Aberdaron, Amwlch, and Dinas Mowddwy.

Three islands that are worth visiting: Puffin Island, Bardsey Island, and the South Stack.

Three places that no man dares go to the end of; Tŷl Du in the Llidr, Cilan Point in Llyn, and Sarn Badric off Barmouth.

Three things that nobody knows the end of; a Welchman's pedigree, a Welchwoman's tongue, and the landlord's bill at ———.

Three things, without which no pedestrian should adventure into Wales: a stout pair of shoes, a light wallet, and a waterproof cape. (Some learned travellers have proposed to substitute "stick" for "wallet" in this Triad, but the fact is that, when you go to Wales, you may cut your stick.)

The three companions of the Welsh tourist: a telescope, a sketch book, and a fishing rod.

The three luxuries of travelling in Wales: a stout pony, a pleasant companion, and plenty of money.

Three things which, who ever visits Wales, is sure to take away with him: worn-out shoes, a shocking bad hat, and a delightful recollection of the country.

Three things without which no man can enjoy travelling in Wales: good health, good spirits, and good humour.

The three nastiest things in Wales: buttermilk, cwm-ddal, and the "n and "gals."

Three things that the tourist should not do: travel in the dark, wait in doos because it may be a rainy day —and try and keep his feet dry.

The three qualifications for properly pronouncing the Welsh language: a cold in the head, a knot in the tongue, and a hunk of barley in the throat.

The three languages which a man may speak in Wales when he does not know Welsh: that of the Chinese, that of the Cherokees, and that of the Hoodnuthins.

The three languages which will carry a man all over Wales without knowing a word of Welsh: that of the arms, that of the eyes, and that of the pocket —Farewell dear reader, *naw-ddu-uch*!

## LIFE AND TIMES OF LORD HARDWICKE.

THE Law of England forms the most remarkable characteristic of the country. The Law is the spirit of the national liberty, the guardian of the national religion, and the foundation of the national government. Britain has the proud distinction of being almost the only country on earth, where no act of arbitrary power can be suffered—where no man's person, property, or conscience, can be subjected to insult with impunity—and where every man has rights, and all are alike under the safeguard of Law.

We propose to give a rapid sketch of the history of this great principle in England.

It is singular that the most intellectual nation of the ancient world—Greece—has not left us any system of law. Cicero speaks with professional scorn of all jurisprudence except the Roman. He would not have spoken thus of the Mosaic law, if he had known it. But one of the most extraordinary circumstances of the Hebrew commonwealth, is the general ignorance of its incomparable institutions, which prevailed among the most active inquirers of the northern world. But law existed from the earliest periods in Greece, though its name was often and curiously changed. In the time of Homer, the name of law was *Themis*, or establishment. In the time of Hesiod, the name was *Nomos*, or distribution. In after times, it was *Dike*, or justice. The cause of the Greek want of a system was said to be the number of judges in their courts, which rendered the decision rather matter of popular sentiment than of fixed rule.

The systematic nature of the Roman law arose from there being in general but one judge in each court. The two prætors—the one for the city, and the other for the external jurisdiction—were annually appointed, and were accustomed, on entering on their offices, to state the rules on which they intended to act. Those rules became gradually embodied, and finally formed the groundwork of the Roman law.

In the language of Rome, Law was *Lex*, from *Lego*, as the proposal of the rule was read by the magistrate to the assembly of the people. The Anglo-Saxon name was *Laga*, from *Legon*, to lay down—from which comes our word Law.

Law in England ascends as high as the time of the Druids, who, however, had no written code. But they seem to have left us the custom of Gavelkind—the division of the property of an intestate between the widow and the children, and the burning of a widow found guilty of her husband's murder.

The Roman, Pictish, and Saxon invasions, with the Heptarchy, filled the country with a general confusion of laws, until the time of Alfred. This great king and man of genius undertook to remodel the whole constitution of the West-Saxon monarchy—a design, for whose execution he has been praised by all the philosophic lawyers, as exhibiting the highest sagacity.

The principle of his reform was, to make every man answerable to an immediate superior for his personal conduct, and that of his neighbourhood. For this purpose, England was divided into tithings and hundreds, and perhaps into counties, all being under a supreme magistrate—the king. He also collected into a volume all the customs of the various districts, which he issued for the guidance of the several country courts. Those in their turn were liable to account to the king's courts, which were kept in the royal household, and which travelled with this great king, whose life seems to have been chiefly occupied in traversing the kingdom as high minister of law, and teaching its principles to his people.

The Danish invasions shook this code, but had not the power to crush it. It was renewed by King Edgar, a man of vigour and talents. The digest was completed by his grandson, Edward the Confessor—the whole forming the common law, or law common to the whole realm.

*The Life of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke: with Selections from his Correspondence, Diaries, Speeches, and Judgments.* By GEORGE HARRIS, Esq., Barrister at Law. In 3 vols. London: Moxon.

The principles of the Saxon law, which were the principles of their fathers in the German forests, and were the principles of truth and nature, were briefly these:—The establishment of the Wittena-gemote, or assembly of wise men—a species of parliament, without which no new law could be made, or old one changed; the election of all magistrates by the people; the hereditary descent of the crown; the commutation of capital punishments, on the first offence, for a fine; military service in proportion to land; forfeiture of land for treason, but *not* corruption of blood; the descent of lands to all the males equally, without right of primogeniture, (a rule unworthy of Saxon wisdom;) the use of county courts in ordinary cases, with courts held before the king in the higher; last, and most important of all, trial by jury (though trial was also held by ordeal.)

Of those principles, some were evidently unfit for subsequent civilisation: and some refined themselves. But the whole system, when compared with the old Roman code, and with many of the codes of Europe which followed it, exhibits an extraordinary evidence of the soundness of feeling, and justness of conception, existing among the Saxon ancestry of England.

In the eleventh century, the Norman Conquest burst in upon the country with the force of an inundation, and swept before it throne, liberty, and laws. The influence of Rome now began to act powerfully on the people. Ecclesiastical courts were formed, separate from the civil, and the Romish priesthood were gradually exempted from the secular power.

Another formidable innovation was in the "royal forests." The Norman kings were "mighty hunters," and whole counties were stripped of their population, to give room for beasts of chase. They transplanted the forest laws of the Continent into England, and the penalties of their game laws were terrible. In the Saxon times, though no man was allowed "to kill the king's deer," yet every man was allowed to kill the game on his own estate. But the Norman law made the king the

proprietor of *all game*, and no man could kill bird of the air, or beast of the field, without express royal license, by a grant of *free-warren*, which was more for the purpose of preserving the game than giving a right to the subject.

With one exception, the Norman invasion was an unequivocal calamity. That exception was the right of primogeniture—a right essential to the establishment of a nobility, to the permanence of families in a condition of honour, and to the prevention of a gradual pauperism and degradation of society, as the lands became divided more and more. In all others, it was a sudden and mischievous extinction of all popular rights, and of all the principles of national progress. It made law arbitrary by curtailing the power of the county courts, and giving it to the king's Norman justiciars, who thus became masters of every thing, and, by their Norman subtleties, altogether confused the national law. It introduced the feudal law, which was tyrannical in its essence. It almost excluded the national language from all public use, Norman-French alone being used in all the courts. It introduced the trial by combat, the origin of that custom which, under the name of duelling, authorises murder, provided the murdered man has previously had formal notice that his murder was intended: and also, that he had a chance of adding the murder of his adversary to his own. And to this Norman tyranny was due the whole long series of ruinous wars, which involved both England and France in infinite wretchedness, for little less than a hundred and fifty years.

The Saxon law continued in this state of humiliation until the reign of John, with slight occasional advances towards freedom. But, in this reign, the severity of the forest laws roused the barons into insurrection, and the King was forced to sign the two famous regulations, the Forest Charter, and the Great Charter. The former diminished some of the cruelties of the forest law, and the latter laid the foundations of the Constitution, by restoring the general principles of the Saxon law. It protected the subject from the severity of royal fines and royal loans, and cor-

siderably narrowed the wasteful expenditure of the throne. In private rights, it established the testamentary power of the husband over part of his estates, and the law of dower. In public police, it established a uniformity of weights and measures, gave protection to commercial strangers, and forbade the alienation of lands by mortmain. In matters of public justice, it forbade all denials and delays of justice, established the court of Common Pleas at Westminster, to relieve the suitor from following the courts round the country; directed assizes and annual circuits to be held, and appointed inquests. It established the liberties of London, and of all the cities, towns, and ports of England. And finally, and by its noblest act of power, it declared the protection of every man in his life, liberty, and property, unless convicted by the judgment of his peers, or the law of the land. This was perhaps the noblest document ever published by a people, and well deserves its name of *MAGNA CHARTA*.

In the Popish controversy of our day, the existence of *Magna Charta* has been adduced as a proof of the freedom encouraged under Popery. But it is forgotten that the whole proceeding was instantly denounced by the Pope, and laid under anathema. It was a recurrence to the laws of their Saxon ancestors, demanded by the severe necessities of the time, and originating in impulses of human nature too strong for the bondage of the national superstition.

The glorious Reformation in the sixteenth century produced a hidden and powerful change in the aspect of English law. The Papal supremacy fell, and relieved the law of a most intolerable obstruction. The crown became the true head of the government. Man no longer gave a divided allegiance to an English monarch and an Italian monk; and the appointment of the bishops was thenceforth taken from foreign hands, and invested in the sovereign of the realm. Freedom now began to make palpable progress; for although the prerogative was still unabated, and was often tyrannical in the reigns of Henry, Mary, and Elizabeth, there was a growing tendency to its abatement;

and its use by Elizabeth was in general so lenient, as to be scarcely perceptible.

A general change in English society also powerfully co-operated with this progress. Peace had brought commerce, and commerce wealth to the merchant: the lower orders, of course, shared in the general prosperity, and their condition became more important in the national eyes, and in their own. The nobles, disdaining commerce, became unable to compete with the new generation of opulence, and dissipated their estates, which fell into the hands of the citizens. On the other hand, the throne, enriched by the confiscation of the monasteries, became hourly more independent of the barons: and the contest for power was evidently to be thenceforth determined between the throne and the people.

The glories of Elizabeth, her services to religion, and her gentle exercise of the sceptre, had reconciled the nation to the prerogative. But the accession of James awoke the nation: his manners were offensive, his habits were unmanly, he wanted the dignity of Elizabeth on the throne, and he wanted the spirit of her government among the people. His death left a legacy of revolution. His son had been intended by nature for private life, but he was marked by misfortune to be a king. Brave without fortitude, and graceful without sincerity, he would have made an incomparable figure in his own court, if he had not been encumbered with the high duties of a throne. Charles was destined to be undone, from the time when he began to revive the obsolete statutes of the forest law, sustain the severities of the Star Chamber and High Commission courts, and raise arbitrary taxes in the shape of tonnage and poundage. The disuse of parliaments alienated from him every lover of liberty. Hampden, a name deserving of all honour in the history of freedom, struck the first blow at the new fabric of tyranny, by his resistance to ship-money. The King himself hurried on his ruin, by concessions as precipitate as his demands had been unjustifiable; and this most melancholy of all struggles ended in the most melancholy

of all consummations—a military tyranny.

The restoration of the Stuarts gave us the Habeas Corpus Act—an illustrious memorial of national good sense, and of national security. Magna Charta had gone no further than to forbid imprisonment, contrary to law. The Habeas Corpus gave the man power to release himself, and punish his injurers.

The glorious Revolution of 1688 gave another impulse to the whole system of English liberty. It pronounced the authority of law to be supreme. It gave us the Bill of Rights, the Toleration Act, and the Act of Settlement. It justified the doctrine of necessary resistance; it regulated trials for high treason; it modelled the Civil List; it made the administration of the income accountable to parliament; and constituted the judges independent of the throne.

The constitution was now complete, or if not, all the improvements still necessary to make it such, were prepared in the nature of the noble plan which was thus laid down by the nation. The changes which have since occurred in the general law have been scarcely more than attempts to simplify its proceedings. The changes in parliamentary law have been more perilous, through the Reform Bill of 1831 following the Popish Bill of 1829. The change in international law has been marked by a feature whose peril seems too imminent, yet whose practical effect is still to be ascertained,—the establishment of direct diplomatic intercourse with the Papedom. Protestantism is justly alarmed at this sudden abandonment of one of the fundamental principles of 1688; at the direct encouragement which it must give to all the demands of Popery in England; at the triumph which, for the first time in two centuries, it gives to the factious spirit of Popery; at the aid which it may give to its superstition; and at the national hazards which may be involved in the rash attempt to subdue Irish violence by Papal instrumentality, and even at the political perils which may result from the authorised presence of a Popish Italian at the court of a Protestant sovereign. The palliatives of the measure are cer-

tainly trifling. The ambassador is not to be an ecclesiastic, and the Pope is not to be called the "sovereign pontiff." But a Jesuit may be the same in a plain coat and in a red hat, and the Pope is the master of the Papist, call him by what name we will. Such is statesmanship in the nineteenth century!

The Lord Chancellor Hardwicke was the son of a country attorney, who was probably a respectable man—for he was needy, though the town-clerk, and seems to have had some friends, though in the profession of the law. The biographer labours hard to prove that he had ancestors—a matter which may be conceded to all men—and that, if some of them were poor, some were rich; a point perfectly within the possibilities of human things. He contends further, that a branch of the name of Yorke had held the mayoralty of Calais in the fifteenth century. But as he gives us no knowledge of the distance of that branch from the trunk, and as all have had kings as well as beggars among their progenitors, being the common descendants of Adam, there is not much use in those discoveries, and not the slightest balm to the hurt pride of the Hardwicke; for the whole dwindles down to the distressful but common conclusion, that in the seventeenth century the family were on the decline, and all their honours were diminished into the humility of a provincial solicitor.

But we come to wiser information. The first mention of the future chancellor is in the following document in his personal journal:—

"Philip Yorke, born at Dover the 1st day of December 1690, and baptised on Thursday 9th of December."

The learned biographer wastes some more of his paragraphs in proving "that poverty is no disgrace;" but it must be acknowledged that it is neither comfort nor credit, and that it would have done no harm whatever to the attorney, if he had been in possession of a clear thousand a-year.

His son Philip was naturally intended to follow his own profession, and about his sixteenth year was sent to learn it in the office of a solicitor of the name of Salkeld, brother of the

celebrated sergeant. It was a rather curious circumstance, that of the young men then in Salkeld's office, there were two future Lord Chancellors, a Master of the Rolls, and a future Lord Chief Baron: Jocelyn, subsequently Chancellor of Ireland; Strange, Master of the Rolls; Parker, Chief of the Exchequer; and Yorke, who was destined to act as high a part in administration as in law.

There are some slight suspicions that young Yorke had been *articled* to Salkeld, and a *clerk* to his brother the sergeant. But against these *imputations* the biographer battles with a desperate fidelity. It is a pity to see so much zeal thrown away; for the Great Chancellor, as he was deservedly called, would not have been an atom the less great if he had been *articled* to the one brother and *clerk* to the other. He might have been only the more entitled to praise for the eminence to which he rose. We respect the aristocracy so far as it ought to be respected; but we are not at all inclined to look for the pedigree of talents in the dusty records of a worn-out genealogy, or feel that the slightest degree of additional honour attaches to learning and integrity, by the best blazoury of the Herald's Office.

The young student must have soon given evidence of his capacity: for Salkeld, a man sagacious in his estimate of his pupils, recommended that he should try the larger branch of the profession, and put his name on the books of the Temple, which was done Nov. 29, 1708. We have then a dissertation on the propriety of keeping Terms by dining in the hall of the Temple. This, too, is so much wisdom thrown away. A good dinner is, under all circumstances, a good thing. It requires as little apology as any conceivable act of human existence. In the hall, the young barrister is at least in the company of gentlemen, which he perhaps would not be, but for that contingency; if he does not learn much law, he at least learns something of life; and if he has a spark of ambition in his frame, it may be blown into a flame by the sight of so many portly Chief Justices, and Lord Chief Barons, with an occasional glimpse of a retired

Lord Chancellor, reposing on a sinecure of £5000 a-year.

Another weakness of the biographer is an eloquent effort to *prove* that a barrister, whose talents raise him to the summit of his profession, is but little the worse for the want of a university education. It would have been quite sufficient to say, that Philip Yorke rose to be the first lawyer of his age, and Lord Chancellor, without having ever set foot within the walls of a college.

Yorke, at the commencement of his career, was fortunate in an introduction through Parker, one of his fellow-students at Salkeld's, to Lord Macclesfield, Lord Chief Justice, to whose son it is said that he was engaged as law-tutor. The Chief Justice received him at his table, took an evident interest in his progress, and patronised him on every important occasion. Yorke's manners were as gentle as his intellect was acute; and such a man would naturally be received with favour at the table of a person so high in rank as Lord Macclesfield. But it has never been said that he humiliated himself for that honour; and through life he had a quiet way of gaining his point, of which a curious instance was given in his earliest days.

The wife of Salkeld was a thrifty personage, who, evidently thinking that her husband's pupils might be employed in other operations than scribbling parchments, occasionally sent him on her messages, and even to execute some of her commissions in Covent Garden Market. Yorke obeyed, but on giving in the account of his expenditure on those occasions, there appeared frequent entries of coach hire, for "celery and turnips from Covent Garden," a "barrel of oysters from the fishmonger's," &c. &c. Salkeld, perceiving this, remarked to his wife on the expensive nature of this "saving," and Yorke was no longer employed as her conveyancer of celery and turnips.

He had also some pleasantry as well as point, of which an anecdote was told by the late Jeremy Bentham. Poyis, one of the judges of the King's Bench, one day at a lawyers' dinner expressed to Yorke his "surprise" at his having got into so much business

in so short a period. "I conceive," said the old fool, "that you must have published some book, or be about publishing something; for look, d'ye see? (which seems to have been a favourite phrase of his,) there is scarcely a cause before the court but you are employed in it." Yorke answered with a smile, "that he had indeed some thoughts of publishing, but that he had yet made no progress in his book." Powis, priding himself on his sagacity, begged to know its nature. He was answered that it was a "Versification of Coke upon Littleton." The judge begged a specimen, on which Yorke recited—

"He that holdeth his lands in fee  
Need neither to quake nor to shiver,  
I humbly conceive; for look, do you see,  
They are his and his heirs for ever."

It may fairly be presumed that a laugh went round the table; but Powis was so fully convinced that he had hit upon the true reason, that on meeting Yorke some months after, he inquired gravely about the progress of his volume.

However, Powis seems to have been a mark for the wits, as we find by some lines on the Bench, by the memorable Duke of Wharton:—

"When Powis sueth up a cause without a  
blunder;  
And honest Price shall trim and truckle  
under;  
When Eyre his haughtiness shall lay aside,  
And Tracy's generous soul shall swell with  
pride,  
Then will I cease my charmes to adore,  
And think of love and politics no more."

Yorke was now beginning to feel his way in his profession: and if poverty had been his original stimulus, he had a fair prospect of exchanging it for wealth. The dictum of Thurlow on this subject is proverbial. When asked by some friend to advise his son as to "the way he should go" to rise at the bar, that rough functionary said, "Let him spend all his fortune—then marry, and spend his wife's fortune; and then let him return to his books, and he may have some chance of business."

But Yorke, without spending either his or his wife's fortune, had already taken the first step to official dis-

tinction by entering Parliament, May 2, 1719. He was chosen member for Lewes in Sussex. The simplicity of this transaction affords a curious contrast to the performances of the present day. The Duke of Newcastle sent a letter to the "free and independent electors," evidently directing them to elect his friend Mr Yorke. The letter was duly answered by an address from one hundred and thirty-two electors, in this style:—

"We, whose names are hereunto subscribed, the constables and inhabitants of the borough of Lewes, having heard your Grace's letter publicly read, do not only herein return your Grace our hearty thanks for the honour you have done us in recommending so fit a person as Mr Yorke, to serve as one of our representatives in parliament for this town, for the present vacancy, but also beg leave to assure your Grace, that we do unanimously and entirely approve of him, and shall be ready on all occasions to show the regard we have to the favour your Grace has pleased to lay upon us.

"Your Grace's most obliged and

"Obedient humble servants."

The orthography of those honest people differs from modern penmanship,—but the principle of the affair, even in our polished day of liberalism, probably differs no more than a close borough of the year 1719 differs from an open borough of 1848. The successful barrister, and promising member of parliament, now made the most important step which any man can make, and took to himself a wife. It would be unfair to say that in this instance he was guided by the calculations which are so often charged upon his profession. But there can be no doubt, that whatever might be the pleasure of his new connexion, it had all the merit of prudence. The lady was a widow, young and pretty, and with a fortune of £6000, which at that time was probably equal to twice the sum in our day. But probably a charm of no inferior importance was her being the niece of Sir Joseph Jekyll, Master of the Rolls. The whole transaction was sufficiently juridical. Sir Joseph had sent a letter with Yorke, to be presented to Mr Charles Cox, the father of the

lady, who had married Mary, the eldest daughter of Lord Somers. On reading the letter, the old gentleman desired Yorke to "leave his rental and writings" with him; and upon Yorke's acknowledging that he had neither, Cox expressed his astonishment that his brother-in-law, Sir Joseph, "should have recommended such a person to him." On writing to Sir Joseph on the subject, he received an answer, "not to hesitate a moment in accepting the offer, for that the gentleman who made it, and was now content with his daughter's £6000, would in another year expect *three or four times the sum with a wife!*" The letter had its effect, and the marriage took place.

Yorke then took a house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and began to go circuit; there his biographer stoutly and justly defends him against the imputation of "intriguing for business," alleged in Lord Campbell's "Lives of the Chancellors;" an imputation which has not been sustained by any part of his subsequent conduct. For, though charged with singular anxiety to realise a fortune, there is no evidence of any meanness in its pursuit. And his professional distinction, his natural talent, and his rank as a member of parliament, (a matter of high consideration in those days) rendered his possession of business natural and easy.

But he was soon to have official distinction. When going the Western Circuit, he received a letter from the Lord Chancellor, announcing to him "his Majesty's pleasure to select him for Solicitor General;" an office into which he was sworn in March 1720, at the age of thirty!

Much professional dissatisfaction was exhibited on this promotion of so young a member of the bar; and for some period the attorneys exhibited an equal reluctance to employ him in important causes. But, as a leader, he soon showed qualities which had been partially concealed in his inferior rank, and reconciled at once the public and the profession to his pre-eminence. It has been remarked, that some of the most distinguished judges have *not* been successful in the lower rank of their profession, while it has not rarely happened that the most

distinguished advocates have failed as judges. The qualifications for the bench, and those for the bar, or even for the leadership of the bar, have considerable differences, and the management of the great principles of law is evidently a separate task from the dexterity of detail.

The father of the Solicitor General, who had the happiness to see his son's promotion, died in the following year. It appears that Yorke, who was now Sir Philip, kept up a constant and kind correspondence with his family, which was, of course, strengthened by his having obtained the recordership of Dover, an appointment which he valued very highly, and retained through life.

The volume contains some striking remarks on the often discussed question—"why lawyers seldom succeed as parliamentary speakers." And the reason assigned, and truly assigned, is, that lawyers have something else to do. The man who is occupied all day in the courts, has no time for parliamentary subjects. He comes into the House fatigued, and unsupplied with the detail which is necessary to give effect to any address in so business-like an assembly. He merely gives an opinion and sits down. If he attempts more, he generally fails; or his best success is an escape. Thus the two greatest advocates whom England and Ireland have ever seen, Erskine and Curran, were ineffective in parliament—the only distinction being, that Erskine was laughed at, while Curran was laughed with. With these extraordinary men, who had every quality of the orator, and whose vigour of argument took the bench by storm, while the flashes of their imagination threw brilliancy over the dreariest topics, there could be no conceivable source of failure, except in their want of preparation for the peculiar objects of debate.

But there is also another, and an obvious consideration. There are but few orators in the world, and these few are not always either lawyers or members of parliament. But, when the true orator appears, he is *felt*, and he would be felt in an assembly of Esquimaux. He requires no complacency in his audience; he commu-



nicates with their spirit, at once. He touches strings which, however unawakened before, are in every living bosom; he finds echoes in the heart, which a thousand other voices might have called on in vain.

At the same time it must be admitted, that the knowledge which law demands, is of high importance to any success which hopes to be *permanent* in the House; that its nature in the questions constantly coming before an assembly of lawmakers, is indisputable; and that the perfection of a debater would consist in his possessing the knowledge of a lawyer, combined with the taste, talent, and expansive views of a statesman. The lawyers in parliament have always possessed great weight; and though the instances of their arriving at the Premiership are *remarkably* few, (we recollect but one, the late Mr Perceval,) they have always possessed a large share of parliamentary power.

A case of some peculiarity occurred at this time—it was the proposal to commute the sentence of death on some criminals, on condition of their submitting to inoculation for the small-pox. The case was laid before Raymond and Yorke, the Attorney and Solicitor General; whose answer was in this form:

“The lives of those persons being in the power of his majesty, he may grant a pardon to them on such lawful condition as he may think fit. And, as to this particular condition, we have no objection in point of law: the rather, because the carrying on this practice to perfection, may lead to the general benefit of mankind.”

The small-pox was then almost a plague: it assailed all classes; and some of the royal children, and many of those of the nobility died of it. Its extraordinary power of disfiguring the features of the survivors made it scarcely less dreaded than its mortality. In tropical climates it swept off the population by thousands. Mankind, in our age, cannot be too grateful to the good fortune, or rather to that interposition of providence, which, by giving us the discovery of Vaccination, has at length comparatively freed the world from this most afflicting and most fatal disease.

But Yorke was soon called on to

perform other and more difficult duties than those of humanity. The influence of the exiled Stuarts was still powerful. “Superstition and self-interest had sustained a close connexion in Great Britain. The manners of the Brunswick line had their share in sustaining this influence. They were singularly unpopular. The first George was coarse in manners, and vulgar in mind. All about him, even to his follies, was imported from Hanover; and he was never able to discover the distinction between an empire and an electorate. The second George was a man of ability; but while he was superior to the habits of his predecessor, he had equally repulsive habits of his own. The king was at once subtle and uncouth, artificial in his designs, yet rude in their execution; clear-headed in his views, yet confused in his government. Germanism clung to him, to the last. He, too, could not discover the distinction between the throne of the first country of Europe, and the sovereignty of a German province. The private history of his court, also, was the reverse of flattering to the morals of his country; and the public feeling often rebuked them with singular vigour of tone.

On the other hand, the misfortunes of the Stuarts, though most amply deserved, had thrown a tinge of romance over their fate: and even their insults to its freedom in religion and constitution were partially forgotten. The chivalric character of the Prince threw an additional interest on his story; and the contrast between a gallant young man, determined to struggle for the throne of his forefathers, and the crafty and egoistical character of the king, offered strong probabilities for the success of an enterprise worthy of a competitor for the crown of England.

On the 12th of May 1722, an announcement appeared in the newspapers, stating that the “Lord Mayor of London had received a letter from Lord Townshend, one of his Majesty’s principal Secretaries of State, informing him, that the king had received intelligence of a conspiracy, in concert with traitors abroad, to raise a rebellion in favour of the Pretender.”

A few days before, a proclamation

had appeared, offering a reward of £500 for the apprehension of one Weston, formerly clerk to Gray's Inn Chapel. Warrants were immediately issued for the apprehension of many other persons, of whom the principal was Atterbury, the Bishop of Rochester, who was arrested at his deanery in Westminster, carried before the Council, and committed to the Tower.

Shortly after, Lords North and Grey were arrested in the Isle of Wight; and about the same time the principal agent, one Laver, a barrister, was also seized. North was committed to the Tower, where, on his lady's desiring admission to him, and being refused, he exhibited a specimen of that pleasantry which seems to have belonged to the name. Opening his window, "Madam," said he, "this is a *convent* for men, and not for your sex."

Laver's trial soon followed. The evidence proved that he had been engaged in a plan for a general insurrection, for the overthrow of the established government, and for bringing in the Chevalier. The king, the prince, and the ministers, were to be seized, the Tower was to be taken, and the army was to be bought over. The correspondence on this subject had been seized at Laver's chambers, in Southampton Buildings, and was in his handwriting.

An instance of what may be regarded as the etiquette of English law, was given on his trial. The prisoner had been carried to the court at Westminster in fetters, of which he complained to the Chief Justice as an insult. To this it was replied, that he had made an attempt to escape; on which the judge said, that the use of the fetters was justifiable. But, on his being brought into court, his counsel applied to have the fetters taken off; to which the judge replied, "The irons *must* be taken off: we shall not stir until the irons are taken off."

The Solicitor General spoke with great effect in reply to the prisoner's counsel, and Laver was found guilty. He was several times reprieved, in the hope of obtaining evidence sufficient to implicate persons of higher rank, who were strongly suspected, Laver being evidently but an agent.

However, he was at length executed:

A bill of pains and penalties was then brought in against the Bishop of Rochester. Among the witnesses in his favour was the celebrated Alexander Pope, who came forward to depose to the Bishop's domestic habits and studies. But it was remarked, that his performance on this occasion only showed that his abilities were not formed for exhibition in a court of justice. He made but an indifferent figure as a witness: he had but little to say, and that little he blundered.

Atterbury himself, however, made a better display. It having been insinuated that Sir Robert Walpole had tampered with the Bishop's witnesses, for the purpose of involving other persons of condition, Walpole appeared in person to disavow the charge. Atterbury fastened on him, and exerted all his dexterity to make him contradict himself. "A greater trial of skill," observed Speaker Osglow, "than this scarcely ever happened between two such combatants,—the one fighting for his reputation, the other for his acquittal." The bill of pains and penalties was brought in by eighty-seven peers to forty-three. Atterbury was banished; and the following paragraph in one of the journals gives the account of his departure:—

"June 19. 1723.—Yesterday, between twelve and one, the deprived Bishop of Rochester set out from the Tower in the navy barge, and was delivered up to Captain Laurence, commander of the Aldborough man-of-war, lying in Long Reach. Two footmen in purple liveries attended him, himself being in a lay habit of gray cloth. Great numbers of people went to see him take water, many of whom accompanied him down the river in barges and boats. We hear that two messengers went on board the man-of-war, to see him set on shore at Ostend, whence, it is said, he will proceed to Aix-la-Chapelle, after staying some time at Brussels."

The Bishop, however, was set on shore at Calais, from the violence of the weather, which made the passage to Ostend dangerous; and on being told at landing, that Bolingbroke had received the king's pardon, and had

arrived at the same place on his return to England, he pleasantly said, "Then I am *exchanged*." Pope observed that "the nation was afraid of being overrun with too much politeness, and could not gain one great genius, but at the expense of another."

That Bolingbroke was a man of remarkable talent, must be believed from the evidence of his public career. But the fame of Atterbury seems to have had no firmer foundations than his being the intimate of Pope, and a Jacobite. He had the scholarship of an academic, but he gave no exhibition of ability in public life. His sermons are extant, and are trifling. As a Jacobite, he must have been incapable of comprehending the value of liberty, regardless of Protestantism, and faithless to his king. His mitre alone probably saved him from a severer punishment than exile. But the simple fact that a Protestant bishop conspired to bring back a dynasty pledged to Popery, and notorious for persecution, is enough to consign his memory to historic shame. Another curious instance, involving a bishop, occurred about this period. Wilson, the Bishop of Sodor and Man, in consequence of his refusal of the holy sacrament to the wife of the governor of the island, was thrown by him into prison, and fined. The bishop appealed to the Privy Council, by whom he was released, on the opinion of the Attorney and Solicitor Generals, and the fine was remitted. The Earl of Derby, the "sovereign" of the island, contended that it was a "free nation." But he was not able to show that its freedom implied the power of controlling the spiritual functions of the bishop.

On this subject, however, it must be acknowledged that the right of refusing the sacrament to individuals who might be disapproved of by the clergy, was obviously dangerous, and, though retained in words, is justly abandoned in practice by the Establishment. Such a practice would imply that the clergyman could penetrate the secrets of the heart: it would also give a most offensive power of public insult, a strong temptation to private revenge, and might inflict an irreparable injury on personal character, without

any public trial, or any means of personal defence. It is also observable, that no man can ascertain how suddenly and effectually conversion may change the whole tenor of the mind; while the mere fact of coming to the communion-table naturally implies a returning sense of duty. Some of the half Popish disciplinarians of our day, who talk much more of the church than they think of Christianity, have attempted to renew this harsh and hazardous practice. But the man of sense will avoid the insult; and the Christian will acknowledge that, if rebuke is to be administered at all, it ought to be in the shape of private exhortation, and not in the arbitrary and exasperating form of public shame.

The most painful part in the office of Attorney General is the duty of prosecuting high criminals. The Earl of Macclesfield now put this duty to the test. A charge was laid against the Chancellor for corruption in the sale of masterships in Chancery, and the embezzlement of the suitors' money in their hands. He was impeached by the Commons, and tried by the Lords, was found guilty, and fined £30,000. But on the questions being put that he should be rendered incapable of serving the king, or sitting in parliament, both were negatived; but, for the honour of parliament, the one only by forty-two to forty-two, the Speaker giving, of course, the vote in his favour; and the latter by forty-five to thirty-nine. The trial lasted twenty days, and naturally excited great attention. The ground of his escape from official ruin, (for nothing could save him from public shame,) was probably his favouritism at St James's—a favouritism which, unluckily for the honour of the courtiers, seems to have remained undiminished.

The conduct of the Attorney General has been censured, as ungrateful to his early patron; but the censure is unfounded. He did all that he could: he refused to join in the prosecution, and avoided this duty with some difficulty. The Earl's guilt was notorious; nothing could save him. It was no part of the Attorney General's virtues to thwart public justice, nor was it in his power. He simply

consulted the delicacy of old friendship, by refusing to urge its progress. It has been even asked, Why did he not resign? Such is the absurdity of querists. His resignation could not have saved the Chancellor, who, after all, escaped with the easy sacrifice of a comparatively small sum from a purse believed to be plethoric with the public money.

Yorke still continued to advance in reputation and office. The deaths of the Chancellor and the Chief Justice were followed by the appointment of Talbot to the woolsack, and of Yorke to the Chief Justiceship, with an increase of the salary from £2000 to £4000 a-year, and the peerage, by the title of Baron Hardwicke, from an estate which he had purchased in the county of Gloucester.

He was now on the verge of his highest promotion. The Chancellor Talbot died in February 1786, after five days' illness, at the age of fifty-three.

An entry in Lord Hardwicke's private journal gives a curious and characteristic account of his promotion. "On Monday the 14th of February, about five in the morning, died Charles Talbot, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain. The same forenoon, being at the sittings in Westminster Hall, I received a letter from Sir Robert Walpole, desiring to speak with me on the event of that morning, and wishing that I would dine with him that day in private. I went accordingly, and after dinner he proposed the Great Seal to me in the king's name. Thereupon I took occasion to state to him, that I was now in a quiet situation, which, by practice, was become easy to me; that I had no *ambition* to go higher; and, though I had the most grateful sense of his majesty's goodness, desired to be left where I was."

Sir Robert perfectly understood this "*nolo episcopari*" style, and pressed the appointment. We are a little ashamed for the delicacy of the future Chancellor; for he now told the minister, that the Chief Clerkship of the King's Bench being likely to fall soon into his gift, which he might grant for two lives for the benefit of his family, he must have an equivalent! After some bargaining, Yorke

offered to take the reversion of the Tellership of the Exchequer for his eldest son. Walpole objected, that the king "disliked reversions." And well he might; for the Tellership of the Exchequer was said to have amounted (in subsequent times) to £40,000 a-year! The bargain was at length struck—the Tellership was given, and Hardwicke was Chancellor. A note in Horace Walpole's Memoirs adds point to the transaction: it says that "Walpole, finding it difficult to make Hardwicke give up the Chief Justiceship, told him that, if he refused, he would give the Seals to Fazakerly. 'What!' exclaimed Hardwicke, 'Fazakerly! he is a Tory, perhaps a Jacobite.' 'All very true,' replied Walpole; 'but if by one o'clock you do not accept my offer, Fazakerly, by *two*, becomes Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, and one of the *stanchest Whigs in England*.'"

The Chancellor, as a scholar and a man of the world, was consulted by his friends on occasional rules of life, and, in answer to a request of the Marchioness of Annandale to give his opinion on the course of education proper for her son, Hardwicke, in giving a detail of the studies proper for a nobleman, as classics, mathematics, law, &c., alludes to foreign travel.

He observes "that, in former times, the people of Britain were observed to return home with their affections more strongly engaged towards the well-tempered constitution and liberty of their own country, from having observed the misery resulting from the military governments abroad. But, by an unlucky reverse, it (now) sometimes happens, that, from being taught, to like the fashions and manners of foreign countries, people are led to have no aversion to their political institutions, and their methods of exercising civil power."

He then adverts to the *still more* serious evil which our own generation feel every day:

"The Protestant religion being established here, is one great security, not only of our religious, but also of our civil liberty. That ocular demonstration of the gross superstitious and absurdities of Popery which tra-

velling furnishes, was formerly thought to fix the mind in a more firm attachment to the former, and abhorrence of the latter." He then adverts to the culpable change frequently wrought by foreign life on this wise and salutary feeling. "I fear the case is now somewhat otherwise; with this further ill consequence, that many of our young men, by a long interruption of the exercise of their own religion, become absolutely indifferent to all."

The truth of the case, however, is, that travelling is *not* the source of the injury done to the habits and principles of the English: it is *residence* abroad that does the irreparable mischief. Travelling enlarges the mind; residence abroad narrows, degrades, and vitiates it. No Englishman who has long resided in a foreign city, (except, perhaps, in a university, for the pursuit of learning,) is ever fit for any thing when he returns: he is a practical idler, and pitiful lounging round coffee-houses and gaming-tables. He discovers that his feelings are too refined for the roughness of English life—that his frame is "too delicate for any thing but a southern climate"—boasts of his sensibilities, while he is leading a life of the most vulgar and gross vice—until, beggared by debauchery, or worn out with disease, he drops into the tomb, without leaving a regret or a manly recollection behind him. For all the higher purposes of life he had long been ruined—without country, without public spirit, without a sense of duty, he has lived only to eat and drink, to retail the gossip of the hour, and yawn through the day. He has abandoned *all religion*, and professes to think all creeds alike. His morals are of the same quality with his religion, and he creeps through society as worthless as the worm that shall soon feed on his better half—his body—in the grave.

Lord Hardwicke had now full opportunity for the display of all his talents; and their combination in one man was certainly an extraordinary evidence of the powers of discipline and nature. He was at once a first-rate lawyer, a first-rate statesman, and a first-rate public speaker. Any one of those high attainments might bring sufficient to make the business

of a life—in him they were the easy attributes of a master-mind.

His oratory was not of the school which afterwards gave such eminence to Chatham. It had none of the brilliant impetuosity of that Demosthenes of English orators; but it had a captivation—the captivation of eloquence and grace—which gave interest even to the driest details of the tribunal. Lord Camden, himself a powerful public speaker, thus described Hardwicke on the bench:—

"In the Court of Chancery, multitudes would flock to hear the Lord Chancellor, as to hear *Garrick*. His clearness, arrangement, and comprehension of his subject, were masterly. But his *address* in the turn which he gave to all, whether he was in the right, or was 'to make the worse appear the better reason,' was like *magic*."

His high employments now brought opulence with them; and he purchased from Lord Oxford the fine estate of Wimpole, in Cambridgeshire, which had come into the Oxford family by marriage with the Duke of Newcastle's heiress. In 1740, Philip Yorke, the Chancellor's eldest son, married the daughter of Lord Breadalbane, and grand-daughter of the Duke of Kent. Horace Walpole, in his correspondence with Conway, thus smartly sums up the good fortune of this most prosperous family:—

"Harry, what luck the Chancellor has! first, indeed, to be in himself so great a man. But then, in accidents. He is made Chief Justice and Peer, when Talbot is made Chancellor and Peer. Talbot dies in a twelvemonth, and leaves him the Seals, at an age when others are scarcely made solicitors. Then he marries his son into one of the first families of Britain, obtains a patent for a marquissate, and eight thousand pounds a-year, after the Duke of Kent's death. The Duke dies in a fortnight, and leaves them all! People talk of fortune's wheel that is always rolling; troth, my Lord Hardwicke has overtaken her wheel, and rolled along with it."

The present attempt to give legislative power to the Jews, an attempt whose success would inevitably change the *Christian character* of the legis-

lature, gives a revived interest to the following decision of the great Chancellor. A legacy of £12,000 having been left by a Jew, "for establishing an assembly for reading and improving the Jewish law," and the case having been brought into court, the Chancellor decided against the application of the legacy. The note of this judgment, recorded in his own note-book, is as follows:—

"I was of opinion, that this appeared to be a charitable bequest or fund for promoting and propagating the Jewish religion, and consequently *contrary to law*. For that the Christian religion is *part of the law of the land*, and involved in the constitution of this kingdom, according to my Lord Hale in Taylor's case, 1 Vent., and my Lord Raymond in Wolton's case; and that it differed widely from the cases of charitable benefactions to the meeting-houses or congregations of Protestant dissenters, which are tolerated, and regulated by the Toleration Act. Therefore, I refused to decree for this charity."

In March 1745, died the celebrated Sir Robert Walpole: of all the ministers of George the Second the most trusted, and of all the ministers of England the most unpopular: of all the statesmen of his day the most successful, and certainly of all the public men of England, regarded, in his own time, as the most unscrupulous. If it be doubted that he was personally more unprincipled than other ministers, to him unquestionably was due the *practice* of corruption as an established principle of government. That any minister could have dared to adopt such a system in England, is to be accounted for only by the rapid changes of party since the beginning of the century, the changes of the Succession, the timidity of the press, yet but in its infancy, and the unsettled nature of the Brunswick throne.

In late years, Burke, inflamed with the love of splendid paradox, and delighting in the novelty of imagining personal virtue in the midst of public vice, amused his genius with throwing a factitious lustre over the memory of Walpole. But the voice of contemporary writers has been since amply echoed by the judgment of

history. Walpole was a corrupter; and, if the progress of his system had not been broken short by his fall, and by the hurried successions of ministers from each side of the House alternately, the government would perhaps have perished, or could have purified itself only by a revolution.

Walpole was a first-rate man of craft; his sagacity was vigilant; his industry was indefatigable; his speech plausible, and his management of the uncouth and suspicious King dexterous in a remarkable degree. But he lowered the whole tone of public life. No act of magnanimous policy ever originated with Walpole. He made no attempt, or but of the feeblest order, to add to the national intelligence. He encouraged none of the higher provinces of the arts, learning, or science: and, though he gave mitres to Butler, Gibson, and Sherlock, yet the religion of England languished scarcely less than its philosophy. It was what Burke himself subsequently termed its succeeding period, "burgomaster age," and parliament was scarcely more than a Dutch council, until Chatham came and startled it again into life. Walpole obtains credit with posterity for the moderation of his wealth. But, beginning as the son of a country gentleman, he purchased a fine estate: he built a magnificent mansion, Houghton; he collected one of the finest private picture-galleries in Europe; and he always lived, so far as we can learn, in great affluence and expenditure.

But the country was suddenly to be tried by a new and most formidable hazard. News arrived in London that the Prince Charles Edward, the eldest son of the Pretender, had landed in Scotland, had raised the standard of the Stuarts, had been joined by some of the clans, and was determined on marching to the metropolis. This part of the Memoir is peculiarly interesting, from its giving the private impressions of individuals of rank and importance, on the every-day movements of the time.

On the 1st of August, Lady Hardwicke, who was, of course, acquainted with all the opinions of government, writes to her son Philip Yorke, who was then out of town:—"My heart is

very heavy. Our folks are very busy at this time, by fresh alarms of the Pretender being in Scotland. But I believe the ship Captain Bret fought was the ship he was in. If it be so, he is not yet got there; which may give a little more time to prepare for him. The French disclaim sending him there; but that is nothing. They are to take Ostend; while Spain sends troops thence, to the other end of the kingdom, to distract our measures. This is my opinion, God grant I may be in the wrong. In the mean time, our king's abroad, and our troops also. There comes out a proclamation this day, offering a reward for the Pretender, as I am informed."

Lord Hardwicke had been appointed one of the Regency, on the King's absence in Germany. And his views of the crisis were gloomy enough. In a letter to Lord Glenorchy (August 15) he says, "On Tuesday last we received advice from the Duke of Argyle and my Lord Justice Clerk, that the young Pretender was landed in the north-west parts of the Highlands. He is said to have come in a single ship of 16 or 18 guns, attended by about 70 persons, among whom are Lord Tullibardine and old Lochiel. When I look round me, and consider our whole situation, *our all appears to be at stake.*"

"The yachts sailed this morning for the King, who has declared he will set out from Hanover, as soon as he has heard they have arrived on the other side."

This was desponding language from so eminent a person, but it was produced by deeper feelings than alarm at the landing of a few people in the north, though with a prince at their head. The plain truth, and no man was better aware of it than Hardwicke, was, that the conduct of the late Cabinet had utterly disgusted the nation. The contempt justly felt for Walpole had spread to higher objects; and the nation looked with an ominous quietude on the coming struggle between the young Chevalier and the possessor of the throne. As if the factions of parliament had been preparing for the success of the Stuarts, all their efforts for the last ten years had been directed to disarm the country; all their harangues were turned to extinguishing the army, which they described as at once ruinous to the

finances, and dangerous to the liberties of the country. Probably there was not a man of all those declaimers who believed a single syllable which he uttered; but "Reduction" was the party cry. With France in immense military power; with the Stuarts living under its protection; with the whole force of Popery intriguing throughout the country: and with a great number of weak people, who thought that their consciences called for the return of the exiled dynasty in the person of the Pretender, the reduction of the national defences by the ministry fell little short of treason. But when the intelligence of the prince's arrival was brought to London, the kingdom seems to have been left almost without a soldier; every battalion being engaged in the lingering war in Germany. The King had not added to the strength of his government; his passion for going to Hanover had occasioned obvious public inconvenience, and his absence at the moment of public peril was felt with peculiar irritability. The Chancellor, on this subject, after alluding to his recovery from a slight illness, says, "Would to God, the state of our affairs were as much mended; but the clouds continue as black as ever; and how soon the storm may burst on us, we know not."

On the first news of the Chevalier's landing, a message had been sent to the King, to return with all haste, which he did, as is mentioned in a letter of the Chancellor to the Archbishop of York. After speaking of the difficulties of government, the letter closes with, "I had writ thus far, when a messenger from Margate brought the good news that the King landed there about half an hour after three this morning, and would be at Kensington within two hours. Accordingly, his Majesty arrived there about two o'clock, in perfect health. I really think I never saw him look better in my life. He appears also to be in very good humour, and to value himself upon the haste he has made to us, when there was any apprehension of danger affecting this country."

In another letter, he sadly laments the absence of all public interest in the event of the Rebellion. "Can you tell what will make *double hearts true*? . . . I have not slept these two nights; but *sweat and prayed* . . .

The Duke of Argyll is come to town, and done nothing; and Duke Athol is gone to a town in the Highlands, and does nothing neither. He has had Glengarry with him, whose clan has joined the Pretender, and he is gone from him. In short, every thing is in a strange way, and nobody, hardly, is affected as they ought; at least as I am. . . . This is the real state of things, however they may be disguised, and I fear Sir J. Cope's *not equal to his business*. God alone can save us, to whose merciful judgment we trust."

The late Sydney Smith's pleasures on the novelty of invasion ideas in the brains of John Bull, and the difficulty of convincing him of the possibilities of such a thing, were fully exemplified in the cabinet, as well as in the people. The cabinet did little more than send for the King, and the King did little more than send an incompetent officer with a small detachment of troops to put down a rebellion which might have already enlisted the whole martial population of Scotland; even the Chancellor could not restrain himself from running down to one or other of his country houses, for two or three days at a time, while the government was actually trembling from hour to hour on the verge of the scaffold. This childish inability of self-control disparages the conduct of so distinguished a person. But with all his "sweating and praying," he seems to have been totally incapable of denying himself this pitiful indulgence, when a week might see the Stuarts on the throne. At length troops were ordered from Germany, and six thousand arrived with General Ligonier. Some Dutch regiments followed; five men-of-war returned from the Mediterranean, and the British regiments were on their march through Holland. In the mean time came the startling announcement that the Pretender was in Edinburgh, that he was proclaimed there, and that he was royally lodged in Holyrood House. The Chancellor's fears of Cope's inefficiency were soon shown to have been prophetic. Cope had been sent to save Edinburgh,—the clans outmarched him, and Cope had no resource but to land at Dunbar. At Haddington he suddenly found the clans to the south of his force. They

were about three thousand, half-armed, to his two thousand two hundred disciplined troops; the Highlanders rushed upon him and routed him in a moment. The Chevalier returned to Edinburgh with a hundred pipers leading the march, and playing, "The king shall have his own again."

The person who figures mainly at this period, and who appears to have shown alike good sense and courage, was Herring, Archbishop of York, an old friend of the Chancellor, who had recommended him to the government when but preacher at Lincoln's Inn, obtained for him a bishopric, and pushed him forward into the Archbishopric of York. Herring was afterwards promoted to Canterbury, perhaps as a reward of his loyalty and manliness in this delicate and difficult time. Herring was evidently a sensible and high-minded man, and his letters to the Chancellor figure conspicuously among the mass of correspondence received by Hardwicke. On the battle of Prestonpans, this vigorous prelate thus wrote:—

"I conceal it, but I own I conceive terrible apprehensions from the *affair* at Prestonpans, where the conduct of our general, &c., was ——— I won't give it the right name, but that of the rebels excellent; and, from what I can collect, and the judgment which I form upon the opinion of the soldiers here, they are admirably disciplined, and, our soldiers have felt, well armed. They showed resolution and conduct in taking the little battery, and as they are vigorous and savage, their leaders well know how to point their strength properly and effectually. There is something, too, in their artful taciturnity that alarms one. They say it is a fact that from their setting out to this hour it is not easy to say who *leads* them, nor are they seen in a manner till they are felt, so silent and well conceived are their motions. I hope all this is known above much better than it is here, and that it is now seen that this rebellion is not to be quashed by small pelotons of an army, but must be attended to *totis viribus*. Who can say what will be the consequence of such an advantage gained in England?" In another letter Herring mentions that a meeting of the county was held at York, at which he presided.

London was of course full of ra-



moors, and a letter from Lady Hardwicke gives them in grave yet ridiculous detail. After saying that the merchants had stopped the run upon the bank, she mentions a report that the Chancellor was turned out; that the Duke of Newcastle and his brother had run away, some said, to the Pretender; and others, that Lestock, the Admiral, had produced three letters from him forbidding him to fight; and these reports gained a universal run. People were told at the turnpikes as they passed through, that London was in an uproar and his Grace fled. Nay, the mobs gathered in crowds about his house, and saw some of the shutters unopened, whence they concluded he was gone; and when he went out they surrounded his chariot, and looked him in the face and said, "It is he! he is not gone. What is our condition, when such monstrous lies are spread to increase the terrors of honest minds?"

The Archbishop's exertions gave great satisfaction to the King, whom he had so worthily and courageously served; and the Chancellor immediately wrote him an account of an interview which he had with his Majesty on the occasion. "I own," said he, "I feel a particular pleasure in the great and noble part which your Grace has taken on this occasion, and in the gallant, wise, and becoming manner in which you have exerted yourself. I was so full of it, that I went immediately to Kensington, and gave the King an ample account of it in his closet. I found him apprised of it in the Lord Lieutenant's letters, which he had received from the Duke of Newcastle; but he was so pleased with it that he was desirous of hearing it over again. I informed his Majesty of the substance of your letter, the sermon your Grace had preached last Sunday, and with such prodigious expedition printed and dispersed; and when I came to your speech, he desired me to show it him. His Majesty read it over from beginning to end, gave it the just praise it so highly deserves, and said it must be printed. I told him I believed it was printing at York, but it is determined to print it in the Gazette. When I had gone through this part, I said, your Majesty will give me leave to acquaint my Lord Archbishop that you approve his zeal

and activity in your service—to which the King answered quick, My lord, that is not enough; you must also tell the Archbishop that I heartily thank him for it. His Majesty also highly applauded the affection, zeal, and unanimity which had appeared in the several lords and gentlemen on this occasion."

The Chancellor also informs him that ten British regiments had arrived from Flanders, and that eight battalions more, and 1500 dragoons were ordered to embark. He then makes a natural and just remark on the faction that had clamoured against putting the country into a state of defence. "I know some friends of yours who had talked themselves hoarse in contending for this measure, and whose advice, if followed some time ago, might have prevented, in all human probability, this dismal scene. But the conduct of some persons on this occasion has been infamous." He then marks the true conduct to be adopted in all instances of civil war. "A great body of forces will forthwith be sent to the North. I contend every where, that they must be a *great body*, for the protection of the King's crown and his people. The work of the Revolution, which has been building up these seven-and-fifty years, must not be risked upon an even chance." Such is true policy. "The defence of an empire must not be risked upon a chance; the benighted and dishonest theorists, who would enfeeble the defences of England in our day, for the sake of gaining the clamour of a mob, would be the first to fly in the hour of danger; and although the *certainty* of a French war from the *stitution* of the monarchy, is at an end, and the Prince de Joinville is not likely to realise the suggestions of his detestable pamphlet, and have the honour of pouncing on our sea-coast villages; a Republic is a neighbour to which we have not been accustomed for a long while, and which, with the best intentions for the present, may very suddenly change its mind."

Another letter from Herring shows the gallant spirit which may exist under lawn sleeves. "I purposed," said he, "to have set out for London on Wednesday; but I have had a sort of remembrance from the city here (York) that it will create some

uneasiness. There is a great matter in opinion; and if my attendance at Bishopsthorpe serves to support a spirit, or to preserve a union, or that the people think so, I will not stir. . . . I have therefore put off my journey, but ordered my affairs so, that at the least intimation from your Lordship, I can *viva conclamare*, and set out in an hour. To talk in the style military, (though my red coat is not made yet,) the first *column* of my family went off a week ago, the second moves on Wednesday, and the third attends my motions. I purpose to leave my home in a condition to receive the Marshal, if he pleases to make use of it. And there is a sort of policy in my civility, too; for while he occupies it, it cannot be plundered. I know your Lordship has ever an anxiety for your friends. But, if I must fly, the General and his hussars have offered to cover my retreat. But, enough of this; I had rather laugh when the battle is won, and could not help putting up an ejaculation at the pond-side to-night, — Heaven grant I may feed my swans in peace!"

The mention of the red coat was probably suggested by a report that the Archbishop had been seen in uniform. And the "hussars" were a troop of young gentlemen, whom General Oglethorpe had embodied at York.

The prelate was somewhat of a humorist; and he thus writes on his military reputation:—"I find I must go into regimentals, in my own defence, in a double sense; for an engraver has already given me a Saracen's head, surrounded with a chevalier in chains, and all the instruments of war, and the hydra of rebellion at my feet. And I see another copperplate promised, where I am to be exhibited in the same martial attitude, with all my clergy with me. By my troth, as I judge from applications made to me every day, I believe I could raise a regiment of my own order. And I had a serious offer the other day from a Welch curate, from the bottom of Merionethshire, who is six feet and a half high, that, hearing that I had put on scarlet, he was ready to attend me at an hour's warning, if the Bishop of Bangor did not call upon him for the same service."

The disregard of all preparation had left the whole English border defence-

less. Hull and Carlisle were the only towns which had any means of resistance. York had walls, but they were in a state of decay, and had not a single piece of artillery. Thus the invaders were enabled to pursue any road which they pleased. But their entrance into England should have taught them that their enterprise had become hopeless. The country people every where fled before them—the roads were filled with the carriages and waggons of the gentry hurrying to places of safety. No gentleman of rank joined them. One army was on their rear, and the main army, under the Duke of Cumberland, was between them and London.

In the metropolis, the spirit of the people, always slow, until the danger is visible, now awoke. The lawyers, in a procession of two hundred and fifty carriages, carried up an address to the King, assuring him of their loyalty. The trained bands were summoned. Troops were sent to the coast to watch the French, if they should attempt invasion; alarm-posts and signals were appointed in case of tumults in London, and the capital was at length in safety against a much superior force to that of the Chevalier. But in December the gratifying news came, that on the 5th the invaders had retired from Derby, and were rapidly returning to the North.

The disorder and exhaustion of those gallant but unfortunate men, must have left them an easy prey to the superior forces which were now on their track, when the pursuit was suddenly stopped by an alarm of French invasion. Twelve thousand men had suddenly been collected; the Duke of Richelieu, with the Pretender's second son, had come to Dunkirk; transports were gathered along the coast; and the invasion would probably have been attempted, but for a storm which drove many of their ships ashore near Calais. The troops in London were but six thousand! The 16th of April, at Culloden, closed this most unhappy struggle, and gave an internal peace to England which has never been broken.

The remarks in the memoir on this daring enterprise seem to be imperfect. The first is, that if England was to have been invaded at all, the effort should have been made before the

army could be brought from Flanders. The second is, that the retreat from Derby should have been exchanged for a march on London. But the former would have required a totally different plan of operations. The Prince should have landed in Kent, if his object was to take London by surprise. But, as his only troops must be the clans, he must look for them in the North; and it would have been impossible to march an army from the Highlands to the metropolis in less than a fortnight. On the second point, the retreat from Derby was obviously necessary. The clans were already diminishing—every step must be fought for—they were but half armed—and the King's troops were increasing day by day.

In one remark we agree, that the Chevalier should never have attempted more than the possession of Scotland. He should have remained in Holyrood House. There he had a majority of the nation in his favour,—the heads of the clans, and the old romantic recollections of his ancestral kings, all tending to support his throne. A French force might have been easily summoned to his assistance, and for a while he might have maintained a separate sovereignty. It is, on the other hand, not improbable that the Scottish nation might have looked on the sovereignty of a son of James, the persecutor, with jealousy; Protestantism would have dreaded a French alliance; and the expulsion of the Chevalier would have been effected in Scotland on the model of the English expulsion of James. Still, the experiment was feasible for the claimant of a crown; and the success of the adventure might have continued long enough to produce great evil to both countries.

We have found these volumes highly interesting, not merely from the importance of their period, but from their containing events so curiously parallel to those of our own time. Among the rest was the appointment to the Archbishopric of Canterbury. A letter from Charles Yorke thus says:—"The Archbishop of Canterbury died suddenly on Saturday. The Bishop of London has declined the office of succeeding. It is now offered to the Bishop of Salisbury, who has not yet returned an answer.

If he refuses, which some say he will, the Archbishop of York will be the man."

The reasons for these refusals were probably the reluctance to change, at the advanced age of these bishops,—Sherlock, of Salisbury, being seventy, and Gibson probably about the same age. The fees for possession are also immense, and we have heard them rated at little short of £20,000.

The Lord Chancellor announced the offer to the Archbishop of York, who returned the following remarkable answer:—"I am honoured with your Lordship's of the 18th inst., which I embrace with all my heart, as a new instance of that friendship and affection for me which for so many years have been the support, and credit, and comfort of my life.

"I have considered the thing, my best friend and my most honoured Lord, with all deliberation and compass of thought that I am master of, and am come to a very firm and most resolved determination not to quit the See of York on any account or on any consideration. . . . I am really poor; I am not ambitious of being rich, but have too much pride, with, I hope, a small mixture of honesty, to bear being in debt. I am now out of it, and in possession of a clear independency of that sort. I must not go back, and begin the world again at fifty-five.

"The honour of Canterbury is a thing of glare and splendour, and the hopes of it a *proper incentive to school-boys* to industry. But I have considered all its inward parts, and examined all its duties, and if I should quit my present station to take it, I will not answer for it that in less than a twelvemonth I did not sink and die with regret and envy at the man who should succeed me here, and quit the place in my possession, as I ought to do, to one better and wiser than myself."

This language might have been received with some suspicion in other instances; but Herring was a straightforward as well as a very able man, and there can be no doubt that he spoke what he thought. But he seems to have mistaken the position of the Primate as one of splendour, for we certainly have seen instances in which it displayed any thing but splendour,

and in which the great body of the clergy knew no more of the halls of Lambeth, shared no more of its due hospitality, and enjoyed no more of the natural and becoming intercourse with their metropolitan, than if he had been a hermit. This grievous error, which has the necessary effect of repelling and ultimately offending and alienating the whole body of the inferior clergy, a body who constitute the active strength of the Establishment, we must hope to see henceforth totally changed. In the higher view of the case, an Archbishop of Canterbury possesses every advantage for giving an honourable and meritorious popularity to the Church. By his rank, entitled to associate with the highest personages of the empire, he may more powerfully influence them by the manliness and intelligence of his opinions: a peer of parliament, he should be a leader of council, the spokesman of the prelate, the guide of the peers on all ecclesiastical questions, and the courageous protector of the Establishment committed to his charge. In his more private course, he ought to cultivate the association of the learned, the vigorous, and the active minds of the country. He ought especially to be kind to his clergy, not merely by opening his palace and his hospitalities to them all, but by personal intercourse, by visiting their churches, by preaching from time to time in their pulpits, by making himself known to them in the general civilities of private friendliness, and by the easy attentions which, more than all the formalities of official condescension, sink into the hearts of men. It is absurd and untrue to say that an archbishop has no time for all these things. These things are of the simplest facility to any man whose heart is in the right place; and if, instead of locking himself up with two or three dreary effigies of man, in the shape of chaplains, and freezing all the soul within him by a rigid and repulsive routine, he shall "do as he would be done unto" if he had remained a country curate, an Archbishop of Canterbury might be the most beloved, popular, and for all the best purposes, the most influential man in the kingdom.

Old age was now coming on Lord Hardwicke, and with it the painful

accompaniment of the loss of his old and intimate associates through public and private life; his own public career, too, was come to its close. In 1756 the Newcastle ministry was succeeded by that of the celebrated William Pitt, (Lord Chatham,) and Lord Hardwicke resigned the Great Seal. The note in his private journal states, "19th November, 1756, resigned the Great Seal voluntarily into his Majesty's hands at St James's, after I had held it nineteen years, eight months, and ten days."

All authorities since his day appear to have agreed in giving the highest tribute to this distinguished man. His character in the *Annual Register* says, "In judicature, his firmness and dignity were evidently derived from his consummate knowledge and talents; and the mildness and humanity which tempered it from the best heart. . . . His extraordinary despatch of the business of the court, increased as it was in his time beyond what had been known in any former, on account of his established reputation there, and the extension of the commerce and riches of the nation, was an advantage to the suitor, inferior only to that arising from the acknowledged equity, perspicuity, and precision of his decrees. The manner in which he presided in the House of Lords added order and dignity to that assembly." Lord Campbell, in his late "*Lives of the Chancellors*," characterises Lord Hardwicke as "the man universally and deservedly considered the most consummate judge who ever sat in the Court of Chancery."

An instance of his grace of manner even in rebuke, amply deserves to be recorded. A cause was argued in Chancery, in which a grandson of Oliver Cromwell, and bearing the same name, was a party. The opposing counsel began to cast some reflections on the memory of his eminent ancestor; on which the Chancellor quietly said, "I observe Mr Cromwell standing outside the bar, inconveniently pressed by the crowd; make way for him, that he may sit by me on the Bench." This had the effect of silencing the sarcasms of the advocate. Lord Hardwicke seems to have excited a professional deference for his legal conduct and

abilities, which at this distance of time it is difficult even to imagine. But the highest names of the Bar seem to have exhausted language in his panegyric. Lord Mansfield thus spoke of him on being requested by a lawyer to give him materials for his biography. The answer is worth retaining for every reason.

"My success in life is not very remarkable. My father was a man of rank and fashion. Early in life I was introduced into the best company, and my circumstances enabled me to support the character of a man of fortune. To these advantages I chiefly owe my success. And therefore my life cannot be very interesting. But if you wish to employ your abilities in writing the life of a truly great and wonderful man in our profession, take the life of Lord Hardwicke for your object. He was indeed a wonderful character. He became Chief Justice of England and Chancellor from his own abilities and virtues; for he was the son of a peasant!"

Not exactly so, as we have seen; for his father was a respectable man, who gave him a legal education. But the great Chancellor certainly owed but little to birth or fortune.

We have heard much of the elegance and polish of Mansfield's style, but, from the imperfect reports of public speeches a hundred years ago, have had but few evidences of its charm. One precious relic, however, these volumes have preserved. On his taking leave of the society of Lincoln's Inn, (on his being raised to the Bench,) a usual complimentary address was made by Mr Charles Yorke. The reply, of which we give but a sentence, was as follows:—

"If I have had in any measure success in my profession, it is owing to the great man who has presided in our highest courts of judicature the whole time I attended the bar. It was impossible to attend him, to sit under him every day, without catching some beams from his light. The disciples of Socrates, whom I will take the liberty to call the great lawyers of antiquity, since the first principles of all law are derived from his philosophy, owe their reputation to their having been the repeaters of the sayings of their great master. If we can arrogate nothing to ourselves,

we can boast of the school we were brought up in. The scholar may glory in his master, and we may challenge past ages to show us his equal."

After brief allusions to the three great names of Bacon, Clarendon, and Somers, all of whom he regarded as inferior either in moral or natural distinctions, he said,—“It is the peculiar felicity of the great man of whom I am speaking, to have presided for nearly twenty years, and to have shone with a splendour that has risen superior to faction, and that has subdued envy.”

The melancholy case of Admiral Byng occurred in this year. (1757) and is well reasoned in this work. The writer thinks that the execution was just. A death by law is naturally distressing to the feelings of humanity, and the degradation or banishment of the unfortunate admiral might possibly have had all the effects of the final punishment, without giving so much pain to the public feelings. Still, the cabinet might justly complain of the clamour raised against their act, by the party who arraigned them for the death of Byng. In command of a great fleet on a most important occasion, he had totally failed, and failed in despite of the opinions of his own officers. He had been sent for the express purpose of relieving the British garrison of Minorca, and he was scared away by the chance of encountering the French fleet: the consequence was, the surrender of the island, and the capture of the garrison. On his return to England, he was tried and found guilty by a court-martial: he was found guilty by the general opinion of the legislature and the nation; and though the court-martial recommended him to mercy, on the ground that his offence was not poltroonery, but an “error in judgment;” yet his reluctance to fight the French had produced such ruinous consequences, and had involved the navy in such European disgrace, that the King determined on his death, and he died accordingly. An error in judgment which consists in *not* fighting, naturally seems, to a brave people, a wholly different offence from the error which consists in grappling with the enemy. And, though Voltaire's sur-

casm, that Byng was shot *pour encourager les autres*, had all the pungency of the Frenchman's wit, and though British admirals could require no stimulant to their courage from the fear of a similar fate, there can be but little doubt that this execution helped to make up the decisions of many a perplexed mind in after times. The man who fights needs have no fear of court-martials in England. This was a most important point gained. The greatest of living soldiers has said, that the only fault which he had to find with any of his generals, was their dread of responsibility. The court-martial of Byng taught the British captains, in the phrase of the immortal Nelson, that "the officer who grapples with his enemy, can never be wrong."

On the 25th of October King George II. died. He had been in good health previously, had risen from bed, taken his chocolate, and talked of walking in the gardens of Kensington. The page had left the room, and hearing a noise of something falling, hurried back. He found the King on the floor, who only said, "Call Amelia," and expired. He was seventy-seven years old, and had reigned thirty-four years.

The King left but few recollections, and those negative. He had not connected himself with the feelings of the country; he had not patronised the fine arts, nor protected literature. He was wholly devoted to continental politics, and had adhered to some continental habits, which increased his unpopularity with the graver portion of the people of England.

In 1763 Lord Hardwicke's health began visibly to give way. He had lost his wife, and had lost his old friend the Duke of Newcastle. Death was every where among the circle of those distinguished persons who had been the companions of his active days. He had great comfort, however, in that highest of comforts to old age, the distinctions and talents of his sons, who had all risen into public rank. But the common fate of all mankind had now come upon him; and on the 6th of March he breathed his last. "Serene and composed, I saw him in his last moments, and he looked like an innocent child in its nurse's arms,"

is the note of his son. He was seventy-four. His remains were interred in the parish church of Wimpole.

The peerage and estates still continue in the family, and are now represented by the estimable and intelligent son of the late Admiral Sir Joseph Yorke. On the death of the Chancellor's eldest son, who had succeeded to the title, the eldest son of Mr Charles Yorke became Lord Hardwicke. This nobleman, who was remarkable for scholarship and refinement of taste, had held the anxious office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in the year of the Rebellion 1798. His son, Lord Royston, a very accomplished person, being lost by shipwreck in the seas, the son of the well-known admiral, who had been so unhappily killed by a flash of lightning in a boat off Portsmouth, became the heir.

It is in the history of men like Lord Hardwicke that England justly prides herself. Here is an instance of the prizes which lie before the vigour, talents, and principles of her great men. The son of a country solicitor rises to the highest rank of a subject, forces his way through all the obstacles of narrow means, professional prejudice, learned difficulty, and humble birth; takes his place among the first ranks of the aristocracy, guides the law, shares in the first influence of the state, is the pillar of government, and chief councillor of his king; accumulates a vast fortune, becomes master of magnificent estates, and founds a family holding in succession distinguished offices in church and state, and still forming a portion of the nobility of England. And all this was done by the talents of a single individual. Long may the constitution live which offers such triumphs to integrity and learning, and glory be to the country which has such men, and fixes her especial renown on their fame!

The biography is vigorous, intelligent, and remarkably interesting. No historian can in future write the "Reign of George II." without it. It passes through times of singular importance: and while the volumes are essential to the student of legal history, they offer a high gratification to the general reader.

## HOW WE GOT POSSESSION OF THE TUILLERIES.

## CHAPTER I.

## HEADS OR TAILS?

I LIKE political ovations. It is a very pleasant thing to perambulate Europe in the guise of a regenerator, sowing the good seed of political economy in places which have hitherto been barren, and enlightening the heathen upon the texture of calico, and the blessings of unreciprocal free-trade. I rather flatter myself that I have excited considerable sensation in certain quarters of Europe, previously plunged in darkness, and unilluminated by the argand lamp of Manchester philosophy. Since September last, I have not been idle, but have borne the banner of regeneration from the Baltic to the shores of the Bosphorus.

As the apostle of peace and plenty, I have every where been rapturously greeted. Never, I believe, was there a sincerer, a more earnest wish prevalent throughout the nations for the maintenance of universal tranquillity than now; never a better security for that fraternisation which we all so earnestly desire; never a more peaceful or unrevolutionary epoch. Such, at least, were my ideas a short time ago, when, after having fulfilled a secret mission of some delicacy in a very distant part of the Continent, I turned my face homewards, and retraced my steps in the direction of my own Glaswegian Mecca. In passing through Italy, I found that country deeply engaged in plans of social organisation, and much cheered by the sympathising presence of a member of her Britannic Majesty's cabinet. It was delightful to witness the good feeling which seemed to prevail between the British unaccredited minister and the scum of the Ausonian population,—the mutual politeness and sympathy exhibited by each of the high contracting parties,—and the perfect understanding on the part of the Lazzaroni, of the motives which had induced the northern peer to absent himself from society awhile, and devote the whole of his vast talents and genius to the cause of foreign insurrection. I had

just time to congratulate Pope Pius upon the charming prospect which was before him, and to say a few hurried words regarding the superiority of cotton to Christianity as a universal tranquillising medium, when certain unpleasant rumours from the frontier forced their way to the Eternal City, and convinced me of the propriety of continuing my retreat towards the land of my nativity. Not that I fear steel, or have any abstract repugnance to grape, but my mission was emphatically one of peace; I had a great duty to discharge to my country, and that might have been lamentably curtailed by the bullet of some blundering Austrian.

Behold me, then, at Paris—that Asian capital of the world. I had often visited it before in the character of a tourist and literateur, but never until now as a politician. True, I was not accredited: I enjoyed neither diplomatic rank, nor the more soothing salary which is its accompaniment. But, in these times, such distinctions are rapidly fading away. I had seen with my own eyes a good deal of spontaneous diplomacy, which certainly did not seem to flow in the regular channel; and, furthermore, I could personally testify to the weight attached abroad to private commercial crusades. I needed no official costume; I was the representative of a popular movement; I was the champion of a class; and my name and my principles were alike familiar to the ears of the illuminati of Europe. Formerly I had been proud of associating with Eugene Sue, Charles Nodier, Paul de Kock, and other characters of ephemeral literary celebrity; I had wasted my time in orgies at the Café de Londres, or the Rocher de Caule, and was but too happy to be admitted to those little parties of pleasure in which the majority of the cavaliers are feuilletonists, and the dames, terrestrial stars from the constellation of the Théâtre des Varié-

té's. Now I looked back on this former phase of my existence with a consciousness of having wasted my energies. I had shot into another sphere—was entitled to take rank with Thiers, Odillon Barrot, Crémieux, and other champions of the people; and I resolved to comport myself accordingly. I do not feel at liberty to enter into the exact details of the public business which detained me for some time in Paris. It is enough to say, that I was warmly and cordially received, and on the best possible terms with the members of the *extreme gauche*.

One afternoon about the middle of February, I was returning from the Chamber of Deputies, meditating very seriously upon the nature of a debate which I had just heard, regarding the opposition of ministers to the holding of a Reform banquet in Paris, and in which my friend Barrot had borne a very conspicuous share. At the corner of the Place de la Concorde, I observed a tall swarthy man in the uniform of the National Guard, engaged in cheapening a poodle. I thought I recognised the face—hesitated, stopped, and in a moment was in the arms of my illustrious friend, the Count of Monte-Christo, and Marquis Davy de la Pailleterie!

"*Capitibious!*" cried the author of *Trois Mousquetaires*—"Who would have thought to see you here? Welcome, my dear Dunshunner, a thousand times to Paris. Where have you been these hundred years?"

"Voyaging, like yourself, to the East, my dear Marquis," replied I.

"Ah, bah! That is an old joke. I never was nearer Egypt than the Bois de Boulogne; however, I did manage to mystify the good public about the baths of Alexandria. But how came you here just now? *Dir mille tonnerres!* They told me you had been made *pair d'Angleterre*."

"Why, no; not exactly. There was some talk of it, I believe. But jealousy—jealousy, you know—"

"Ah, yes,—I comprehend! *Ce vilain Palmerston, n'est-ce pas?* But that is always the way; ministers are always the same. You will hardly credit it, my dear friend, but I—I with my ancient title—and the most popular author of France, am not even a

member of the Chamber of Deputies!"

"You amaze me!"

"Yes—after all, you manage better in England. There is that little D'Israeli—very clever man—Monceton Milles, Bourring, *bien mauvais poëtes*, and Wakeley, all in the legislature; while here the literary interest is altogether unrepresented."

"Surely, my dear Marquis, you forget—there's Lamartine."

"Lamartine! a mere sentimentalist—a nobody! No, my dear friend; France must be regenerated. The daughter of glory, she cannot live without progression."

"How, Marquis? I thought that you and Montpensier!"

"Were friends! True enough. It was I who settled the Spanish marriages. There, I rather flatter myself, I had your perfidious Albion on the hip. But, to say the truth, I am tired of family alliances. We want something more to keep us alive—something startling, in short—something like the Pyramids and Moscow, to give us an impulse forward into the dark gulf of futurity. The limits of Algeria are too contracted for the fluttering of our national banner. We want freedom, less taxation, and a more extended frontier."

"And cannot all these," said I, unwilling to lose the opportunity of converting so remarkable man as the Count of Monte-Christo to the grand principles of Manchester—"Cannot these be attained by more peaceful methods than the subversion of general tranquillity? What is freedom, my dear Marquis, but an unlimited exportation of cotton abroad, with double task hours of wholesome labour at home? How will you diminish your taxation better, than by reducing all duties on imports, until the deficit is laid directly upon the shoulders of a single complaining class? Why seek to extend your frontier, whilst we in England, out of sheer love to the world at large, are rapidly demolishing our colonies? Did you ever happen," continued I, pulling from my pocket a bundle of the Manchester manifestos, "to peruse any of these glorious epitomes of reason and of political science? Are you familiar with the soul-stirring tracts of Thomp-



son and of Bright? Did you ever read the Socialist's scheme for universal philanthropy, which Cobden?"

"Peste!" replied the illustrious nobleman, "what the dence do we care for the opinions of Monsieur Tonson, or any of your low manufacturers? By my honour, Dunshunner, I am afraid you are losing your head. Don't you know, my dear fellow, that all great revolutions spring from us, the men of genius? It is we who are the true rousers of the people; we, the poets and romancers, who are the source of all legitimate power. Witness Voltaire, Rousseau, De Beranger, and—I may say it without any imputation of vanity—the Marquis Dary de la Paillerie!"

"Yours is a new theory!" said I, musingly.

"New! Pray pardon me—it is as old as literature itself! No revolution can be effectual unless it has the fine arts for its basis. Simple as I stand here, I demand no more time than a month to wrap Europe in universal war."

"You don't say so seriously?"

"On my honour."

"Give me leave to doubt it."

"Should you like a proof?"

"Not on so great a scale, certainly. I am afraid the results would be too serious to justify the experiment."

"Ah, bah! You are a philanthropist. What are a few thousand lives compared with the triumph of mind?"

"Not much to you, perhaps, but certainly something to the owners. But come, my dear friend, you are jesting. You don't mean to insinuate that you possess any such power?"

"I do indeed."

"But the means? Granting that you have the power—and all Europe acknowledges the extraordinary facilities of the author of *Monte-Christo*—some time would be required for their development. You cannot hope to inoculate the mind of a nation in a moment."

"I did not say a moment—I said a month."

"And dare I ask your recipe?"

"A very simple one. Two romances, each in ten volumes, and a couple of melodramas."

"What of your own?"

"Of mine," replied the Marquis de la Paillerie.

"I wish to heaven that I knew how

you set about it. I have heard G. P. R. James backed for a volume a month, but this sinks him into utter insignificance."

"There is no difficulty in explaining it. He writes,—I never do."

"You never write?"

"Never."

"Then how the mischief do you manage?"

"I compose. Since I met you, I have composed and dictated a whole chapter of the *Memoirs of a Physician*."

"Dictated?"

"To be sure. It is already written down, and will be circulated throughout Paris to-morrow."

"Monsieur le Marquis—have I the honour to hold an interview with Satan?"

"*Mon cher, vous me flattez beaucoup*! I have not thought it necessary to intrust my experiences to the sympathising bosom of M. Frédéric Soulié."

"Have you a familiar spirit, then?" said I, casting a suspicious glance towards the poodle, then vigorously engaged in hunting through its woolly fleece.

The Marquis smiled.

"The ingenuity of your supposition, my dear friend, deserves a specific answer. I have indeed a familiar spirit—that is, I am possessed of a confidant, ready at all times, though absent, to chronicle my thoughts, and to express, in corresponding words, the spontaneous emotions of my soul. Nay, you need not start. The art is an innocent one, and its practice, though divulged, would not expose me in any way to the censures of the church."

"You pique my curiosity strangely!"

"Well, then, listen. For some years I have paid the utmost attention to the science of animal magnetism, an art which undoubtedly lay at the foundation of the ancient Chaldean lore, and which, though now revived, has been debased by the artifices and quackery of knaves. I need not go into details. After long search, I have succeeded in finding a being which, in its dormant or spiritual state, has an entire affinity with my own. When awake, you would suppose Leontine Deschappelles to be a

mere ordinary though rather interesting female, endowed certainly with a miraculous sensibility for music, but not otherwise in any way remarkable. But, when asleep, she becomes as it were the counterpart or reflex of myself. Every thought which passes through my bosom simultaneously arises in hers. I do not need even to utter the words. By some miraculous process, these present themselves as vividly to her as if I had bestowed the utmost labour upon composition. I have but to throw her into a magnetic sleep, and my literary product for the day is secured. I go forth through Paris, mingle in society, appear idle and *insouciant*; and yet all the while the ideal personages of my tale are passing over the mirror of my mind, and performing their allotted duty. I have reached such perfection in the art, that I can compose two or even three romances at once. I return towards evening, and then I find Leontine, pale indeed and exhausted, but with a vast pile of manuscript before her, which contains the faithful transcript of my thoughts. Now, perhaps, you will cease to wonder at an apparent fertility, which, I am aware, has challenged the admiration and astonishment of Europe."

All this was uttered by Monte-Christo with such exemplary gravity, that I stood perfectly confounded. If true, it was indeed the solution of the greatest literary problem of the age; but I could hardly suppress the idea that he was making me the victim of a hoax.

"And whereabouts does she dwell, this *Demoiselle* Leontine?" said I.

"At my house," he replied: "she is my adopted child. Poor Leontine! sometimes when I look at her wasted cheek, I feel a pang of regret to think that she is paying so dear for a celebrity which must be immortal. But it is the fate of genius, my friend, and all of us must submit!"

As the Marquis uttered this sentiment with a pathetic sigh, I could not refrain from glancing at his manly and athletic proportions. Certainly there was no appearance of over-fatigue or lassitude there. He looked the very incarnation of good cheer, and had contrived to avert from his own person all vestige of those "calamities

which he was pleased so feelingly to deplore. He might have been exhibited at the *Fries Provençaux* as a splendid result of their nutritive and culinary system.

"You doubt me still, I see," said De la Pailletterie. "Well, I cannot wonder at it. Such things, I know, sound strange in the apprehension of you incredulous islanders. But I will even give you a proof, *Dunstan*, which is more than I would do to any other man—for I cannot forget the service you rendered me long ago at the *Isle de Bourbon*. You see this little instrument,—put it to your ear. I shall summon Leontine to speak, and the sound of her reply will be conveyed to you through that silver tube, which is in strict rapport with her magnetic constitution."

So saying, he placed in my hand a miniature silver trumpet, beautifully wrought, which I immediately placed to my ear.

Monte-Christo drew himself up to his full height, fixed his fine eyes earnestly upon vacancy, made several passes upwards with his hand, and then said,

"My friend, do you hear me? If so, answer."

Immediately, and to my unexpected surprise, there thrilled through the silver tube a whisper of miraculous sweetness.

"Great master! I listen—I obey!"

"May St Mungo, St Mirren, St Rollox, and all the other western saints, have me in their keeping!" cried I. "Heard ever mortal man aught like this?"

"Hush—be silent!" said the Marquis, "or you may destroy the spell. Leontine, have you concluded the chapter?"

"I have," said the voice: "shall I read the last sentences?"

"Do," replied the adept, who seemed to hear the response simultaneously with myself, by intuition.

The voice went on. "At this moment the door of the apartment opened, and Chon rushed into the room. 'Well, my little sister, how goes it?' said the Countess. 'Bad.' 'Indeed!' 'It is but too true.' 'De Noailles?' 'No.' 'Ha! D'Aiguillon?' 'You deceive yourself.' 'Who then?' 'Philip de Taverny, the

Chevalier Maison-Rouge!" "Ha!" cried the Countess, "then I am lost!" and she sank senseless upon the cushions."

"Well done, Leontine!" exclaimed De la Paillette; "that is the seventh chapter I have composed since morning. Are you fatigued, my child?"

"Very—very weary," replied the voice, in a melancholy cadence.

"You shall have rest soon. Come hither. Do you see me?"

"Ah! You are very cruel!"

"I understand. Cease to be fatigued—I will it!"

"Ah! thanks, thanks!"

"Do you see me now?"

"I do. Oh, how handsome!"

The Marquis caressed his whiskers.

"Where am I?"

"At the corner of the Place de la Concorde, near the Tuilleries' gardens. Ah, you naughty man, you have been smoking!"

"Who is with me?"

"A poodle-dog," replied the voice. "What a pretty creature!" he is just snapping at a fly. Come here, poor fellow!"

The poodle gave an unearthly yell, and rushed between the legs of Monte-Christo, thereby nearly capsizing that extraordinary magician.

"Who else?" asked the Marquis.

"A tall man, with sandy-coloured hair. La, how funny!"

"What now?"

"I am laughing."

"At what?"

"At his dress."

"How is he dressed?"

"In a blue coat with gilt buttons, a white hat, and such old scarlet-and-yellow trowsers!"

I stood petrified. It was quite true. In a moment of abstraction I had that morning donned a pair of integuments of the M-Tavish tartan, and my legs were of the colour of the flamingo.

"Is he handsome?"

I did not exactly catch the response.

"That will do, my dear Marquis," said I, returning him the trumpet. "I am now perfectly convinced of the truth of your assertions, and can no longer wonder at the marvellous fertility of your pen—I beg pardon—of

your invention. Pray, do not trouble your fair friend any further upon my account. I have heard quite enough to satisfy me that I am in the presence of the most remarkable man in Europe."

"Pooh! this is a mere bagatelle. Any man might do the same, with a slight smattering of the occult sciences. But we were talking, if I recollect right, about moral influence and power. I maintain that the authors of romance and melodrama are the true masters of the age: you, on the contrary, believe in free-trade and the jargon of political economy. Is it not so?"

"True. We started from that point."

"Well, then, would you like to see a revolution?"

"Not on my account, my dear Marquis. I own the interest of the spectacle, but it demands too great a sacrifice."

"Not at all. In fact, I have made up my mind for a *bouleversement* this spring, as I seriously believe it would tend very much to the respectability of France. It must come sooner or later. Louis Philippe is well up in years, and it cannot make much difference to him. Besides, I am tired of Guizot. He gives himself airs as an historian which are absolutely insufferable, and France can submit to it no longer. The only doubt I entertain is, whether this ought to be a new ministry, or an entire dynastical change."

"You are the best judge. For my own part, having no interest in the matter further than curiosity, a change of ministers would satisfy me."

"Ay, but there are considerations beyond that. Much may be said upon both sides. There is danger certainly in organic changes, at the same time we must work out by all means our full and legitimate freedom. What would you do in such a case of perplexity?"

Victor Hugo's simple and romantic method of deciding between hostile opinions, as exemplified in his valuable drama of *Lucrece Borgia*, at once occurred to me.

"Are you quite serious," said I, "in wishing to effect a change of some kind?"

"I am," said the Marquis, "as resolute as Prometheus on the Caucasus."

"Then, suppose we toss for it: and so leave the question of a new cabinet or dynasty entirely to the arbitration of fate?"

"A good and a pious idea!" replied the Marquis de la Pailletterie. "Here is a five-franc piece. I shall toss, and you shall call."

Up went the dollar, big with the fate of France, twirling in the evening air.

"Heads for a new ministry!" cried I, and the coin fell clinking on the gravel. We both rushed up.

"It is tails!" said the Marquis devoutly. "Destiny! thou hast willed it, and I am but thine instrument. Farewell, my friend: in ten days you shall hear more of this. Meantime, I must be busy. Poor Leontine! thou hast a heavy task before thee!"

"If you are going homewards," said I, "permit me to accompany you so far. Our way lies together."

"Not so," replied the Marquis thoughtfully. "I dine to-day at Véfour's, and in the evening I must attend the Théâtre de la Porte St Martin. I am never so much alone as in the midst of excitement. O France, France! what do I not endure for thee!"

So saying, Monte-Christo extended his hand, which I wrung affectionately within my own. I felt proud of the link which bound me to so high and elevated a being.

"Ah, my friend!" said I, "ah, my friend! there is yet time to pause. Would it not be wiser and better to forego this enterprise altogether?"

"You forget," replied the other solemnly. "Destiny has willed it. Go, let us each fulfil our destiny!"

So saying, this remarkable man tucked the poodle under his arm, and in a few moments was lost to my view amidst the avenues of the garden of the Tuilleries.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE IDEAS OF MARCH.

Several days elapsed, during which Paris maintained its customary tranquillity. The eye of a stranger could have observed very little alteration in the demeanour of the populace: and even in the *salons*, there was no strong surmise of any coming event of importance. In the capital of France one looks for a revolution as quietly as the people of England await the advent of "the coming man." The event is always prophesied—sometimes apparently upon the eve of being fulfilled: but the failures are so numerous as to prevent inordinate disappointment. In the Chamber there were some growlings about the Reform banquet, and the usual vague threats if any attempt should be made to coerce the liberties of the people; but these demonstrations had been so often repeated, that nobody had faith in any serious or critical result.

Little Thiers, to be sure, blustered; and Odillon Barrot assumed pompous airs, and tried to look like a Roman citizen, at our small patriotic cosmopo-

litau remonians: but I never could believe that either of them was thoroughly in earnest. We all know the game that is played in Britain, where the doors of the ministerial cabinet are constructed on the principle of a Dutch clock. When it is fair weather, the ambitious figure of Lord John Russell is seen mounting guard on the outside—when it threatens to blow, the small sentry retires, and makes way for the Tamworth grenadier. Just so was it in Paris. Guizot, if wheeled from his perch, was expected to be replaced by the smarter and more enterprising Thiers, and slumbrous Duchatel by the broad-chested and beetle-browed Barrot.

At the same time, I could not altogether shut my eyes to the more active state of the press. I do not mean to aver that the mere political articles exhibited more than their usual vigour; but throughout the whole literature of the day there ran an under-current of revolutionary feeling which betokened wonderful unanimity.

Less than usual was said about Marengo, Ansterlitz, or even the three glorious days of July. The minds of men were directed further back, to a period when the Republic was all in all, when France stood isolated among the nations, great in crime, and drunken with her new-won freedom. The lapse of half a century is enough to throw a sort of halo around the memory of the veriest villain and assassin. We have seen Dick Turpin and Jack Sheppard exhumed from their graves to be made the heroes of modern romance; and the same alchemy was now applied to the honoured ashes of Anacharsis Clootz, and other patriots of the Reign of Terror.

All this was done very insidiously, and, I must say, with consummate skill. Six or seven simultaneous romances reminded the public of its former immunity from rule, and about as many melodramas denounced utter perdition to tyranny. I liked the run. Man is by nature a revolutionary animal, especially when he has nothing to lose; and it is needless to remark that a very small portion indeed of my capital was invested in the foreign funds.

I saw little of my friend the Marquis, beyond meeting him at the usual promenades, and bowing to him at the theatres, where he never failed to present himself. A casual observer would have thought that *De la Palluë* had no other earthly vocation than to perambulate Paris as a mere votary of pleasure. Once or twice, however, towards evening, I encountered him in his uniform of the National Guard, with fire in his eye, haste in his step, and a settled deliberation on his forehead; and I could not help, as I gazed upon him, feeling transported backward to the period of *Atos*, *Perthos*, and *Aramis*.

At length I received the expected billet, and on the appointed evening entered myself punctually at his house. The rooms were already more than half filled by the company.

"Are the Ides of March come?" said I, pressing the proffered hand of Monte-Christo.

"Come—but not yet over," he replied. "You have seen the new play which has produced such a marked sensation?"

"I have. Wonderful production! Whose is it?"

A mysterious smile played upon the lip of my friend.

"Come," said he, "let me introduce you to a countryman, a sympathiser; one who, like you, is desirous that our poor country should participate in the blessings of the British loom. Mr Hutton Bagsby—Mr Dunsummer."

Bagsby was a punchy man, with a bald head, and a nose which betokened his habitual addiction to the fiery grape of Portugal.

"Servant, sir!" said he. "Understand you're a free-trader, supporter of Cobden's principles, and inclined to go the whole hog. Glad to see a man of common understanding here. Dummie, sir, when I speak to these French fellows about calico, they begin to talk about fraternity; which, as I take it, means eating frogs, for I don't pretend to understand their outlandish gabble-rah."

"Every nation has its hobby, you know, Mr Bagsby," I replied. "We consider ourselves more practical than the French, and stick to the main chance; they, on the other hand, are occupied with sound principles, and what they call the right of labour."

"Rights of labour!" exclaimed Bagsby. "Plunged if I think labour has got any rights at all. Blow all protection! say I. Look after the interests of the middle classes, and let capital have its swing. As for those confounded working fellows, who cares about them? We don't, I can answer for it. When I was in the League, we wanted to bring corn down, in order to get work cheaper; and, now that we've got it, do you think we will stand any rubbish about rights? These French fellows are a poor set; they don't understand sound commercial principles."

"Ha! *Lamorière*!" said our host, accosting a general officer who just then entered the apartment; "how goes it? Any result from to-day's demonstration at the Chamber?"

"*Mais non!*" I should say there is. The banquets are forbidden. There is a talk about impeaching ministers; and, in the meantime, the artillery-waggons are rumbling through the streets in scores."

"Then our old friend Marcaire is likely to make a stand?"

"It is quite possible that the respectable gentleman may try it," said the commandant, regaling himself with a pinch. "By the way, the National Guard must turn out to-morrow early. The *rappel* will be beat by daybreak. There is a stir already in the Boulevards; and, as I drove here, I saw the people in thousands reading the evening journals by torch-light."

"Such is liberty!" exclaimed a little gentleman, who had been listening eagerly to the General. "Such is liberty! she holds her bivouac at nightfall by the torch of reason, and, on the morrow, the dawn is red with the brightness of the sun of Austerlitz!"

A loud hum of applause followed the enunciation of this touching sentiment.

"Our friend is great to-night," whispered Monte-Christo; "and he may be greater to-morrow. If Louis Philippe yields, he may be prime minister—if firing begins, I have a shrewd notion he won't be any where. Ah, Monsieur Albert! welcome from Cannes. We have been expecting you for some time, and you have arrived not a moment too soon!"

The individual thus adressed was of middle height, advanced age, and very plainly dressed. He wore a rusty gray surcoat, trousers of plaid check, and the lower part of his countenance was buried in the folds of a black cravat. The features were remarkable; and somehow or other, I thought that I had seen them before. The small gray eyes rolled restlessly beneath their shaggy pent-house; the cheek-bones were remarkably prominent; a deep furrow was cut on either side of the mouth; and the nose, which was of singular conformation, seemed endowed with spontaneous life, and performed a series of extraordinary mechanical revolutions. Altogether, the appearance of the man impressed me with the idea of strong, ill-regulated energy, and of that restless activity which is emphatically the mother of mischief.

Monsieur Albert did not seem very desirous of courting attention. He rather winked than replied to our

host, threw a suspicious look at Bagsby, who was staring him in the face, honoured me with a survey, and then edged away into the crowd. I felt rather curious to know something more about him.

"Pray, my dear Marquis," said I, "who may this Monsieur Albert be?"

"Albert! Is it possible that you do not—but I forget. I can only tell you, *mon cher*, that this Monsieur Albert is a very remarkable man, and will be heard of hereafter among the ranks of the people. You seem to suspect a mystery? Well, well! There are mysteries in all great dramas, such as that which is now going on around us; so, for the present, you must be content to know my friend as simple Albert, *ouvrier*."

"Hanged if I haven't seen that fellow in the black choker before!" said Mr Bagsby; "or, at all events, I've seen his double. I say, Mr Dunshunner, who is the chap that came in just now?"

"I really cannot tell, Mr Bagsby. Monte-Christo calls him simply Mr. Albert, a workman."

"That's their fraternity, I suppose! If I thought he was an operative, I'd be off in the twinkling of a billy-roller. But it's all a hoax. Do you know, I think he's very like a certain noble—"

Here an aide-de-camp, booted and spurred, dashed into the apartment.

"General! you are wanted immediately: the *coute* has begun, half Paris is rushing to arms, and they are singing the Marseillaise through the streets!"

"Any thing else?" said the General, who, with inimitable *sang froid*, was sipping a tumbler of orgeat.

"Guizot has resigned."

"Bravo!" cried the little gentleman above referred to—and he cut a caper that might have done credit to Vestris. "Bravo! there is some chance for capable men now."

"I was told," continued the aide-de-camp, "as I came along, that Count Molé had been sent for."

"Molé! bah! an imbecile!" muttered the diminutive statesman. "It was not worth a revolution to produce such a miserable result."

"And what say the people?" asked our host.

"*C'est ne suffira pas!*"

"*Ah, les bons citoyens! Ah, les braves garçons! Je les connais!*" And here the candidate for office executed a playful pironette.

"Nevertheless," said Lamoricière, "we must do our duty."

"Which is?" interrupted De la Pailleterie.

"To see the play played out, at all events," replied the military patriot; "and therefore, mes-sieurs, I have the honour to wish you all a very good evening."

"But stop, General," cried two or three voices; "what would you advise us to do?"

"In the first place, gentlemen," replied the warrior, and his words were listened to with the deepest attention. "I would recommend you, as the streets are in a disturbed state, to see the ladies home. That duty performed, you will probably be guided by your own sagacity and tastes. The National Guard will, of course, muster at their quarters. Gentlemen who are of an architectural genius will probably be gratified by an opportunity of inspecting several barricades in different parts of the city; and I have always observed, that behind a wall of this description, there is little danger from a passing bullet. Others, who are fond of fireworks, may possibly find an opportunity of improving themselves in the pyrotechnic art. But I detain you, gentlemen. I fear unjustifiably; and as I observe that the firing has begun, I have the honour once more to renew my salutations."

And in fact a sharp fusillade was heard without, towards the conclusion of the General's harangue. The whole party was thrown into confusion; several ladies showed symptoms of fainting, and were inconsequently received in the arms of their respective cavaliers.

The aspiring statesman had disappeared. Whether he got under a sofa, or up the chimney, I do not know; but he vanished utterly from my eyes. Monte-Christo was in a prodigious state of excitement.

"I have kept my word, you see," he said; "this may be misconstrued

in history, but I call upon you to bear witness that the revolution was a triumph of genius. O France!" continued he, filling his pocket with macarons, "the hour of thine emancipation has come!"

Observing a middle-aged lady making towards the door without male escort, I thought it incumbent upon me to tender my services, in compliance with the suggestions of the gallant Lamoricière. I was a good deal obstructed, however, by Mr Hutton Bagsby, who, in extreme alarm, was cleaving to the skirts of my garments.

"Can I be of the slightest assistance in offering my escort to madame?" said I with a respectful bow.

The lady looked at me with unfeigned surprise.

"Monsieur mistakes, I believe," said she quietly. "Perhaps he thinks I carry a fan." Look here" - and she exhibited the butt of an enormous horse-pistol. "The authoress of *Lola* knows well how to command respect for herself."

"George Sand!" I exclaimed in amazement.

"The same, monsieur - who will be happy to meet you this evening at an early hour, behind the barricade of the Rue Montmartre."

"O good Lord!" cried Mr Hutton Bagsby, "here is a precious kettle of fish! They are firing out yonder like mad - they'll be breaking into the house next, and we'll all be murdered to a man."

"Do not be alarmed, Mr Bagsby; this is a mere political revolution. The people have no animosity whatever to strangers."

"Haven't they? I wish you had seen the way the waiter looked this morning at my dressing-case. They'd fire me up to the lamp-post at once for the sake of my watch and seals! And I don't know a single word of their bloody language. I wish the leaders of the League had been hanged before they sent me here."

"What! then you are here upon a mission?"

"Yes, I'm a delegate, as they call it. O Lord, I wish somebody would take me home!"

"Where do you reside. Mr Bagsby?"

"I don't know the name of the street, and the man who brought me here has just gone away with a gun! Oh dear! what shall I do?"

I really felt considerably embarrassed. By this time Monte-Christo and most of his guests had departed, and I knew no one to whom I could consign the unfortunate and terrified free-trader. I sincerely pitied poor Bagsby, who was eminently unfitted for this sort of work; and was just about to offer him an asylum in my own apartments, when I felt my shoulder touched, and, turning round, recognised the intelligent though sarcastic features of Albert the ouvrier.

"You are both English?" he said in a perfectly pure dialect. "*Eh bien*, I like the English, and I wish

they understood us better. You are in difficulties. Well, I will assist. Come with me. You may depend upon the honour of a member of the Institute. Workman as I am, I have some influence here. Come—is it a bargain? Only one caution, gentlemen: remember where you are, and that the watchwords for the night are *fraternité, égalité*! You comprehend? Let us lose no time, but follow me."

So saying, he strode to the door. Bagsby said not a word, but clutched my arm. But as we descended the staircase, he muttered in my ear as well as the clittering of his teeth would allow:—

"It is *him*—I am perfectly certain! Who on earth would have believed this! O Lord Harry!"

#### CHAPTER III.

#### THE BARRICADES.

The streets were in a state of wild commotion. Every where we encountered crowds of truculent working fellows, dressed in blouses and armed with muskets, who were pressing towards the Boulevards. Sometimes they passed us in hurried groups: at other times the way was intercepted by a regular procession bearing torches, and singing the war-hymn of Marseilles. Those who judge of the physical powers of the French people by the specimens they usually encounter in the streets of Paris, are certain to form an erroneous estimate. A more powerful and athletic race than the workmen is scarcely to be found in Europe; and it was not, I confess, without a certain sensation of terror, that I found myself launched into the midst of this wild and uncontrollable mob, whose furious gestures testified to their excitement, and whose brawny arms were bared, and ready for the work of slaughter.

Considering the immense military force which was known to be stationed in and around Paris, it seemed to me quite miraculous that no effective demonstration had been made. Possibly the troops might be drawn up in some of the wider streets or squares, but hitherto we had encountered none. Several bodies of the National Guard,

it is true, occasionally went by; but these did not seem to be considered as part of the military force, nor did they take any active steps towards the quelling of the disturbance. At times, however, the sound of distant firing warned us that the struggle had begun.

Poor Bagsby clung to my arm in a perfect paroxysm of fear. I had cautioned him, as we went out, on no account to open his lips, or to make any remarks which might serve to betray his origin. The creature was quite decile, and followed in the footsteps of Monsieur Albert like a lamb. That mysterious personage strode boldly forward, chuckling to himself as he went, and certainly exhibited a profound knowledge of the topography of Paris. Once or twice we were stopped and questioned; but a few cabalistic words from our leader solved all difficulties, and we were allowed to proceed amidst general and vociferous applause.

At length, as we approached the termination of a long and narrow street, we heard a tremendous shouting, and the unmistakable sounds of conflict.

"Here come the Municipal Guards!" cried M. Albert, quickly. "These fellows fight like demons, and have no



regard for the persons of the people. Follow me, gentlemen, this way, and speedily, if you do not wish to be sliced like blanc-mange!"

With these words the ouvrier dived into a dark lane, and we lost no time in following his example. I had no idea whatever of our locality, but it seemed evident that we were in one of the worst quarters of Paris. Every lamp in the lane had been broken, so that we could form no opinion of its character from vision. It was, however, ankle-deep of mud—a circumstance by no means likely to prolong the existence of my glazed boots. Altogether, I did not like the situation; and, had it not been for the guarantee as to M. Albert's respectability, implied from his acquaintance with Monte Christo, I think I should have preferred trusting myself to the tender mercies of the Municipal Guard. As for poor Bagsby, his teeth were going like castanets.

"You seem cold, sir," said Albert, in a deep and husky voice, as we reached a part of the lane apparently fenced in by dead walls. "This is a wild night for a Manchester weaver to be wandering in the streets of Paris!"

"O Lord! you know me, then?" groaned Bagsby, with a piteous accent.

"Know you? ha, ha!" replied the other, with the laugh of the third rat in a melodrama, "who does not know citizen Bagsby, the delegate—Bagsby, the great champion of the League—Bagsby, the millionnaire!"

"It's not true, upon my soul!" cried Bagsby; "I am nothing of the kind. I haven't a hundred pounds in the world that I can properly call my own."

"The world wrongs you, then," said Albert; "and, to say the truth, you keep up the delusion by carrying so much bullion about you. I should say, now, that the chain round your neck must be worth some fifty louis."

Bagsby made no reply, but clutched my arm with the grasp of a cockatoo.

"This is a very dreary place," continued Albert, in a tone that might have emanated from a sepulchre. "Last winter, three men were robbed and murdered in this very passage. There is a conduit to the

Seine below, and I saw the bodies next morning in the Morgue, with their throats cut from ear to ear!"

From a slight interjectional sound, I concluded that Bagsby was praying.

"These," said the ouvrier, "are the walls of a slaughter-house: on the other side is the shed where they ordinarily keep the guillotine. Have you seen that implement yet, M. Bagsby?"

"Mercy on us, no!" groaned the delegate. "Oh, Mr Albert, whoever you are, do take us out of this place, or I am sure I shall lose my reason! If you want my watch, say so at once, and, upon my word, you are heartily welcome."

"Harkye, sirrah," said Monsieur Albert. "I have more than half a mind to leave you here all night for your consummate impertinence. I knew you from the very first to be a thorough poltroon, but I shall find a proper means of chastising you. Come along, sir, we are past the lane now, and at a place where your hands may be better employed for the liberties of the people than your head ever was in inventing task-work at home."

We now emerged into an open court, lighted by a solitary lamp. It was apparently deserted, but, on a low whistle from Monsieur Albert, some twenty or thirty individuals in blouses rushed forth from the doorways and surrounded us. I own I did not feel remarkably comfortable at the moment; for although it was clear to me that our guide had merely been amusing himself at the expense of Bagsby, the apparition of his confederates was rather sudden and startling. As for Bagsby, he evidently expected no better fate than an immediate conduit to the block.

"You come later, *mon capitaine*," and a blondest veteran, armed with a mattock. "They have the start of us already in the Rue des Petits Champs."

"Never mind, *grogard*! we are early enough for the ball," said M. Albert. "Have you every thing ready as I desired?"

"All ready—spades, levers, pick-axes, and the rest."

"Arms?"

"Enough to serve our purpose,

and we shall soon have more. But who are these with you?"

"Fraternalisers—two bold Englishmen, who are ready to die for freedom!"

"*Vivent les Anglais, et à bas les tyrans!*" shouted the blouses.

"This citizen," continued Albert, indicating the unhappy Bagsby, "is a Cobdenist and a delegate. He has sworn to remain at the barricade until the last shot is fired, and to plant the red banner of the emancipated people upon its summit. His soul is thirsting for fraternity. Brothers! open to him your arms."

Hereupon a regular scramble took place for the carcass of Mr Hutton Bagsby. Never surely was so much love lavished upon any human creature. Patriot after patriot bestowed on him the full-flavoured hug of fraternity, and he emerged from their grasp very much in the tattered condition of a scarecrow.

"Give the citizen delegate a blouse and a pickaxe," quoth Albert, "and then for the barricade. You have your orders—execute them. Up with the pavement down with the trees: fling over every omnibus and cab that comes in your way, and fight to the last drop of your blood for France and her freedom. Away!"

With a tremendous shout the patriots rushed off, hurrying Bagsby along with them. The unfortunate man offered no resistance, but the agony depicted on his face might have melted the heart of a mill-stone.

Albert remained silent until the group were out of sight, and then burst into a peal of laughter.

"That little man," said he, "will gather some useful experience tonight that may last him as long as he lives. As for you, Mr Dun-shinner, whose name and person are well known to me, I presume you have no ambition to engage in any such architectural constructions."

I modestly acknowledged my aversion to practical masonry.

"Well, then," said the ouvrier, "I suppose you are perfectly competent to take care of yourself. There will be good fun in the streets, if you choose to run the risk of seeing it; at the same time there is safety in stone walls. 'Gad, I think this will aston-

ish plain John! There's nothing like it in his *Lives of the Chancellors*. I don't want, however, to see our friend the delegate absolutely sacrificed. Will you do me the favour to inquire for him to-morrow at the barricade down there? I will answer for it that he does not make his escape before then; and now for Ledru Rollin!"

With these words, and a friendly nod, the eccentric artisan departed, at a pace which showed how little his activity had been impaired by years. Filled with painful and conflicting thoughts, I followed the course of another street which led me to the Rue Rivoli.

Here I had a capital opportunity of witnessing the progress of the revolution. The street was crowded with the people shouting, yelling, and huzzaing; and a large body of the National Guard, drawn up immediately in front of me, seemed to be in high favour. Indeed, I was not surprised at this, on discovering that the officer in command was no less a person than my illustrious friend De la Pailleterie. He looked as warlike as a Lybian lion, though it was impossible to comprehend what particular section of the community were the objects of his sublime anger. Indeed, it was rather difficult to know what the gentlemen in blouses wanted. Some were shouting for reform, as if that were a tangible article which could be handed them from a window; others demanded the abdication of ministers—rather unreasonably I thought, since at that moment there was no vestige of a ministry in France; whilst the most practical section of the mob was clamorous for the head of Guizot. Presently the shakos and bright bayonets of a large detachment of infantry were seen approaching, amidst vehement cries of "*Vive la Ligne!*" They marched up to the National Guard, who still maintained their ranks. The leading officer looked puzzled.

"Who are these?" he said, pointing with his sword to the Guard.

"I have the honour to inform Monsieur," said Monte-Christo, stepping forward, "that these are the second legion of the National Guard!"

"*Vive la Garde Nationale!*" cried the officer.

"Vive la Ligue!" reciprocated the Marquis.

Both gentlemen then saluted, and interchanged snuff-boxes, amidst tremendous cheering from the populace.

"And who are these?" continued the officer, pointing to the blouses on the pavement.

"These are the people," replied Monte-Christo.

"They must disperse. My orders are peremptory," said the regular.

"The National Guard will protect them. Monsieur, respect the people!"

"They must disperse," repeated the officer.

"They shall not," replied Monte-Christo.

The moment was critical.

"In that case," replied the officer, after a pause, "I shall best fulfil my duty by wishing Monsieur a good evening."

"You are a brave fellow!" cried the Marquis, sheathing his sabre; and in a moment the warriors were locked in a brotherly embrace.

The effect was electric and instantaneous. "Let us all fraternise!" was the cry; and regulars, nationals, and blouses, rushed into each others' arms. The union was complete. Jacob and Esau coalesced without the formality of an explanation. Ammunition was handed over by the troops without the slightest scruple, and in return many bottles of *vin d'honneur* were produced for the refreshment of the military. No man who witnessed that scene could have any doubt as to the final result of the movement.

Presently, however, a smart fusillade was heard to the right. The cry arose, "They are assassinating the people!" to the barricades! to the barricades!" and the whole multitude swept vehemently forward towards the place of contest. Unfortunately, in my anxiety to behold the rencontre in which my friend bore so distinguished a part, I had pressed a little further forwards than was prudent, and I now found myself in the midst of an infuriated gang of workmen, and urged irresistibly onward to the nearest barricade.

"Thou hast no arms, comrade!" cried a gigantic butcher, who strode beside me armed with an enormous axe; "here—take this;" and he thrust a

sabre into my hand; "take this, and strike home for *la Patrie*!"

I muttered my acknowledgments for the gift, and tried to look as like a patriot as possible.

"*Tu de Robespierre!*" cried another. "This is better than paying taxes! *A bas la Garde Municipale! à bas tous les tyrans!*"

"*Tête de Brissot!*" exclaimed I, in return, thinking it no unwise plan to invoke the Manes of some of the earlier heroes. This was a slight mistake.

"*Quoi! Girondin!*" cried the butcher, with a ferocious scowl.

"*Non; corps de Mars!*" I shouted.

"*Bon! embrassez-nous donc, camarade!*" said the butcher, and so we reached the barricade.

Here the game was going on in earnest. The barricade had been thrown up hastily and imperfectly, and a considerable body of the Municipal Guard, who, by the way, behaved throughout with much intrepidity—was attempting to dislodge the rioters. In fact, they had almost succeeded. Some ten of the insurgents, who were perched upon the top of the pile, had been shot down, and no one seemed anxious to supply their places on that bad eminence. In vain my friend the butcher waved his axe, and shouted "*En avant!*" A considerable number of voices, indeed, took up the cry, but a remarkable reluctance was exhibited in setting the salutary example. A few minutes more, and the passage would have been cleared, when all of a sudden, from the interior of a cabriolet, which formed a sort of parapet to the embankment, emerged a ghastly figure, streaming with gore, and grasping the *drapeau rouge*. I never was more petrified in my life—there could be no doubt of the man—it was Hutton Bagsby!

For a moment he stood gazing upon the tossing multitude beneath. There was a brief pause, and even the soldiers, awed by his intrepidity, forbore to fire. At last, however, they raised their muskets; when, with a hoarse scream, Bagsby leaped from the barricade, and alighted uninjured on the street. Had Mars descended in person to lead the insurrection, he could not have done better.

"*Ah, le brave Anglais! Ah, le député intrépide! A la recousse!*" was the cry, and a torrent of human beings rushed headlong over the barricade.

No power on earth could have resisted that terrific charge. The Municipal Guards were scattered like chaff before the wind; some were cut down, and others escaped under cover of the ranks of the Nationals. Like the rest, I had leaped the embankment; but not being anxious to distinguish myself in single combat, I paused at the spot where Bagsby had fallen. There I found the illustrious delegate stretched upon the ground, still grasping the glorious colours. I stooped down and examined the body, but I could dis-

cover no wound. The blood that stained his forehead was evidently not his own.

I loosened his neckcloth to give him air, but still there were no signs of animation. A crowd soon gathered around us—the victors were returning from the combat.

"He will never fight more!" said the author of the *Mysteries of Paris*, whom I now recognised among the combatants. "He has led us on for the last time to victory! Alas for the adopted child of France! *Un vrai héros! Il est mort sur le champ de bataille!* Messieurs, I propose that we decree for our departed comrade the honours of a public funeral!"

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE TUILLERIES.

"How do you feel yourself to-day, Mr Bagsby?" said I, as I entered the apartment of that heroic individual on the following morning; "you made a very close shave of it, I can tell you. Eugène Sue wanted to have you stretched upon a shutter, and carried in procession as a victim through all the streets of Paris."

"Victim indeed!" replied Bagsby, manipulating the small of his back. "I've been quite enough victimised already. Hanged if I don't get that villain Albert impeached when I reach England, that's all! I worked among them with the pickaxe till my arms were nearly broken, and the only thanks I got was to be shot at like a popinjay."

"Nay, Mr Bagsby, you have covered yourself with glory. Every one says that but for you the barricade would inevitably have been carried."

"They might have carried it to the infernal regions for aught that I cared," replied Bagsby. "Catch me fraternising again with any of them; a disreputable set of scoundrels with never a shirt to their back."

"You forget, my dear sir," said I: "Mr Cobden is of opinion that they are the most affectionate and domesticated people on the face of the earth."

"Did Cobden say that?" cried

Bagsby: "then he's a greater humbug than I took him to be, and that is saying not a little. He'll never get another testimonial out of me, I can tell you. But pray, how did I come here?"

"Why, you were just about to be treated to a public funeral, when very fortunately you exhibited some symptoms of resuscitation, and a couple of hairy patriots carried you to my lodgings. Your exertions had been too much for you. I must confess, Mr Bagsby, I had no idea that you were so bloodthirsty a personage."

"Me bloodthirsty!" cried Bagsby. "Lord bless you! I am like to faint whenever I cut myself in shaving. Guns and swords are my perfect abomination, and I don't think I could bring myself to fire at a sparrow."

"Come, come! you do yourself injustice. I shall never forget the brilliant manner in which you charged down the barricade."

"All I can tell you is, that I was ducedly glad to hide myself in one of the empty coaches. But when a bullet came splash through the panel within two inches of my ear, I found the place was getting too hot to hold me, and scrambled out. I had covered myself with one of their red rags by way of concealment, and I suppose I brought it out with me. As to jumping down, you will allow it was full time to do

that, when fifty fellows were taking a deliberate aim with their guns."

"You are too modest, Mr Bagsby; and, notwithstanding all your disclaimers, you have gained a niche in history as a hero. But come; this may be a busy day, and it is already late. Do you think you can manage any breakfast?"

"I'll try," said Bagsby; and, to do him justice, he did.

Our meal concluded, I proposed a ramble, in order to ascertain the progress of events, of which both of us were thoroughly ignorant. Bagsby, however, was extremely adverse to leaving the house. He had a strong impression that he would be again kidnapped, and pressed into active service; in which case he positively affirmed that he would incontinently give up the ghost.

"Can't you stay comfortably here," said he, "and let's have a little bottled porter? These foreign chaps can surely fight their own battles without you or me; and that leads me to ask if you know the cause of all this disturbance. Hanged if I understand any thing about it!"

"I believe it mainly proceeds from the King having forbidden some of the deputies to dine together in public."

"You don't say so?" cried Bagsby: "what an old fool he must be! Blowed if I wouldn't have taken the chair in person, and sent them twelve dozen of champagne to drink my health."

"Kings, Mr Bagsby, are rarely endowed with a large proportion of such sagacity as yours. But really we must go forth and look a little about us. It is past mid-day, and I cannot hear any firing. You may rely upon it that the contest has been settled in one way or another—either the people have been appeased, or, what is more likely, the troops have sided with them. We must endeavour to obtain some information."

"You may do as you like," said Bagsby, "but my mind is made up. I'm off for Havre this blessed afternoon."

"My dear sir, you cannot. No passports can be obtained just now, and the mob has taken up the railroads."

"What an idiot I was ever to come

here!" groaned Bagsby. "Mercy on me! must I continue in this den of thieves, whether I will or no?"

"I am afraid there is no alternative. But you judge the Parisians too hastily, Mr Bagsby. I perceive they have respected your watch."

"Ay, but you heard what that chap said about the slaughter-house lane. I declare he almost frightened me into fits. But where are you going?"

"Out, to be sure. If you choose to remain—"

"Not I. Who knows but they may take a fancy to seek for me here, and carry me away again! I won't part with the only Englishman I know in Paris, though I think it would be more sensible to remain quietly where we are."

We threw ourselves into the stream of people which was rapidly setting in towards the Tuilleries. Great events seemed to have happened, or at all events to be on the eve of completion. The troops were nowhere to be seen. They had vanished from the city like magic.

"*Bon jour, Citoyen Bagsby,*" said a harsh voice, immediately behind us. "I hear high accounts of your valour yesterday at the barricades. Allow me to congratulate you on your first revolutionary experiment."

"I turned round, and encountered the sarcastic smile of M. Albert the ouvrier. He was rather better dressed than on the previous evening, and had a tricolored sash bound around his waist. With him was a crowd of persons evidently in attendance.

"Should you like, Mr Bagsby, to enter the service of the Republic? For such, I have the honour to inform you, France is now," continued the ouvrier. "We shall need a few practical heads—"

"Oh dear! I knew what it would all come to!" groaned Bagsby.

"Don't misapprehend me—I mean heads to assist us in our new commercial arrangements. Now, as free-trade has succeeded so remarkably well in Britain, perhaps you would not object to communicate some of your experiences to M. Cremieux, who is now my colleague?"

"Your colleague, M. Albert?" said I.

"Exactly so. I have the honour

to be one of the members of the Provisional Government of France."

"Am I in my senses or not?" muttered Bagsby. "Oh, sir, whoever you are, do be a good fellow for once, and let me get home! I promise you, I shall not say a word about this business on the other side of the Channel."

"Far be it from me to lay any restraint upon your freedom of speech, Mr Bagsby. So, then, I conclude you refuse? Well, be it so. After all, I daresay Crémieux will get on very well without you."

"But pray, M. Albert—one word," said I. "You mentioned a republic—"

"I did. It has been established for an hour. Louis Philippe has abdicated, and in all probability is by this time half a league beyond the barrier. The Duchess of Orleans came down with her son to the Chamber of Deputies, and I really believe there would have been a regency; for the gallantry of France was moved, and Barrot was determined on the point. Little Ledrô Rollin, however, saved us from half measures. Rollin is a clever fellow, with the soul of a Robespierre; and, seeing how matters were likely to go, he quietly slipped to the door, and admitted a select number of our friends from the barricades. That put a stop to the talking. You have no idea how quiet gentlemen become in the presence of a mob with loaded muskets. Their hearts failed them; the deputies gradually withdrew, and a republic was proclaimed by the sovereign will of the people. I am just on my way to the Hôtel de Ville, to assist in consolidating the government."

"*How strange*, M. Albert!"

"Oh, we shall do it, sure enough! But here we are near the Tuilleries. Perhaps, gentlemen, you would like to enjoy the amusements which are going on yonder, and to drink prosperity to the new Republic in a glass of Louis Philippe's old Clos Vougeot. If so, do not let me detain you. Adieu!" And, with a spasmodic twitch of his nose, the eccentric ouvrier departed.

"Well! what things one does see abroad, to be sure!" said Bagsby: "I recollect him quite well at the time of the Reform Bill—"

"Hush, my dear Bagsby!" said I, "This is not the moment nor the place for any reminiscences of the kind."

Certainly the aspect of what was going forward in front of the Tuilleries was enough to drive all minor memories from the head of any man. A huge bonfire was blazing in the midst of the square opposite the Place du Carrousel, and several thousands of the populace were dancing round it like demons. It was fed by the royal carriages, the furniture of the state-rooms, and every combustible article which could in any way be identified with the fallen dynasty. The windows of the palace were flung open, and hangings, curtains, and tapestries of silk and golden tissue, were pitched into the square amid shouts of glee that would have broken the heart of an upholsterer. It was the utter recklessness of destruction. Yet, with all this, there was a certain appearance of honesty preserved. The people might destroy to any amount they pleased, but they were not permitted to appropriate. The man who smashed a mirror or shattered a costly vase into splinters was a patriot,—he who helped himself to an inkstand was denounced as an ignominious thief. I saw one poor devil, whose famished appearance bore miserable testimony to his poverty, arrested and searched; a pair of paste buckles was found upon him, and he was immediately conducted to the gardens, and shot by a couple of gentlemen who, five minutes before, had deliberately slit some valuable pictures into ribbons! Every moment the crowd was receiving accession from without, and the bonfire materials from within. At last, amidst tremendous acclamations, the throne itself was catapulted into the square, and the last symbol of royalty reduced to a heap of ashes.

The whole scene was so extremely uninviting that I regretted having come so far, and suggested to Bagsby the propriety of an immediate retreat. This, however, was not so easy. Several of the citizens who were now dancing democratic polkas round the embers, had been very active partisans at the barricade on the evening before, and, as ill-luck would have it, recognised their revived champion.

"*Trois mille rognons!*" exclaimed my revolutionary friend the butcher, "here's the brave little Englishman that led us on so gallantly against the Municipal Guard! How is it with thee, my fire-eater, my stout swallower of bullets? Art thou sad that there is no more work for thee to do? Cheer up, citizen! we shall be at the frontiers before long; and then who knows but the Republic may reward thee with the baton of a marshal of France!"

"*Plus de marchaux!*" cried a truculent chiffonier, who was truculently picking a marrow-bone with his knife. "Such fellows are worth nothing except to betray the people. I waited to have a shot at old Soult yesterday, but the rascal would not show face!"

"Never mind him, citizen," said the butcher, "we all know Pere Pomme-de-terre. But thou lookest pale! Art thirsty? Come with me, and I will show thee where old Macaire keeps his cellar. France will not grudge a flask to so brave a patriot as thyself."

"Ay, ay! to the cellar—to the cellar!" exclaimed some fifty voices.

"*Silence, mes enfans!*" cried the butcher, who evidently had already reconnoitred the interior of the subterranean vaults. "Let us do all things in order. As Citizen Lamartine remarked, let virtue go hand in hand with liberty, and let us apply ourselves seriously to the consummation of this great work. We have now an opportunity of fraternising with the world. We see amongst us an Englishman who last night devoted his tremendous energies to France. We thought he had fallen, and were about to give him public honours. Let us not be more unkindful of the living than the dead. Here he stands, and I now propose that he be carried on the shoulders of the people to the royal—*peste!*—I mean the republican cellar, and that we there drink to the confusion of all rank, and the union of all nations in the bonds of universal brotherhood."

"Agreed! agreed!" shouted the mob; and for the second time Bagsby underwent the ceremony of entire fraternisation. He was then hoisted upon the shoulders of some half-dozen patriots, notwithstanding a melancholy howl, by which he intend-

ed to express disapprobation of the whole proceeding. I was pressed into the service as interpreter, and took care to attribute his disclaimer solely to an excess of modesty.

"Thou also wert at the barricade last night," said the butcher. "Thou, too, hast struck a blow for France. Come along. Let us cement with wine the fraternity that originated in blood!"

So saying, he laid hold of my arm, and we all rushed towards the Tuilleries. I would have given a trifle to to have been lodged at that moment in the filthiest tenement of the Cow-caddens; but any thing like resistance was of course utterly out of the question. In we thronged, a tumultuous rabble of men and women, through the portal of the Kings of France, across the halls, and along the galleries, all of them bearing already lamentable marks of violence, outrage, and desecration. Here was a picture of Louis Philippe, a masterpiece by Horace Vernet, literally riddled with bullets; there a statue of some prince, decapitated by the blow of a hammer; and in another place the fragments of a magnificent vase, which had been the gift of an emperor. Crowds of people were sitting or lying in the state apartments, eating, drinking, smoking, and singing obscene ditties, or wantonly but deliberately pursuing the work of dismemberment. And but a few hours before, this had been the palace of the King of the Barri-cades!

Down we went to the cellar, which by this time were tolerably clear, as most of the previous visitors had preferred the plan of enjoying the abstracted fluid in the upper and loftier apartments. But such was not the view of Monsieur Destripes the butcher, or of his friend Pomme-de-terre. These experienced bacchanals preferred remaining at headquarters, on the principle that *drance* ought to be declared permanent. Bagsby, as the individual least competent to enforce order, was called to the chair, and seated upon a kilderkin of Bordeaux, with a spigot as the emblem of authority. Then began a scene of brutal and undisguised revelry. Casks were tapped for a single sample, and their

outents allowed to run out in streams upon the floor. Bottles were smashed in consequence of the exceeding scarcity of cork-screws, and the finest vintage of the Côte d'Or and of Champagne, were poured like water down throats hitherto unconscious of any such generous beverage.

I need not dwell upon what followed—indeed I could not possibly do justice to the eloquence of M. Pomme-de-terre, or the accomplishments of several *poissardes*, who had accompanied us in our expedition, and now favoured us with sundry erotic ditties, popular in the Faubourg St Antoine. With these ladies Bagshy seemed very popular: indeed, they had formed themselves into a sort of body-guard around his person.

Sick of the whole scene, I availed myself of the first opportunity to escape from that tainted atmosphere; and, after traversing most of the state apartments, and several corridors, I found myself in a part of the palace which had evidently been occupied by some of those who were now fleeing as exiles towards a foreign land. The hand of the spoiler also had been here, but he was gone. It was a miserable thing to witness the desolation of these apartments. The bed whereon a princess had lain the night before, was now tossed and tumbled by some rude ruffian, the curtains were torn down, the *gardes-de-robe* broken open, and a hundred articles of female apparel and luxury were scattered carelessly upon the floor. The setting sun of February gleamed through the broken windows, and rendered the heartless work of spoliation more distinct and apparent. I picked up one handkerchief, still wet, it might be with tears, and on the corner of it was embroidered a royal cypher.

I, who was not an insurgent, almost felt that, in penetrating through these rooms, I was doing violence to the sanctity of misfortune. Where, on the coming night, might rest the head of her who, a few hours before, had lain upon that pillow of down? For the shelter of what obscure and stifling hut might she be forced to exchange

the noble ceiling of a palace? This much I had gathered, that all the royal family had not succeeded in making their escape. Some of the ladies had been seen, with no protectors by the side, shrieking in the midst of the crowd; but the cry of woe was that day too general to attract attention, and it seemed that the older chivalry of France had passed away. Where was the husband at the hour when the wife was struggling in that rout of terror?

I turned into a side passage, and opened another door. It was a small room which apparently had escaped observation. Every thing here bore token of the purity of feminine taste. The little bed was untouched; there were flowers in the window, a breviary upon the table, and a crucifix suspended on the wall. The poor young inmate of this place had been also summoned from her sanctuary, never more to enter it again. As I came in, a little bird in a cage raised a loud twittering, and began to beat itself against the wires. The seed-box was empty, and the last drop of water had been finished. In a revolution such as this, it is the fate of favourites to be neglected.

The poor thing was perishing of hunger. I had no food to give it, but I opened the cage and the window, and set it free. With a shrill note of joy, it darted off to the trees, happier than its mistress, now thrown upon the mercy of a rude and selfish world. I looked down upon the scene beneath. The river was flowing tranquilly to the sea: the first breezes of spring were moving through the trees, just beginning to burgeon and expand; the sun was sinking amidst the golden clouds tranquilly—no sign in heaven or earth betokened that on that day a mighty monarchy had fallen. The roar of Paris was hushed; the work of desolation was over; and on the morrow, its first day would dawn upon the infant Republic.

"May Heaven shelter the unfortunate!" I exclaimed; "and may my native land be long preserved from the visitation of a calamity like this!"



## ● CHAPTER V.

## TWO PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENTS.

"I awoke upon the morrow impressed with that strange sensation which is so apt to occur after the first night's repose in a new and unfamiliar locality. I could not for some time remember where I was. The events of the two last days beset me like the recollections of an unhealthy dream, produced by the agency of opiates; and it was with difficulty I could persuade myself that I had passed the night beneath the roof of the famous Tuilleries.

"After all," thought I, "the event may be an interesting, but it is by no means an unusual one, in this transitory world of ours. Louis XVI., Napoleon, Charles X., Louis Philippe, and Dunshanner, have by turns occupied the palace, and none of them have had the good fortune to leave it in perpetuity to their issue. Since abdication is the order of the day, I shall even follow the example of my royal predecessors, and bolt with as much expedition as possible: for, to say the truth, I am getting tired of this turmoil, and I think with Sir Kenneth of Scotland, that the waters of the Clyde would sound pleasant and grateful in mine ear."

A very slight toiler sufficed for the occasion, and I sallied forth with the full intention of making my immediate escape. This was not so easy. I encountered no one in the corridors, but as I opened the door of the *Salle des Trophées*, a din of many voices burst upon my ears. A number of persons occupied the hall, apparently engaged in the discussion of an extempore breakfast. To my infinite disgust, I recognised my quondam acquaintances of the cellar.

"Aha! thou art still here then, citizen?" cried Monsieur Destripes, who was inflicting huge gashes upon a ham, filched, probably, from the royal buttery. "By my faith we thought thou had'st given us the slip. No'er mind—we are not likely to part soon; so sit thee down and partake of our republican cheer."

"I am afraid," said I, "that business requires my presence elsewhere."

"Let it keep till it cool then," replied the offer. "Suffice it to say, that no man quits this hall till the whole of us march out *en masse*." Say I right, brother Pomme-de-terre?"

"Just so," replied the chiffonier, tossing off his draught from an ornament of Venetian glass. "We have built up a second battery, and have sworn never to surrender."

"How is this, gentlemen?" said I.

"You must know, sir," replied a meagre-looking personage, whom I afterwards ascertained to be a barber, "that the liberty of the people is not yet secure. Last night, when we were in the cellar, a large body of the National Guard came, by orders of the Provisional Government, and ejected the whole of our compatriots from the upper stories of the Tuilleries. This we hold to be a clear infraction of the charter, for all public buildings are declared to be the property of the people. Fortunately we escaped their notice, but being determined to reassert the rights of France, we have barricaded the staircase which leads to this hall, and are resolved to maintain our post."

"Bravely spoken, old Saigne-dunaz!" cried the butcher; "and a soldier company you won't find any where. Here are ladies for society, wine for the drinking, provisions to last us a week; and what would you wish for more? *C'est mille baches!* I doubt if Louis Philippe is enjoying himself half so much."

"But really, gentlemen—"

"*Sacre, no mutiny!*" cried the butcher; "don't we know that the sovereign will of the people must be respected? There is thy friend there, as happy as may be; go round and profit by his example."

Sure enough I discovered poor Bagsby extended in a corner of the hall. The orgies of last evening were sufficient to account for his haggard countenance and blood-shot eyes, but hardly for the multitudinous oaths which he ejaculated from time to time. Beside him sat a bloated poissarde, who was evidently ena-

moured of his person, and tended him with all that devotion which is the characteristic of the gentler sex. As it was beyond the power of either to hold any intelligible conversation, the lady contrived to supply its place by a system of endearing pantomime. Sometimes she patted Bagsby on the cheek, then chirruped as a girl might do when coaxing a bird to open its mouth, and occasionally endeavoured to insinuate morsels of garlic and meat between his lips.

"Oh, Mr Dunshunner! save me from this bag!" muttered Bagsby. "I have such a splitting headach, and she will insist on poisoning me with her confounded trash! Faugh, how she smells of eels! Oh dear! oh dear! is there no way of getting out? The barricades and the fighting are nothing compared to this!"

"I am afraid, Mr Bagsby," said I, "there is no remedy but patience. Our friends here seem quite determined to hold out, and I am afraid that they would use little ceremony, did we make any show of resistance."

"I know that well enough!" said Bagsby: "they wanted to hang me last night, because I made a run to the door—only the women would not let them. What do you want, you old haridan? I wish you would take your fingers from my neck!"

"*Ce cher bourgeois!*" murmured the post-sardor: "*c'est un marchand drole, mais assez poli.*"

"Upon my word, Mr Bagsby, I think you have reason to congratulate yourself on your conquest. At all events, don't make enemies of the women; for, heaven knows, we are in a very ticklish situation, and I don't like the looks of several of those fellows."

"If ever I get home again," said Bagsby, "I'll renounce my errors, turn Tory, go regularly to church, and pray for the Queen. I've had enough of liberty to last me the rest of my natural lifetime. But, I say, my dear friend, couldn't you just rid me of this woman for half an hour or so? You will find her a nice chatty sort of person; only, I don't quite comprehend what she says."

"Utterly impossible, Mr Bagsby! See, they are about something now. Our friend the barber is rising to speak."

"Citizens!" said Saigne-du-nez, speaking as from a tribune, over the back of an arm-chair—"Citizens! we are placed by the despotism of our rulers in an embarrassing position. We, the people, who have won the palace and driven forth the despot and his race, are now ordered to evacuate the field of our glory, by men who have usurped the charter, and who pretend to interpret the law. I declare the sublime truth, that, with the revolution, all laws, human and divine, have perished!" (Immense applause.)

"Citizens! isolated as we are by this base decree from the great body of the people, it becomes us to constitute a separate government for ourselves. Order must be maintained, but such order as shall strike terror into the breasts of our enemies. France has been assailed through us, and we must vindicate her freedom. Amongst us are many patriots, able and willing to sustain the toils of government: and I now propose that we proceed to elect a provisional ministry."

The motion was carried by acclamation, and the orator proceeded.

"Citizens! amongst our numbers there is one man who has filled the most lofty situations. I allude to Citizen Jupiter Potard. Actor in a hundred revolutions, he has ever maintained the sublime demeanour of a patriot of the Reign of Terror. Three generations have regarded him as a model, and I now call upon him to assume the place and dignity of our President."

Jupiter Potard, a very fine-looking old man, with a beard about a yard long,—who was really a model, inasmuch as he had sat in that capacity for the last thirty years to the artists of Paris,—was then conducted, amidst general applause, to a chair at the head of the table. Jupiter, I am compelled to add, seemed rather inebriated; but, as he did not attempt to make any speeches, that circumstance did not operate as a disqualification.

The remainder of the administration was speedily formed. Dostripes became Minister of the Interior: Pomme-deterre received the Portfolio of Justice. A gentleman, who resided in the sobriquet of Gratte-les-rues, was made Minister of War. Saigne-du-nez

appointed himself to the Financial Department, and I was unanimously elected the Minister of Foreign Affairs. These were the principal offices of the Republic, and to us the functions of government were confided. Bagny, at the request of the poissardes, received the honorary title of Minister of Marine.

A separate table was ordered for our accommodation: and our first decree, countersigned by the Minister of the Interior, was an order for a fresh subsidy from the wine-cellar.

Here a sentry, who had been stationed at a window, announced the approach of a detachment of the National Guard.

"Citizen Minister of War!" said Saigne-du-nez, who, without any scruple, had usurped the functions of poor old Jupiter Potard, "this is your business. It is my opinion that the provisional government cannot receive a deputation of this kind. Let them announce their intentions at the barricade without."

Gratte-les-rues, a huge ruffian with a squint, straightway shouldered his musket, and left the room. In a few minutes he returned with a paper, which he cast upon the table.

"A decree from the Hotel de Ville," he said.

"Is it your pleasure, citizen colleagues, that this document should now be read?" asked Saigne-du-nez.

All assented, and, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, the following document was placed in my hands. It was listened to with profound attention.

"Unity is the soul of the French nation; it forms its grandeur, its power, and its glory; through unity we have triumphed, and the rights of the people have been vindicated.

"Impressed with these high and exalted sentiments, and overflowing with that fraternity which is the life-blood of our social system, the Provisional Government decrees:—

"I. That the Tuilleries, now denominated the Hôpital des Invalides Civiles, shall be immediately evacuated by the citizens who have so bravely wrested it from the tyrant.

"II. That each patriot, on leaving it, shall receive from the public treasury the sum of five francs, or an equivalent in coupons.

"III. The Minister of the Interior is charged with the execution of this decree.

*"Liberté—Fraternité—Egalité."*

(Signed)

DUPONT, (de l'Eure.)	LEDRU ROLLIN.
LAVARTINE.	CREMIEUX.
GARNIER PAGES.	LOUIS BLANC.
ARAGO.	MARRAST.
MARIE.	FLOCON.

ALBERT, (ouvrier.)"

"*Sang de Mirabeau!*" cried Des-  
tripes, when I had finished the perusal  
of this document, "do they take us  
for fools! Five francs indeed! This  
is the value which these aristocrats  
place upon the blood of the people!  
Citizen colleagues, I propose that the  
messenger be admitted and immedi-  
ately flung out of the window!"

"And I second the motion," said  
Pomme-de-terre.

"Nay, citizens!" cried Saigne-du-  
nez,—"no violence. I agree that we  
cannot entertain the offer, but this is  
a case for negotiation. Let the Mi-  
nister of Foreign Affairs draw up a  
protocol in reply."

In consequence of this suggestion I  
set to work, and, in a few minutes, pro-  
duced the following manifesto, which  
may find a place in some subsequent  
collection of treaties.

"France is free. The rights of  
every Frenchman, having been gained  
by himself, are sacred and inviolable;  
the rights of property are abrogated.

"Indivisiibility is a fundamental  
principle of the nation. It applies  
peculiarly to public works. That  
which the nation gave the nation now  
resumes.

"We protest against foreign ag-  
gression. Satisfied with our own  
triumph, we shall remain tranquil.  
We do not ask possession of the Hotel  
de Ville, but we are prepared to main-  
tain our righteous occupation of the  
Tuilleries.

"Impressed with these high and  
exalted sentiments, the Provisional  
Government of the Tuilleries decrees:

"I. That it is inexpedient to lessen  
the glory of France, by entrusting the  
charge of the Tuilleries to any other  
hands, save those of the brave citizens  
who have so nobly captured it.

"II. That the Provisional Govern-

ment do not recognise coupons as a national medium of exchange.

"III. The Minister of Foreign Affairs is charged with the execution of this decree.

*"Mort aux tyrans !*

(Signed)

POTARD. POMME-DE-TERRE.  
DUNSHUNNER. GRATTE-LÉS-RUES.  
SAIGNE-DU-NEZ. DESTRIEUX.  
BAGSBY (ti-seränd)"

This document was unanimously adopted as the true exponent of our sentiments; and I was highly complimented by my colleagues on my diplomatic ability. I took occasion, however, to fold up the following note along with the despatch.

"If Citizen Albert has any regard for his English friends, he will immediately communicate their situation to the citizen Monte-Christo. Here, affairs look very ill. The public tranquillity depends entirely upon the supply of liquor."

This business being settled, we occupied ourselves with more industrial duties. The finance was easily disposed of. There were but four francs, six sous, leviable among the whole community; but Gratte-lés-rues, with instinctive meanness, had discovered the watch and chain of the unfortunate Minister of Marine, and these were instantly seized and confiscated as public property.

On investigation we found that the larder was but indifferently supplied. Due allowance being made for the inordinate appetite of the *poisardes*, of whom there were about ten in our company, it was calculated that our stock of food could not last for more than a couple of days. On the other hand, there was a superabundance of wine.

We then proceeded to adjust a scheme for the future regulation of labour throughout France; but I do not think that I need trouble my readers with the detail. It did not differ materially from that propounded by M. Louis Blanc, and the substance of it might shortly be stated as—three days' wage for half-a-day's labour. It was also decreed, that all servants should receive, in addition to their wages, a proportion of their master's profits.

After some hours of legislation,

not altogether harmonious—for *Des-tripes*, being balked in a proposition to fire the palace, threatened to string up old Jupiter Potard to the chandelier, and was only prevented from doing so by the blunderbuss of *Saigne-du-nez*—we grew weary of labour, and the orgies commenced anew. I have neither patience nor stomach to enter into a description of the scene that was there and then enacted. In charity to the human race, let me hope that such a spectacle may never again be witnessed in the heart of a Christian city.

Poor Bagsby suffered fearfully. The affection of the *poissarde* had gradually augmented to a species of insanity, and she never left him for a moment. The unhappy man was dragged out by her to every dance; she gloated on him like an ogress surveying a plump and puffy pilgrim; and at the close of each set she demanded the fraternal salute. He tried to escape from his persecutor by dodging round the furniture; but it was of no use. She followed him as a ferret follows a rabbit through all the intricacies of his warren, and invariably succeeded in capturing her booty in a corner.

At length night came, and with it silence. One by one the revellers had fallen asleep, some still clutching the bottle, which they had plied with unabated vigour so long as sensibility remained, and the broad calm moon looked on reproachfully through the windows of that desecrated hall. There was peace in heaven, but on earth—oh, what madness and pollution!

I was lying wrapped up in some old tapestry, meditating very seriously upon my present precarious situation, when I observed a figure moving amidst the mass of sleepers. The company around was of such a nature, that unpleasant suspicions naturally occurred to my mind, and I continued to watch the apparition until the moonlight shone upon it, when I recognised Bagsby. This poor fellow was a sad incubus upon my motions; for although I had no earthly tie towards him, I could not help feeling that in some measure I had been instrumental in placing him in his present dilemma, and I had

resolved not to escape without making him the partner of my flight. I was very curious to know the object of his present movements, for the stealthy manner in which he glided through the hall betokened some unusual purpose. I was not long left in doubt. From behind a large screen he drew forth a coil of cord, formerly attached to the curtain, but latterly indicated by Destripes as the implement for Potard's apotheosis; and approaching a window, he proceeded to attach one end of it very deliberately to a staple. He then gave a cautious glance around, as if to be certain that no one was watching him, and began to undo the fastenings of the window. A new gleam of hope dawned upon me. I was about to rise and move to his assistance, when another figure glided rapidly through the moonshine. In an instant Bagsby was clutched by the throat, and a low voice hissed out—

*"Ah trahire! monstre! polisson! vous coulez donc fur! Vous avez mégariser mon amour!"*

It was the *poissarde*. Nothing on earth is so wakeful as a jealous woman. She had suspected the designs of the wretched Minister of Marine, and counterfeited sleep only to detect him in the act of escaping.

Not a moment was to be lost. I knew that if this woman gave the alarm, Bagsby would inevitably be hanged with his own rope, and I stole towards the couple, in order to effect, if possible, a reconciliation.

"Ah, citizen, is it thou?" said the *poissarde* more loudly than was at all convenient. "Here is thy fellow trying to play me a pretty trick! Perfidious monster! was this what thou meant by all thy professions of love?"

"For heaven's sake, take the woman off, or she will strangle me," muttered Bagsby.

"Pray, hush! my dear madam.

hush!" said I, "or you may wake some of our friends."

"What care I," said the *poissarde*; "let them wake, and I will denounce the villain who has dared to trifle with my affections!"

"Nay, but consider the consequences!" said I. "Do, pray, be silent for one moment. Bagsby, this is a bad business!"

"You need not tell me that," groaned Bagsby.

"Our life depends upon this woman, and you must appease her somehow."

"I'll agree to any thing," said the terrified Minister of Marine.

"Yes! I will be avenged!" cried the *poissarde*; "I will have his heart's blood, since he has dared to deceive me. How! is this the way they treat a daughter of the people?"

"Give me!" I said, "you are wrong—utterly wrong. Believe me, he loves you passionately. What proof do you desire?"

"Let him marry me to-morrow," said the *poissarde*; "in this very room, or I shall immediately raise the alarm."

I tried to mitigate the sentence, but the *poissarde* was perfectly obdurate.

"Bagsby, there is no help for it," said I. "We are in the midst of a revolution, and must go along with it. She insists upon your marrying her to-morrow. The alternative is instant death."

"I'll do it," said Bagsby, quietly; "any thing is better than being murdered in cold blood."

The countenance of the *poissarde* brightened.

"Aha!" said she, taking the submissive Bagsby by the ear, "so thou art to be my republican husband after all. *cogny!* Come along. I shall take care that thou dost not escape again to-night, and to-morrow I shall keep thee for ever!"

So saying, she conducted her captive to the other end of the hall.

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### A REPUBLICAN WEDDING.

"This is great news!" said Destripes, as we mustered round the revolutionary breakfast table. "Hast

heard, citizen? Our colleague the Minister of Marine is about to contract an alliance with a daughter of

the people. *Corbleu!* There is no such sport as a regular republican marriage!"

"In my early days," said Jupiter Potard, "we had them very frequently. The way was, to tie two young aristocrats together, and throw them into the Seine. How poor dear Carrier used to laugh at the fun! Oh, my friends! we shall never see such merry times again."

"Come, don't be down-hearted, old fellow!" cried Destripes. "We never can tell what is before us. I don't despair of seeing something yet which might make the ghost of Collet d'Herbois rub its hands with ecstasy. But to our present work. Let us get over the business of the day, and then celebrate the wedding with a roaring festival."

"But where are we to find a priest?" asked Saigne-du-nez. "I question whether any of our fraternity has ever taken orders."

"Priest!" cried Destripes ferociously. "Is this an age of superstition? I tell thee, Saigne-du-nez, that if any such fellow were here, he should presently be danceling from the ceiling! What better priest wouldst thou have than our venerable friend Potard?"

"Ay, ay!" said Pomme-de-terre. "Potard will do the work famously. I'll warrant me, with that long beard of his, he has sate for a high-priest ere now. But look at Citoyenne Corbelle, how fond she seems of her bargain. *Ventribien!* Our colleague is sure to be a happy man!"

Whatever happiness might be in store for Bagsby hereafter, there was no appearance of it just then. He sate beside his bride like a criminal on the morning of his execution; and such efforts as he did make to respond to her attentions were rueful and ludicrous in the extreme.

Breakfast over, we proceeded to council; but as we had no deputations to receive, and no fresh arrangements to make, our sitting was rather brief. Bagsby, in order, as I supposed, to gain time, entreated me to broach the topics of free-trade and unrestricted international exchange; but recent events had driven the doctrines of Manchester from my head, and somewhat shaken my belief in the infalli-

bility of the prophets of the League. Besides, I doubted very much whether our Provisional Ministry cared one farthing for duties upon calico and linen, neither of these being articles in which they were wont exorbitantly to indulge; and I perfectly understood the danger of appearing over tedious upon any subject in a society so strangely constituted. I therefore turned a deaf ear to the prayers of Bagsby, and refused to enlighten the council at the risk of the integrity of my neck. No reply whatever had been made by the authorities without, to our communication of the previous day.

One o'clock was the hour appointed by the Provisional Government for the nuptial ceremony, which was to be performed with great solemnity. About twelve the bride, accompanied by three other poissardes, retired, in order to select from the stores of the palace a costume befitting the occasion. In the meantime, I had great difficulty in keeping up the courage of Bagsby, — indeed, he was only manageable through the medium of doses of brandy. At times he would burst out into a paroxysm of passion, and execrate collectively and individually the whole body of the Manchester League, who had sent him upon this unfortunate mission to Paris. This profanity over, he would burst into tears, bewail his wretched lot, and apostrophise a certain buxom widow, who seemed to dwell somewhere in the neighbourhood of Macclesfield. As for the French, the outpourings from the vial of his wrath upon that devoted nation were most awful and unchristian. The plagues of Egypt were a joke to the torments which he invoked upon their heads; and I felt intensely thankful that not one of our companions understood a syllable of English, else the grave would inevitably have been the bridal couch of the Bagsby.

It now became my duty to see the bridegroom properly attired; for which purpose, with permission of our colleagues, I conducted Bagsby to a neighbouring room, where a full suit of uniform, perhaps the property of Louis Philippe, had been laid out.

"Come now, Mr Bagsby," said I, observing that he was about to renew his lamentations, "we have had quite

enough of this. You have brought it upon yourself. Had you warned me of your design last night, it is quite possible that both of us might have escaped; but you chose to essay the adventure single-handed, and, having failed, you must stand by the consequences. After all, what is it? Merely marriage, a thing which almost every man must undergo at least once in his lifetime."

"Oh! but such a woman—such a she-devil rather!" groaned Bagsby. "I shouldn't be the least surprised if she bites as bad as a crocodile. How can I ever take such a monster home, and introduce her to my friends?"

"I see no occasion for that, my good fellow. Why not stay here and become a naturalised Frenchman?"

"Here? I'd as soon think of staying in a lunatic asylum! Indeed I may be in one soon enough, for flesh and blood can't stand this kind of torture long. But I say," continued he, a ray of hope flashing across his countenance, "they surely can't make it a real marriage after all. Hanged if any one of these blackguards is a clergyman; and even if he was, they haven't got a special license."

"Don't deceive yourself, Mr Bagsby," said I: "marriage in France is a mere social contract, and can be established by witnesses, of whom there will be but too many present."

"Then I say they are an infernal set of incarnate pestiferous heathens! What! marry a man whether he will or not, and out of church! It's enough to draw down a judgment upon the land."

"You forget, Mr Bagsby. You need not marry unless you choose: it is a mere question of selection between a wedding and an execution,—between the lady and a certain rope, which, I can assure you, Monsieur Desripes, or his friend Gratte-les-rues, will have no hesitation in handling. Indeed, from significant symptoms, I conclude that their fingers are itching for some such practice."

"They are indeed two horrid-looking blackguards!" said Bagsby dolefully. "I wish I had pluck enough to be hanged: after all, it could not be much worse than marriage. And yet I don't know. There

may be some means of getting a divorce, or she may drink herself to death, for, between you and me, she seems awfully addicted to the use of ardent spirits."

"Fie! Mr Bagsby: how can you talk so of your bride upon the wedding-day! Be quick! get into those trousers, and never mind the fit. It may be dangerous to keep them waiting long; and, under present circumstances, it would be prudent to abstain from trying the temper of the lady too severely."

"I never thought to be married this way!" sighed Bagsby, putting on the military coat, which, being stiff with embroidery, and twice too big for him, stuck out like an enormous cuirass. "If my poor old mother could see me now, getting into the cast-off clothes of some outlandish Frenchman—"

"She would admire you exceedingly, I am sure. Do you know you look quite warlike with those epaulettes! Come now—on with the sash, take another thimble-ful of brandy, and then to the altar like a man!"

"I daresay you mean well, Mr Dunshammer; but I have listened to more pleasant conversation. I say—what is to prevent my getting up the chimney?"

"More madness! The moment you are missed they will fire up it. Believe me, you have not a chance of escape; so the sooner you resign yourself to your inevitable destiny the better."

Here a loud knocking was heard at the door.

"Citizen Minister of Marine, art thou ready?" cried the voice of Pomme-de-terre. "Thy bride is waiting for thee, the altar is decked, and Pere Potard in his robes of office!"

"Come, then," said I, seizing Bagsby by the arm. "Take courage, man! In ten minutes it will all be over."

Our colleagues had not been idle in the interim. At one end of the hall they had built up an extempore altar covered with a carpet, behind which stood Jupiter Potard, arrayed in a royal mantle of crimson velvet, which very possibly in former days might

have decorated the shoulders of Napoleon. Indeed the imperial eagle was worked upon it in gold; and it had been abstracted from one of the numerous repositories of the palace. Jupiter, with his long beard and fine sloping forehead, looked the perfect image of a pontiff, and might have been appropriately drawn as a principal figure in a picture of the marriage of Heliogabalus.

Gratte-les-rues and Pomme-de-terre, being of bellicose temperament, had encased themselves in suits of armour, and stood, like two champions of antiquity, on each side of the venerable prelate. Destripes, who had accepted the office of temporary father to Demoiselle Corbeille, appeared as a patriot of the Reign of Terror. His brawny chest was bare; his shirt-sleeves rolled up to the shoulder; and in his belt was stuck the axe, a fitting emblem alike of his principles and his profession.

At his right hand stood the bride, bedizened with brocade and finery. From what antiquated lumber-chest they had fished out her apparel, it would be utterly in vain to inquire. One thing was clear, that the former occupant of the robes had been decidedly inferior in girth to the blooming *poissarde*, since it was now necessary to fasten them across the bosom by a curious net-work of tape. I am afraid I have done injustice to this lady, for really, on the present occasion, she did not look superlatively hideous. She was a woman of about forty-five, strong-built, with an immense development of foot and ankle, and arms of masculine proportion. Yet she had a pair of decidedly fine black eyes, betokening perhaps little of maiden modesty, but flashing with love and triumph; a *nez retroussé*, which, but for its perpetual redness, might have given a piquant expression to her countenance; a large mouth, and a set of prodigious teeth, which, to say the truth, were enough to justify the apprehensions of the bridegroom.

"Silence!" cried Jupiter Potard as we entered; "let the present august solemnity be conducted as befits the sovereignty of the people! Citizen Saigne-du-nez, advance!"

Saigne-du-nez was clad in a black

frock, I suppose to represent a notary. He came forward:—

"In the name of the French nation, one and indivisible, I demand the celebration of the nuptials of Citizen Hutton Bagsby, adopted child of France, and Provisional Minister of her Marine in the department of the Tuilleries, and of Citoyenne Céphysa Corbeille, *poissarde*, and daughter of the people."

"Is there any one here to gainsay the marriage?" asked Jupiter.

There was no reply.

"Then, in the name of the French nation, I decree that the ceremony shall proceed. Citizen Minister of Marine, are you willing to take this woman as your lawful wife?"

A cold sweat stood upon the brow of Bagsby, his knees knocked together, and he leaned the whole weight of his body upon my arm, as I interpreted to him the demand of Jupiter.

"Say any thing you like," muttered he: "it will all come to the same thing at last!"

"The citizen consents, most venerable President."

"Then nothing remains but to put the same question to the *citoyenne*," said Potard. "Who appears as the father of the bride?"

"*Châle de la Bastille!* that do I," cried Destripes.

"Citizen Destripes, do you of your own free will and accord—"

Here a thundering rap was heard at the door.

"What is that?" cried Destripes starting back. "Some one has passed the barricade!"

"In the name of the Provisional Government!" cried a loud voice. The door was flung open, and to my inexpressible joy, I beheld the Count of Monte-Christo, backed by a large detachment of the National Guard.

"Treason! treachery!" shouted Destripes. "Ah, villain, thou hast neglected thy post!" and he fetched a tremendous blow with his axe at the head of Gratte-les-rues. It was fortunate for that chief that his helmet was of excellent temper, otherwise he must have been cloven to the chin. As it was, he staggered backwards and fell.

The National Guard immediately presented their muskets.



"I have the honour to inform the citizens," said Monte-Christo, "that I have imperative orders to fire if the slightest resistance is made. Monsieur, therefore, will have the goodness immediately to lay down that axe."

Destripes glared on him for a moment, as though he meditated a rush, but the steady attitude of the National Guard involuntarily subdued him.

"This is freedom!" he exclaimed, flinging away his weapon. "This is what we fought for at the barricades! Always deceived—always sold by the aristocrats! But the day may come when I shall hold a tight reckoning with thee, my master, or I am not the nephew of the citizen Samson!"

"Pray, may I ask the meaning of this extraordinary scene?" said Monte-Christo, gazing in astonishment at the motley group before him. "Is it the intention of the gentlemen to institute a Crusade, or have we lighted by chance upon an assemblage of the chivalry of Malta?"

"Neither," I replied. "The fact is, that just as you came in we were engaged in celebrating a republican marriage."

"Far be it from me to interfere with domestic or connubial arrangements!" replied the polite Monte-Christo. "Let the marriage go on, by all means; I shall be delighted to witness it, and we can proceed to business thereafter."

"You will see no marriage here, I can tell you!" cried Bagsby, who at the first symptom of relief had taken shelter under the shadow of the Marquis. "I put myself under your protection; and, by Jove, if you don't help me, I shall immediately complain to Lord Normandy!"

"What is this?" cried Monte-Christo. "Do I see Monsieur Bagsby in a general's uniform? Why, my good sir, you have become a naturalised Frenchman indeed! The nation has a claim upon you."

"The nation will find it very difficult to get it settled then!" said Bagsby. "But I want to get out. I say, can't I get away?"

"Certainly. There is nothing to prevent you. But I am rather curious to hear about this marriage."

"Why," said I, "the truth is, my dear Marquis, that the subject is

rather a delicate one for our friend. He has just been officiating in the capacity of bridegroom."

"You amaze me!" said Monte-Christo; "and which, may I ask, is the fair lady?"

Here Demoiselle Céphyse came forward.

"Citizen officer," she said, "I want my husband!"

"You hear, Monsieur Bagsby?" said Monte-Christo, in intense enjoyment of the scene. "The lady says she has a claim upon you."

"It's all a lie!" shouted Bagsby. "I've got nothing to say to the woman. I hate and abhor her!"

"*Monstre!*" shrieked the poissarde, judging of Bagsby's ungallant repudiation rather from his gestures than his words. And she sprang towards him with the extended talons of a tigress. Bagsby, however, was this time too nimble for her, and took refuge behind the ranks of the National Guard, who were literally in convulsions of laughter.

"I will have thee, though, *polisson!*" cried the exasperated bride. "I will have thee, though I were to follow thee to the end of the world! Thou hast consented to be my husband, little *tisserand*, and I never will give thee up."

"Keep her off! good, dear soldiers," cried Bagsby; "pray, keep her off! I shall be murdered and torn to pieces if she gets hold of me! Oh, Mr Dimsunner! do tell them to protect me with their bayonets."

"Be under no alarm, Mr Bagsby," said Monte-Christo; "you are now under the protection of the National Guard. But to business. Which of the citizens assembled is spokesman here?"

"I am the president!" hiccupped Jupiter Potard, who, throughout the morning, had been unremitting in his attentions to the bottle.

"Then, you will understand that, by orders of the Provisional Government, all must evacuate the palace within a quarter of an hour."

"Louis Philippe had seventeen years of it," replied Jupiter Potard. "I won't abdicate a minute sooner!"

"And I," said Pomme-de-terre, "expect a handsome pension for my pains."

"Or at least," said Saigne-du-nez,

"we must have permission to gut the interior."

"You have done quite enough mischief already," said Monte-Christo; "so prepare to move. My orders are quite peremptory, and I shall execute them to the letter!"

"Come along, then, citizens!" cried Destripes. "I always knew what would come of it, if these rascally *bourgeois* got the upper-hand of the workmen. They are all black aristocrats in their hearts. But, by the head of Robespierre, thou shalt find that thy government is not settled yet, and there shall be more blood before we let them trample down the rights of the people!"

So saying, the democratic butcher strode from the apartment, followed by the rest of the Provisional Government and their adherents, each retaining the garb which he had chosen to wear in honour of the nuptials of Bagsby. The *poissarde* lingered for a moment, eyeing her faithless betrothed as he stood in the midst of the Guard, like a lioness robbed of her cub: and then, with a cry of wrath, and a gesture of menace, she rushed after her companions.

"Thank Heaven!" cried Bagsby, dropping on his knees, "the bitterest hour of my whole existence is over!"

#### CHAPTER VII.

#### ADIEU, SWEET FRANCE!

"And so you received the message from M. Albert?" said I to Monte-Christo, as we walked together to the Hotel de Ville.

"I did; and, to say the truth, I was rather apprehensive about you. Revolutions are all very well; but it is a frightful thing when the dogs of the population get the upper hand."

"I am glad to hear you acknowledge so much. For my part, Marquis, having seen one revolution, I never wish to witness another."

"We could not possibly avoid it," said Monte-Christo. "It was a mere question of time. No one doubts that a revolutionary spirit may be carried too far."

"Can't you contrive to write it down?" said I.

"Unfortunately, the majority of gentlemen with whom you have lately been associating, are not strongly addicted to letters. I question whether M. Destripes has even read *La Tour de Nesle*."

"If he had," said I, "it must have tended very greatly to his moral improvement. But how is it with the Provisional Government?"

"Faith, I must own they are rather in a critical position. Had it not been for Lamartine—who, I must confess, is a noble fellow, and a man of undaunted courage—they would have been torn to pieces long ago. Hitherto they have managed tolerably by means of the National Guard; but the atmo-

sphere is charged with thunder. Here we are, however, at the Hotel de Ville."

Not the least curious of the revolutionary scenes of Paris was the aspect of the seat of government. At the moment I reached it, many thousands of the lower orders were assembled in front, and one of the Provisional Government, I believe Louis Blanc, was haranguing them from a window. Immense crowds were likewise gathered round the entrance. These consisted of the deputations, who were doing their very best to exhaust the physical energies, and distract the mental powers, of the men who had undertaken the perilous task of government.

Under conduct of my friend, I made my way to the room where the mysterious *ourria* was performing his part of the onerous duty. He greeted me with a brief nod and a grim smile, but did not pretermitt his paternal functions.

The body which occupied his attention at this crisis of the commonwealth, was a musical deputation, which craved sweet counsel regarding some matter of crochets or of bars. It is not the first time that music has been heard in the midst of stirring events. Nero took a fancy to fiddle when Rome was blazing around him.

I could not but admire the gravity with which Albert listened to the somewhat elaborate address, and the

dexterity with which he contrived to blend the subjects of pipes and patriotism.

"Citizens!" he said, "the Provisional Government are deeply impressed with the importance of the views which you advocate. Republican institutions cannot hope to exist without music, for to the sound of music even the spheres themselves revolve in the mighty and illimitable expanse of ether.

"At this crisis your suggestions become doubly valuable. I have listened to them with emotions which I would struggle in vain to express. Oh, that we may see the day when, with a glorious nation as an orchestra, the psalm of universal freedom may rise in a swell of triumphant jubilee!

"And it will come! Rely upon us. Return to your homes. Cherish fraternity and music. Meantime we shall work without intermission for your sake. Harmony is our sole object: believe me that, in reconstituted France, there shall be nothing but perfect harmony!"

The deputation withdrew in tears; and another entered to state certain grievances touching the manufacture of steel beads. I need not say that in this, as in several other instances, the *ouvrier* comported himself like an eminent member of the Society of Universal Knowledge.

"That's the last of them, praise be to Mumbo Jumbo!" said he, as the representatives of the shoeblacks departed. "Faith, this is work hard enough to kill a horse. So, Mr Dunshunner! you have been getting up a counter-revolution at the Tuilleries, I see. How are Monsieur Potard and all the rest of your colleagues?"

"I am afraid they are finally expelled from paradise," said I.

"Serve them right! a parcel of democratic scum. And what has become of Citizen Bagsby?"

"I have sent him to my hotel.

He was in reality very near becoming an actual child of France." And I told the story of the nuptials, at which the *ouvrier* nearly split himself with laughter.

"And now, Mr Dunshunner," said he at length, "may I ask the nature of your plans?"

"These may depend a good deal upon your advice," said I.

"I never give advice," replied the *ouvrier* with a nasal twitch. "Sometimes it is rather dangerous. But tell me—what would you think of the state of the British government, if Earl Grey at a cabinet-council were to threaten to call in the mob, and if Lord Johnny Russell prevented him by clapping a pistol to his ear?"

"I should think very badly of it indeed," said I.

"Or if Incapability Wood should threaten, in the event of the populace appearing, to produce from the Earl's pocket a surreptitious order on the treasury for something like twelve thousand pounds?"

"Worse still."

"Well, then: I don't think you'll find that sort of thing going on in London, at all events."

"Have you any commands for the other side of the Channel?"

"Oh, then, you are determined to leave? Well, perhaps upon the whole it is your wisest plan. And—I say—just tell them that if things look worse, I may be over one of these fine mornings. Good-bye."

And so, with a cordial pressure of the hand, we parted.

"Monte-Christo," I said, as that very evening I bundled Bagsby into a *fiacre* on our way to the railroad station—"Monte-Christo, my good fellow, let me give you a slight piece of advice, which it would be well if all of our craft and calling would keep in memory.—THINK TWICE BEFORE YOU WRITE UP ANOTHER REVOLUTION."

## THE CAXTONS—A FAMILY PICTURE.

## CHAPTER I.

"Sir—sir—it is a boy!"

"A boy," said my father, looking up from his book, and evidently much puzzled; "what is a boy?"

Now, my father did not mean by that interrogatory to challenge philosophical inquiry, nor to demand of the honest but unlightened woman who had just rushed into his study, a solution of that mystery, physiological and psychological, which has puzzled so many curious sages, and lies still involved in the question, "What is man?" For, as we need not look farther than Dr Johnson's Dictionary to know that a boy is "a male child"—*i. e.*, the male young of man; so he who would go to the depth of things, and know scientifically what is a boy, must be able first to ascertain "what is a man?" But, for aught I know, my father may have been satisfied with Buffon on that score, or he may have sided with Monboddo. He may have agreed with Bishop Berkeley—he may have contented himself with Professor Combe—he may have regarded the genus spiritually, like Zeno, or materially, like Epicurus. Grant that boy is the male young of man, and he would have had plenty of definitions to choose from. He might have said, "Man is a stomach—*e.g.*, boy a male young stomach. Man is a brain,—boy a male young brain. Man is a bundle of habits—boy a male young bundle of habits. Man is a machine—boy a male young machine. Man is a tail-less monkey—boy a male young tail-less monkey. Man is a combination of gases—boy a male young combination of gases. Man is an appearance—boy a male young appearance," &c. &c., and etcetera, *ad infinitum*! And if none of these definitions had entirely satisfied my father, I am perfectly persuaded that he would never have come to Mrs Primmins for a new one.

But it so happened that my father was at that moment engaged in the important consideration whether the *Iliad* was written by one Homer—or

was rather a collection of sundry ballads, done into Greek by divers hands, and finally selected, compiled, and reduced into a whole by a Committee of Taste, under that elegant old tyrant Pisistratus; and the sudden affirmation "It is a boy," did not seem to him pertinent to the thread of the discussion. Therefore he asked, "What is a boy?"—vaguely, and, as it were, taken by surprise.

"Lord, sir!" said Mrs Primmins, "what is a boy? Why, the baby!"

"The baby!" repeated my father, rising. "What, you don't mean to say that Mrs Caxton is—eh—?"

"Yes I do," said Mrs Primmins, dropping a curtsey; "and as fine a little rogue as ever I set eyes upon."

"Poor, dear woman!" said my father with great compassion. "So soon too—so rapidly!" he resumed in a tone of musing surprise. "Why, it is but the other day we were married!"

"Bless my heart, sir," said Mrs Primmins, much scandalised, "it is ten months and more."

"Ten months!" said my father with a sigh. "Ten months" and I have not finished fifty pages of my refutation of Wolfe's monstrous theory! In ten months a child!—and I'll be bound complete—hands, feet, eyes, ears, and nose!—and not like this poor Infant of Mind (and my father pathetically placed his hand on the treatise)—of which nothing is formed and shaped—not even the first joint of the little finger! Why, my wife is a precious woman! Well, keep her quiet. Heaven preserve her, and send me strength—to support this blessing!"

"But your honour will look at the baby?—come, sir!" and Mrs Primmins laid hold of my father's sleeve coaxingly.

"Look at it—to be sure," said my father kindly; "look at it, certainly, it is but fair to poor Mrs Caxton; after taking so much trouble, dear soul!"

Therewith my father, drawing his dressing robe round him in more stately folds, followed Mrs Primmins up stairs, into a room very carefully darkened.

"How are you, my dear?" said my father, with compassionate tenderness, as he groped his way to the bed.

A faint voice muttered, "Better now,—and so happy!" And, at the same moment, Mrs Primmins pulled my father away, lifted a coverlid from a small cradle, and, holding a candle within an inch of an undeveloped nose, cried emphatically, "There—bless it!"

"Of course, ma'am, I bless it," said my father rather peevishly. "It is my duty to bless it;—Bless it! And this, then, is the way we come into the world"—red, very red,—blushing for all the follies we are destined to commit."

My father sat down on the nurse's chair, the women grouped round him. He continued to gaze on the contents of the cradle, and at length said musingly;—"And Homer was once like this!"

At this moment—and no wonder, considering the propinquity of the candle to his visual organ—Homer's infant likeness commenced the first untutored melodies of nature.

"Homer improved greatly in singing as he grew older," observed Mr Squills, the accoucheur, who was engaged in some mysteries in a corner of the room.

My father stopped his ears—"Little things can make a great noise," said he, philosophically; "and the smaller the thing the greater noise it can make."

So saying, he crept on tiptoe to the bed, and, clasping the pale hand held out to him, whispered some words that no doubt charmed and soothed the ear that heard them, for that pale hand was suddenly drawn from his

own, and thrown tenderly round his neck. The sound of a gentle kiss was heard through the stillness.

"Mr Caxton, sir," cried Mr Squills, in rebuke, "you agitate my patient—you must retire."

My father raised his mild face, looked round apologetically, brushed his eyes with the back of his hand, stole to the door, and vanished.

"I think," said a kind gossip seated at the other side of my mother's bed, "I think, my dear, that Mr Caxton might have shown more joy,—more natural feeling, I may say,—at the sight of the baby; and seen a baby! But all men are just the same, my dear—brutes—all brutes, depend upon it."

"Poor Austin!" sighed my mother feebly—"how little you understand him."

"And now I shall clear the room," said Mr Squills.—"Go to sleep, Mrs Caxton."

"Mr Squills," exclaimed my mother, and the bed-curtains trembled, "pray see that Mr Caxton do not set himself on fire;—and, Mr Squills, tell him not to be vexed and miss me. I shall be down very soon—shan't I?"

"If you keep yourself easy you will, ma'am."

"Pray say so,—and, Primmins,—"  
"Yes, ma'am."

"Every one, I fear, is neglecting your master. Be sure,—(and my mother's lips approached close to Mrs Primmins' ear.)—be sure that you—air his nightcap yourself."

"Tender creatures those women," soliloquised Mr Squills, as, after clearing the room of all present, save Mrs Primmins and the nurse, he took his way towards my father's study. Encountering the footman in the passage,—"John," said he, "take supper into your master's room—and make us some punch, will you?—stiffish!"

#### CHAPTER II.

"Mr Caxton, how on earth did you ever come to marry?" asked Mr Squills, abruptly, with his feet on the hob, while stirring up his punch.

That was a home question, which many men might reasonably resent. But my father scarcely knew what resentment was.

"Squills," said he, turning round from his books, and laying one finger on the surgeon's arm confidentially,—"Squills," said he, "I should be glad to know myself how I came to be married."

Mr Squills was a jovial good-hearted man—stout, fat, and with fine teeth,

that made his laugh pleasant to look at as well as to hear. Mr Squills, moreover, was a bit of a philosopher in his way;—studied human nature in curing its diseases;—and was accustomed to say, that Mr Caxton was a better book in himself than all he had in his library. Mr Squills laughed and rubbed his hands.

My father resumed thoughtfully, and in the tone of one who moralises:—

"There are three great events in life, sir; birth, marriage, and death. None know how they are born, few know how they die. But I suspect that many can account for the intermediate phenomenon—I cannot."

"It was not for money,—it must have been for love," observed Mr Squills; "and your young wife is as pretty as she is good."

"Ha!" said my father, "I remember."

"Do you, sir?" exclaimed Squills, highly amused. "How was it?"

My father, as was often the case with him, protracted his reply, and then seemed rather to commune with himself than to answer Mr Squills.

"The kindest, the best of men," he murmured.—"*Abysus Eruditionis*; and to think that he bestowed on me the only fortune he had to leave, instead of to his own flesh and blood, Jack and Kitty. All at least that I could grasp *difficili manu*, of his Latin, his Greek, his Orientals. What do I not owe to him!"

"To whom?" asked Squills. "Good Lord, what's the man talking about?"

"Yes, sir," said my father rousing himself. "such was Giles Tibbets, M.A., *Sol Sequentium*, tutor to the humble scholar you address, and father to poor Kitty. He left me his Elzevirs; he left me also his orphan daughter."

"Oh! as a wife—"

"No, as a ward. So she came to live here. I am sure there was no harm in it. But my neighbours said there was, and the widow Welt-raum told me the girl's character would suffer. What could I do?—Oh yes, I recollect all now! I married her, that my old friend's child might have a roof to her head, and come to no harm. You see I was forced to do her that injury, for after all, poor young creature, it was

a sad lot for her. A dull book-worm, like me—*cachlea vitum ugens*, Mr Squills—leading the life of a snail. But my shell was all I could offer to my poor friend's orphan."

"Mr Caxton, I honour you," said Squills emphatically, jumping up and spilling half a tumbler-full of scalding punch over my father's legs. "You have a heart, sir! and I understand why your wife loves you. You seem a cold man; but you have tears in your eyes at this moment."

"I dare say I have," said my father, rubbing his shins: "it was boiling!"

"And your son will be a comfort to you both," said Mr Squills, re-seating himself, and, in his friendly emotion, wholly abstracted from all consciousness of the suffering he had inflicted. "He will be a dove of peace to your ark."

"I don't doubt it," said my father ruefully, "only those doves, when they are small, are a very noisy sort of birds—*non talem arum cantus communis reducant*. However, it might have been worse. Leda had twins."

"So had Mrs Barnabas last week," rejoined the acconcheur. "Who knows what may be in store for you yet? Here's a health to Master Caxton, and lots of brothers and sisters to him!"

"Brothers and sisters! I am sure Mrs Caxton will never think of such a thing, sir," said my father almost indignantly. "She's much too good a wife to behave so. Once, in a way, it is all very well; but twice—and as it is, not a paper in its place, nor a pen mended the last three days: I, too, who can only write '*cuspidè duriusculè*'—and the Baker coming twice to me for his bill too! The Ilithyia are troublesome deities, Mr Squills."

"Who are the Ilithyia," asked the acconcheur.

"You ought to know," answered my father, smiling. "The female dæmons who presided over the Neogilos or New-born. They take the name from Juno. See Homer, book XI. By the bye, will my Neogilos be brought up like Hector or Astyanax, —*vulciert*, nourished by its mother or by a nurse?"

"Which do you prefer, Mr

Caxton?" asked Mr Squills, breaking the sugar in his tumbler. "In this I always deem it my duty to consult the wishes of the gentleman."

"A nurse by all means, then," said my father. "And let her carry him *upo kolpo*, next to her bosom. I know all that has been said about mothers nursing their own infants, Mr Squills; but poor Kitty is so sensitive, that I think a stout healthy peasant woman will be best for the boy's future nerves, and his mother's nerves, present and future too."

"Heigh-ho!—I shall miss the dear woman very much; when will she be up, Mr Squills?"

"Oh, in less than a fortnight!"

"And then the Neogilos shall go to school! *upo kolpo*—the nurse with him, and all will be right again," said my father, with a look of sly mysterious humour, which was peculiar to him.

"School! when he's just born?"

"Can't begin too soon," said my father positively; "that's Helvetius' opinion, and it's mine too!"

#### CHAPTER III.

That I was a very wonderful child, I take for granted; but, nevertheless, it was not of my own knowledge that I came into possession of the circumstances set down in my former chapters. But my father's conduct on the occasion of my birth made a notable impression upon all who witnessed it; and Mr Squills and Mrs Primmins have related the facts to me sufficiently often, to make me as well acquainted with them as those worthy witnesses themselves. I fancy I see my father before me, in his dark-gray dressing-gown, and with his odd, half-sly, half-innocent twinkle of the mouth, and peculiar puzzling look, from too quiet, abstracted, indolently handsome eyes, at the moment he agreed with Helvetius on the propriety of sending me to school as soon as I was born. Nobody knew exactly what to make of my father—his wife excepted. Some set him down as a sage, some as a fool. As Hippocrates, in his well-known letter to Damagetus, saith of the great Democritus, he was *contemptu et admiratione habitus*—accustomed both to contempt and admiration. The neighbouring clergy respected him as a scholar, "breathing libraries;" the ladies despised him as an absent pedant, who had no more gallantry than a stock or a stone. The poor loved him for his charities, but laughed at him as a weak sort of man, easily taken in. Yet the squires and farmers found that, in their own matters of rural business, he had always a fund of curious information to impart; and whoever, young or old, gentle or simple, learned or ignorant, asked his advice, it was given with not

more humility than wisdom. In the common affairs of life, he seemed incapable of acting for himself; he left all to my mother; or, it taken unawares, was pretty sure to be the dupe. But in those very affairs—it *another* consulted him—his eye brightened, his brow cleared, the desire of serving made him a new being—cautious, profound, practical. Too lazy or too languid where only his own interests were at stake—to touch his benevolence, and all the wheels of the clockwork felt the impetus of the master-spring. No wonder that, to others, the nut or such a character was hard to crack! But in the eyes of my poor mother, Augustine (familiarly Austin) Caxton was the best and the greatest of human beings; and certainly she ought to have known him well, for she studied him with her whole heart, knew every trick of his face, and, nine times out of ten, divined what he was going to say, before he opened his lips. Yet certainly there were depths in his nature which the plummet of her tender woman's wit had never sounded, and, certainly, it sometimes happened that, even in his most domestic colloquialisms, my mother was in doubt whether he was the simple straightforward person he was mostly taken for. There was, indeed, a kind of suppressed subtle irony about him, too unsubstantial to be popularly called humour, but dimly implying some sort of jest, which he kept all to himself; and this was only noticeable when he said something that sounded very grave, or appeared to the grave very silly and irrational.

That I did not go to school—at least to what Mr Squills understood by the word school—quite so soon as intended, I need scarcely observe. In fact, my mother managed so well—my nursery, by means of double doors, was so placed out of hearing—that my father, for the most part, was privileged, if he so pleased, to forget my existence. He was once dimly recalled to it on the occasion of my christening. Now, my father was a shy man, and he particularly hated all ceremonies and public spectacles. He became uneasily aware that a great ceremony, in which he might be called upon to play a prominent part, was at hand. Abstracted as he was, and conveniently deaf at times, he had heard significant whispers about “taking advantage of the bishop’s being in the neighbourhood,” and “twelve new jelly glasses being absolutely wanted,” to be sure that some deadly festivity was in the wind. And, when the question of godmother and godfather was fairly put to him, coupled with the remark that this was a fine opportunity to return the civilities of the neighbourhood, he felt that a strong effort at escape was the only thing left. Accordingly, having, seemingly without listening, heard the day fixed, and seen, as they thought, with an observing eye, the chintz chairs in the best drawing-room uncovered, (my dear mother was the tidiest woman in the world.) my father suddenly discovered that there was to be a great book sale, twenty miles off, which would last four days, and attend it he must. My mother sighed: but she never contradicted my father, even when he was wrong, as he certainly was in this case. She only dropped a timid intimation that she feared “It would look odd, and the world might misconstrue my father’s absence—had not she better put off the christening?”

“My dear,” answered my father, “it will be *my* duty, by-and-by, to christen the boy—a duty not done in a day. At present, I have no doubt that the bishop will do very well without me. Let the day stand, or, if you put it off, upon my word and honour I believe that the wicked auctioneer will put off the book sale also. Of one thing I am quite sure, that

the sale and the christening will take place at the same time.”

There was no getting over this; but I am certain my dear mother had much less heart than before in uncovering the chintz chairs, in the best drawing-room. Five years later this would not have happened. My mother would have kissed my father and said “Stay,” and he would have staid. But she was then very young and timid; and he, wild man, not of the woods but the cloisters, nor yet civilised into the tractabilities of home. In short, the post-chaise was ordered and the carpet-bag packed.

“My love,” said my mother, the night before this Hegira, looking up from her work—“my love, there is one thing you have quite forgot to settle—I beg pardon for disturbing you, but it is important—baby’s name: shan’t we call him Augustine?”

“Augustine,” said my father, dreamily: “why, that name’s mine.”

“And you would like your boy’s to be the same?”

“No,” said my father, rousing himself. “Nobody would know which was which. I should catch myself learning the Latin accident or playing at marbles. I should never know my own identity, and Mrs Primmis would be giving me pap.”

My mother smiled; and, putting her hand, which was a very pretty one, on my father’s shoulder, and looking at him tenderly, she said, “There’s no fear of mis-taking you for any other, even your son, dearest. Still, if you prefer another name, what shall it be?”

“Samuel,” said my father. “Dr Parr’s name is Samuel.”

“La, my love! Samuel is the ugliest name—”

My father did not hear the exclamation, he was again deep in his books: presently he started up:—“Barnes says Homer is Solomoa. Read Omeros backwards, in the Hebrew manner—”

“Yes, my love,” interrupted my mother. “But baby’s christian name?”

“Omeros—Soremo—Solemo—Solomo!”

“Solomo! shocking,” said my mother.

“Shocking, indeed,” echoed my



father; "an outrage to common sense." Then, after glancing again over his books, he broke out musingly—"But, after all, it is nonsense to suppose that Homer was not settled till *his* time."

"Whose?" asked my mother, mechanically.

My father lifted up his finger.

My mother continued, after a short pause, "Arthur is a pretty name. Then there's William—Henry—Charles—Robert. What shall it be, love?"

"Pisistratus?" said my father, (who had hung fire till then,) in a tone of contempt—"Pisistratus indeed!"

"Pisistratus! a very fine name," said my mother joyfully—"Pisistratus Caxton. Thank you, my love: Pisistratus it shall be."

"Do you contradict me? Do you side with Wolf and Hevne, and that pragmatical fellow Vico? Do you mean to say that the Rhapsodists?"

"No, indeed," interrupted my mother. "My dear, you frighten me."

My father sighed, and threw himself back in his chair. My mother took courage and resumed.

"Pisistratus is a long name too! Still, one could call him Sisty."

"Siste, Viator," muttered my father; "that's trite!"

"No, Sisty by itself—short. Thank you, my dear."

Four days afterwards, on his return from the book sale, to my father's inexpressible bewilderment, he was informed that "Pisistratus was growing quite the image of him."

When at length the good man was made thoroughly aware of the fact, that his son and heir boasted a name so memorable in history as that borne by the enslaver of Athens, and the disputed arranger of Homer—and it was insisted that it was a name he himself had suggested—he was as angry as so mild a man could be. "But it is infamous!" he exclaimed. "Pisistratus christened! Pisistratus! who lived six hundred years before Christ was born. Good heavens, madam! You have made me the father of an anachronism."

My mother burst into tears. But the evil was irremediable. An anachronism I was, and an anachronism I must continue to the end of the chapter.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"Of course, sir, you will begin soon to educate your son yourself?" said Mr Squills.

"Of course, sir," said my father, "you have read Martinus Scriblerus?"

"I don't understand you, Mr Caxton."

"Then you have *not* read Martinus Scriblerus, Mr Squills!"

"Consider that I have read it, and what then?"

"Why then, Squills," said my father familiarly, "you would know, that though a scholar is often a fool, he is never a fool so supreme, so superlative, as when he is defacing the first unsullied page of the human history, by entering into it the commonplaces of his own pedantry. A scholar, sir, at least one like me, is of all persons the most unfit to teach young children. A mother, sir, a simple, natural, loving mother, is the infant's true guide to knowledge."

"Egad, Mr Caxton, in spite of Helvetius, whom you quoted the night the boy was born—egad, I believe you are right!"

"I am sure of it," said my father.

"at least as sure as a mortal can be of any thing. I agree with Helvetius, the child should be educated from its birth; but how? there is the rub. send him to school forthwith! Certainly he is at school already with the two great principles, Nature and Love. Observe, that childhood and genius have the same master organ in common—inquisitiveness. Let childhood have its way, and as it began where genius begins, it may find what genius finds. A certain Greek writer tells us of some man, who, in order to save his bees a troublesome flight to Hyacinthus, cut their wings, and placed before them the finest flowers he could select. The poor bees made no honey. Now, sir, if I were to teach my boy, I should be cutting his wings and giving him the flowers he should find himself. Let us leave Nature alone for the present, and Nature's living proxy, the watchful mother."

Therewith my father pointed to his heir sprawling on the grass, and plucking daisies on the lawn; while the

young mother's voice rose merrily, laughing at the child's glee.

"I shall make but a poor bill out of your nursery, I see," said Mr Squills.

Agreeably to these doctrines, strange in so learned a father, I thrived and flourished, and learned to spell, and make pothooks, under the joint care of my mother and Dame Primmins. This last was one of an old race fast dying away—the race of old faithful servants—the race of old tale-telling nurses. She had reared my mother before me; but her affection put out new flowers for the new generation. She was a Devonshire woman—and Devonshire women, especially those who have passed their youth near the sea-coast, are generally superstitious. She had a wonderful budget of fables. Before I was six years old, I was erudite in that primitive literature, in which the legends of all nations are traced to a common fountain—*Puss in Boots*, *Tom Thumb*, *Fortunio*, *Fortunatus*, *Jack the Giant-killer*—tale-like proverbs, equally familiar, under different versions, to the infant worshipper of Buddha and the hardier children of Thor. I may say, without vanity, that in an examination in such works of imagination, I could have taken honours!

My dear mother had some little misgivings as to the solid benefit to be derived from such fantastic erudition, and timidly consulted my father therein.

"My love," answered my father, in that tone of voice which always puzzled even my mother, to be sure whether he was in jest or earnest—"in all these fables, certain philosophers could easily discover symbolical significations of the highest morality. I have myself written a treatise to prove that *Puss in Boots* is an allegory upon the progress of the human understanding, having its origin in the mystical schools of the Egyptian priests, and evidently an illustration of the worship rendered at Thebes and Memphis to those feline quadrupeds, of which they made both religious symbols and elaborate mummies."

"My dear Austin," said my mother opening her blue eyes, "you don't think that Sisty will discover all those fine things in *Puss in Boots*!"

"My dear Kitty," answered my father, "you don't think, when you were good enough to take up with me, that you found in me all the fine things I have learned from books. You knew me only as a harmless creature, who was happy enough to please your fancy. By-and-by you discovered that I was no worse for all the quartos that have transmigrated into ideas within me—ideas that are mysteries even to myself. If Sisty, as you call the child, (plague on that unlucky anachronism! which you do well to abbreviate into a dissyllable,) if Sisty can't discover all the wisdom of Egypt in *Puss in Boots*, what then? *Puss in Boots* is harmless, and it pleases his fancy. All that wakes curiosity is wisdom, if innocent—all that pleases the fancy now, turns hereafter to love or to knowledge. And so, my dear, go back to the nursery."

But I should wrong thee, O best of fathers, if I suffered the reader to suppose, that because thou didst seem so indifferent to my birth, and so careless as to my early teaching, therefore thou wert, at heart, indifferent to thy troublesome Neogilos. As I grew older, I became more sensibly aware that a father's eye was upon me. I distinctly remember one incident, that seems to me, in looking back, a crisis in my infant life, as the first tangible link between my own heart and that calm great soul.

My father was seated on the lawn before the house, his straw hat over his eyes (it was summer) and his book on his lap. Suddenly a beautiful delf blue-and-white flower-pot, which had been set on the window-sill of an upper storey, fell to the ground with a crash, and the fragments spluttered up round my father's legs. Sublime in his studies as Archimedes in the siege, he continued to read "*Imparidum ferunt roma!*"

"Dear, dear!" cried my mother, who was at work in the porch, "my poor flower-pot that I prized so much! Who could have done this? Primmins, Primmins!"

Mrs Primmins popped her head out of the fatal window, nodded to the summons, and came down in a trice, pale and breathless.

"Oh!" said my mother, mourn-

fully, "I would rather have lost all the plants in the greenhouse in the great blight last May.—I would rather the best tea-set were broken! The poor geranium I reared myself, and the dear, dear flower-pot which Mr Caxton bought for me my last birth-day! That naughty child must have done this!"

Mrs Primmins was dreadfully afraid of my father—why, I know not, except that very talkative social persons are usually afraid of very silent shy ones. She cast a hasty glance at her master, who was beginning to evince signs of attention, and cried promptly, "No, ma'am, it was not the dear boy, bless his flesh, it was I!"

"You! how could you be so careless? and you know how I prized them both. Oh, Primmins!"

Primmins began to sob.

"Don't tell fibs, nurse," said a small shrill voice; and Master Sissy (coming out of the house as bold as brass) continued rapidly—"don't scold Primmins, mamma. It was I who pushed out the flower-pot."

"Hush!" said nurse, more frightened than ever, and looking aghast towards my father, who had very deliberately taken off his hat, and was regarding the scene with serious eyes wide awake.

"Hush! And if he did break it, ma'am, it was quite an accident: he was standing so, and he never meant it. Did you, Master Sissy? Speak, (this in a whisper) or Pa will be so angry."

"Well," said my mother, "I suppose it was an accident: take care in future, my child. You are sorry, I see, to have grieved me. There's a kiss, don't fret."

"No, mamma, you must not kiss me. I don't deserve it. I pushed out the flower pot on purpose."

"Ha! and why?" said my father, walking up.

Mrs Primmins trembled like a leaf.

"For fun!" said I, hanging my head—"just to see how you'd look, papa; and that's the truth of it. Now beat me, do beat me!"

My father threw his book fifty yards off, stooped down, and caught me to his breast. "Boy," he said, "you have done wrong: you shall repair it by remembering all your life that your

father blessed God for giving him a son who spoke truth in spite of fear! Oh! Mrs Primmins, the next fable of this kind you try to teach him, and we part for ever!"

From that time I first date the hour when I felt that I loved my father, and knew that he loved me; from that time too, he began to converse with me. He would no longer, if he met me in the garden, pass by with a smile and nod; he would stop, put his book in his pocket, and though his talk was often above my comprehension, still somehow I felt happier and better, and less of an infant, when I thought over it, and tried to puzzle out the meaning, for he had a way of suggesting, not teaching, putting things into my head, and then leaving them to work out their own problem. I remember a special instance with respect to that same flower-pot and geranium. Mr Squills, who was a bachelor, and well to do in the world, often made me little presents. Not long after the event I have narrated, he gave me one far exceeding in value those usually bestowed on children. It was a beautiful large domino box in cut ivory, painted and gilt. This domino box was my delight. I was never weary of playing at dominoes with Mrs Primmins, and I slept with the box under my pillow.

"Ah," said my father one day when he found me ranging the ivory squares in the parlour, "ah! you like that better than all your playthings, eh?"

"Oh yes, papa."

"You would be very sorry if your mamma was to throw that box out of the window, and break it for fun." I looked beseechingly at my father, and made no answer.

"But perhaps you would be very glad," he resumed, "if suddenly one of these good fairies you read of could change the domino-box into a beautiful geranium in a beautiful blue-and-white flower-pot, and that you could have the pleasure of putting it on your mamma's window-sill."

"Indeed I would," said I, half crying.

"My dear boy, I believe you; but good wishes don't mend bad actions,—good actions mend bad actions."

So saying, he shut the door and went out. I cannot tell you how

puzzled I was to make out what my father meant by his aphorism. But I know that I played at dominoes no more that day. The next morning my father found me seated by myself under a tree in the garden; he paused and looked at me with his grave bright eyes very steadily.

"My boy," said he, "I am going to walk to — (a town about two miles off,) will you come? and, by the bye, fetch your domino-box: I should like to show it to a person there." I ran in for the box, and, not a little proud of walking with my father upon the high-road, we set out.

"Papa," said I by the way, "there are no fairies now."

"What then, my child?"

"Why—how then can my domino-box be changed into a geranium and a blue-and-white flower-pot?"

"My dear," said my father, leaning his hand on my shoulder, "every body who is in earnest to be good, carries two fairies about with him—one here," and he touched my heart; "and one here," and he touched my forehead.

"I don't understand, papa."

"I can wait till you do, Pisistratus! What a name!"

My father stopped at a nursery gardener's, and, after looking over the flowers, paused before a large double geranium. "Ah, this is finer than that which your mamma was so fond of. What is the cost, sir?"

"Only 7s. 6d.," said the gardener.

My father buttoned up his pocket. "I can't afford it to-day," said he gently, and we walked out.

On entering the town, we stopped again at a china-warehouse. "Have you a flower-pot like that I bought some months ago? Ah, here is one, marked 3s. 6d. Yes, that is the price. Well, when your mamma's birth-day comes again, we must buy her another. That is some months to wait. And we can wait, Master Sissy. For truth, that blooms all the year round, is better than a poor geranium; and a word that is never broken, is better than a piece of delf."

My head, which had drooped before, rose again; but the rush of joy at my heart almost stifled me.

"I have called to pay your little bill," said my father, entering the shop

of one of those fancy stationers common in country towns, and who sell all kinds of pretty toys and nick-nacks. "And by the way," he added, as the smiling shopman looked over his books for the entry, "I think my little boy here can show you a much handsomer specimen of French workmanship than that work-box which you enticed Mrs Caxton into raffling for, last winter. Show your domino-box, my dear."

I produced my treasure, and the shopman was liberal in his commendations. "It is always well, my boy, to know what a thing is worth, in case one wishes to part with it. If my young gentleman gets tired of his plaything, what will you give him for it?"

"Why, sir," said the shopman, "I fear we could not afford to give more than eighteen shillings for it, unless the young gentleman took some of these pretty things in exchange."

"Eighteen shillings!" said my father; "you would give *that*. Well, my boy, whenever you do grow tired of your box, you have my leave to sell it."

My father paid his bill, and went out. I lingered behind a few moments, and joined him at the end of the street.

"Papa, papa!" I cried, clapping my hands, "we can buy the geranium—we can buy the flower-pot." And I pulled a handful of silver from my pockets.

"Did I not say right?" said my father, passing his handkerchief over his eyes—"You have found the two fairies!"

Oh! how proud, how overjoyed I was, when, after placing vase and flower on the window-sill, I plucked my mother by the gown, and made her follow me to the spot.

"It is his doing, and his money!" said my father; "good actions have mended the bad."

"What!" cried my mother, when she had learned all: "and your poor domino-box that you were so fond of! We will go back to-morrow, and buy it back, if it costs us double."

"Shall we buy it back, Pisistratus?" asked my father.

"Oh no—no—no! It would spoil

all," I cried, burying my face on my father's breast.

"My wife," said my father solemnly, "this is my first lesson to our child—the sanctity and the hap-

piness of self-sacrifice—*and not what it should teach to his dying day!*"

And that is the history of the broken flower-pot.

#### CHAPTER V.

When I was between my seventh and my eighth year, a change came over me, which may perhaps be familiar to the notice of those parents who boast the anxious blessing of an only child. The ordinary vivacity of childhood forsook me; I became quiet, sedate, and thoughtful. The absence of playfellows of my own age, the companionship of mature minds alternated only by complete solitude, gave something precocious, whether to my imagination or my reason. The wild fables muttered to me by the old nurse in the summer twilight, or over the winter's hearth—the effort made by my struggling intellect to comprehend the grave, sweet wisdom of my father's suggested lessons—tended to feed a passion for reverie, in which all my faculties strained and struggled, as in the dreams that come when sleep is nearest waking. I had learned to read with ease, and to write with some fluency, and I already began to imitate, to reproduce. Strange tales, akin to those I had gleaned from fairyland—rude songs, modelled from such verse-books as fell into my hands, began to mar the contents of marble-covered pages, designed for the less ambitious purposes of round text and multiplication. My mind was yet more disturbed by the intensity of my home affections. My love for both my parents had in it something morbid and painful. I often wept to think how little I could do for those I loved so well. My fondest fancies built up imaginary difficulties for them, which my arm was to smother. These feelings, thus cherished, made my nerves over-susceptible and acute. Nature began to affect me powerfully; and from that affection rose a restless curiosity to analyse the charms that so mysteriously moved me to joy or awe, to smiles or tears. I got my father to explain to me the elements of astronomy; I extracted from

Squills, who was an ardent botanist, some of the mysteries in the life of flowers. But music became my darling passion. My mother (though the daughter of a great scholar—a scholar at whose name my father raised his hat, if it happened to be on his head) possessed, I must own it fairly, less book-learning than many a humble tradesman's daughter can boast in this more enlightened generation; but she had some natural gifts which had ripened. Heaven knows how! into womanly accomplishments. She drew with some elegance, and painted flowers to exquisite perfection. She played on more than one instrument with more than boarding-school skill; and though she sang in no language but her own, few could hear her sweet voice without being deeply touched. Her music, her songs, had a wondrous effect on me. Thus, altogether, a kind of dreamy yet delightful melancholy seized upon my whole being; and this was the more remarkable, because contrary to my earlier temperament, which was bold, active, and hilarious. The change in my character began to act upon my form. From a robust and vigorous infant, I grew into a pale and slender boy. I began to ail and moke. Mr Squills was called in.

"Tonics!" said Mr Squills, "and don't let him sit over his book. Send him out in the air—make him play. Come here, my boy—these organs are growing too large," and Mr Squills, who was a phrenologist, placed his hand on my forehead. "God, sir, here's an ideality for you; and, bless my soul, what a constructiveness!"

My father pushed aside his papers, and walked to and fro the room with his hands behind him; but he did not say a word till Mr Squills was gone.

"My dear," then said he to my

mother, on whose breast I was leaning my aching ideality—"my dear, Pisis-tratus must go to school in good earnest."

"Bless me, Austin!—at his age?"

"He is nearly eight years old."

"But he is so forward."

"It is for that reason he must go to school."

"I don't quite understand you, my love. I know he is getting past me; but you who are so clever—"

My father took my mother's hand—"We can teach him nothing now, Kitty. We send him to school to be taught—"

"By some schoolmaster who knows much less than you do—"

"By little schoolboys, who will make him a boy again," said my

father, almost sadly. "My dear, you remember that, when our Kentish gardener planted those filbert-trees, and when they were in their third year, and you began to calculate on what they would bring in, you went out one morning, and found he had cut them down to the ground. You were vexed, and asked why. What did the gardener say? 'To prevent their bearing too soon.' There is no want of fruitfulness here—put back the hour of produce, that the plant may last."

"Let me go to school," said I, lifting my languid head, and smiling on my father. I understood him at once, and it was as if the voice of my life itself answered to him.

#### CHAPTER VI.

A year after the resolution thus come to, I was at home for the holidays.

"I hope," said my mother, "that they are doing sixty justice. I do think he is not nearly so quick a child as he was before he went to school. I wish you would examine him, Austin."

"I have examined him, my dear. It is just as I expected; and I am quite satisfied."

"What! you really think he has come on?" said my mother joyfully.

"He does not care a button for botany now," said Mr Squills.

"And he used to be so fond of music, dear boy!" observed my mother with a sigh. "Good gracious! what noise is that?"

"Your son's pop-gun against the window," said my father. "It is lucky it is only the window. It would have made a less deafening noise, though, if it had been Mr Squills' head, as it was yesterday morning."

"The left ear," observed Squills; "and a very sharp blow it was, too. Yet you are satisfied, Mr Caxton?"

"Yes; I think the boy is now as great a blockhead as most boys of his age are," observed my father with great complacency.

"Dear me, Austin—a great block-head!"

"What else did he go to school for?" asked my father; and observ-

ing a certain dismay in the face of his female audience, and a certain surprise in that of his male, he rose and stood on the hearth, with one hand in his waistcoat, as was his wont when about to philosophise in more detail than was usual to him.

"Mr Squills," said he, "you have had great experience in families."

"As good a practice as any in the county," said Mr Squills proudly; "more than I can manage. I shall advertise for a partner."

"And," resumed my father, "you must have observed almost invariably that, in every family, there is what father, mother, uncle and aunt, pronounce to be one wonderful child."

"One at least," said Mr Squills, smiling.

"It is easy," continued my father, "to say this is parental partiality,—but it is not so. Examine that child as a stranger, and it will startle yourself. You stand amazed at its eager curiosity, its quick comprehension, its ready wit, its delicate perception. Often, too, you will find some faculty strikingly developed: the child will have a turn for mechanics, perhaps, and make you a model of a steam-boat,—or it will have an ear tuned to verse, and will write you a poem like that it has got by heart from 'The Speaker,'—or it will take to botany, (like Pisis-tratus) with the old maid its aunt,—or it will play a march on

its sister's pianoforté. In short, even you, Squills, will declare that it is really a wonderful child."

"Upon my word," said Mr Squills thoughtfully, "there's a great deal of truth in what you say; little Tom Dobbs is a wonderful child—so is Frank Steppington—and as for Johnny Styles, I must bring him here for you to hear him prattle on Natural History, and see how well he handles his pretty little microscope."

"Heaven forbid!" said my father. "And now let me proceed. These *thaumata* or wonders last till when, Mr Squills?—last till the boy goes to school, and then, somehow or other, the *thaumata* vanish into thin air, like ghosts at the cockcrow. A year after the prodigy has been at the academy, father and mother, uncle and aunt, plague you no more with his doings and sayings; the extraordinary infant has become a very ordinary little boy. Is it not so, Mr Squills?"

"Indeed you are right, sir. How did you come to be so observant: you never seem to—"

"Hush!" interrupted my father: and then, looking fondly at my mother's anxious face, he said, soothingly—"be comforted: this is wisely ordained—and it is for the best."

"It must be the fault of the school," said my mother, shaking her head.

"It is the necessity of the school, and its virtue, my Kate. Let any one of these wonderful children—wonderful as you thought Sister herself—stay at home, and you will see its head grow bigger and bigger, and its body thinner and thinner—Eh, Mr Squills?—till the mind take all nourishment from the frame, and the frame, in turn, stunt or

make sickly the mind. You see that noble oak from the window—if the Chinese had brought it up, it would have been a tree in miniature at five years old, and at an hundred, you would have set it in a flower-pot on your table, no bigger than it was at five—a curiosity for its maturity at one age—a show for its diminutiveness at the other. No! the ordeal for talent is school: restore the stunted mannikin to the growing child, and then let the child if it can, healthily, hardily, naturally, work its slow way up into greatness. If greatness be denied it, it will at least be a man, and that is better than to be a little Johnny Styles all its life—an oak in a pill-box."

At that moment I rushed into the room, glowing and panting, health on my cheek, vigour in my limbs—all childhood at my heart. "Oh! mamma, I have got up the kite—so high!—come and see. Do come, papa."

"Certainly," said my father: "only, don't cry so loud—kites make no noise in rising—yet, you see how they soar above the world. Come, Kate, where is my hat? Ah—thank you, my boy."

"Kitty," said my father looking at the kite which, attached by its string to the peg I had stuck into the ground, rested calm in the sky, "never fear but what our kite shall fly as high: only, the human soul has stronger instincts to mount upward than a few sheets of paper on a framework of lath. But, observe, that to prevent its being lost in the freedom of space, we must attach it lightly to earth: and, observe again, my dear, that the higher it soars, the more string we must give it."

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## THE CAXTONS.—PART II.

### CHAPTER VII.

WHEN I had reached the age of twelve, I had got to the head of the preparatory school to which I had been sent. And having thus exhausted all the oxygen of learning in that little receiver, my parents looked out for a wider range for my inspirations. During the last two years in which I had been at school, my love for study had returned; but it was a vigorous, wakeful, undreamy love, stimulated by competition, and animated by the practical desire to excel.

My father no longer sought to curb my intellectual aspirations. He had too great a reverence for scholarship not to wish me to become a scholar if possible: though he more than once said to me somewhat sadly, "Master books, but do not let them master you. Read to live, not live to read. One slave of the lamp is enough for a household; my servitude must not be a hereditary bondage."

My father looked round for a suitable academy: and the fame of Dr Herman's "Philhellonic Institute" came to his ears.

Now, this Dr Herman was the son of a German music-master, who had settled in England. He had completed his own education at the university of Bonn: but, finding learning too common a drug in that market to bring the high price at which he valued his own, and having some theories as to political freedom which attached him to England, he resolved upon setting up a school, which he designed as an "era in the history of the

human mind." Dr Herman was one of the earliest of those new-fashioned authorities in education, who have, more lately, spread pretty numerous amongst us, and would have given, perhaps, a dangerous shake to the foundations of our great classical seminaries, if those last had not very wisely, though very cautiously, borrowed some of the more sensible principles which lay mixed and adulterated amongst the crotchets and chimeras of their innovating rivals and assailants.

Dr Herman had written a great many learned works against every pre-existing method of instruction: that which had made the greatest noise was upon the infamous fiction of SPELLING-BOOKS: "A more lying, roundabout, puzzle-headed delusion than that by which we confuse the clear instincts of truth in our accursed systems of spelling, was never concocted by the father of falsehood." Such was the exordium of this famous treatise. "For instance, take the monosyllable CAT. What brazen forehead you must have, when you say to an infant C, A, T,—spell CAT: that is, three sounds, forming a totally opposite compound—opposite in every detail, opposite in the whole—compose a poor little monosyllable, which, if you would but say the simple truth, the child will learn to spell merely by looking at it! How can three sounds, which run thus to the ear, *see—ch—tee*, compose the sound *cat*? Don't they rather compose the sound *see-ch-tē*, or



Quesy 2: How can a system of education flourish that begins by so monstrous a falsehood, which the sense of bearing suffices to contradict? No wonder that the horn-book is the despair of mothers!" From this instance, the reader will perceive that Dr Herman, in his theory of education, began at the beginning!—he took the bull fairly by the horns. As for the rest, upon a broad principle of eclecticisim, he had combined together every new patent invention for youthful idea-shooting. He had taken his trigger from Hofwyl; he had bought his wadding from Hamilton: he had got his copper-caps from Bell and Lancaster. The youthful idea! he had rammed it tight! he had rammed it loose! he had rammed it with pictorial illustrations! he had rammed it with the monitorial system! he had rammed it in every conceivable way, and with every imaginable ramrod: but I have mournful doubts whether he shot the youthful idea an inch farther than it did under the old mechanism of heat and steel! Nevertheless, as Dr Herman really did teach a great many things too much neglected at schools; as, besides Latin and Greek, he taught a vast variety in that vague complexity now-a-days called "useful knowledge;" as he engaged lecturers on chemistry, engineering, and natural history; as arithmetic and the elements of physical science were pursued with zeal and care; as all sorts of gymnastics were intermingled with the sports of the play-ground:—so the youthful idea, if it did not go farther, spread its shots in a wider direction; and a boy could not stay there five years without learning something, which is more than can be said of all schools! He learned at least to use his eyes, and his ears, and his limbs; order, cleanliness, exercise, grew into habits; and the school pleased the ladies, and satisfied the gentlemen; in a word, it thrived: and Dr Herman, at the time I speak of, numbered more than one hundred pupils. Now, when the worthy man first commenced the task of tuition, he had proclaimed the humanest alternative to the barbarous system of corporal punishment. But, alas! as his school increased in numbers, he had proportionately recanted these

honourable and anttibirchen ideas. He had, reluctantly, perhaps,—honestly, no doubt, but with full determination,—come to the conclusion, that there are secret springs which can only be discovered by the twigs of the divining-rod; and having discovered with what comparative ease the whole mechanism of his little government, by the admission of the birch-regulator, could be carried on, so, as he grew richer, and lazier, and fatter, the Philhellenic Institute spun along as glibly as a top kept in vivacious movement by the perpetual application of the lash.

I believe that the school did not suffer in reputation from this sad apostacy on the part of the head master; on the contrary, it seemed more natural and English,—less outlandish and heretical. And it was at the zenith of its renown, when, one bright morning, with all my clothes nicely mended, and a large plumcake in my box, I was deposited at its hospitable gates.

Amongst Dr Herman's various whim-fancies, there was one to which he had adhered with more fidelity than to the anti-corporal punishment articles of his creed; and, in fact, it was upon this that he had caused those imposing words, "Philhellenic Institute," to blaze in gilt capitals in front of his academy. He belonged to that illustrious class of scholars who are now waging war on our popular mythologies, and up-etting all the associations which the Etonians and Harrovians connect with the household names of ancient history. In a word, he sought to restore to scholastic purity the mutilated orthography of Greek appellatives. He was extremely indignant that little boys should be brought up to confound Zeus with Jupiter, Ares with Mars, Artemis with Diana—the Greek deities with the Roman; and so rigidly did he inculcate the doctrine that these two sets of personages were to be kept constantly contradistinguished from each other, that his cross-examinations kept us in eternal confusion.

"Vat," he would exclaim to some new boy fresh from some grammar-school on the Etonian system—"Vat do you mean by translating Zeus

Jupiter? Is dat amatory, irascible, cloud-compelling god of Olympus, vid his eagle and his agis, in the smallest degree resembling de grave, formal, moral Jupiter Optimus Maximus of the Roman Capitol?—a god, Master Simpkins, who would have been perfectly shocked at the idea of running after innocent Fraulein dressed up as a swan or a bull! I put dat question to you vonce for all, Master Simpkins.” Master Simpkins took care to agree with the Doctor. “And how could you,” resumed Dr Herman majestically, turning to some other criminal alumnus—“how could you presume to dranslate de *Ares* of Homer, sir, by de audacious vulgarism Mars? *Ares*, Master Jones, who roared as loud as ten thousand men when he was hurt, or as you vill roar if I catch you calling him Mars again! *Ares* who covered seven pleetra of ground, *Ares*, the man-slayer, with the Mars or Mayors whom de Romans stole from de Sabines! Mars, de solemn and calm protector of Rome! Master Jones, Master Jones, you ought to be ashamed of your-self!”—and then waxing enthusiastic, and warming more and more into German guttural and pronunciation, the good Doctor would lift up his hands, with two great rings on his thumbs, and exclaim—“Und Du! and dou, *Aphrodite*; dou, whose bert de Seasons welcomed! dou, who didst put Atonis into a coffer, and den tid duff him into an anemone; dou to be called *Venus* by dat snivel-nosed little Master Budderfield! Venus, who presided over Baumgartens and funerals, and nasty tinkling sewers! Venus Cloacina,—O mein Gott! Come here, Master Budderfield; I must a flog you for dat; I must indeed, liddle boy!” As our Philhellenic preceptor carried his archaeological purism into all Greek proper names, it was not likely that my unhappy baptismal would escape. The first time I signed my exercise, I wrote “Pisistratus

Caxton” in my best round hand. “And dey call your babu a scholar!” said the Doctor contemptuously. “Your name, sir, is Greek; and, as Greek, you vill be dood enough to write it, with vat you call an *e* and an *o*—P, E, I, S, I, S, T, E, A, T, O, S; and you vill alway put de accent over de *i*. Vat can you expect for to come to, Master Caxton, if you don’t pay de care dat is proper to your own dood name—de *e*, and de *o*, and de accent? Ach! let me see no more of your vile corruptions! Mein Gott! Pi! ven de name is Pei!”

The next time I wrote homie to my father, modestly implying that I was short of cash, that a trap-bat would be acceptable, and that the favourite goddess amongst the boys (whether Greek or Roman was very immaterial) was *Diva Moneta*, I felt a glow of classical pride in signing myself, “your affectionate Peisistratos.” The next post brought a sad damper to my scholastic exultation. The letter ran thus:

“MY DEAR SON.—I prefer my old acquaintances Thucydides and Pisistratus to Thonkudides and Peisistratos. Horace is familiar to me, but Horatius is only known to me as Ceces. Pisistratus can play at trap-ball; but I find no authority in pure Greek to allow me to suppose that that game was known to Peisistratos. I should be too happy to send you a drachma or so, but I have no thing in my possession current at Athens at the time when Pisistratus was spelt Peisistratos. Your affectionate father,

“A. CAXTON.”

Verily, here indeed was the first practical embarrassment produced by that melancholy anachronism which my father had so prophetically deplored. However, nothing like experience to prove the value of compromise in this world! Peisistratos continued to write exercises, and a second letter from Pisistratus was followed by the trap-bat.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

I was somewhere about sixteen when, on going home for the holidays, I found my mother’s brother

settled among the household of Uncle Jack, as he was familiarly called, was a light-hearted, pleasant,

enthusiastic, talkative fellow, who had spent three small fortunes in trying to make a large one.

Uncle Jack was a great speculator; but in all his speculations he never affected to think of himself,—it was always the good of his fellow-creatures that he had at heart, and in this ungrateful world fellow-creatures are not to be relied upon! On coming of age, he inherited £6000 from his maternal grandfather. It seemed to him then his fellow-creatures were sadly imposed upon by their tailors. Those ninth-parts of humanity notoriously eked out their fractional existence by asking nine times too much for the clothing which civilisation, and perhaps a change of climate, render more necessary to us than to our ancestors the Piets. Out of pure philanthropy, Uncle Jack started "*a Grand National Benevolent Clothing Company*," which undertook to supply the public with inexpressibles of the best Saxon cloth at 7s. 6d. a pair: coats, superfine, £1, 18s.; and waistcoats at so much per dozen. They were all to be worked off by steam. Thus the rascally tailors were to be put down, humanity clad, and the philanthropists rewarded (but that was a secondary consideration) with a clear return of 30 per cent. In spite of the evident charitableness of this Christian design, and the irrefragable calculations upon which it was based, this company died a victim to the ignorance and unthankfulness of our fellow-creatures. And all that remained of Jack's £6000 was a fifty-fourth share in a small steam-engine, a large assortment of ready-made pantaloons, and the liabilities of the directors.

Uncle Jack disappeared, and went on his travels. The same spirit of philanthropy which characterised the speculations of his purse attended the risks of his person. Uncle Jack had a natural leaning towards all distressed communities: if any tribe, race, or nation was down in the world, Uncle Jack threw himself plump into the scale to redress the balance. Poles, Greeks, (the last were then fighting the Turks,) Mexicans, Spaniards, — Uncle Jack thrust his nose into all their squabbles! Heaven forbid I should mock thee, poor Uncle Jack! for those generous

predilections towards the unfortunate; only, whenever a nation is in misfortune, there is always a job going on! The Polish cause, the Greek cause, the Mexican cause, and the Spanish cause, are necessarily mixed up with loans and subscriptions. These Continental patriots, when they take up the sword with one hand, generally contrive to thrust the other deep into their neighbours' breeches' pockets. Uncle Jack went to Greece, thence he went to Spain, thence to Mexico. No doubt he was of great service to these afflicted populations, for he came back with unanswerable proof of their gratitude in the shape of £3000. Shortly after this appeared a prospectus of the "*New, Grand, National Benevolent Insurance Company, for the Industrious Classes*." This invaluable document, after setting forth the immense benefits to society arising from habits of providence, and the introduction of insurance companies—proving the infamous rate of premiums exacted by the existent offices, and their inapplicability to the wants of the honest artisan, and declaring that nothing but the purest intentions of benefiting their fellow-creatures, and raising the moral tone of society, had led the directors to institute a new society, founded on the purest principles and the most moderate calculations—proceeded to demonstrate that twenty-four and a half per cent was the smallest possible return the shareholders could anticipate. The company began under the fairest auspices: an archbishop was caught as president, on the condition always that he should give nothing but his name to the society. Uncle Jack—more euphoni-ously designated as "the celebrated philanthropist, John Jones Tibbets, Esquire"—was honorary secretary, and the capital stated at two millions. But such was the obtuseness of the industrious classes, so little did they perceive the benefits of subscribing one-and-ninapence a-week from the age of twenty-one to fifty, in order to secure at the latter age the annuity of £18, that the company dissolved into thin air, and with it dissolved also Uncle Jack's £3000. Nothing more was then seen or heard of him for three years. So obscure was his existence, that on the death of an

aunt, who left him a small farm in Cornwall, it was necessary to advertise that "If John Jones Tibbets, Esq., would apply to Messrs Blunt and Tin, Lothbury, between the hours of ten and four, he would hear of something to his advantage." But, even as a conjuror declares that he will call the ace of spades, and the ace of spades, that you thought you had safely under your foot, turns up on the table—so with this advertisement suddenly turned up Uncle Jack. With inconceivable satisfaction did the new landowner settle himself in his comfortable homestead. The farm, which was about two hundred acres, was in the best possible condition, and saving one or two chemical preparations, which cost Uncle Jack, upon the most scientific principles, thirty acres of buckwheat, the ears of which came up, poor things, all spotted and speckled, as if they had been inoculated with the small-pox. Uncle Jack for the first two years was a thriving man. Unluckily, however, one day Uncle Jack discovered a coal-mine in a beautiful field of Swedish turnips; in another week the house was full of engineers and naturalists, and in another month appeared, in my uncle's best style, much improved by practice, a prospectus of the Grand National, anti-Monopoly Coal Company, instituted on behalf of the poor Householders of London, and against the Monster Monopoly of the London Coal Wharfs.

"A vein of the finest coal has been discovered on the estates of the celebrated philanthropist, John Jones Tibbets, Esq. This new mine, the Molly Wheel, having been satisfactorily tested by that eminent engineer, Giles Compass, Esq., promises an inexhaustible field to the energies of the benevolent and the wealth of the capitalist. It is calculated that the best coals may be delivered, screened, at the mouth of the Thames, for 18s. per load, yielding a profit of not less than forty-eight per cent to the shareholders. Shares, £50, to be paid in five instalments. Capital to be subscribed, one million. For shares, early application must be made to Messrs Blunt and Tin, solicitors, Lothbury."

Here, then, was something tangible for fellow-creatures to go on—there

was land, there was a mine, there was coal, and there actually came shareholders and capital.\* Uncle Jack was so persuaded that his fortune was now to be made, and had, moreover, so great a desire to share the glory of ruining the monster monopoly of the London wharfs, that he refused a very large offer to dispose of the property altogether, remained chief shareholder, and removed to London, where he set up his carriage, and gave dinners to his fellow-directors. For no less than three years did this company flourish, having submitted the entire direction and working of the mines to that eminent engineer, Giles Compass—twenty per cent was paid regularly by that gentleman to the shareholders, and the shares were at more than cent per cent, when, one bright morning, when least expected, Giles Compass, Esq. removed himself to that wider field for genius like his, the United States: and it was discovered that the mine had for more than a year run itself into a great pit of water, and that Mr Compass had been paying the shareholders out of their own capital. My uncle had the satisfaction this time of being ruined in very good company: three doctors of divinity, two county members, a Scotch lord, and an East India director, were all in the same boat,—that boat which went down with the coal-mine into the great water pit!

It was just after this event that Uncle Jack, sanguine and light-hearted as ever, suddenly recollected his sister, Mrs Caxton; and not knowing where else to dine, thought he would repose his limbs under my father's *trabes citrea*, which the ingenious W. S. Landor opines should be translated "mahogany." You never saw a more charming man than Uncle Jack. All plump people are more popular than thin people. There is something jovial and pleasant in the sight of a round face! What conspiracy could succeed when its head was a lean and hungry-looking fellow, like Cassius? If the Roman patriots had had Uncle Jack amongst them, perhaps they would never have furnished a tragedy to Shakspeare. Uncle Jack was as plump as a part-ridge—not unwieldy, not corpulent, not obese, not "*vastus*," which Cicero

objects to in an orator—but every crevice comfortably filled up. Like the ocean, “time wrote no wrinkles on his glassy (or brassy) brow.” His natural lines were all upward curves, his smile most ingratiating, his eye so frank, even his trick of rubbing his clean well-fed English-looking hands, had something about it coaxing and *debonnaire*, something that actually deceived you into trusting your money into hands so prepossessing. Indeed, to him might be fully applied the expression—“*Sedem animæ in extremis digitis habet.*” “He had his soul’s seat in his finger ends.” The critics observe that few men have ever united in equal perfection the imaginative with the scientific or musical faculties. “Happy he,” exclaims Schiller, “who combines the enthusiast’s warmth with the worldly man’s light”—light and warmth. Uncle Jack had them both. He was a perfect symphony of bewitching enthusiasm and convincing calculation. The copious in the *techniques*, in presence of a gentleman called Nicholas before the audience, observes—“He is small! I confess, but there is nothing lost in him: all is knave, that is not lost. Parodying the equivoal complement, I may say, that though Uncle Jack was no giant, there was nothing lost in him. Whatever was not philanthropy was arithmetic, and whatever was not arithmetic was philanthropy. He would have been equally dear to Howard and to Cocker. Uncle Jack was comely, too—clear-skinned and florid, had a little mouth, with good teeth, wore no whiskers, shaved his beard as close as if it were one of his grand national companies; his hair, once somewhat sandy, was now rather grayish, which increased the respectability of his appearance, and he wore it flat at the sides and raised in a peak at the top; his organs of constructiveness and ideality were pronounced by Mr Squills to be prodigious, and those freely developed bumps gave great breadth to his forehead. Well-shaped, too, was Uncle Jack, about five feet eight, the proper height for an active man of business. He wore a black coat; but to make the nap look the fresher, he had given it the relief of gilt buttons, on which were wrought a small crown and anchor; at a distance

this button looked like the king’s button, and gave him the air of one who has a place about Court. He always wore a white neckcloth without starch, a full and a diamond pin; which last furnished him with observations upon certain mines of Mexico, which he had a great but hitherto unsatisfied desire of seeing worked by a Grand National United Britons Company. His waistcoat of a morning was pale buff—of an evening, embroidered velvet; where-with were concerted sundry schemes of an association for the improvement of native manufactures. His trousers, mutually, were of the colour vulgarly called “blotting-paper,” and he never wore boots, which, he said, unfitted a man for exerting a long short drab gaiters and square-toed shoes. His watch-chain was furnished with a vast number of medals, each of which represented the owners of some distinct company, and they might be said to resemble the medals of the slain, worn by the aboriginal Trojans, concerning whom indeed he had once entertained philanthropic designs, compounded of conversion to Christianity on the principles of the English-Episcopal Church, and of an advantageous exchange of beaver-skins for scythes, breeches, and gunpowder.

That Uncle Jack should win my father was no wonder; my mother, he had always, from her earliest recollection of his having persuaded her to let her great doll (to present from her godmother) be put up to a raffle for the benefit of the chimney-sweeps. “So like him, so good!” she would often say pensively; “they paid six-pence a-piece for the raffle—twenty tickets, and the doll cost £2. Nobody was taken in, and the doll, poor thing, (it had such blue eyes!) went for a quarter of its value. But Jack said nobody could guess what good the ten-shillings did to the chimney-sweeps.” Naturally enough, I say, my mother liked Uncle Jack! but my father liked him quite as well, and that was a strong proof of my uncle’s powers of captivation. However, it is noticeable that when some retired scholar is once interested in an active man of the world, he is more inclined to admire him than others are. Sympathy with such a companion gra-

tifies at once his curiosity and his indolence: he can travel with him, scheme with him, fight with him, go with him through all the adventures of which his own books speak so eloquently, and all the time never stir from his easy-chair. My father said "that it was like listening to Ulysses to hear Uncle Jack!" Uncle Jack, too, had been in Greece and Asia Minor, gone over the site of the siege of Troy, cat fies at Marathon, shot hares in the Peloponnesus, and drank three pints of brown stout at the top of the Great Pyramid.

Therefore, Uncle Jack was like a book of reference to my father. Verily at times he looked on him as a book, and took him down after dinner as he would a volume of Diodorus or Pausanias. In fact, I believe that scholars who never move from their cells are not the best and most importantly curious, bustling, active, and brightly understood. Even as old Burton saith of his school: "Though I live a collegiate student, and lead a monastic life, sequestered from those troubles and troubles of the world, I hear and see what is done abroad, how others run, rife, turmoil, and macerate themselves in town and country," which citation sufficeth to show that scholars are naturally the most active men of the world, only that while their heads plot with Augustus, fight with Julius, sail with Columbus, and change the face of the globe with Alexander, Attila, or Mahomet, there is a certain mysterious attraction, which our improved knowledge of mesmerism will doubtless soon explain to the satisfaction of science, between that extensor and antipodal part of the human frame, called in the vulgate "the seat of honour," and the stuffed leather of an armed-chair. Learning somehow or other sinks down to that part in

which it was first driven in, and produces therein a leaden heaviness and weight, which counteract those lively emotions of the brain, that might otherwise render students too mercurial and agile for the safety of established order. I leave this conjecture to the consideration of experimentalists in the physics.

I was still more delighted than my father with Uncle Jack. He was full of amusing tricks, could conjure wondrously, make a bunch of keys dance a hornpipe, and if ever you gave him half-a-crown, he was sure to turn it into a halfpenny. He was only unsuccessful in turning my halfpennies into half-crowns.

We took long walks together, and in the midst of his most diverting conversation my uncle was always an observer. He would stop to examine the nature of the soil, fill my pockets (not his own) with great lumps of clay, stones, and rubbish, to analyse when he got home, by the help of some chemical apparatus he had borrowed from Mr Squills. He would stand an hour at a cottage door, admiring the little girls who were straw-platting, and then walk into the nearest farm-houses, to suggest the feasibility of "a national straw-plat association." All this fertility of intellect was, alas! wasted in that "ingrata terra" into which Uncle Jack had fallen. No squire could be persuaded into the belief that his mother-stone was pregnant with minerals; no farmer talked into weaving straw-plat into a proprietary association. So, even as an ogre, having devastated the surrounding country, begins to cast a hungry eye on his own little ones, Uncle Jack's mouth, long defrauded of juicier and more legitimate morsels, began to water for a bite of my innocent father.

#### CHAPTER 15.

At this time we were living in what may be called a very respectable style for people who made no pretence to ostentation. On the skirts of a large village, stood a square red brick house, about the date of Queen Anne. Upon the top of the house was a balustrade; why, heaven

knows—for nobody, except our great tom-cat Ralph, ever walked upon the leads—but so it was, and so it often is in houses from the time of Elizabeth, yea, even to that of Victoria. This balustrade was divided by low piers, on each of which was placed a round ball. The centre of the house

was distinguishable by an architrave, in the shape of a triangle, under which was a niche, probably meant for a figure, but the figure was not forthcoming. Below this was the window (encased with carved pilasters) of my dear mother's little sitting-room; and lower still, raised on a flight of six steps, was a very handsome-looking door. All the windows, with smallish panes and largish frames, were relieved with stone copings:—so that the house had an air of solidity and well-to-do-ness about it—nothing tricky on the one hand, nothing decayed on the other. The house stood a little back from the garden gates, which were large, and set between two piers surmounted with vases. Many might object, that in wet weather you had to walk some way to your carriage; but we obviated that objection by not keeping a carriage. To the right of the house the enclosure contained a little lawn, a laurel hermitage, a square pond, a modest green-house, and half-a-dozen plots of mignonette, heliotrope, roses, pinks, sweet-william, &c. To the left spread the kitchen-garden, lying screened by espaliers yielding the finest apples in the neighbourhood, and divided by three winding gravel-walks, of which the extremest was backed by a wall, whereon, as it lay full south, peaches, pears, and nectarines sunned themselves early into well-remembered flavour. This walk was appropriated to my father. Book in hand, he would, on fine days, pace to and fro, often stopping, dear man, to jot down a pencil-note, gesticulate, or soliloquise. And there, when not in his study, my mother would be sure to find him. In these deambulations, as he called them, he had generally a companion so extraordinary, that I expect to be met with a *hills of incredulous contempt* when I specify it. Nevertheless I vow and protest that it is strictly true, and no invention of an exaggerating romancer. It happened one day that my mother had coaxed Mr Caxton to walk with her to market. By the way they passed a *ward of green*, on which sundry little boys were engaged upon the lapidation, or stonag, of a lame duck. It seemed that the duck was to have been taken to market, when

it was discovered not only to be lame, but dyspeptic; perhaps some weed had disagreed with its ganglionic apparatus, poor thing. However that be, the good-wife had declared that the duck was good for nothing; and upon the petition of her children, it had been consigned to them for a little innocent amusement, and to keep them out of harm's way. My mother declared that she never before saw her lord and master roused to such animation. He dispersed the urchins, released the duck, carried it home, kept it in a basket by the fire, fed it and physicked it till it recovered; and then it was consigned to the square pond. But lo! the duck knew its benefactor; and whenever my father appeared outside his door, it would catch sight of him, flap from the pond, gain the lawn, and hobble after him, (for it never quite recovered the use of its left leg,) till it reached the walk by the peaches: and there sometimes it would sit, gravely watching its master's deambulations: sometimes stroll by his side, and, at all events, never leave him, till, at his return home, he fed it with his own hands; and, quacking her peaceful adieus, the nymph then retired to her natural element.

With the exception of my mother's dining room, the principal sitting-rooms—that is, the study, the dining-room, and what was emphatically called the “best drawing-room,” which was only occupied on great occasions—looked south. Tall beeches, firs, poplars, and a few oaks, backed the house, and indeed surrounded it on all sides but the south: so that it was well sheltered from the winter cold and the summer heat. Our principal domestic, in dignity and station, was Mrs Primmins, who was waiting gentlewoman, housekeeper, and tyrannical dictatrix of the whole establishment. Two other maids, a gardener, and a footman composed the rest of the serving household. Save a few pasture-fields, which he let, my father was not troubled with land. His income was derived from the interest of about £15,000, partly in the three per cents, partly on mortgage; and what with my mother and Mrs Primmins, this income always yielded

enough to satisfy my father's single hobby for books, pay for my education, and entertain our neighbours, rarely, indeed, at dinner, but very often at tea. My dear mother boasted that our society was very select. It consisted chiefly of the clergyman and his family, two old maids who gave themselves great airs, a gentleman who had been in the East India service, and who lived in a large white house at the top of the hill; some half-a-dozen squires and their wives and children; Mr Squills, still a bachelor: And once a-year cards were exchanged—and dinners too—with certain aristocrats, who inspired my mother with a great deal of unnecessary awe; since she declared they were the most good-natured easy people in the world, and always stuck their cards in the most conspicuous part of the looking-glass frame over the chimney-place of the best drawing-room. Thus you perceive that our natural position was one highly creditable to us, proving the soundness of our finances and the gentility of our pedigree, of which—but more hereafter. At present I content myself with saying on that head, that even the proudest of the neighbouring squires, arches always spoke of us as a very ancient family. But all my father ever said, to evince pride of ancestry, was in honour of William Caxton, citizen and printer in the reign of Edward IV.—“*Clarum et venerabile nomen!*” an ancestor a man of letters might be justly vain of.

“*Hens,*” said my father, stopping short, and lifting his eyes from the *Colloquies* of Erasmus, “*salve multum, jucundissime.*”

Uncle Jack was not much of a scholar, but he knew enough Latin to answer, “*Salve tantundem, mi frater.*” My father smiled approvingly. “I see you comprehend true urbanity, or politeness, as we phrase it. There is an elegance in addressing the husband of your sister as brother. Erasmus commends it in his opening chapter, under the head of ‘*Salutandi formulæ.*’ And indeed,” added my father thoughtfully, “there is no great difference between politeness and affection. My author here observes that it is polite to express salutation in certain minor distresses of

nature. One should salute a gentleman in yawning, salute him in hiccupping, salute him in sneezing, salute him in coughing;—and that evidently because of your interest in his health; for he may dislocate his jaw in yawning, and the hiccup is often a symptom of grave disorder, and sneezing is perilous to the small blood-vessels of the head, and coughing is either a tracheal, bronchial, pulmonary, or ganglionic affection.”

“Very true. The Turks always salute in sneezing, and they are a remarkably polite people,” said Uncle Jack. “But, my dear brother, I was just looking with admiration at these apple-trees of yours. I never saw finer. I am a great judge of apples. I find, in talking with my sister, that you make very little profit of them. That’s a pity. One might establish a cider orchard in this county. You can take your own fields in hand; you can hire more, so as to make the whole, say a hundred acres. You can plant a very extensive apple-orchard on a grand scale. I have just run through the calculations; they are quite startling. Take 40 trees per acre—that’s the proper average—at 1s. 6d. per tree; 1000 trees for 100 acres £300; labour of digging, trenching, say £10 an acre—total for 100 acres, £1000. Pave the bottoms of the holes, to prevent the tap-root striking down into the bad soil—oh, I am very close and careful, you see, in all minutiae!—always was—pave ‘em with rubbish and stones. 6d. a hole; that for 4000 trees the 100 acres is £100. Add the rent of the land, at 30s. an acre, £150. And how stands the total?” Here Uncle Jack proceeded rapidly ticking off the items with his fingers:—

Trees, . . .	£300.
Labour, . . .	1,000
Paving holes, . . .	100
Rent, . . .	150
Total, . . .	£1,550

That’s your expense. Mark.—Now to the profit. Orchards in Kent realise £100 an acre, some even £150; but let’s be moderate, say only £50 an acre, and your gross profit per year, from a capital of £1550, will be £5000.—£5000 a-year. Think of that,



brother Caxton. Deduct 10 per cent, or £500 a-year, for gardeners' wages, manure, &c., and the net product is £4500. Your fortune's made, man—it is made—I wish you joy!" And Uncle Jack rubbed his hands.

"Bless me, father," said eagerly the young Pistratus, who had swallowed with ravished ears every syllable and figure of this inviting calculation. "Why, we should be as rich as Squire Rollick; and then, you know, sir, you could keep a pack of fox-hounds!"

"And buy a large library," added Uncle Jack, with more subtle knowledge of human nature as to its appropriate temptations. "There's my friend the archbishop's collection to be sold."

Slowly recovering his breath, my father gently turned his eyes from one to the other; and then, laying his left hand on my head, while with the right he held up Erasmus rebukingly to Uncle Jack, he said—

"See how easily you can be overcome, and avidity in the youthful mind! Ah, brother!"

"You are too severe, sir. See how the dear boy hangs his head! The natural enthusiasm of his years—gay hope by fancy fed!—at the post-ex. Why, for that fine boy's sake, you ought not to lose so certain an occasion of wealth, I may say, untold. For, observe, you will form a nursery of crabs; each year you go on grafting and enlarging your plantation, nothing, say, why not flying, more largely! God, sir! in twenty years you might cover half the county; but say you stop short at 2000 acres, why, the net profit is £90,000 a-year! A duke's income—a duke's—and going a begging as I may say."

"But stop," said I modestly: "the trees don't grow in a year. I know when our last apple tree was planted—it is five years ago—it was then three years old, and it only bore one half bushel last autumn."

"What an intelligent lad it is!—Good head there. Oh, he'll do credit to his great fortune, brother," said Uncle Jack approvingly. "True, my boy. But in the meanwhile we could fill the ground, as they do in Kent, with gooseberries and currants, or onions and cabbages. Nevertheless, considering we are not great capitalists,

I am afraid we must give up a share of our profits to diminish our outlay. So, harkye, Pistratus—(look at him, brother—simple as he stands there, I think he's born with a silver spoon in his mouth)—harkye, now to the mysteries of speculation. Your father shall quietly buy the land, and then, presto! we will issue a prospectus, and start a company. Associations can wait five years for a return. Every year, meanwhile, increases the value of the shares. Your father takes, we say, fifty shares at £50 each, paying only an instalment of £2 a share. He sells 35 shares at ten per cent. He keeps the remaining 15, and his fortune's made all the same; only it's not quite so large as it he had kept the whole concern in his own hands. What say you now, brother Caxton? Visne cetero ponunt? as we used to say at school."

"I don't want a shilling more than I have got," said my father, resolutely. "My wife would not love me better; my food would not so much improve; my boy would not, in all probability, be half so hardy, or a tenth part so industrious; and—"

"But," interrupted Uncle Jack, pertinaciously, and reserving his argument for the last, "the good you would confer on the community—the progress given to the natural productions of your country, the wholesome beverage of cider, brought within reach of the labouring classes—! It was only for your sake, should I have urged this question? should I now? is it in any character? But for the sake of the public! mankind! of our fellow-creatures!—Why, sir, England could not get on if gentlemen like you had not a little philanthropy and speculation."

"Papa!" exclaimed my father, "to think that England can't get on without turning Augustine Caxton into an apple-merchant! My dear Jack, listen. You remind me of a colloquy in this book; wait a bit—here it is—*Pamphagus and Cocles*.—Cocles recognises his friend who had been absent for many years, by his eminent and remarkable nose.—Pamphagus says, rather irritably, that he is not ashamed of his nose. 'Ashamed of it! no, indeed,' says Cocles: 'I never saw a nose that could be put to so many uses!'—Ha," says Pamphagus,

(whose curiosity is aroused,) ‘uses! what uses?’ Whereon (*lepidissime frater!*) Coeles, with eloquence rapid as yours, runs on with a countless list of the uses to which so vast a development of the organ can be applied. ‘If the cellar was deep, it could sniff up the wine like an elephant’s trunk,—if the bellows were missing, it could blow the fire,—if the lamp was too glaring, it could suffice for a shade,—it would serve as a speaking-trumpet to a herald,—it could sound a signal of battle in the field,—it would do for a wedge in wood-cutting, a spade for digging,—a scythe for mowing,—an anchor in sailing: till Pamphagus cries out, ‘*Lucky dog that I am! and I never knew before what a useful piece of furniture I carried about with me.*’ My father paused and strove to whistle, but that effort at harmony failed him—and he added, smiling, ‘So much for my apple trees, brother John. Leave them to their natural destination of telling tarts and dumplings.’

Uncle Jack looked a little discomposed for a moment; but he then laughed with his usual heartiness, and saw that he had not yet got to my father’s blind side. I confess that my revered parent rose in my estimation after that conference; and I began to see that a man may not be quite with-

out common-sense, though he is a scholar. Indeed, whether it was that Uncle Jack’s visit acted as a gentle stimulant to his relaxed faculties, or that I, now grown older and wiser, began to see his character more clearly, I date from those summer holidays the commencement of that familiar and endearing intimacy which ever after existed between my father and myself. Often, I deserted the more extensive rambles of Uncle Jack, or the greater allurements of a cricket match in the village, or a day’s fishing in Squire Rollick’s preserves, for a quiet stroll with my father by the old peach wall:—sometimes silent, indeed, and already musing over the future, while he was busy with the past, but amply rewarded when, suspending his lecture, he would pour forth hoards of varied learning rendered amusing by his quaint comments, and that Socratic satire which only fell short of wit because it never passed into malice. At some moments, indeed, the vein ran into eloquence; and with some *fine* heroic sentiment in his old books, his stooping form rose erect, his eye flashed, and you saw that he had not been originally formed and wholly meant for the obscure seclusion in which his harmless days now wore contentedly away.

## CHAPTER IV.

“Egad, sir, the county is going to the dogs! Our sentiments are not represented in parliament or out of it. The County Mercury has ratted, and he hanged to it! and now we have not one newspaper in the whole shire to express the sentiments of the respectable part of the community.”

This speech was made on the occasion of one of the rare dinners given by Mr and Mrs Caxton to the grandees of the neighbourhood, and uttered by no less a person than Squire Rollick, of Rollick Hall, chairman of the quarter sessions.

I confess that I, (for I was permitted on that first occasion not only to dine with the guests, but to outstay the ladies, in virtue of my growing years, and my promise to abstain from the deamters)—I confess, I say, that I, poor innocent, was puzzled to conjecture what sudden interest in the county

newspaper could cause Uncle Jack to prick up his ears like a warhorse at the sound of the drum, and rush so incontinently across the interval between Squire Rollick and himself. But the mind of that deep and truly knowing man was not to be plumbed by a clut of my age. You could not fish for the shy salmon in that pool with a crooked pin and a bobbin, as you would for minnows; or, to indulge in a more worthy illustration, you could not say of him, as St Gregory saith of the streams of Jordan, “a lamb could wade easily through that ford.”

“Not a county newspaper to advocate the rights of—” here my uncle stopped, as if at a loss, and whispered in my ear, “What are his politics?” “Don’t know,” answered I. Uncle Jack intuitively took down from his memory the phrase most readily at hand, and added, with a nasal intona-

tion, "the rights of our distressed fellow-creatures!"

My father scratched his eyebrow with his forefinger, as he was apt to do when doubtful; the rest of the company—a silent set—looked up.

"Fellow-creatures!" said Mr Rollick—"fellow-fiddlesticks!"

Uncle Jack was clearly in the wrong box. He drew out of it cautiously—"I mean," said he, "our respectable fellow-creatures;" and then suddenly it occurred to him that a "County Mercury" would naturally represent the agricultural interest, and that if Mr Rollick said that the "County Mercury ought to be hanged," he was one of those politicians who had already begun to call the agricultural interest "a Vampire." Flushed with that fancied discovery, Uncle Jack rushed on, intending to bear along with the stream, thus fortunately directed, all the "rubbish" subsequently shot into Covent Garden and the Hall of Commerce.

"Yes, respectable fellow-creatures, men of capital and enterprise! For what are these country squires compared to our wealthy merchants? What is this agricultural interest that professes to be the prop of the land?"

"Professes!" cried Squire Rollick. "It is the prop of the land, and as for those manufacturing fellows who have bought up the Mercury—"

"Bought up the Mercury, have they, the villains!" cried Uncle Jack, interrupting the Squire, and now bursting into full scent—"Depend upon it, sir, it is a part of a diabolical system of buying up, which must be exposed manfully.—Yes, as I was saying, what is that agricultural interest which they desire to ruin? which they declare to be so bloated—which they call 'a vampire!' they the true blood-suckers, the venomous millocrats! Fellow-creatures, sir! I may well call distressed fellow-creatures, the members of that much suffering class of which you yourself are an ornament. What can be more deserving of our best efforts for relief, than a country gentleman like yourself, we'll say—of a nominal £5000 a-year—compelled to keep up an establishment, pay for his fox-

hounds, support the whole population by contributions to the poor rates; support the whole church by tithes; all justice, jails, and prosecutions by the county rates, all thoroughfares by the highway rates—ground down by mortgages, Jews, or jointures; having to provide for younger children; enormous expenses for cutting his woods, manuring his model farm, and fattening huge oxen till every pound of flesh costs him five pounds sterling in oil-cake; and then the law suits necessary to protect his rights; plundered on all hands by poachers, sheep-stealers, dog-stealers, church-wardens, overseers, gardeners, gamekeepers, and that necessary rascal, his steward. If ever there was a distressed fellow-creature in the world, it is a country gentleman with a great estate."

My father evidently thought this an exquisite piece of banter; for by the corner of his mouth I saw that he chuckled inly.

Squire Rollick, who had interrupted the speech by sundry approving exclamations, particularly at the mention of poor rates, tithes, county rates, mortgages, and poachers, here pushed the bottle to Uncle Jack, and said civilly—"There's a great deal of truth in what you say, Mr Tibbets. The agricultural interest is going to ruin; and when it does, I would not give that for Old England!" and Mr Rollick snapped his finger and thumb. "But what is to be done—done for the county? There's the rub."

"I was just coming to that," quoth Uncle Jack. "You say that you have not a county paper that upholds your cause, and denounces your enemies."

"Not since the Whigs bought the—shire Mercury."

"Why, good heavens! Mr Rollick, how could you suppose that you will have justice done you, if at this time of day you neglect the press? The press, sir—there it is—air we breathe! What you want is a great national—no, not a national—A PROVINCIAL PROPRIETARY weekly journal, supported liberally and steadily by that mighty party whose very existence is at stake. Without such a paper, you are gone; you are dead, extinct, defunct, buried alive; with such a paper, well conducted, well edited by a man of the world, of

"We talked sad rubbish when we first began," says Mr Cobden in one of his speeches.

education, of practical experience in agriculture and human nature, mines, corn, manure, insurances, acts of parliament, cattle shows, the state of parties, and the best interests of society—with such a man and such a paper, you will carry all before you. But it must be done by subscription, by association, by co-operation, by a grand provincial Benevolent Agricultural, Anti-Innovating Society."

"Egad, sir, you are right!" said Mr Rollick, slapping his thigh; "and I'll ride over to our Lord-Lieutenant to-morrow. His eldest son ought to carry the county."

"And he will, if you encourage the press, and set up a journal," said Uncle Jack, rubbing his hands, and then gently stretching them out, and drawing them gradually together, as if he were already enclosing in that airy circle the unsuspecting guineas of the unborn association.

All happiness dwells more in the hope than the possession; and at that moment, I dare be sworn that Uncle Jack felt a livelier rapture, *cum pro-cordis*, warming his entrails, and diffusing throughout his whole frame of five feet eight the prophetic glow of the Magna Diva Moneta, than if he had enjoyed for ten years the actual possession of King Cæsar's privy purse.

"I thought Uncle Jack was not a Tory," said I to my father the next day. My father, who cared nothing for politics, opened his eyes.

"Are you a Tory or a Whig, papa?"

"Um," said my father—"there's a great deal to be said on both sides of the question. You see, my boy, that Mrs Primmins has a great many

moulds for our butter-pats; sometimes they come up with a crown on them, sometimes with the more popular impress of a cow. It is all very well for those who dish up the butter to print it according to their taste, or in proof of their abilities; it is enough for us to butter our bread, say grace, and pay for the dairy. Do you understand?"

"Not a bit, sir."

"Your namesake Pisistratus was wiser than you, then," said my father. "And now let us feed the duck. Where's your uncle?"

"He has borrowed Mr Squills's mare, sir, and gone with Squire Rollick to the great lord they were talking of."

"Oho!" said my father, "brother Jack is going to print his butter!"

And indeed Uncle Jack played his cards so well on this occasion, and set before the Lord-Lieutenant, with whom he had a personal interview, so fine a prospectus, and so nice a calculation, that before my holidays were over, he was installed in a very handsome office in the county town, with private apartments over it, and a salary of £500 a-year—for advocating the cause of his distressed fellow-creatures, including noblemen, squires, yeomanry, farmers, and all yearly subscribers in the NEW PROPRIETARY AGRICULTURAL, ANTI-INNOVATING—SHIRE WEEKLY GAZETTE. At the head of his newspaper Uncle Jack caused to be engraved a crown supported by a flail and a crook, with the motto "Pro rege et grege," and that was the way in which Uncle Jack printed his pats of butter.

#### CHAPTER X.

I seemed to myself to have made a leap in life when I returned to school. I no longer felt as a boy. Uncle Jack, out of his own purse, had presented me with my first pair of Wellington boots; my mother had been coaxed into allowing me a small tail to jackets hitherto tailless; my collars, which had been wont, spaniel-like, to flap and fall about my neck, now, terrier-wise, stood erect and rampant, encompassed with a circumvallation of whalebone, buckram, and black silk. I was, in truth, nearly seventeen, and I gave myself the airs of a man. Now

be it observed, that that crisis in adolescent existence wherein we first pass from Master Sissy into Mr Pisistratus, or Pisistratus Caxton, Esq.—wherein we arrogate, and with tacit concession from our elders, the long envied title of "young man"—always seems a sudden and impromptu upshooting and elevation. We do not mark the gradual preparations thereto; we remember only one distinct period in which all the signs and symptoms burst and effervesced together:—Wellington boots, tail, stiffener, down on the upper lip, thoughts on razors,

reveries on young ladies, and a new kind of sense of poetry.

I began now to read steadily, to understand what I did read, and to cast some anxious looks towards the future, with vague notions that I had a place to win in the world, and that nothing is to be won without perseverance and labour; and so I went on till I was seventeen, and at the head of the school, when I received the two letters I subjoin.

1.—FROM AUGUSTINE CAXTON, Esq.

"MY DEAR SON,—I have informed Dr Herman that you will not return to him after the approaching holidays. You are old enough now to look forward to the embraces of our beloved Alma Mater, and I think studious enough to hope for the honours she bestows on her worthier sons. You are already entered at Trinity,—and in fancy I see my youth return to me in your image. I see you wandering where the Cam steals its way through those noble gardens; and, confusing you with myself, I recall the old dreams that haunted me when the chiming bells swung over the placid waters. *Verum secretumque Morsioem, quam pulvis dictat, quam multa inventis!*" There, at that illustrious college, unless the race has indeed degenerated, you will measure yourself with young giants. You will see those who, in the Law, the Church, the State, or the still cloisters of Learning, are destined to become the eminent leaders of your age. To rank amongst them you are not forbidden to aspire: he who in youth 'can scorn delight, and love laborious days,' should pitch high his ambition.

"Your Uncle Jack says he has done wonders with his newspaper,—though Mr Bollick grumbles, and declares it is full of theories, and that it puzzles the farmers. Uncle Jack, in reply, contends that he creates an audience, not addresses one,—and sighs that his genius is thrown away in a provincial town. In fact, he really is a very clever man, and might do much in London, I dare say. He then comes over to dine and sleep, returning the next morning. His company is wonderful, and—contagious. Can you imagine that he has actually reared up the flame of my vanity, by

constantly poking at the bars? Metaphor apart—I find myself collecting all my notes and common-places, and wondering to see how easily they fall into method, and take shape in chapters and books. I cannot help smiling when I add, that I fancy I am going to become an author; and smiling more when I think that your Uncle Jack should have provoked me into so egregious an ambition. However, I have read some passages of my book to your mother, and she says "it is vastly fine," which is encouraging. Your mother has great good sense, though I don't mean to say that she has much learning,—which is a wonder, considering that *Pie de la Minutela* was nothing to her father. Yet he died, dear great man, and never printed a line,—while I—positively I blush to think of my temerity!

"Adieu, my son! make the best of the time that remains with you at the Philhellénie. A full mind is the true Pantheism, *plena Jovis*. Wherever there is knowledge, there is God. It is only in some corner of the brain which we leave empty, that Vice can obtain a lodging. When she knocks at your door, my son, be able to say, 'No room for your ladyship—' as you say.—Your affectionate father.

"A. CAXTON."

2.—FROM MRS CAXTON.

"MY DEAREST SISTER,—You are coming home!—My heart is so full of that thought that it seems to me as if I could not write any thing else. Dear child, you are coming home!—you have done with school, you have done with strangers,—you are our own, all our own son again! You are mine again, as you were in the cradle, the nursery, and the garden, Sister, when we used to throw daisies at each other! You will laugh at me so, when I tell you, that as soon as I heard you were coming home for good, I crept away from the room, and went to my drawer where I keep, you know, all my treasures. There was your little cap that I worked myself, and your poor little nankeen jacket that you were so proud to throw off—oh! and many other relics of you when you were little Sister, and I was not that cold formal 'Mother' you call me now, but dear 'Mamma.' I

kissed them, *Sisty*, and said 'My little child is coming back to me again!' So foolish was I, I forgot all the long years that have passed, and fancied I could carry you again in my arms, and that I should again coax you to say 'God bless papa.' Well, well! I write now between laughing and crying. You cannot be what you were, but you are still my own dear son—your father's son—dearer to me than all the world—except that father.

"I am so glad, too, that you will come so soon. Come while your father is really warm with his book, and while you can encourage and keep him to it. For why should he not be great and famous? Why should not all admire him as we do? You know how proud of him I always was; but I do so long to let the world know *why* I was so proud. And yet, after all, it is not only because he is so wise and learned,—but because he is so good, and has such a large noble heart. But the heart must appear in the book too, as well as the learning. For though it is full of things I don't understand, every now and then there is something I do understand—that seems as if that heart spoke out to all the world.

"Your uncle has undertaken to get it published; and your father is going up to town with him about it, as soon as the first volume is finished.

"All are quite well except poor Mrs. Jones, who has the ague very bad indeed; Prunius has made her wear a charm for it, and Mrs. Jones actually declares she is already much better. One can't deny that there may be a great deal in such things, though it seems quite against the reason. Indeed your father says, 'Why not? A charm must be accompanied by a strong wish on the part of the charmer that it may succeed,—and what is magnetism but a wish?' I don't quite comprehend this; but, like all your father says, it has more than meets the eye, I am quite sure.

"Only three weeks to the holidays, and then no more school, *Sisty*—no more school! I shall have your room all done freshly, and made so pretty; they are coming about it to-morrow.

"The duck is quite well, and I really

don't think it is quite as lame as it was.

"God bless you, dear, dear child! Your affectionate happy mother,

"K. C."

The interval between these letters and the morning on which I was to return home, seemed to me like one of those long, restless, yet half dreamy days which in some infant madady I had passed in a sick-bed. I went through my task-work mechanically, composed a Greek ode in farewell to the Philhellenic, which Dr Herman pronounced a *chef-d'œuvre*, and my father, to whom I sent it in triumph, returned a letter of false English with it, that parodied all my Hellenic barbarisms by imitating them in my mother tongue. However, I swallowed the book, and consoled myself with the pleasing recollection that, after spending six years in learning to write bad Greek, I should never have any further occasion to avail myself of so precious an accomplishment.

And so came the last day. Then, alone, and in a kind of delighted melancholy, I revisited each of the old haunts. The robbers' cave we had dug one winter, and maintained, six of us, against all the police of the little kingdom. The place near the palace where I had fought my first battle. The old beech stump on which I sat to read letters from home!

With my knife, rich in six blades, (besides a cork-screw, a pen-picker, and a button-book,) I carved my name in large capitals over my desk. Then night came, and the bell rang, and we went to our rooms. And I opened the window and looked out. I saw all the stars, and wondered which was mine—which should light to fame and fortune the manhood about to commence. Hope and Ambition were high within me;—and yet, behind them, stood Melancholy. Ah! who amongst you, readers, can now summon back all those thoughts, sweet and sad—all that untold, half-conscious regret for the past—all those vague longings for the future, which made a poet of the dullest amongst you on the last night before leaving boyhood and school for ever!

## EDUCATION IN WALES.

THAT it is the duty of a wise and foreseeing government to inquire into the condition of whatever affects the well-being of the people, is almost a political truism, and may certainly be received as a political axiom. More especially, however, when the subject is one of such vital importance as education, does such an inquiry become necessary: and, in truth, the leaders of the state cannot be considered as doing their duty, unless they make themselves acquainted with the practical bearings and results of the system, whatever it may be, that exists. Not that the government of this country, until very recent periods at least, ever troubled themselves with such matters: the more direct political business of the state, the clash of parties, and the struggle for power, absorbed their whole attention: and education was left, as a matter of private and local concern, to the clergy and the gentry exclusively. The voluntary system, superinduced upon the country by the indolence or neglect of those who held the reins of authority, was allowed to remain in unaided operation as far as education was concerned; and until the establishing of National Schools, as they are commonly termed, and for some time after that event, the governments that followed each other in the dingy recesses of Downing Street cared no more for village schoolmasters, and knew no more about them, than they did about village blacksmiths. It was enough if the people went on tolerably well, and paid their taxes: whether they learned any thing at school, or whether they had schools in which any thing might be learned, was, at head-quarters, a matter of no moment. Most of the upper classes of the nation were of the same feeling—the middle classes, too, folded their arms and

looked on.\* Had it not been for the force of events, and the efforts of a few energetic men, education had been shelved, as a musty useless topic, for an indefinite period.

Now, however, in this forty-eighth year of the nineteenth century, it is viewed in a far different light. The middle classes have begun to take up the matter as they had never done before,—“purging and unsealing their long abused sight” to the manifold advantages involved in it for themselves; while the upper classes look more to how it fares in this respect with the very poor or the profligate. And so much pressed on this subject, from many quarters, is the government, that neither Lord John Russell, as long as he remains on the Treasury Bench, nor any body else, who may get there, can ever hope to avoid doing something for the education of the people.

There has been a growing sense of the importance of this subject on the part of the nation at large, which has acted on the nervous sensibilities of all occupants of office in later years: and the very force of events themselves, apart from all theoretic reasoning as to expediency or the contrary, has compelled each successive government to look after the schoolmaster, and even to send him abroad in the world, though at the risk of making him the laughing-stock of his scholars for want of due preparation.

We do not purpose to write the history of the educational movement of this realm since the middle of the eighteenth century—volumes might be compiled on the topic, and it would still remain unexhausted.

There are, however, two things which we would point out to the attention of our readers. The first is,

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*Reports of the Commissioners of Inquiry into the State of Education in Wales, appointed by the Committee of Council on Education. Parts I. II. III. 1847.*

\* This, it will be understood, does not apply to Scotland,—where education has been a very popular interest for nearly two centuries back.

that the constituted authorities of this country and the legislature, ever since the time of the Reformation, have acted too much upon the principle that the ecclesiastical establishments of the nation, founded by the Foundation schools of the land, not only were sufficient to attend to the moral and religious welfare of the community, but that they actually did effect this end, and that they did bring up the people in the right way; whereas we now know, that not only has the constitution of the ecclesiastical revenues and administration been lamentably unequal and ineffective, but that provisions for teaching, upon a general and effective plan, could hardly be said to exist. At all events, when the population began to increase rapidly—when the great movement of the Methodists took place in England—and later, when religious dissent not only reared its hydra head, but became encouraged in high places—the nation seemed all at once to start from its lethargy, and to inquire into what means it possessed for enlightening and civilising the humblest classes of its children; and, when it did so inquire, those means were found wanting.

Again, in these our own days, when crime is shown to be increasing in a much faster ratio than either the enormous wealth or the already great population of the country; and when legal inquirers have traced back adult crime to puerile and even infantine neglect and ignorance; when the brutality of the people shows itself at every man's door and homestead, in the burning of farming-stock or the destruction of machinery and dwelling-houses, and makes itself to be paid for in the form of constantly increasing poor-rates.—in times such as these, it behoves every man, who has any thing to dread from the insurrectionary rising of the lower classes, to look sharply around him, and to see how best the sources of the evil torrent may be dried up; where the strongest dam may be thrown across its impetuous course, and into what side-channels its blind strength may be diverted. It behoves every thoughtful lover of his country to consider well how the innate national energies of his fellow

countrymen may be improved, humanised, and directed to proper objects; and how the mass of the people, instead of being dreaded as a mob of hungry, savage levellers, may come to be looked on as the broad basis and support of the whole national edifice. And this is to be effected by attending, not merely to the physical and material well-being of the people, but by giving well directed and unceasing diligence to the promotion of "true religion and sound knowledge" among them. We maintain that hitherto, and even at the present time, the public constituted means for attaining this important end have been, and are, altogether insufficient; and we further maintain, that the necessity of making some adequate provision is increasing every day, and cannot long be postponed without imminent danger to the community.

We would also beg our readers to observe that, in the case of these commissions of inquiry into the existing state of education in any given district, but especially in Wales, the commissioners had not got to look into what the existing government, or previous governments, had done, nor into how their systems acted—those governments had done nothing, and they had no system; but they rather went to see what the people, abandoned to their own resources by the state, which ought to have aided them, had been able to effect out of their own means and goodwill, and to witness the results of the voluntary and fortuitous systems which were then in full and unaided operation. Whatever causes of blame and offence the commissioners might meet with—whatever imperfections, and shortcomings, and ill doings, they might perceive—these could not so much be laid to the blame of the people, as they might in fairness be attributed to the neglect and apathy of the nation at large. It was entirely owing to the private efforts of the people in their various localities, unconnected with each other—to their desultory and varying efforts—that any thing had been done at all. It was obviously better that something should have been done rather than nothing; but the debt of gratitude for the "something" was due to the people—the blame of the



nothing" lay with the legislature  
the nation at large.

It would, therefore, be highly unbecoming in such commissioners, to show any flippant petulance in their animadversions on the generally defective results which the isolated operations of the several parishes and districts might evince. It would behave them to look on with rather a benevolent eye, and to speak with a guarded tongue concerning the evils they might witness. We think they have not altogether shown these qualifications in the Reports now before us: and after perusing them, we rise with the feeling that the commissioners seem to have thought themselves authorised to find out how far the various teachers, &c., had neglected duties imposed on them by the public, and that they had expected to find perfection pervading the country; whereas they should have anticipated that imperfection and neglect would prove to be the rule—perfection and care the few and distant exceptions.

It is by no means so easy to inspect a school, or to find out the knowledge and the modes of thinking of young people, as might be supposed. It is not to be done by any one stalking stiffly into a school-room, giving himself the airs of a Dr Busby, and putting questions with the consequence of an examiner in the schools at Oxford. The very idea of a stranger being in the room, and much more of one authorised to examine, is enough to dislocate the thoughts of children. Older and riper than village boys and girls commonly are: and the mere interruption of the usual formalities of class arrangement and class work is sufficient to break up the discipline which, in all parochial schools at least, rests upon a very precarious and doubtful basis. Much less is it possible, by a flying visit of one, or two, or three hours, to get at a true perception of what the average knowledge of children may be fairly rated at: it is only by repeated and patient inspection that the ordinary amount of work done, and knowledge gained, can be discovered. The young mind, too, does not commonly—in fact—it rarely receives general impressions, and although this is not producible

knowledge, it is, nevertheless, information, and cultivation of the mental powers, and formation of the character, not without great value. But because a child cannot answer certain questions at a certain time and place, it does not therefore follow that it is ignorant of the subject. The thoughts cannot be concentrated, the powers of the memory and of expression have not been sufficiently cultivated: the faculty of reproduction, and the method of arrangement and classification of ideas, do not exist. It is impossible for such a child to pass through the ordeal. And yet the common expression of young people, when the question they could not answer is explained for them—"Oh yes! I knew that—only I could not remember it," tells the whole truth and reveals at once the constitution and the weakness of their minds. Examinations, unless they immediately follow the subject learnt, are not suited to young children, and may tend to give a false idea of their real acquirement. But, it is to this dread of answering questions, he added the awaking him on examinations: a strange examination: presence, the physical impossibility of obtaining satisfactory replies is thereby conferred. We remember it in our own case at school: in the presence of the university examiner, who periodically visited us, it was

"Obstupui, steteruntque comæ; vox faucibus hæsit;"

and even in the schools of adolescent life, the examiners put us many a stiff question in Plato and Aristotle at which we hung our heads and stammered out nonsense; but which, as soon as we got back to our rooms in college, came to our memory in provoking vividness.

The commissioners seem to have hoped for unimpeachable examinations—and in almost every case they were disappointed: they could often hardly get a reply to the commonest questions. Much of this arose from their examining chiefly in subjects that were taught in a foreign language. But of this more anon.

The nature and object of this in-

spection of Welsh schools are sufficiently explained in the instructions from Mr Kay Shuttleworth, the secretary to the Committee of Council, which preface the first of the three goodly volumes to which these Reports extend. These instructions say:—

“Attention was called, during the last session of parliament, to the state of education in Wales, by a motion in the house of commons, for an address to the Queen, praying her majesty to direct an inquiry to be made into the state of education in the principality of Wales, especially into the means afforded to the labouring classes of acquiring a knowledge of the English language.”

“The secretary of state for the home department undertook on that occasion, on behalf of her majesty’s late government, that such an inquiry should be instituted, and he intimated that it should be conducted under the authority of the committee of council on education.”

“The object of your commission is, to ascertain, in accurately as circumstances will permit, the existing number of schools of all descriptions, for the education of the children of the labouring class, and of adults—the amount of attendance—the ages of the scholars—and the character of the instruction given in the schools: in order that her majesty’s government and parliament may be enabled, by having these facts before them, in connexion with the wants and circumstances of the population of the principality, to consider what measure ought to be taken for the improvement of the existing means of education in Wales.”

It will be perceived from this portion of the instructions, that the inquiries of the Commissioners were to be limited to the schools intended for the lower classes only; and therefore that they would have to look for the workings of the voluntary and the isolated system in its fullest extent. The further definition of the object of the Commission is thus specified:—

“The schools for the instruction of the poorer classes in Wales have chiefly been erected by private beneficence, and some have been endowed from the same source; such of them as have no permanent endowment are supported by the small payments of the poor, by collections in religious congregations, and by voluntary subscriptions.

“Their lordships cannot confer on you

any absolute authority to enter into and examine schools, nor to require from any persons information respecting them which they may be unwilling to communicate.

“If no objection is made to your visit, you will personally examine, where practicable, the condition of the school, keeping in view the following particulars, as those on which it will be important to obtain correct information:—The tenure of the school, whether held under a mere temporary occupation, or secured by deed for ever, or for a term of years—the capacity of the school-room—the state of the school furniture and apparatus—the number of the children on the books—the average attendance—the organisation of the school, and the methods used—the subjects professed to be taught—the time allotted to each—the books used—whether the children are instructed in the Welsh language, or in the English, or in both—whether in each case in the grammar or not—the actual condition of their instruction on all subjects professed to be taught. You will ascertain the amount and sources of the annual income available for the necessary expenses; the number of teachers—their ages—whether trained at a normal school or at a model school—for what period, and when. At what age they commenced their vocation as teachers; their previous occupation—the salaries of each teacher—their income from school pence, and other emoluments. Whether they follow any trade, or hold any other office. Whether they have a house rent-free, a garden rent-free, fuel, or other emoluments.

“Numerous Sunday-schools have been established in Wales, and their character and tendencies should not be overlooked, in an attempt to estimate the provision for the instruction of the poor. The Sunday-school must be regarded as the most remarkable, because the most general, spontaneous effort of the zeal of Christian congregations for education. Its origin, organisation, and tendencies, are purely religious.”

So far so good; the spirit of these instructions is wise and humane: we can only regret that such a commission had not been issued a century earlier. But shortly after, there follows a sentence which, to any one tolerably well acquainted with Wales, must appear at first sight absolutely trivial, and then highly extraordinary:—

“In some parts of the country it will probably be necessary that you

should avail yourselves of the services of persons possessing a knowledge of the Welsh language."

Why, of course, when Welsh is the living spoken language of three-fourths of the whole district to be examined, and when English is essentially a foreign language, imperfectly understood in those portions,—in some parts, indeed, hardly at all known,—the very least of the qualifications that we should suppose a commissioner or school inspector ought to possess, would be a good knowledge of the Welsh language. Did, then, the lords of the privy council, composing the committee of education, know so little of the country they wished to have inspected, that they thought it only "probable" that in "some parts" of the country a knowledge of Welsh would be necessary? If they had been sending travelling commissioners to the Continent to inquire into the state of public education in France or Germany, would they then have sent to the former country those who knew no other foreign language than German, and to the latter those who knew none but French? This is a regular piece of official oversight, betraying one-sided and crude views of the subject to be treated; and showing that the examination of it was begun in a hasty and somewhat inconsiderate manner. It might have been predicted that any one not thoroughly conversant with Welsh could never obtain original information for himself, but would have to speak through other people's mouths, hear with their ears, and even see with their eyes. He would never gain the confidence of the people, but would return with an imperfect, and all but a second-hand report. He would resemble the honest tar who, on his return from Cherbourg, gave it as his opinion that the French were the dullest nation on the face of the earth, since they could not speak common English. And so it has actually proved to be the case with these very Commissioners. Not only do we find the main grievance in their reports to be the ignorance of the children in the English language, but the prevalent feeling, all over Wales, is, that these gentlemen have

gone out of it nearly as wise, concerning the actual knowledge of the people, as they came into it: and that, could the examinations have been conducted by them in the Welsh tongue, their reports would have assumed a very different character. What? complain of children not twelve years of age for not comprehending questions addressed to them in a foreign language? Bring a French Government inspector of schools from Paris, and set him to examine all the boarding-schools round London in the French tongue, he himself using it all the while for his questions; and then let him go home and declare that not one child in ten knew any thing about what he said to them;—and he would come near the truth;—and very like this is the result of this inspection of Welsh schools by English examiners. The Government, however, do not seem to have learnt wisdom in this respect, for they have very recently appointed, as permanent inspectors for Wales, a gentleman named Morell, and one of the authors of this very report, Mr Symonds; neither of whom, we will bet a hock to a potato, can hold a conversation in Welsh.

One of the main difficulties in the way of education in Wales, if not the principal difficulty of all, results from the circumstance that the language of the principality is not that of the rest of the kingdom. To understand this difficulty fully, it must be remembered that the Welsh belong to a race of men essentially and altogether distinct from those that inhabit the lands eastward of Offa's dyke; that the peculiarities of national character which subsist among them have been only in a very small part removed by amalgamation of the two races; and that these differences are so wide, and so deeply seated, that here, as elsewhere—wherever, indeed, the Celtic and Teutonic races have been brought into contact,—a struggle and an opposition, a repulsive tendency, more or less open and active, have ever existed, and have brought about the subjugation, the inferiority, and, to a certain degree, the degradation of the former. The Saxons produced few or no results of importance by

their attacks on the Welsh; the hardy mountaineers generally gave them as much as they brought; and, had they been doomed to meet with no men of sterner stuff, they would still have held their own in unbroken integrity. But the energy of the Normans, their fire and gallantry, animating and directing the slower impulses of their Teutonic vassals, made the monarch of England at length the conquering sovereign of Wales; and, from that moment, with the transient exception of Owen Glyndwr's bright resistance, Wales not only became the conquered and suffering country, but showed all the symptoms of it, and brought forth all its fruits. The higher classes either became replaced by Anglo-Norman nobles, or imitated both their customs and their language;—many of the largest landed proprietors no longer resided in the principality; and those who did, held themselves far above their Celtic vassals in proud and domineering exclusiveness. The common people—the mass of the nation, including the petty free-holders and the remains of the conquered native nobles—formed a national party, ever opposed to their haughty masters; adhered to their national language with the greater devotion, as it was to them the only relic of their former independence; retained their ancient national customs and superstitions; and were content to turn their backs upon the progress of that nation whose power they could not throw off, though the desire to do so remained, and is not, even at the present day, extinguished. The Welsh still call themselves “the Cymry,” and the English “the Saeson.” They still look on the English as foreigners; and this fact alone speaks volumes as to the antagonism that still subsists between the two races. It is not our intention to go into any discussion upon the political bearings of this state of things: we will only observe, that the gentry and clergy of Wales having mainly carried on their studies in the English language, and having been anxious to do so as a mark of distinction from their humbler neighbours, not only has the Welsh language remained almost stationary since the time of the conquest, but the national mind, the intelligence of the common people, has never kept pace

with that of England. Nearly all the literature and science, all the poetry, history, and belles-lettres of the English nation, have been to the Welsh totally unknown. They have never been translated; and, for that very reason, the middle classes of the country, and of course all the lower ones, are, it may be said, almost totally ignorant of them.

Another circumstance tending to this comparative isolation, is the physical formation of the country, which, by keeping the people, down to the present time, fixed to their bleak hills and extensive moorlands, and by discouraging the growth of large towns, has retained the people in a state of primitive agricultural simplicity, which, while it may make them enjoy a certain amount of happiness not inferior to that of their trade-enslaved neighbours, retards them in what we suppose to be the *summum bonum*—the march of civilisation.

The language, the feelings, the aspirations of the Welsh are different from those of the English—altogether different: and the million of inhabitants, who are of Celtic race—just like the two millions of Celts in France who retain the name of Britons: and the seven millions of the Erse in Ireland, who also differ altogether in sympathies, and to a great extent in language, from their conquerors—never will unite with the Saxon race so far as to keep pace with them in what is called “improvement” and “knowledge.” This fundamental difference is alone sufficient to account for the different degrees of education in the two countries, even supposing that, after all, this difference should turn out to be less than it is actually supposed to be by her Majesty's inspectors; and it will also account for the immense preponderance of dissent in Wales, and for the pining state of the church. Ever since the time of Henry VIII., the English church has been the church of the conqueror. The conquered have been left to form their own religious creed, and, at the present moment, the Welsh adhere with all the warmth of national enthusiasm, and with all the devotion of a conquered people, to any form of worship but that which they see adopted by the upper classes—by their Anglo-Norman lords and

masters. The limits of a review do not allow of our pursuing this portion of the subject to the extent we might wish : but we know that what we have here asserted is at the bottom of some of the main differences between the Welsh and the English characters ; and we do not know of any means whereby these causes can be removed, except through the soothing and permuting influence of time. We appeal to the knowledge and experience of the more intelligent of the Welsh gentry for a confirmation of these views ; we find ample evidence in support of them in the pages of these very reports. All through these volumes—in almost every page—there is the same complaint that the difference of language impedes the communication of knowledge ; and, indeed, we very much doubt whether any *English* parent or schoolmaster, who wished to convey all ideas of religious and secular knowledge to his children through the medium of the *Welsh* language,—to be taught them by an *Englishman*,—from the age of eight years old and upwards, would not arrive at the same negative result as the *Welshman* who makes the same experiment by means of the *English* tongue.

We may here quote the following important observations from the report of Mr Lingen—by far the most able, and the best digested of the three. And we take the opportunity of pointing out this gentleman's introductory remarks, as conveying the most valuable information which we have met with concerning the actual state of Wales,—as well as for the highly enlightened and philosophic spirit in which they are conceived.

Mr Lingen observes :—

"My district exhibits the phenomenon of a peculiar language isolating the mass from the upper portion of society ; and, as a further phenomenon, it exhibits this mass engaged upon the most opposite occupations at points not very distant from each other ; being, on the one side, rude and primitive agriculturists, living poorly, and thinly scattered ; on the other, smelters and miners, wantoning in plenty, and congregated in the densest accumulations. An incessant tide of immigration sets in from the former extremes to the latter, and, by perpetuating a common character in each, admits of

their being contemplated under a single point of view. Whether in the country, or among the furnaces, the Welsh element is never found at the top of the social scale, nor in its own body does it exhibit much variety of gradation. In the country, the farmers are very small holders, in intelligence and capital nowise distinguished from labourers. In the works, the Welsh workman never finds his way into the office. He never becomes either clerk or agent. He may become an overseer or sub-contractor, but this does not take him out of the labouring and put him into the administering class. Equally in his new, as in his old, home, his language keeps him under the hatches, being one in which he can neither acquire nor communicate the necessary information. It is a language of old-fashioned agriculture, of theology, and of simple rustic life, while all the world about him is English.

"Thus his social sphere becomes one of complete isolation from all influences, save such as arise within his own order. He jealously shrinks from holding any communication with classes either superior to, or different from, himself. His superiors are content, for the most part, simply to ignore his existence in all its moral relations. He is left to live in an under world of his own, and the march of society goes so completely over his head that he is never heard of, excepting when the strange and abnormal features of a revival, or a Rebecca or Chartist outbreak, call attention to a phase of society which could produce any thing so contrary to all that we elsewhere experience.

"Cut off from, or limited to a purely material agency in, the practical world, his mental faculties, so far as they are not engrossed by the hardships of rustic, or the intemperance of manufacturing, life, have hitherto been exerted almost exclusively upon theological ideas. In this direction too, from causes which it is out of my province to particularise, he has moved under the same isolating destiny, and his worship, like his life, has grown different from that of the classes over him. Nor has he failed of tangible results in his chosen province of independent exertion. He has raised the buildings, and maintains the ministry of his worship over the whole face of his country, to an extent adequate to his accommodation."

"On the manifold evils inseparable from an ignorance of English, I found but one opinion expressed on all hands. They are too palpable, and too universally admitted, to need particularising. Yet, if interest pleads for English, affection

leans to Welsh. The one is regarded as a new friend to be acquired for profit's sake; the other as an old one, to be cherished for himself, and especially not to be deserted in his decline. Probably you could not find in the most purely Welsh parts a single parent, in whatever class, who would not have his child taught English in school; yet every characteristic development of the social life into which that same child is born—preaching—prayer-meetings—Sunday-schools—clubs—biddings—funerals—the denominational magazine (his only press), all these exhibit themselves to him in Welsh as their natural exponent, partly, it may be, from necessity, but, in some degree also, from choice. 'In the *Cymreigyddion* (benefit societies) it is a rule that no English shall be spoken.' It is true that the necessities of the world more and more force English upon the Welshman; but, whether he can speak no English, or whether he speaks it imperfectly, he finds it alike painful to be reminded of his utter, or to struggle against his partial, inability of expression. His feelings are impetuous; his imagination vivid; his ideas (on such topics as he entertains) succeed each other rapidly. Hence he is naturally voluble, often eloquent. He possesses a mastery over his own language far beyond that which the Englishman of the same degree possesses over his. A certain power of elocution (*viz.*, to pray '*doniol*,' as it is called, *i. e.*, in a gifted manner), is so universal in his class that to be without it is a sort of stigma. Hence, in speaking English, he has at once to forego the conscious power of displaying certain talents whereon he piques himself, and to exhibit himself under that peculiar form of inability which most offends his self-esteem. From all those favourite scenes of his life, therefore, which can still be transacted without English, he somewhat eagerly banishes it as an irksome imposition.

"Through no other medium than a common language can ideas become common. It is impossible to open formal sluice-gates for them from one language into another. Their circulation requires a net-work of pores too minute for analysis, too numerous for special provision. Without this net-work, the ideas come into an alien atmosphere in which they are lifeless. Direct education finds no place, when indirect education is excluded by the popular language, as it were by a wall of brass. Nor can an old and cherished language be *tought down* in schools; for so long as the children are familiar with none other, they must be educated to a considerable extent through the medium of it, even though to supersede it be the most important part of their edu-

cation. Still less, out of school, can the language of lessons make head against the language of life. But schools are every day standing less alone in this contest. Along the chief lines of road, from the border counties, from the influx of English, or English-speaking labourers, into the iron and coal-fields—in short from every point of contact with modern activity, the English tongue keeps spreading, in some places rapidly, but sensibly in all. Railroads, and the fuller development of the great mineral beds, are on the eve of multiplying these points of contact. Hence the encouragement vigorously to press forward the cause of popular education in its most advanced form. Schools are not called upon to impart in a foreign, or engraft upon the ancient tongue a factitious education conceived under another set of circumstances (in either of which cases the task would be as hopeless as the end unprofitable), but to convey in a language, which is already in process of becoming the mother tongue of the country, such instruction as may put the people on a level with that position which is offered to them by the course of events. If such instruction contrasts in any points with the tendency of old ideas, such contrast will have its reflex and its justification in the visible change of surrounding circumstances."

We find the same statements amply corroborated by the evidence of Mr Symons, another of her Majesty's inspectors. He observes:—

"The Welsh language is a vast drawback to Wales, and a manifold barrier to the moral progress and commercial prosperity of the people. It is not easy to over-estimate its evil effects. It is the language of the Cymri, and anterior to that of the ancient Britons. It disallows the people any intercourse which would greatly advance their civilisation, and bars the access of improving knowledge to their minds. As a proof of this, there is no Welsh literature worthy of the name. The only works generally read in the Welsh language are the Welsh monthly magazines, of which a list and description are given in the Appendix lettered H. They are much more talented than any other Welsh works extant, but convey, to a very limited extent, a knowledge of passing events, and are chiefly polemical and full of bitter sectarianism, and indulge a great deal in highly-coloured caricatures and personality. Nevertheless they have partially lifted the people from that perfect ignorance and utter vacuity of thought which otherwise would possess at least two-thirds of them.

At the same time, these periodicals have used their monopoly as public instructors in moulding the popular mind, and confirming a natural partiality for polemics, which impedes the cultivation of a higher and more comprehensive taste and desire for general information. This has been conclusively proved by Mr Rees, the enterprising publisher at Llandovery. He commenced the publication of a periodical similar to the Penny Magazine, in the Welsh language, but lost £200 by it in a year. This was probably too short a trial of the experiment; but it sufficiently evinces the difficulty of supplanting an established taste, by means however inoffensive.

"The evil of the Welsh language, as I have above stated, is obviously and fearfully great in courts of justice. The evidence given by Mr Hall (No. 37) is borne out by every account I have heard on the subject; it distorts the truth, favours fraud, and abets perjury, which is frequently practised in courts, and escapes detection through the loop-holes of interpretation. This public exhibition of successful falsehood has a disastrous effect on public morals and regard for truth. The mockery of an English trial of a Welsh criminal by a Welsh jury, addressed by counsel and judge in English, is too gross and shocking to need comment. It is nevertheless a mockery which must continue until the people are taught the English language; and that will not be done until there are efficient schools for the purpose."

The Reverend Mr Griffiths, of the Dissenting college, Brecknock, says:—

"It (the English language) is gaining ground in the border counties, but not so fast as Englishmen are apt to suppose. Very few pulpits or Sunday-schools have changed languages within the memory of man. Until that is done, the English, however employed in ordinary matters of business, can have little effect on the formation of character. As to the desirableness of its being better taught, without entering on considerations of commerce or general literature, confessedly important as they are, perhaps you will forgive my taking an extract from the address published by the Llandovery conference" [from which the following passage may be cited]:—"Hallowed by religion and rich with the magic of genius and associations of home, it (the Welsh language) cannot be otherwise than dear to our hearts. It has done good service to-day, and the sooner that service is acknowledged, the better for all parties concerned. If die it must, let it die fairly,

peacefully, and reputably. Attached to it as we are, few would wish to postpone its euthanasia. But no sacrifice would be deemed too great to prevent its being murdered. At the best, the vanishing for ever of a language which has been spoken for thousands of years is a deeply touching event. There is a melancholy grandeur in the very idea, to which even its bitterest enemies cannot be wholly insensible. What, then, must the actual fact be to those who have worshipped and loved in its accents from the earliest hours of childhood, and all whose fondest recollections and hopes are bound up in its existence!"

Mr Johnson, the third inspector, publishes a most curious list of all the books now circulating in the Welsh language. They are only 405 in number, and out of these 309 relate to religion or poetry, 50 to scientific subjects, and only the remaining 46 to general subjects. What can be done for the education of a people with such a literature? Evidently nothing, until one of these two contingencies shall take place: either that the people forsake their own language, and adopt English exclusively, or that a very considerable number of the best elementary and educational books in the English language be translated into Welsh, and the people taught in them. Neither of which contingencies are likely to fall out for many generations yet to come; though the latter is clearly possible and desirable; and the former not only impossible except in the lapse of ages, but also, for reasons that we shall advert to hereafter, highly to be deprecated even if it lay within the limits of feasibility.

We now address ourselves to the main features of the reports themselves; and shall begin by observing that each volume consists of an introductory report, followed and supported by an immense mass of detailed evidence, accounts of the examination of each school, and elaborate tables, enough to confound the diligence of the most indefatigable reader, and amply sufficient to satisfy the statistical appetites of Mr Kay Shuttleworth, the secretary of the committee, and Mr Williams, late M.P. for Coventry, in whose motion these volumes originated.\*

The first volume (Mr Lingen's) contains 62 pages of introductory report, and 492 of evidence and tables.

The second volume, (Mr Symons's,) 68 of report, and 266 of evidence, &c.; and the third, (Mr Johnson's,) which is the volume devoted to North Wales, has also 68 of report, and 358 of evidence.

The reports of nearly all the schools, with very few and widely-scattered exceptions, run all on the same themes; the inability of the children to answer the examiner's questions, and their ignorance, bad pronunciation, bad syntax, &c., of the English language. We know for a fact, on the other hand, that the returns of the inspectors are disputed in a great number of cases by competent judges residing in or near the parishes where the examinations took place; and that the inspectors are accused of having conducted their examinations not only in an off-hand flippant manner, with much precipitancy, but with a method so decidedly English, and therefore foreign, as at once to unnerve both the children and the schoolmasters, and thus to have produced the most negative and unfavourable results possible. In a great many instances, too, the inspectors are accused of having made erroneous returns. We have been ourselves at the pains to make inquiries into these points, but for the very obvious reason of not wishing to involve ourselves in controversy, we abstain from discussing the evidence, especially with three lawyers for our antagonists: we leave this task to the Welsh local press, which has been for some time past running a-muck at them, and is disposed to devour them—reports, pens, ink, wigs, gowns, and all. We shall content ourselves with stating, that we know of one instance in which the inspector has sent in a very unfavourable report of a considerable school, which had been thoroughly and patiently examined only a few weeks before by one of the Welsh bishops, aided by some local clergymen, in the presence of a large concourse of the laity, and when the result had turned out to be highly creditable both to the teachers and the scholars. In the latter case, the children had been questioned both in Welsh and English by Welsh people, and by people whom they knew and were not afraid of. In the former, they had been examined by one of her

Majesty's inspectors, learned in the law, but not in the Welsh language, nor in the art of conciliating the Welsh people. We shall take instances from each of the three reports, diving into these parliamentary folios quite at hazard, and fishing up the first returns that meet our eye: they will give some idea of the inspectors' skill, and of the condition of the schools.

Mr Lingen reports as follows of a school in the parish of Llangwnnor, Carmarthenshire.

"I visited this school on the 24th of November; it is held in a ruinous hovel of the most squalid and miserable character, which was originally erected by the parish, but apparently by encroachment. On Sunday the Calvinistic Methodists hold a school in it; the floor is of bare earth, full of deep holes; the windows are all broken; a tattered partition of lath and plaster divides it into two unequal portions; in the larger were a few wretched benches, and a small desk for the master in one corner; in the lesser was an old door with the hasp still upon it, laid crossways upon two benches, about half a yard high, to serve for a writing-desk. Such of the scholars as write retire in pairs to this part of the room, and kneel on the ground while they write. On the floor was a heap of loose coal, and a litter of straw, paper, and all kinds of rubbish. The vicar's son informed me that he had seen eighty children in this hut. In summer the heat of it is said to be suffocating; and no wonder.

"The master appeared a pains-taking and amiable man, and had a very good character given of him. He had been disabled from following his trade (that of a carpenter) by an accident. He was but indifferently acquainted with English; one of the copies set by him was 'The Jews slain Christ.' I stood by while he heard two classes—one of two little girls, and another of three little boys and a girl—read. The two first read an account of our Lord's temptation; the master asked them to spell a few words, which they did, and then to give the Welsh equivalents for several English words, which they also did; he asked no other questions. The other class read small sentences containing a repetition of the same word, *e. g.*, 'The bad do sin—wo to the bad—the bad do lie,' &c. They were utterly unable to turn such sentences into Welsh; they knew the letters (for they could point to particular words when required,) and they knew to some extent the English sound of them; they knew also the



meaning of the single words (for they could give the Welsh equivalents,) but they had no idea of the sentence. With them, therefore, English reading must be (at best) a mere string of words, connected only by juxtaposition."

Mr Symons gives the following report of a school at Llanfihangel Creiddyn, in Cardiganshire.

"This parish contains a very good modern school-room, but it is not finished inside. There is no floor of any sort. The school, nevertheless, is of the most inferior description, devoid of method in the instruction, and of capacity in the master. During the whole of last summer the school was shut, and the room was used by the carpenters who were repairing the church. One of their benches is now used as a writing table. Few of the children remain a year; they come for a quarter or half-a-year, and then leave the school. Fourteen children were present, together with two young men who were there to learn writing. Four of the children only could read in the Testament, and the master selected the 1st chapter of Revelation for them to read in. They stammered through several verses, mispronouncing nearly every word, and which the master took some pains to correct. None of them knew the meaning, or could give the Welsh words for 'show,' 'gave,' or 'faith.' One or two only knew that of 'grace,' 'woman,' 'nurse.' Their knowledge of spelling was very limited. Of Scripture they knew next to nothing. Jesus was said to be the son of Joseph; one child only said the Son of God; another thought he was on earth now; and another said he would come again 'to increase grace,' grace meaning godliness. Three out of the five could not tell why Christ came to the earth, a penny having been offered for a correct answer. Two could not tell any one thing that Christ did, and a third said he drew water from a rock in the land of Canaan. None knew the number of the Apostles; one never heard of them, and two could not name any of them. Christ died in Calvary, which one said was in England; and the others did not know where it was. Four could not tell the day Christ was born, or what it was called. The days of a week were guessed to be five, six, four, and seven. The days in the month twenty and fifteen, and nine could name the months. None knew the number of days in the year; and all thought the sun moved round the world. This country was said to be Cardiganshire, not Wales. Ireland one thought a town, and another a parish. England was a town, and London a country. A king was a remarkable being (creadwr rhesymol.)

Victoria is the Queen, and it is our duty to do every thing for her. In arithmetic they could do next to nothing, and failed to answer the simplest questions. I then examined the young men, promising twopence to those who answered most correctly. They had a notion of the elements of Scripture truths. Two of them had no notion of arithmetic. The third answered easy questions, and could do sums in the simple rules. On general subjects their information was very little superior to that of the children."

And Mr Vaughan Johnson, in examining the church school of Holyhead, in the Isle of Anglesey, reports as follows:—

"*Holyhead Church School.*—A school for boys and girls, taught by a master and mistress, in separate rooms of a large building set apart for that purpose. Number of boys, 96; of girls, 47; 10 monitors are employed. Subjects taught, reading, writing, and arithmetic, the Holy Scriptures and Church catechism. Fees, 1d. per week.

"This school was examined November 9. Total number present, 117. Of these, 20 could write well on paper; 48 were able to read with ease; and 22 could repeat the Church catechism, 15 of them with accuracy. In knowledge of Holy Scripture and in arithmetic, the boys were very deficient. Scholars in the first class said that there were 18 gospels, that Bartholomew wrote one and Simon another; that Moses was the son of David. These answers were not corrected by the rest. By a lower class it was said, that Jerusalem is in heaven, and that St Paul wrote the gospel according to St Matthew; another believed it was written by Jesus Christ. The oldest boy in a large class said, that Joseph was the son of Abraham. A child about 10 years old said, that Jesus Christ was the Saviour of men; but, upon being asked 'From what did he save mankind?' replied, 'from God.'

"Having heard from the patrons that the scholars were particularly expert in arithmetic, I requested the master to exhibit his best scholars. Thirteen boys accordingly multiplied a given sum of £ s. d. by (25 +  $\frac{1}{2}$ ). The process was neatly and accurately performed by every boy. I then examined the same class in arithmetic, and set each boy a distinct sum in multiplication of money. Instead of (25 +  $\frac{1}{2}$ ) I gave 5 as the number by which the several sums were to be multiplied. I allowed each boy for this simple process twice as much time as he had required for the preceding, which was far more complicated; but only two of

the 13 could bring me a correct answer. This is well worthy of remark. The original sum appears to be one which they are in the habit of performing before strangers; many had copied the whole process from those next them, without understanding a single step.

"The girls were further advanced in arithmetic and in Holy Scripture. But the 2d class asserted that St Matthew was one of the prophets; that Jesus Christ is in the grave to this day; and two stated that Jesus Christ and the Virgin Mary were the same person. Although these questions were put in English and in Welsh, few of the children could understand what they heard or read in the English language. The questions were therefore interpreted."

We should here observe that a considerable number of the examinations were conducted not by the inspectors themselves, but by persons hired by them, more or less on account of their knowledge of the Welsh language. To these we attach little or no weight, because they have not the sanction of a Government commission, nor do the persons themselves hold any official or private rank by which their capacities for conducting such examinations can be ascertained.

As a specimen of the state in which some of the peasantry are, we find Mr Lingen, while in Pembrokeshire, remarking thus:—

"I entered two cottages, where the children were said not to be attending school. In the first I found an extremely well-spoken and intelligent girl of twelve or thirteen years old, and her brother somewhat younger. They had been to Yrbe-ton day-school for about a quarter, and to Moileston Sunday-school for about two years, though not for the last month. It was closed during the bad weather and short days. She read about Jesus in the Testament; but could tell me nothing about him except that he was called the Son of Man. She said, 'They only teach us to read; they don't tell us any of these things at the Sunday-school.'

"In the other cottage I found two little children, a boy and girl, going, and having been, to no school of any kind. The girl was nursing an infant: there were two other children from home. The mother of four of them was a widow, the fifth child was apparently a pauper, billeted upon her in consideration of 5s. per week from the parish. At the time of my visit the mother was out at farm-work

(winnowing), and had to be called; I could get no answer from the two children. The girl, who was the eldest, and in her ninth year, only replied to my questions by a cunning, unpleasant grin, though her face was intelligent and not ill-looking. The boy had a most villainous expression of sullen stolidity; he was mixing culm with his hands. They knew no prayers, nor who to pray to—and of course never prayed. The mother could not read nor write—'worse luck,' as she said; her only chance of educating these children was a free-school. The entire 5s. went in food at the present high prices, and 'not enough then.'

"In this same neighbourhood I asked some questions of a little boy, nearly seven, whom I met on the road. It was in vain that I tempted him with halfpence to answer; he knew nothing of Sunday—of God—of the devil—had heard of Jesus Christ from Jemmy Wilson, but could give no account whatever about him; he knew neither the then day of the week, nor how many days in a week, nor months in a year; he had never been in any school; his brother and sister were going to St Issell's school. I had to repeat my questions two or three times over before they seemed to impress any thing more than his ears. The first answer invariably was, and it was often repeated half a dozen times—'What ee say?' and the next 'Do' know.'"

The condition of the buildings in which the schools are commonly held in the country parishes is wretched in the extreme. Take the following brief accounts, some of which might furnish admirable sketches to a Cattemole or a Maclise:—

"(1.) The school was held in a miserable room over the stable; it was lighted by two small glazed windows, and was very low; in one corner was a broken bench, some sacks, and a worn-out basket; another corner was boarded off for storing tiles and mortar belonging to the chapel. The furniture consisted of one small square table for the master, two larger ones for the children, and a few benches, all in a wretched state of repair. There were several panes of glass broken in the windows; in one place paper served the place of glass, and in another a slate, to keep out wind and rain; the door was also in a very dilapidated condition. On the beams which crossed the room were a ladder and two larch poles."

"(2.) The school was held in a room built in a corner of the churchyard; it was an open-roofed room; the floor was of the bare earth, and very uneven; the

room was lighted by two small glazed windows, one-third of each of which was patched up with boards. The furniture consisted of a small square table for the master, one square table for the pupils, and seven or eight benches, some of which were in good repair, and others very bad. The biers belonging to the church were placed on the beams which ran across the room. At one end of the room was a heap of coal and some rubbish, and a worn-out basket, and on one side was a new door leaning against the wall, and intended for the stable belonging to the church. The door of the schoolroom was in a very bad condition, there being large holes in it, through which cold currents of air were continually flowing."

If, however, the condition of the school-buildings is thus unsuitable, the previous education and training of the teachers is not less faulty. The subjoined extract from Mr Lingen's report is borne out by precisely similar statements from those of his coadjutors :—

"The present average age of teachers is upwards of 40 years; that at which they commenced their vocation upwards of 30; the number trained is 12·5 per cent of the whole ascertained number; the average period of training is 7·30 months; the average income is L.22, 10s. 9d. per annum; besides which, 16·1 per cent have a house rent-free. Before adopting their present profession, 6 had been assistants in schools, 3 attorneys' clerks, 1 attorney's clerk and sheriff's officer, 1 apprentice to an ironmonger, 1 assistant to a draper, 1 agent, 1 artilleryman, 1 articulated clerk, 2 accountants, 1 auctioneer's clerk, 1 actuary in a savings' bank, 3 bookbinders, 1 butler, 1 barber, 1 blacksmith, 4 bonnet-makers, 2 booksellers, 1 book-keeper, 15 commercial clerks, 3 colliers, 1 cordwainer, 7 carpenters, 1 compositor, 1 copyist, 3 cabinet-makers, 3 cooks, 1 corn-dealer, 3 druggists, 42 milliners, 20 domestic servants, 10 drapers, 4 excisemen, 61 farmers, 25 farm-servants, 1 farm-bailiff, 1 fisherman, 2 governesses, 7 grocers, 1 Glover, 1 gardener, 177 at home or in school, 1 herald-chaser, 4 house-keepers, 2 hatters, 1 helper in a stable, 8 hucksters or shopkeepers, 1 iron-roller, 6 joiners, 1 knitter, 13 labourers, 4 laundresses, 1 lime-burner, 1 lay-vicar, 5 ladies'-maids, 1 lieutenant R.N., 2 land-surveyors, 22 mariners, 1 mill-wright, 108 married women, 7 mechanics, 1 mechanic, 1 miner, 2 mineral agents, 5 masons, 1 mate, 1 maltster, 1 milkman, 1 musician, 1 musical-wire-drawer, 2 nursery-maids, 1 night-

schoolmaster, 1 publican's wife (separated from her husband,) 2 preparing for the church, 1 policeman, 1 pedlar, 1 publican, 1 potter, 1 purser's steward, 1 planter, 2 private tutors, 1 quarryman, 1 reed-thatcher, 28 sempstresses, 1 second master R.N. 4 soldiers, 14 shoemakers, 2 machine-weighers, 1 stonecutter, 1 serjeant of marines, 1 sawyer, 1 surgeon, 1 ship's cook, 7 tailors, 1 tailor and marine, 1 tiler, 17 widows, 4 weavers, and 60 unascertained, or having had no previous occupation.

"In connexion with the vocation of teacher, 2 follow that of assistant-overseer of roads, 6 are assistant overseers of the poor, 1 accountant, 1 assistant parish clerk, 1 bookbinder, 1 broom and clog-maker, 4 bonnet-makers, 1 sells Berlin wool, 2 are cow-keepers, 3 collectors of taxes, 1 drover (in summer,) 12 dress-makers, 1 druggist, 1 farmer, 4 grocers, 3 hucksters or shopkeepers, 1 inspector of weights and measures, 1 knitter, 2 land-surveyors (one of them is also a stonecutter,) 2 lodging-house keepers, 1 librarian to a mechanics' institute, 16 ministers, 1 master of a workhouse, 1 matron of a lying-in hospital, 3 mat-makers, 13 preachers, 18 parish or vestry clerks (uniting in some instances the office of sexton), 1 printer and engraver, 1 porter, 1 barber, and lay-out of the dead in a workhouse, 4 publicans, 1 registrar of marriages, 11 sempstresses, 1 shopman (on Saturdays,) 8 secretaries to benefit societies, 1 sexton, 2 shoemakers, 1 tailor, 1 teacher of modern languages, 1 turpiko man, 1 tobacconist, 1 writing-master in a grammar-school, and 9 are in receipt of parochial relief."

Upon this the inspector observes with great good sense—

"No observations of mine could heighten the contrast which facts like the above exhibit, between the actual and the proper position of a teacher. I found this office almost every where one of the least esteemed and worst remunerated; one of those vocations which serve as the sinks of all others, and which might be described as guilds of refuge; for to what other grade can the office of teacher be referred after the foregoing analysis? Is it credible that, if we took 784 shoemakers, tailors, carpenters, or any other skilled workmen, we should find them (one with another) not to have commenced their calling before 30 years of age? nor more than 47·3 per cent of them who had not previously followed some other calling? nor more than 1 in every 8 who had served any apprenticeship to it, nor even this 8th man for a period much longer than half a

year! The miserable pittance which they get is irregularly paid."

The pecuniary part of the question, the ways and means for supporting an efficient system of education in Wales, may be very fairly inferred from the following extract of the report on three of the most prosperous counties in the principality, corroborated as it is by similar statements and returns in other districts:—

"There is a great and general deficiency of voluntary funds for the maintenance of schools for the poor in the rural parts of South Wales. By far the most liberal contributors to such schools in England are the clergy. The following table exhibits the clerical income of the beneficed clergy in my district. I would beg to call particular attention to the average area and population of the parishes in Carmarthenshire, and to the income of the clergy in the remote hundreds of Dewisland and Kerness:—

Counties.	Number of Parishes.	Rectories.	Parishes or Rectories Curated.	Number of Clergy Houses.	Total Income of Clergy from Benefices.	Average Income of Clergy per Parish.	Number of Parishes in which the average income is taken.	Average population per Parish.	Average area in square miles per Parish.
Carmarthenshire.	77	16	72	26	£ 9,974	£ s. d. 119 13 0	75	1,390	12
Glamorganshire.	125	53	83	33	18,101	133 7 11	118	1,364	6
Pembrokeshire.	140	58	85	34	17,418	129 0 5	135	255	4
The three Counties.	342	127	240	93	45,493	138 0 4	323	1,068	6

"The poor provision which the church offers to an educated man, and the necessity of ordaining those only, for the great majority of parishes, who understand the Welsh language, are facts which bear powerfully upon the education of the country. A large portion of the Welsh clergy complete their education exclusively in Wales. The licensed grammar schools, from which they were formerly ordained, have been superseded for St David's College, Lampeter.

"Still, so far as daily education has hitherto been supported by voluntary payments, this has been mostly in connexion with the church. For, putting aside 31·1 per cent of the day-scholars as belonging to private adventure schools, and 10·9 per cent for children in union workhouse and workmen's schools, there remains 39·9 per cent of the day-scholars in connexion, and 18·1 per cent not in connexion, with the church."

Whatever deficiencies there may be in the system of daily and secular education, much more zeal and energy is shown in the Sunday schools; the causes and objects of which are so graphically and accurately described by Mr Lingen, that we must again quote his own words:—observing that the two other reports tell the same tale exactly, only in different language—

"The type of such Sunday schools is no more than this. A congregation meets in its chapel. It elects those whom it con-

siders to be its most worthy members, intellectually and religiously, to act as 'teachers' to the rest, and one or more to 'superintend' the whole. Bible classes, Testament classes, and classes of such as cannot yet read, are formed. They meet once, generally from 2 to 4 p.m., sometimes in the morning also, on each Sunday. The superintendent, or one of the teachers, begins the school by prayer; they then sing; then follows the class instruction, the Bible and Testament classes reading and discussing the Scriptures, the others learning to read; school is closed in the same way as it began. Sections of the same congregation, where distance or other causes render it difficult for them to assemble in the chapel, establish similar schools elsewhere. These are called branches. The constitution throughout is purely democratic, presenting an office and some sort of title to almost every man who is able and willing to take an active part in its administration, without much reference to his social position during the other six days of the week. My returns show 11,000 voluntary teachers, with an allowance of about seven scholars to each. Whatever may be the accuracy of the numbers, I believe this relative proportion to be not far wrong. The position of teacher is coveted as a distinction, and is multiplied accordingly. It is not unfrequently the first prize to which the most proficient pupils in the parochial schools look. For them it is a step towards the office of preacher and minister. The universality of these schools, and the

large proportion of the persons attending them who take part in their government, have very generally familiarised the people with some of the more ordinary terms and methods of organisation, such as *committees, secretary*, and so forth.

"Thus, there is every thing about such institutions which can recommend them to the popular taste. They gratify that gregarious sociability which animates the Welsh towards each other. They present the charms of office to those who, on all other occasions, are subject; and of distinction to those who have no other chance of distinguishing themselves. The topics current in them are those of the most general interest; and are treated in a mode partly didactic, partly polemical, partly rhetorical, the most universally appreciated. Finally, every man, woman, and child feels comfortably at home in them. It is all among neighbours and equals. Whatever ignorance is shown there, whatever mistakes are made, whatever strange speculation are started, there are no superiors to smile and open their eyes. Common habits of thought pervade all. They are intelligible or excusable to one another. Hence, every one that has got any thing to say is under no restraint from saying it. Whatever such Sunday-schools may be as places of instruction, they are real fields of mental activity. The Welsh working man rouses himself for them. Sunday is to him more than a day of bodily rest and devotion. It is his best chance, all the week through, of showing himself in his own character. He marks his sense of it by a suit of clothes regarded with a feeling hardly less Sabbathical than the day itself. I do not remember to have seen an adult in rags in a single Sunday school throughout the poorest districts. They always seemed to me better dressed on Sundays than the same classes in England."

As a specimen of the relative number of Sunday schools belonging to the different religious persuasions in North Wales, we will take Mr Johnson's summary, which gives the following tabular result; and which is nearly in the same proportion in the rest of the principality:—

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.	
Church of England, - - -	124
Baptists, - - -	73
Calvinistic Methodists, - - -	545
Independents, - - -	232
Wesleyan Methodists, - - -	183
Other Denominations, - - -	4
Total, - - -	1161

But if we take the returns of the

daily schools for the same six counties, the proportions will be found to be greatly changed:—

#### DAY SCHOOLS FOR THE POOR.

	Schools.	Scholars.
Church, - - -	269	18,732
Baptists, - - -	0	0
Calvinistic Methodists, - - -	3	136
Independents, - - -	6	259
Roman Catholics, - - -	2	2
Wesleyans, - - -	2	2
British and Foreign, - - -	42	42
Schools, not British and Foreign, - - -	29	1,732
Workhouse Schools, - - -	8	463
Factory, - - -	1	36
Private adventure, - - -	216	3,344
Total, - - -	578	32,033

Out of these daily schools for the poor, not less than 269, or 46½ per cent of the whole number, (to say nothing of many of the private schools,) are publicly provided by the Church; and it should be remembered that of the Dissenting Sunday schools nearly all are held in their meeting-houses, and form part and parcel of their religious system: whereas the Church Sunday school is mostly an institution apart from the church itself, and established on its own separate footing.

With regard to the funds for supporting schools, the following remarks by Mr Johnson, as applied to North Wales, are too important to be omitted. He says:—

"It appears, from the foregoing analysis of the funds of 317 schools, that the amount annually raised by charitable contributions of the rich is (in round numbers) £5675, that raised by the poor £7000. It is important to observe the misdirection of these branches of school income, and the fatal consequences which ensue.

"The wealthy classes who contribute towards education belong to the Established Church; the poor who are to be educated are Dissenters. The former will not aid in supporting neutral schools; the latter withhold their children from such as require conformity to the Established Church. The effects are seen in the co-existence of two classes of schools, both of which are rendered futile—the Church schools supported by the rich, which are thinly attended, and that by the extreme poor; and private-adventure schools, supported by the mass of the poorer classes at an exorbitant expense, and so utterly useless that nothing can account for their existence except the unhealthy division of

society, which prevents the rich and poor from co-operating. The Church schools, too feebly supported by the rich to give useful education, are deprived of the support of the poor, which would have sufficed to render them efficient. Thus situated, the promoters are driven to establish premiums, clothing-clubs, and other collateral inducements, in order to overcome the scruples and reluctance of Dissenting parents. The masters, to increase their slender pittance, are induced to connive at the infringement of the rules which require conformity in religion, and allow the parents (sometimes covertly, sometimes with the consent of the promoters) to purchase exemption for a small gratuity; those who cannot afford it being compelled to conform, or expelled in case of refusal. Where, however the rules are impartially enforced, or the parents too poor to purchase exemption, a compromise follows. The children are allowed to learn the Church catechism, and to attend church, so long as they remain at school, but are cautioned by their parents not to believe the catechism, and to return to their paternal chapels as soon as they have finished schooling. A dispensation, in fact, is given, allowing conformity in matters of religion during the period required for education, provided they allow no impression to be made upon their minds by the ritual and observances to which they conform. The desired object is attained by both parties. Outward conformity is effected for the time, and the children return in after-life to the creed and usages of their parents."

The fact is, that the farmers and all the lower classes care little for education *per se*, though they wish their children to profit by a knowledge of English, in order to facilitate their advancement in after life: and they are unwilling, at the same time, to support schools in connexion with the Church. That Church is to them the church of the rich man as distinguished from the poor; of the conqueror as distinguished from the conquered; of the Englishman as distinguished from the Welsh; it is the Church of England, not of Wales; and their affections as well as their prejudices are all opposed to it. This again is one of the main causes—and it is so pointed out by the commissioners—of the slow progress of education in Wales, supported, as it mainly is, by the upper classes. It is not the proper place to enter here into any further discussion

as to *all* the causes of dispute in Wales; we will merely state that we believe it to be now confirmed, not only by the national antagonism of the two races, but also by the democratic principles which are so widely diffused throughout the country, and which are sure to break out again to a most dangerous extent in Wales on the first opportunity. Hear what Mr Lingen states on the subject:—

"Most singular is the character which has been developed by this theological bent of minds isolated from nearly all sources, direct or indirect, of secular information. Poetical and enthusiastic worship of religious feeling, careful attendance upon religious services, zealous interest in religious knowledge, the comparative absence of crime, are found side by side with the most unreasoning prejudices and impulses; an utter want of method in thinking and acting; and (what is far worse) wide-spread disregard to temperance, wherever there are the means of excess, of chastity, of veracity, and of fair dealing. I subjoin two extreme instances of the wild fanaticism into which such temperaments may run. The first concerns the Rebecca riots. W. Chambers, jun., Esq. of Llanelly House, kindly furnished me with a large collection of contemporary documents and depositions concerning the period of those disturbances. An extract from the deposition of one Thomas Phillips of Top-sail, is illustrative of the vividly descriptive and imaginative powers of the Welsh, and of the peculiar forms under which popular excitement among them would be sure to exhibit itself.

"Shouf-yschwyr-fawr and Dai Cantwr were *noms de guerre* borne by two ring-leaders in these disturbances.

"Between ten and eleven o'clock on the night of the attack on Mr Newman's house, I was called upon by Shouf-yschwyr-fawr, and went with the party. On my way I had a conversation with Dai Cantwr. Thomas Morris, a collier, by the Five Cross Roads, was walking before us, with a long gun. I said "Thomas is enough to frighten one with his long gun." Dai said, "There is not such a free man as Tom Morris in the rank. I was coming up Gellygwlwnog field, arm in arm with him, after burning Mr Chambers's ricks of hay; and he had a gun in the other hand, and Tom said, "Here's a hare," and he up with his gun and shot it slap down—and it was a horse—Mr Chambers's horse. One of the party stuck the horse with a knife—the

blood flowed—and Tom Morris held his hand under the blood, and called upon the persons to come forward and dip their fingers in it, and take it as a sacrifice instead of Christ; and the parties did so.' And Dai added, 'that he had often heard of a sacrament in many ways, but had never heard of a sacrament by a horse before that night.'

"The other instance was told me by one who witnessed much of the Chartist outbreak. He said that 'the men who marched from the hills to join Frost, had no definite object beyond a fanatical notion that they were to march immediately to London, fight a great battle, and conquer a great kingdom.' I could not help being reminded of the swarm that followed Walter the Penniless, and to the town which they reached at the end of their first day's march for Jerusalem."

We could point out several districts in Wales, in which few gentry reside, such as the south-western portion of Caernarvon, and some parts of Anglesey, where the most republican and levelling doctrines prevail extensively among the farmers and the labouring classes, and where resistance to tithes, and not only to tithes, but to rents, is a subject fondly cherished for future opportunity. The town of Caernarvon itself is a pestilent hot-bed of discontent; so is Merthyr Tydvil; so is Newtown; so is Swansea; and so are many others.

The commissioners dwell rather lightly on this part of the subject—on these consequences of the past and present condition of the country, and of the defective education existing in it. Many of the assistants employed by the commissioners were Dissenters, and their examinations of Church schools may be therefore suspected; at least we fancy that we can discern a certain warmth of admiration, and intensity of unction, in the reports on the Dissenting schools, which are not bestowed on the others. However this may be, we cannot but admit that these reports do actually show the existence of a very defective state of things in the principality; and we find the commissioners justly pointing out and reprobating two glaring vices in the Welsh character, the existence of which we admit, and to which we shall, of our own knowledge, add a third.

he first refers to the want of chas-

tity, or rather to the lax ideas of the common order of people on that subject previous to marriage. This, with every wish to excuse the national feelings and failings of the Welsh, we must allow to be proved by the concurrent testimony and experience of every one well acquainted with the principality. This vice, however, is more systematically established in the northern than in the southern counties; and the existence of this system is, we have no doubt, of very long standing, ranking, indeed, among the national customs which lose their origin in the night of ages. The common notion prevalent among the lower classes in Wales, and generally acted on, is, that want of chastity before marriage is no vice, though afterwards it is considered a crime, which is very rarely committed. Before we pass a sweeping condemnation on the rude population of the Welsh mountains for this laxity, let us remember that, such is the false state of "over-civilisation" in England, the same ideas and practices exist universally among the male portion, at least, of the people, and pass without any thing beyond a formal, we might almost say, a legal reprimand: that in France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, and, it may be, other countries of Europe, this laxity exists not so much *before* as *after* marriage; and that therefore the poor Celtic mountaineers do not stand alone in their ignorance of what is better.

It appears by the official returns, that the proportion of illegitimate children in North Wales shows an excess of 12·3 per cent above the average of all England and Wales upon the like numbers of registered births. We know ourselves of a union of 48 parishes in which there are now 500 bastard children supported out of the poor-rates; and, in fact, the prevalence of the vice is not to be denied. The volumes of these reports contain numerous minutes of evidences and letters from magistrates and clergymen corroborative of this fact; and they all agree in referring it to the ignorance of the people. We are not inclined to lift the veil which we would willingly allow to hang over the faults, the weaknesses, and the ignorance of a poor uncultivated people; believing, as we do, that the

remedies for such a state of things are not far off, nor difficult to find; and knowing that, if there be any palliation of such a state of things, it is to be found in this circumstance, that the married state is most duly honoured and observed in that country, and also, that the women marry early in life, and support all the duties of their state in an exemplary manner. We could also pick out county after county in England, where we know that the morality of the lower orders is little, if at all, elevated above this standard, and where the phenomenon of the pregnant bride is one of the most ordinary occurrence. The statement of these facts, as published by the commissioners, has caused great indignation throughout Wales, and has set the local press in a ferment, but has not produced any satisfactory refutation of the impeachment.

Another vice, correlative to, and consequent upon the other, is the want of truth and honesty in petty matters observable throughout the land. This is the common complaint of almost every gentleman and magistrate in the twelve counties—that the word of a Welshman of the lower classes is hardly to be trusted in little matters: and that the crime of false swearing in courts and at quarter-sessions is exceedingly frequent. In the same manner, the people generally, in the minor transactions of life, are given to equivocations and by-dealing, and make light of telling an untruth if it refers only to a matter of minor importance. Were a Welshman called as a witness in a case of felony, we think his oath might be depended upon as much as an Englishman's; but is he called up on a case of common assault, or the stealing of a few potatoes from his neighbour's field—or is he covenanting to sell you coals or corn at a certain price and weight—we should be uncommonly careful how we trusted to his deposition or his assurances.

A clergyman of Brecknockshire says:—

"The Welsh are more deceitful than the English; though they are full of expression, I cannot rely on them as I should on the English. There is more disposition to pilfer than among the English, but we are less apprehensive of robbery than in

England. There is less open avowal of a want of chastity, but it exists; and there is far less feeling of delicacy between the sexes here in every-day life than in England. The boys bathe here, for instance, in the river at the bridge in public, and I have been insulted for endeavouring to stop it. There is less open wickedness as regards prostitution than in England. Drunkenness is the prevailing sin of this place and the county around, and is not confined to the labouring classes, but the drunkenness of the lower classes is greatly caused by the example of those above them, who pass their evenings in the public-houses. But clergymen and magistrates, who used to frequent them, have ceased to do so within the last few years. I have preached against the sin, and used other efforts to check it, though I have been insulted for doing so in the street. I think things are better than they were in this respect. . . . I do not think they are addicted to gambling, but their chief vice is that of sitting in the public-houses."

A magistrate, in another part of the county, gives the following testimony:—

"Crimes of violence are almost unknown, such as burglary, forcible robbery, or the use of the knife. Common assaults are frequent, usually arising from drunken quarrels. Petty thefts are not particularly numerous. Poultry-stealing and sheep-stealing prevail to a considerable extent. There is no rural police, and the parish constables are for the most part utterly useless, except for serving summonses, &c. Sheep and poultry steal therefore, very frequently escape with impunity. Drunkenness prevails to a lamentable extent—not so much among the lowest class, who are restrained by their poverty, as among those who are in better circumstances. Every market or fair day affords too much proof of this assertion. Unchastity in the women is, I am sorry to say, a great stain upon our people. The number of bastard children is very great, as is shown by the application of young women for admission into the workhouse to be confined, and by the application to magistrates in petty sessions for orders of affiliation. In hearing these cases, it is impossible not to remark how unconscious of shame both the young woman and her parents often appear to be. In the majority of cases where an order of affiliation is sought, marriage was promised, or the expectation of it held out. The cases are usually cases of *bona fide* seduction. Those who enter the workhouse to be confined are generally girls of



known bad character. I believe that in the rural districts few professed prostitutes would be found."

The clerk to the magistrates at Lampeter observes:—

"Perjury is common in courts of justice, and the Welsh language facilitates it; for, when witnesses understand English, they feign not to do so, in order to gain time in the process of translation, to shape and mould their answers according to the interest they wish to serve. Frequently neither the prisoner nor the jury understand English, and the counsel, nevertheless, addresses them in English, and the judge sums-up in English, not one word of which do they often understand. Instances have occurred when I have had to translate the answers of an English witness into Welsh for the jury; and once even to the grand jury at Cardigan I had to do this. A jurymen once asked me, 'What was the nature of an action in which he had given his verdict.'"

"Truth and the sacredness of an oath are little thought of; it is most difficult to get satisfactory evidence in courts of justice."

Upon the above evidence, Mr Symons, the inspector, remarks:—

"Notwithstanding the lamentable state of morals, the jails are empty. The following comparison between the relative criminality of the three counties in my district with that of the neighbouring agricultural county of Hereford, exhibits this moral anomaly in the Welsh character very forcibly:—

Counties of	Population in 1841	Committed for trial, sentence and quarter in the 5 years ending with 1845	Proportion of population
Brecknock . .	55,603	261	·46
Cardigan . . .	68,766	135	·19
Radnor . . . .	25,356	140	·55
Hereford . . .	113,878	1,196	1·05

"Crimes, therefore, are twice as numerous in Herefordshire as in Radnorshire or Brecknockshire, and five times more so than in Cardiganshire.

"I attribute this paucity of punishable offences in Wales partly to the extreme shrewdness and caution of the people, but much more to a natural benevolence and warmth of heart, which powerfully deters them from acts of malice and all deliberate injury to others. And I cannot but express my surprise that a characteristic so highly to the credit of the Welsh people, and of which so many evidences presented

themselves to the eye of the stranger, should have been left chiefly to his own personal testimony. Facts were nevertheless related to me which bore out my impression; and I may instance the ancient practice among neighbouring families of assisting the marriages of each other's children by loans or gifts of money at the 'buddings' or marriage meetings, to be repaid only on a similar occasion in the family of the donor, as well as the attendance of friends at times of death or adversity, as among the incidents which spring from and mark this honourable characteristic."

Notwithstanding all this, we know, from official sources, that the proportion per cent of commitments for North Wales is *sixty-one* per cent *below* the calculated average for all England and Wales, on the same amount of male population of the like ages. In fact, the jails of Wales are commonly empty, or the next thing to it; and the whole twelve counties would hardly keep one barnster, on the crown side, above starving-point. Maiden assizes are any thing but uncommon in that country.

That particular *foci* of evil do exist, we have asserted before; and we find the following trace of this portion of the subject in the report of Mr Vaughan Johnson on Montgomeryshire:—

"The following evidence relates to the parishes of *Newtown* and *Llanfuchael*, which contain 6842 inhabitants:—

"It appears that, previously to the year 1845, no district in North Wales was more neglected, in respect of education, than the parishes of Newtown and Llanfuchael. The effects were partly seen in the turbulent and seditious state of the neighbourhood in the year 1839. The permanent evils which have sprung from this neglect it will require many years of careful education to eradicate. A memorial, presented by the inhabitants to the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education, at the close of the year 1845, contains the following plea for assistance in providing popular education:—

"In the spring of the year 1839 the peace of the town and neighbourhood was threatened by an intended insurrection on the part of the operative class, in connexion, it is supposed, with other parts of the kingdom, with a view to effect a change in the institutions of the country; but such an insurrection, if intended, was prevented by the presence of an armed force; and a military force has ever since

been stationed in the town, with a view of preserving its peace.

Your memorialists believe that, if the inhabitants had had the benefit of a sound moral and religious culture in early life, the presence of an armed force to protect the peace of the town would not be needed in so comparatively small a place; and your memorialists are under a firm conviction that no better way can be devised for the removal of all disposition to vice and crime, than by enlightening the ignorant, and especially by sowing in early life, by the hands of the teacher, the seeds of religion and morality.<sup>1</sup>

“The alarm occasioned by these disturbances has passed away; but I ascertained, by a careful inquiry among the persons best acquainted with the condition of the working-classes, that even at the present day low and unprincipled publications, of a profane and seditious tendency, are much read by a class of the operative; that private and secret clubs exist for the dissemination of such writings, by means of which the class of operatives have access to the writings of Paine and Volney, to Owen’s tracts, and to newspapers and periodicals of the same pernicious tendency. It is stated that many persons who read such works also attend Sunday schools, from their anxiety to obtain a knowledge of the art of reading, which they cannot otherwise acquire. It is the opinion of those who are best acquainted with the evil complained of, that the most efficacious remedy would be the circulation of intelligent publications on general subjects, within the comprehension of the working-classes, by the help of reading-societies and circulating libraries, at terms which the operatives would be able to afford.”

The third vice—for it is a vice—which we know to be prevalent in Wales, is the extreme dirt and untidiness of all the inhabitants. Go into any Welsh town or village, and observe the squalid shabby look of the houses and their tenants; visit their farms and cottages, and see the wretched filth in which men and animals herded together, and you will bear witness to the truth of our assertion. There is no spirit of order and improvement among them; every thing is done on the principle of the least possible present trouble. Were the Welsh blessed with the climate of Naples, they would, every one of them, become pure Lazzaroni,—as it is, they approximate to the Irish in their innate indolence and love of

dirt. Whenever the commissioners for the health of towns receive their full power, they will have an Augean stable to cleanse, comprising the whole Principality.

Even here, however, we are disposed to find some excuse for the people. They have so few resident gentry, at least of the larger proprietors; their country is so wild and so lonely; the difficulties of poverty and bad weather which they have to contend against are so great, that the philanthropical inquirer must make large allowances for them on this head. The commissioners found most of the country schools conducted in the most wretched buildings; but perhaps these buildings were some of the very best and cleanest in the district: they thought them neglected, and in bad repair: whereas the inhabitants might have supposed that they “had done the correct thing,” and had adorned them in a style of lavish expenditure.

We might go on multiplying our extracts and our comments *ad infinitum*, but we purposely abstain; and we shall conclude our review of these highly important documents with one or two inferences that seem to us obviously necessary.

In the first place, as long as the Welsh language cannot reckon among its literary treasures, the principal portion of the good elementary books of instruction which have long been employed in England, and are still issuing from the English press, it is obviously impossible to place the education of the Welsh on the same level as that of their Saxon neighbours. Not only should the best English books be translated into Welsh—we mean for the instruction and amusement of the middle and lower classes,—but translations might be made most advantageously from other tongues; and the literature of Wales might become permanently enriched with the best fruits of all nations. We by no means coincide in opinion with those who would discourage the study of Welsh, and would even attempt to suppress that language altogether; we look upon it as one of the most interesting and valuable, though not one of the most fortunate and gifted, of European tongues. In

*ancient* literature, in poetry, and in an immense mass of oral tradition, it is uncommonly rich, and, by the mere dignity of age, is worthy of its place being ever kept for it among the languages of the world. But, further than this, though it operates to a certain extent as a social bar to the more intimate connexion of the Welsh and English populations, it serves also as a strong bond and support of Welsh nationality, and keeps alive in their breasts that indomitable love of their country, and that spirit of national pride, which is the best safeguard of the liberties of the realm, and its protection from democratic invasion. It hinders the operations of centralisation—that odious and destructive principle of government which Whigs and Democrats are so fond of copying from their masters, the revolutionary French; and it teaches the people to rely on their own resources, and to preserve the ancient freedom of their country. In times like these, when the aggressive levelling spirit of democracy is actively at work, and when the ancient liberties of the country are gradually falling beneath the sway of radical innovation, any thing that may serve as a check to the decline and fall of the empire is not to be lightly despised or abandoned. The Welsh, like the Basques, like the Bretons, like the Hungarians, have preserved their national language and feelings, though all these are united to empires and people far more powerful and numerous than themselves; and thus are destined to form the most energetic and abiding portions of those empires, when the excessive advance of civilisation, and the destruction of all national virtues, shall have brought about their disruption and ruin. Let the higher orders and the government of the country show, the former more enlightened and more energetic patriotism, and the latter more intelligence and foresight than hitherto. Let them provide the people with the materials of education and instruction; let them call forth the numerous learned men to be found amongst the clergy of the Principality; let them require and pay for the formation of an elementary literature, and the nucleus thus originated will grow betimes into

a goodly mass, fit for the work required, and itself generating the means of its future increase. The natural acuteness of the Welsh people is such—and the Commissioners bear ample testimony to the fact—that, had they but books in their own tongue, the facts of knowledge would be universally acquired. They would make as much progress in secular as they now do in theological research; and were their powers of acquisition well directed, the whole character of the nation would undergo an elevating and improving change.

We would have them taught English as a foreign language—as an accomplishment, in fact. It belongs to a totally different family of languages, and must always be a foreign tongue to a Celt—but still it may be acquired sufficiently for all the common purposes of life; while all facts, all instruction, all matters for reflection and memory, should be conveyed in the national tongue, the pure Cymric language.

Government need not trouble itself by attempting to carry the details of educational systems into operation; all that it is required to supply is the moving and the controlling power; the various duties of the great machine will be better fulfilled by the people at large—that is to say, by the local authorities, the constituted voices and hands of the national body.

We are aware of the many difficulties that are sure to meet any government, or rather any political party, that should attempt at the present day to carry into effect a scheme of general education. The sectarian spirit of the country is so thoroughly excited, the minds of the people are so thoroughly wild upon certain subjects, that any thing like a patriotic sinking of interests for the general good is out of the question; much less is it to be expected that, under Whig leaders, the discordant members of the state would be inclined to defer to the superior authority of the legislators. The predominance of the democratic element in the present phase of the constitution of England hinders the action of government, and injures in this, as in most other respects, the very best interests of the

country. Still we cannot but think that, were there at the head of affairs a band of statesmen in whose political integrity, private honour, and public capacity, the country could firmly rely, the mass of the people might be made to rally round their standard, rather than round the gathering-posts of factious leaders, whether political or religious. But at the present moment, when the tone of political morality and parliamentary consistency is so low, when treason and tergiversation are the order of the day, and when the undisguised pursuit of gain—by fair means or by foul, but still by some means or other—is allowed to usurp an undue place in the councils of the nation, it is in vain to hope for any very satisfactory results.

We would say, follow out the Church scheme fearlessly and boldly, but without intolerance—follow it out consistently and honestly, and you will obtain more numerous and more worthy followers, you will produce more permanent and more beneficial results, than by truckling to this sect or to that, or by the vain endeavour to curry favour with all. At the same time we think, with the commissioners, that to make the Bible the sole book of education, as is the case in most schools, is a bad plan; it brings the sacred volume itself into contempt and dislike, and it limits the field of instruction in an undue degree. We would introduce more of secular subjects even into the common schools, and certainly not less of real religion; and to that end we would endeavour to fit the teachers for their duties, and suit the extensiveness of the schools to the amount of work to be done. Religious education being maintained daily as a part, not as the whole, of education, it should be made the exclusive topic of Sunday education; and the amount of information on religious topics thus gained would be found to be greater, in a given time, than when the child's mind is bent to that one subject alone—the hardest, the sublimest of all subjects—and when all his thoughts, all his ideas, are concentrated on the Bible, the Prayer-Book, and the Catechism. In this matter, however, the heads of the Church are the authorities with whom the move for improvement ought to

originate; and, would they but act with energy and unanimity, there is no doubt that they would carry the weight and influence of the nation along with them.

The third observation we have to offer refers to the lamentably inadequate provision made, in a pecuniary point of view, for the education of the people. Not only are the teachers totally unprepared by previous education, but, even let their talents and acquirements be what they may, their brightest prospect is that of earning less than at any trade to which they may be taken themselves—without any prospect of ever, by some turn of fortune's wheel, amassing for themselves a store for their declining years. Work, to be done well, no matter what its nature may be, must be properly recompensed; no system that is not adequately supported with funds can be expected to continue in a state of efficiency—it will speedily degenerate, decline, and ultimately perish.

Not to dwell upon truisms of this kind, we shall at once state what we think would form a sufficient fund for the maintenance of a uniform and effective system of public instruction in Wales, and the means of carrying it into effect. We conceive that the advantages of education, being felt by every man—even whether he be the direct recipient of it or not—should be paid for out of a common fund, raised in an equitable manner by the state. On the other hand, in an agricultural country, where the main interests of the state are in the hands of the great landed proprietors, and where the well-being and safety of the whole depends upon the morality and the physical good of the labouring classes, the magistrates of the country, and all the owners of land, are most intimately bound up with the healthy action and welfare of the whole people; nor can they by any means shift from their shoulders the duty of providing for the happiness of their tenants and dependents. For similar reasons, the merchants, manufacturers, and other citizens of large towns, have a direct interest in the welfare and in the moral advancement of all the working and inferior classes of the urban population. Now, we maintain that one of

the most efficient and ready methods for the promotion of industry, the suppression of vagrancy, the diminution of drunkenness, sensuality, and crime, and therefore the lowering of poor-rates, police-rates, county-rates, &c., would be the giving the people a better religious and secular education, and the raising of them in the scale of social beings. It would follow from these premises, if assented to, that an education tax would be one of the fairest and most directly advantageous which could be imposed on the country; and we are further persuaded that, as its effects began to make themselves felt, its justice would be acquiesced in by all who should pay it.

We would therefore suggest, 1st, That a general poll-tax should be raised on the country, without distinction of person, or age, or sex, for the purposes of education; and, in order that people might not murmur at it for its oppressiveness, we would fix it at the value of one day's work of an adult agricultural labourer. 2d, On all the acreage of the country we would recommend a land-tax to be levied, with the same intent, and without exception for any class of property whatsoever. This we would fix at some small fractional part of the annual value of the land in rent charge,—say at one penny per acre. 3d, On all household property in towns, for tenements, belonging to persons not in the condition of labourers, we would lay a similar tax of a small fractional portion of the annual rent; and on all mining and manufacturing property, wherever situated, we would impose a certain small annual charge. To fix ideas, we will suppose that the sum produced by this latter class of property should be equal to one-half of that charged for the same purpose on the landed proprietors. The sums to be raised may be thus calculated:—

1st., The entire population of North and South Wales, as ascertained by the census of 1841, is 911,603: and the average rate of wages for an able-bodied agricultural labourer may be safely estimated at 1s. 6d. per diem, as a minimum throughout Wales. A poll-tax, therefore, of 1s. 6d. per head on the whole population, would produce a sum of £68,375.

2d., The entire acreage of Wales is very nearly 5,206,900 acres; and a land-tax of 1d. per acre would therefore produce £21,695.

3d., Estimating a tax on houses, and mining and manufacturing property throughout Wales, at only half the amount of that raised on the land, we should have a sum of £10,847.

The whole would stand thus:—

Poll-tax	-	L. 68,375
Land-tax	-	21,695
House-tax, &c.	-	10,847
		<hr/>
		L. 100,917

Now assuming that, whether by adhering to the old division of parishes for the formation of educational districts—and for many reasons, religious as well as political, we should be sorry to see this arrangement disturbed—there would be required, at the rate of at least one school for each parish, the total number of 863 schools. But on account of the increased size of some of the towns, and the accumulation of mining population in several mountainous districts, it might be necessary to provide more than this number. We will therefore, at a guess, fix it at 1000, and this would furnish at least one school for every 1000 of the whole population, adult as well as infantine—a proportion which will be allowed to be abundantly sufficient, when it is considered that such schools are intended only for the lower classes.

To support, however, a school in a proper state of efficiency—that is to say, to furnish it with properly trained teachers, male and female, and with the requisite books and other instruments of teaching—we do not think that we are overstraining the point if we assign the annual sum of one hundred pounds as necessary. This sum might either be divided in the proportion of sixty pounds per annum for a male teacher, and forty pounds per annum for a female,—or it might most advantageously, in some cases, be bestowed on a teacher and his wife, supposing them both capable of undertaking such duties. Of course, in all cases suitable buildings, including school-rooms for both sexes, residences and gardens for the teachers, should be provided at the public expense, and maintained in repair from

## REPUBLICAN PARIS.

[MARCH, APRIL 1848.]

Is there any former lover of Paris who imagines that, when the barricades of the last insurrection have been removed, the devastations repaired, and the street lanterns mended, Paris will wear, with its republican face, the same aspect as it did of old? If there be such a man, let him still cherish the fond delusion, and not come and see. Or, would he learn the truth, let him try the experiment of taking from the fairest face he knows and loves, the gay, coquettish cap of gauze and ribbon, the light butterfly-like *chef-d'aïer* of the most tasty fancy of a French *marchande des modes*, and let him put on that head the Phrygian cap of liberty, the *bonnet rouge*, in all its startling coarseness of red cloth. He thinks, perhaps, that the face will be the same, or at least wear the same expression as before! Fatal mistake! Animated, gay with colour, flushed with the red reflected tints, picture-like even, may be the pretty face—but it will have utterly lost its former charm; it will look staring, vulgar, swagging, disordered, at best Bacchante-like. Or, to take a more psychological comparison:—Let him think back upon the time when he was in love, and wandered in the company of the beloved, and try to remember how he looked upon the objects that surrounded him. Of a surety, whatever their natural want of beauty, they wore a peculiar look of brightness; there was a magical veil of rose-coloured charm upon all. Let him then reflect upon the aspect of the same spot when *she* was gone. The objects remained the same, but certainly they were not the same air to his eyes; they were the identical objects he had looked upon before, and yet he could have sworn that they were changed—that the whole landscape was discoloured. And so it is with Paris. Streets, squares, and houses are the same, but its moral appearance is totally altered; there is a changed look in the very air; the impression on the mind is as different as rose-colour is from gray upon the

sense; the psychological tint has been washed out, blurred away, and replaced by a troubled, confused, indescribably unharmonious and uncongenial colour.

But without attempting to convey to others a feeling impossible to define, it is easy enough to point out the altered state of being of the French capital in the outward physical aspect of republican Paris. True, the marks of devastation have been almost entirely removed from the Boulevards and principal streets with wonderful alacrity on the part of the municipal authorities. Young trees have been planted on the spots where the old ones were cut down to form barricades; they look stunted, meagre, and unhappy enough, to be sure—very like the young republic that their frail stems typify—but they manage to keep up the look of the line of avenue. There they stand, all ready to be cut down again for the construction of fresh barricades, if ever they grow big enough before they are wanted, which is certainly a very doubtful matter. The asphalté is already laid down once more in the holes of the broken-up *trottoirs*, or at least smoke and stench enough prevail in the labours of plastering it down; and in a short time the iron railings of the Boulevard du Rempart will again prevent drunken citizens in smocks from falling down into the street below; at all events, there is mortar and soldier enough ready on the pavement to do the work. On the opposite side of the way, that fatal building, the Hotel of Foreign Affairs, before which so frightful a scene of carnage was acted, looks much as it did of yore—perhaps only a little dirtier, a little more public-office-like—although young citizens *en blouse* mount guard before its gates instead of soldiers of the line, and on its walls, smeared with blood-dipped fingers, glare before one's eyes, unwashed away by rain, the startling capitals—“MORT A GUZZO.” But it is to be presumed that the eyes of passers-by will get used to the bloody words—

forgotten, perhaps, before many months in other visions of blood—perhaps smeared over in their turn by “*Mort à —*.” Who can tell? The pavement has been long since restored to the streets; although, to tell the truth, here and there the disjointed, ill-replaced stones still slightly lift their heads to tell a tale of past devastation, and proclaim their readiness to rise again at a moment’s warning; and *fiacres* jolt uneasily over them—very much like the Provisional Government over the rough work left them to stumble against by the Revolution. But, upon the whole, Paris has nigh recovered its former material look, and might almost cheat the wanderer, who looks only upon stone walls, and pavements, and lamp-posts, into the belief that it has undergone no change, and retained no scars from its late burning eruptive disorder, unless he stroll past two spots which startle him into a recollection of the truth. Here the long facade of the palace of the Tuilleries, its window-panes all smashed, its shutters shattered—the broken casket of royalty! There the quondam Palais-Royal, its walls still blackened by the bonfires of royal furniture lighted in its courts; its windows paneless, its once flowered terraces bare or boarded with planks. And, opposite, the smoked walls of that ruined building, on the other side of the square, where the last defenders of royalty were shot down, or were flung back to perish in the blazing pile of the vast guard-house.

But if Paris has thus washed away its blood and dirt, thus mended its rent garments, thus patched over its scars, where then is the great change? Come and see! The scenes with which the streets of republican Paris teem are such as those who have only known the city in its kingly garb have never witnessed.

What was the aspect of Paris formerly on one of those bright champagne-like spring days, when the Parisian butterflies of all classes, the humble gray moth as the sparkling tiger-fly, came forth to sun themselves in the golden air? There were crowds—but listless, easy, careless crowds, that sauntered they knew not whither, and turned back they knew not why—crowds of beings

who ran over each other, and almost over themselves, as they fluttered hither and thither, enjoying the brightness of the sky without rendering themselves any reckoning of their enjoyment. There are still crowds in the streets; but no longer listless, easy, careless crowds. They form in large groups, and knots, and circles on the pavement, and at street corners, and at the entrance of galleries and passages; and, from the midst of the mass, if you can get near enough to hear, comes the sound of haranguing or of disputing. Each group is an *al fresco* club in which the interests of the country at large are being discussed: and round about is ever a dark murmuring, and a rumour, and a ferment—and sometimes minor disputants break off from the parent knot, and presently form a nucleus for a fresh encircling crowd; and another group takes up its standing: and a great banyan-tree of politicising knots drops its branches, which thus take root up and down the Boulevards, far and wide, until the whole long avenue is planted with separate little circles of disputants or spouters. Here a well-dressed man assures his unknown auditors that the arbitrary and despotic measures of an obnoxious Minister of the Interior destroy all confidence, and prepare the ruin of the country, with the fear of another Reign of Terror; there a workman on a bench, with violent gesture and inflamed countenance, declares that the salvation of the republic, one and indivisible, hangs upon the despotism—he gives it another name—of the same Minister of the Interior—for the time being, the hero of the people. But think not that the *blouse* is sundered from the frock-coat, or the varnished boot from the clouted shoe. Here you see a young *élegant* of the Faubourg St Germain, his legitimist principles and his old dynastic hopes prudently concealed behind the axiom, “All for France! *Français avant tout!*” discussing amicably a knotty point about elections, or the measures of the Provisional Government, with an unshaved artisan in a smock: and look! they are of one mind—or apparently so—and the kid-gloved hand grasps the rough,

callous, toil-hardened palm. Here again a good *bourgeois*, a shopkeeper, in his uniform as a National Guard, the grocer of your street corner maybe, holds *Monsieur* the ex-Count, his customer, by the button, to develop his last republican scheme for the certain remedy of the financial crisis. A little further on, a dark-browed man, in a ragged coat, with a tricolor cockade, scarcely concealing the blood-red ribbon beneath, declares to a knot of young school boys, that the only method to avert the general misery is by the spoliation of the vile rich; and meets with little sympathy, and goes away scowling, as if he thought that his time would yet come. And here again a *gamin*, a very child, with his snub nose insolently cocked in the air, his sabre bound about his body, and his musket on his arm—for he just comes from keeping guard—is holding forth upon the interests of the Republic to a red-faced, mustachied old gentleman, who looks like an old general; and who smiles good-temperedly on the urchin, and listens, until the young patriot thinks probably that he has sufficiently enlightened "granny" upon the art of sucking republican eggs, and swaggers off, screeching *Mourir pour la Patrie*, at the top of his shrill voice. And around each of these minor centres of two suns is all the hemisphere of listening planets and satellites. And thus every where is a fusion, according to the best-established republican principles of *égalité*; and no great harm done, were the doctrine to rest there—every where ferment, commotion, murmur, movement. But the old Parisian *flaneur*, with his easily satisfied curiosity, his desultory wanderings, his careless movements—and what Parisian of the street-crowds, man, woman, or child, had not formerly more or less of the spirit of a true *flaneur*!—is gone from the streets of Paris. A citizen has something else to do than *flaner*: he feels all the weight of the interests of the country on his own individual shoulders; and he has no time now but for making harangues, on which the welfare of France depends, and discussing political or social questions, equally for the welfare of all humanity. It is

wonderful how quickly the change has come over the spirit of his dream. But fashion and contagion work miracles.

Come! look at this picture now. It is a bright moonlight night. The beams of the full moon are whitening the long line of elevated columns of the Bourse. In the large, open, moonlit *place* before it are crowds—every where crowds—in isolated circles again, looking like clumps of little wooded islands in a glistening lake. Let us approach one of the dark masses. In the midst of the circle stands a young fellow, bare-headed, shaking his fair locks about him most theatrically, and "baying at the moon." He is mounted on a tub, or some such temporary pulpit. His arms are tossed aloft in the moonlight with such energy that we feel convinced he fancies himself a second Camille Desmoulins animating the Parisian population against the tyrants of the country. We get as near as we can, and we now catch his words. He is, in truth, haranguing against tyranny, but the tyranny of the shopkeepers; and he calls upon all *citoyens* and true patriots to join him in a petition to the Government for the closing of shops on Sundays and holidays at twelve o'clock, instead of three in the afternoon! But the mass around does not seem to catch his enthusiasm: for I see none of those shifting lights in the *chiaro-obscuro* of the crowd, that would indicate one of those electric movements that fall upon popular masses, under the influence of inspiration. Now, he cries, "*Vive la République!* citizens, friends, let us to the Faubourg St Antoine!"—the workman's quarter, where *émeutes* are generally cooked up. But no one seems inclined to follow him into that distant region, in order to get up a shop-shutting insurrection; and more than one voice calls out, "*plus souvent!*" or, *Anglice*, "I wish you may get it!"

Come! here is another picture. The night this time is dark and drizzly. Upon the pavement of the now naked flower-market, beneath the quiet ghostly white walls of the Madeleine, stand thick groups of men: there are some hundreds of them—some in cloaks,



some in thick coats, some with their hats slouched down upon their brows, all wearing, in their several patches of murmuring forms, an air of conspiracy, which is greatly increased by the sombre and inclement state of the night. And conspirators they are—but bold-faced conspirators in the face of a dripping heaven. In republican Paris, however, there is, *as yet*, no police to prevent conspiracy: and in this instance the plotters are not conspiring against republican France, but against monarchies and empires. The dusky forms are those of the German democrats, who are holding a desultory council for the raising of a German army to go and conquer the liberties of the great German republic they intend to found. To-morrow their address to the "*citoyens Français*," calling on them to lend arms and give money towards the recruitment of their force, will be on all the walls of Paris. In a day or two a few hundreds will be off, with the full conviction that they are to mix their own republican leaven of sourness into all the freshly baked German constitutional governments, and proclaim their republic wherever they go. They are talking, in this bigger group, not only of "breaking tyrant-chains," but of "wreathing laurels for their own brows."

Think not also that the Boulevards retain their glittering aspect of rich decorated shops, teeming with the luxury of colour and gilding as before. We are in the midst of a financial crisis, and misery and want are increasing daily. Trade has ceased with the want of confidence: ruin has fallen on many; workmen have been dismissed, and shop-boys turned adrift in hundreds upon the streets; and, in spite of the "roasted larks" all ready for hungry mouths, and "showers of gold" which the Government promises as about to fall from the heaven of the republic upon the working classes, it is not only on the faces of the tradespeople at their shop-doors, or behind the mockery of their plate-glass windows, that there is impressed a gloom, but upon the many hundreds and thousands who seek work and cannot find it, and who wander up and down with hanging heads, ~~or~~ while away their weary hours in lounging about the outskirts of the disputing groups.

See! how many shops are shut! See! how sadly the placard of "*boutique à louer*," upon the closed doors, meets the eye at every ten steps, and tells a tale of bankruptcy; how many rows of dismal shutters, like coffin-lids erect upon their ends, give by day to the streets that funereal look they formerly only gave by night; and chalked upon these shutters are still the words—"*armes données au peuple*," a still remaining *souvenir* of the days of tumult, disorder, and bloodshed, when every house in Paris was scrawled over by the same announcement, in order to prevent the forcible entry of the mob into private dwellings to carry off defensive weapons. If we step aside into one of those monster-shops, with their vast corridors, and avenues, and galleries, and staircases, which lately were so crowded that it was difficult for customers to be served even by the hundred *commis* within, what a scene of desert listlessness meets our eyes! There is scarce a solitary customer who wanders amongst their long galleries, vainly draped and beshawled with all the rich wonders of modern manufacture. The weary-looking shop-boys, the few that remain, run out of breath from one end of a long gallery to another to get what you want, for they have now several departments of the establishment under their care. There is not a trace here of Paris as it was.

Come out in the streets again! What has become of the bright look they were? There are no longer the *belles toilettes* of the last Parisian fashion—no gay dresses, or but a scanty, worn-out, tawdry show—none of the ancient splendour of rich Paris. A few *élégants*, it is true, familiar faces, may be still met upon their former lounging haunts on the Boulevards; but they are few, and their varnished boots even have a dull lustreless look, that is perfectly sympathetic with the general gloom. Several, certainly, may be met in the uniform of the National Guard, but with such an altered, any thing but "lion"-like mien, that you do not recognise them at first, and cut half your best acquaintances. The equipages which formerly dashed hither and thither over the pavement, are now *rare* *ares* in the streets; and the few

who exhibit thus openly their superior wealth have, for the most part, considered it advisable to have the armorial bearings upon the pannels of their vehicles painted over. Most of the upper classes have put down their carriages, and sold or sent away their horses. The unfortunate "rich," however, are in sad straits; if they show themselves *en voiture*, while their humbler neighbours walk on foot, they may stand a chance, in the new realm of "*égalité*," of having their ears saluted with the menacing cry of "*à bas les aristocrates—à bas les riches!*" if they restrict their expenses and reduce their establishments, they run the risk of being seriously denounced as favourers of the "*conspiration de l'économie*," which they are supposed to form in order to injure the republic by refusing to spend their money. Where the people are lords and masters, the upper classes have evidently a far harder game to play, and much less tolerance to expect, than in the contrary rule. In the aspect of the streets, then, there is not a trace of Paris as it was.

How looks the scene? There are plenty of ill-dressed men moving about with anxious faces: they are the hungry crew from the provinces, come to solicit places in the new order of things, and snatch what morsel of the cake they can in the general scramble. They may be known by the size of their tricolor cockades, and streaming ribbons at their button-hole; for they think it necessary to proclaim, as flauntingly as they can, by symbol, the republican principles which, they suddenly find out, always and from all times, although unknown to themselves, animated their souls. And *blouses* there are in plenty, as of course. They are the kings of the day, and they are not yet chary of their royal persons, or tired of exhibiting the consciousness of their royalty in the streets. Some of these *braves citoyens* have got far beyond the comparison, "drunk as a lord"—they are "drunk as an emperor:" and with their ideas of aristocratic power, and their maxim of "all for us, and nothing for nobody else," why should they not be? Besides, as they choose to have much pay and no work, how could they better employ their time?

The uniforms of the National Guards are now almost more numerous than the frock-coat and round hat; and though so fallen from their high estate before the frowning demonstration of the people, these former *soi-disant* defenders of the liberties of their country assert a certain predominance in the aspect of the moving scene. Where so lately arms were never seen, having been strictly prohibited by orders of the police, now pass by you, at all times, bands of armed men, in tolerably ragged attire, or *en blouse*, with muskets on their arms, their white sword and cartouche belts crossing their breasts, and little bits of card-paper stuck in their caps. These are small battalions of the newly recruited *garde mobile*—recruited chiefly from the idle refuse of the people; and as they march hither and thither continually, they seem still to have a faint idea that they are obeying orders from their officers: but how long this fancy of obedience and discipline will be still entertained among them, is a very ticklish question. Some of them are standing sentinels at the gates of the government buildings and public offices, in lieu of the soldiers of the line that formerly met your eye there. Here again, before the Hotel de la Marine, are a few sturdy-looking sailors, the most honest in physiognomy of most of the individuals you meet; and with their blue dresses, and ribbon-bound glazed hats, give a new feature, and not an unpicturesque one, to the street scene. A few soldiers still roam about in desultory manner; the jealousy of the people will not allow of any armed force but their own within the walls of Paris; and they have a debauched demoralised look that they were not of old; for they no longer obey orders, wander about at will, and return to their barracks only when they want to be fed. Without seeking for any marked republican fashion, there may be thus found sufficient change in the outward attire of the general throng to show at once that you are in the streets of republican Paris, and not Paris as it was. And yet, specimens of the fantastic republican attire of a gone-by time, the recollections of which few, one would think, would wish to recall, are not altogether wanting. A few

*bonnets rouges*,—the Phrygian caps of liberty,—with tricolor cockades on one side, startle the eye some time; some adventurous female of the lower classes crosses your path now and then with a similar *coiffure*, and in a tricolor dress of red, blue apron, and white collar; and here and there a tricolor-bedecked fellow, with a faner in his hands, invites you to witness his feats of republican jugglery. This, however, is the mere child's play that mocks an old comedy,—an old tragedy, I should have said. Little is as yet done to parody that fearful epoch of French history: people do not even address each other as "*citoyen*" and "*citoyenne*." The name appears only in public documents. What King People may require, when it feels more fully its own strength,—what comedy, or what tragedy, of old times it may choose to act again, remains to be seen upon the dark and gloomy page of the future. The new-born giant only stretches his arms as yet, and crushes a fly or two in sport; as yet he scarcely knows his awful power.

[Now listen to the street-cries in the formerly orderly thoroughfares of the capital. What an incessant screeching of voices,—rough, shrill, clear, and husky—fills the air, and, if not deafens, tears the ears. From an early hour of the morning until after midnight, the hoarse screaming ceases not in the streets. We baffle the nervous and impressionable; they are sure to go to bed nightly with a headache. All this cædram-rolling clamor has reference only to one object of all—that of the necessary daily food of republican Paris—of the newspapers. Their name now is legion. With one ambition exception, all the old established newspapers are submerged in this deluge of republican prints. We have now two or three "*Republiques*," "*La Reforme*," "*La Liberté*," "*Le Salut Public*," "*La voix du Peuple*," and who can tell how many other "voices" besides, including "*La voix des Femmes*," for the milder sex already lifts its voice still more fiercely if possible than the ruder. But it would be as difficult to enumerate all the names of the demons in a fantastic poem? "*inferna*," as all the titles of the new republican newspapers that howl around one in the distracted

streets of Paris. There is one, as was before said, that is screeched more noisily, more assiduously, more sturdily, than all the others: and the sounds of its hawking ring long in the ears after the streets have been left, and even pursue the bewildered street-wanderer to his bed, and in his dreams. It weighs in weight of noise against all the other papers of Paris taken in the mass. Listen! What do you hear? Nothing but "*Demandez la Presse*!" "*La Patrie*!" "*Demandez la Presse*!" "*La voix des Clubs*!" "*Demandez la Presse*!" "*La voix Démocratique*!" "*Demandez la Presse*!" and so on to the "crack of doom." It is the journal of an intriguing man of strong sense, and stronger ambition, who has not yet obtained that power at which he grasps; but as the whole paper is for one *son*, it will be strange if, with this active system of living ruffling, he arrive not at some great pinnacle, or fall not into some deep abyss. Ears, however, will get accustomed to the cannon of the battle-field, but the human spirit gets not easily accustomed to the bodily assaults of every moment. At every step new-paper-venders obstruct your path, rushing down upon you like cab-drivers in the streets of Naples; the thousand rival sheets of printed paper are flared in your face, thrust into your hand, forced into your bosom, then at a time, with the accompanying howl of "*only a son*," only five centimes."

Suppose that, for a moment, a bold supposition!—you have escaped from the attacks of these invading hordes of republican journalism, you must not fancy that your future path is unobstructed. Of course, in republican Paris, a street power would be considered as the most frightful of tyrannies; universal license is the order of the day. Beside the politicising and haranguing crowds already mentioned, your course is hemmed by countless others. Here is a juggler—there a quack-doctor—there a monkey—here a pamphlet-vender; and each has its thick encircling throng of idlers around it. And alas! how many there are who have now no business but to idle. The thickest crowd, perhaps, is round a long-haired meagre fellow, who is crying "*Les crimes de Louis Philippe*,"

a distinct fund. We shall then perceive that the sum mentioned above, amounting in round numbers to one hundred thousand pounds per annum, would be sufficient for the purpose; and we think that it would not only be so, but that it might be made to furnish a sufficient sum for retiring and superannuated pensions, on the principle adopted in several of the Continental states, of an annual percentage being deducted from the salaries of all civil servants to form a fund of this nature, specially devoted to their own benefit. We do not throw out any specific hints for the collection and management of this fund; but it might be raised along with other local rates, and by the same local officers, so that the smallest possible addition might be thereby made to the cost of collecting it.

One part of this plan, however, without which the whole would be inefficient, would be the forming of a body of inspectors, and the establishing of training-schools or colleges for teachers. The latter are already beginning to exist, and machinery for the former is now at work under the direction of the Committee of Council. But we should hope to see training-schools established on a much larger and more efficient scale than at present; and we should desire to see the appointment of inspectors, and the management of the education funds, taken out of the hands of such a body as the Privy Council, and given to the local and provincial authorities, civil and ecclesiastical, of Wales. If such appointments remained in the hands of government, political jobbing would act upon them with greater intensity than through the medium of local interests and county influence; and,

what would be far worse than this, another impulse would be given to the principle of centralisation, one of the most fatal for national spirit and national freedom that can be devised, and which we are called upon to resist at all times, but especially when a party of Whig politico-economists, as wild and destructive in the ultimate tendencies of their theories as the Girondists of France, are in possession of the reins of power.

We say nothing on the subject of Sunday schools; we leave them altogether to the consideration and support of the Church, and the various sects in Wales, by whom, if they are wanted, they can be efficiently maintained without any interference of the state. But we call loudly upon the legislature of the United Kingdom to give at least the initiative and the moving power to the natural inertness of the Welsh people; and we would summon them, as they value the happiness, the tranquillity, and the moral advancement of that portion of the country, to take the matter of education under their primary control, and to form a general system, harmonious in its manner of working, comprehensive in its extent, and tolerant in its religious tendencies. Much opposition and prejudice and clamour would have to be combated, as upon every question seems now to be the case in what we fondly consider the model of all political constitutions. But unless the legislature and the statesmen at the head of affairs are prepared to meet these obstacles, and to remove them in their sovereign wisdom, they had better declare their incapacity openly, and renounce their functions.

## THE SILVER CROSS.—A CAMPAIGNING SKETCH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ERNEST KOCH.\*

## NIGHT-QUARTERS.

IN the village of Careta, upon the mountains near the Arga, which flows from the Pyrenees to Pampeluna, the wind whistled and the snow drifted upon a stormy January evening of the year 1836. It was about seven of the clock: José, a sturdy peasant, sat by his kitchen fire, on which withered vine-branches blazed and crackled, and dried his hempen sandals. Beside him knelt a haggard old woman, handsome in the ugliness of one of those strongly-marked, melancholy, yellow countenances, in which a legend of the Alhambra seems to lurk. Dressed in rusty black, she crouched like an animal by the hearth, poking and blowing at the fire, which sometimes broadly illuminated the remotest corners of the room and rafters of the roof, at others was barely sufficiently vivid to light up her mysterious old physiognomy. Suddenly a tremendous gust of wind burst open the wooden shutter, and howled into the apartment.

"Dios! what weather!" croaked the old woman.

An affirmative *caraño* was her husband's reply, as he knocked the dry mud from his leathern gaitashes against the eage of the raised hearth-stone.

"God help the poor troops in the mountains!" continued the old woman. "Daughter, shut the window."

A young girl, who sat, spindle in hand, upon a wooden bench in the gloom of the chimney corner, obeyed the order. Her coarse woollen dress could not wholly disguise the graces of her form, as she tripped across the kitchen through the fitful firelight, which shone upon her gipsy features and clear brown skin, and upon the two long plaited tails of jet-black hair that fell down her back nearly to her

heels. Before closing the window she listened, with the true instinct of a vedette, to the sounds without. In a lull of the blast, her ear caught the noise of distant drums, beaten not in irregular guerrilla fashion, but by well-trained drummers, in steady quick time.

"Father," cried Manuela, "troops are at hand."

"Nonsense, child: 'tis the garrison tattoo below at Larasucua."

"No, father, it draws nearer. 'Tis the French. Mother, hide the beds."

Beds were hidden, a sack of white beans was carefully concealed, the family jackass was tethered in the darkest corner of the cellar-like stable. Preceded by rattle of drums, two wet and weary battalions of the French Legion marched into Careta, and after a few minutes' halt the shivering alcalde was hurrying from house to house, allotting quarters to the tired strangers.

An hour later I sat beside José's hearth, smoking a friendly cigarillo with the surly old peasant. Upon the earthen floor, at various distances from the fire, at which sundry pair of white gaiters, newly washed, hung to dry, lay those soldiers of my squad (I was then a corporal) who had not fallen in that day's fight by Larasucua. At a sort of loop-hole in the wall, looking out into the street, a sentry stood. For a long while José sat with folded hands, gazing at the fire. I did all I could to make him talk; told him about German customs and German men; then spoke of Spain, of the Constitution and so forth; less, however, if truth must be told, with a view to his amusement than to that of the sweet-faced girl with the long black locks who sat over her spindle in the opposite corner. At last José's sullenness thawed so

\* This sketch is derived partly from the note-book, and partly from the conversation, of a young German, now living upon a small estate near Barèges in the Upper Pyrenees.

far that he asked me very earnestly if the German jackasses were as big and as strong as those in Navarre. What could I reply to such a question!

Suddenly a long shrill whistle was heard outside the house. "Keep a bright look-out!" cried I, to the sentry at the loophole. Again all was still. Father José dropped off to sleep; the patrona went down stairs to fodder the donkey, and I addressed my conversation to pretty Manuela. I know not how it was, but we got on so well together that soon I found myself seated close beside her, one arm round her waist, whilst the other hand played with a silver cross that hung from her neck, and on which were engraved the words, "Mary, pray for me!" And she told me of her brother Antonio, who was away from home, and of her sister Maria, who was with relations at Hostiz, in the valley of the Bastan.

"And where is your brother Antonio, Manuela?"

"My brother is—in the mountains. You seem good and kind, stranger; you tell me you are not a Frenchman, but a German. Oh! if you meet my brother in fight, do not kill him—spare him for my sake!"

But, dear Manuela, how am I to know your brother? One Carlist is so like another."

"No, no! you are sure to know him: he resembles me, and he wears upon his breast a silver cross like mine. The

same words are written upon it, and not a bullet has touched him since he has worn it."

"So, your brother is a soldier of Don Carlos, your sister dwells in a Carlist village, and your parents—at least your father, judging from his looks when I spoke of the Constitution,—also hold for the Pretender. Do you not fear Christino troops?"

"No, Señor—at least I should not, if they were all as good as you, who protected me from that rude Italian. —*Dios!*" she exclaimed, suddenly interrupting herself, and springing from her chair like a scared deer. From under the bench on the other side of the fire peered forth the dark countenance of a Piedmontese soldier, his cheeks flushed with wine, his eyes sparkling with a sullen fire, his ignoble, satyr-like features expressing a host of evil passions. He shot a venomous glance from under his dirty eyelashes, then turned himself round, grinding between his teeth an Italian malediction. He still lay where I had violently thrown him, when, upon our first entrance, I rescued Manuela from his brutality.

"To bed, girl!" screamed the old woman, who just then re-entered the kitchen. Manuela went to bed, and I composed myself to sleep upon the bench by the fire. It was eleven o'clock, and the silence in the village was unbroken save by the howling of the storm and the occasional challenge of a sentry.

#### IN THE MOUNTAINS.

The road from Pampeluna to France passes by a mountain of some size, whose real name I have forgotten, but which our soldiers called the Hill of Death, because, for a league around, it emitted an odour of unburied corpses. Close to the road, but at a considerable elevation, a conical peak springs from the hill-side.

Around this peak, upon a July night, about six months after the scene at Careta, lay a column of Carlists, awaiting the dawn. There they are, scattered about the fires, forlorn figures of unconquerable endurance, barefoot, in linen trousers and thin cloth jackets, the scarlet plate-shaped cap upon their heads. Burnt brown

by the Castilian sun, their daring picturesque countenances assume an additional wildness of aspect in the red light of the watch-fires. From one of these, Fernando, a handsome Arragonese lad, whose father and brothers have been shot, and whose sister is a *fille-de-joie* at Saragossa, snatches a charcoal with his fingers, and places it upon a stone, to light his paper cigar. Then comes Hippolito, a pale emaciated boy of sixteen, and sets upon the fire a small pot of potatoes, which he has carried with him since morning. The Carlists caught him in Catalonia, and dragged him along with them, and often does he swear a peevish oath that his death will be in the hospital.

Beside him lies Cyrill—a desperate scapegrace from Estremadura, intended for the university, but whom restlessness and evil courses have brought under the banners. He has a piece of bacon on his bayonet, and toasts it at the flame. Hard by, a brace of Andalusians have got a guitar, and strike up a melody, so plaintive and yet so strangely spirit-stirring, that a bearded dragoon, slumbering upon his back, with his hands beneath his head, suddenly opens his great wild eyes. One of his comrades stands near him, his arms folded on his breast, gazing down wistfully into the valley of the Arga, now veiled by the mists of evening, and which he perhaps for many a long day has not dared to visit—as if the tones of the guitar brought melancholy to his mind. Suddenly the measure is changed, and the musician breaks into the lively fandango; a joyous Navarrese seizes the pensive trooper by the arm and whirls him round, but receives in return a push that sends him staggering against the guitar player, whilst he grasps at his girdle for the ready knife. Another scene bursts from half-a-dozen throats; with fierce looks the two men confront each other, but are separated by force, and again the guitar tinkles in the night air, whilst Hippolito gathers up his potatoes, upset and scattered in the scuffle. A dirty priest comes up, a decoration upon his black coat, and enjoins order and peace. He has scarcely walked away, when a soldier in handsome uniform rushes up to the fire, and throws himself down, lucathless and half fainting. He is a deserter from the Christino regiment of Cordova. They give him unlimited wine, and he tells them the latest news from the hostile camp. The *bota* passes from mouth to mouth; and whilst the deserter sleeps off his libations and fatigue, his new comrades cast lots for his good shirt and strong shoes.

The same evening four battalions of the foreign legion were quartered at Villalba, four leagues nearer to Pampeluna. Upon an open space in the village, whence the sun had long since burned away the grass, a party of Germans sat upon scattered blocks of stone, and disported, whilst a gourd

of wine circulated slowly amongst them, an order just issued to hold themselves ready to march at a minute's notice.

"Who knows," said one of them, a tailor from Regensburg, "whether we shall be alive to-morrow? Let's have a song."

"A song, a song!" repeated another, a shoemaker from Rhenish Prussia, who had found himself uncomfortable in the Vauban barracks in Luxembourg.

"What shall it be?" cried a journeyman mechanic, who, when upon his travels, ran short of work and money.

Before any one could answer, a capering Frenchman struck up,

"Entendez-vous, le tambour bat, le clairon sonne," &c.

"Hold your infernal French tongue!" shouted the Germans. "Here's the sergeant from Munich will give us a song."

The Bavarian, nothing loath, struck up a song, whose simple strain and familiar words brought home and friends to the memory of all present. The melody echoed far through the still evening air, and, when it concluded, tears were in every eye, and one spoke, save the Regensburg tailor, who muttered.

"God take us safe out of this cut-throat country!"

The sun went down. A few pieces of ship-biscuit were shared for the evening meal, and then the drums beat to roll-call, which was held in quarters, and at whose next repetition many a man then present was doomed to be missing.

That same night, twelve o'clock had scarcely struck, when the three solemn taps with which the French *général* begins, resounded through the village of Villalba. In less than ten minutes the battalions were under arms, hurrying at quick-step along the desolate road to Larasuenaa. In a meadow, outside this village, half an hour's halt was allowed, for the men to fill their flasks with vinegar and water, as a remedy for the faintness occasioned by heat. Then the march continued. The column had scarcely halted, for the second time, in rear of

the houses of Zubiri, when a sharp fire of musketry was heard from the mountain above. At charging pace the weary troops hurried up the steep acclivity. The sun was scorching hot; the knapsacks seemed insupportably heavy. Nearer and nearer was the noise of the fight; in the ranks of the ascending soldiers short suppressed gasps and groans were heard. The tailor from Regensburg fell forward, with froth upon his lips, and gave up the ghost.

On reaching a small level, we saw it was high time for our arrival. The second regiment of the royal guard already gave ground, when the cry "*La Legion!*" changed the fortune of the day. With fixed bayonets our battalions rushed like tigers upon the factions ranks, which were disordered by the shock. The Bavarian sergeant fell amongst five Carlists, who settled him with their knives. A pale subaltern of the factions came in contact with three of our grenadiers, and begged piteously for mercy. But the grenadiers had no time; they cut a bad joke in Swabian dialect, and brained him with their muskets. Of the first encounter of the day, these are the only episodes I remember. Suddenly the Carlist bugles sounded the retreat. We formed column and hurried in pursuit, followed by the royal guard. From time to time the enemy halted, till the bayonet again dislodged them. By turns our battalions were sent forward as skirmishers. It was nearly noon. A

dying officer of ours begged me for a mouthful of vinegar. I had but two; one for myself, and one for my comrade, whom I had not seen, however, the whole of the day, and never saw afterwards. It was about twelve o'clock when my company advanced to skirmish. The line deployed, and as we slowly advanced, loading and firing, I had to pass through the corner of a small thicket. Just as I entered it, I observed a Carlist horseman, at its other extremity, fire his carbine at one of our men. Then he disappeared amongst the trees, and five seconds later I saw him riding towards me. "Surrender!" he shouted in Navarrese patois, and stooped behind his horse's head. At my shot the animal stood stock-still, and the rider fell from his saddle. Blood streamed from a wound between neck and shoulder. I released his foot from the stirrup, propped him up against a beech-tree, and unbuttoned his jacket from over his panting breast. As I did so, a silver cross fell almost into my hand. It hung from his neck by a ribbon, and upon it were the words, "*Mary, pray for me!*" I had seen such a cross before. "Open your mouth, Antonio!" I cried. He obeyed, and I poured upon his parched tongue the last contents of my flask. He thanked me with his dying breath. I concealed the cross within his jacket, and followed the signal that called the skirmishers forward.

#### HIDDEN TREASURE.

A fortnight later, at about the same hour as in the previous January, the Legion marched into Caceres. As before, old José was seated upon the bench in the chimney corner, making a cigarillo out of the stumps of a dozen others, carefully treasured in his coat cuff; and the patrona jumped up with a shrill "*Dios de mi alma!*" as the foreign drums announced her former guests. "The old billets" was the convenient order, as regarded quarters; and with shout and song, and clatter of musket-buts, my company rushed up the well-known staircase. The rough greeting over, and a demand for wine complied with, I inquired after Manuela. "She is

with friends in the mountains," grumbled the old woman.

It was ten o'clock. With four other non-commissioned officers I betook myself, an iron lamp in hand, to the room allotted us. José and the patrona had been long asleep. The soldiers lay for the most part in the deathlike slumber of extreme fatigue, upon the chairs and in the kitchen. The floor of our room was of tiles, affording a cold, uncomfortable resting-place. As to bedding, it was not to be thought of.

Whilst examining our dreary lodgings, one of my companions pointed out an opening in the wall, closed up with square flat stones, laid upon



each other, but not cemented. Judging from the external aspect of the house, we conjectured this condemned doorway to lead into another apartment.

The suspicion that beds or wine were perhaps concealed there, induced us to remove the upper stones, and when enough of them were out to allow of ingress, my comrades hoisted me up to the opening, through which I held the lamp, and saw a passage with several doors. Taking my bayonet and haversack, I bid my comrades remain where they were, and, promising an equitable division of spoils, I climbed over the wall. Shading the lamp with my hand lest a ray should meet the eye of old José, I moved along as noiselessly as possible, whilst behind me my companions poked their heads through the opening, and made eager and curious inquiries as to what I saw. In one corner I found a pile of sheep's wool, which I threw out to serve as bed. In the room I found some rude furniture, broken and worthless, old shrivelled goat-skins, empty casks, and the like. I was about to cease my investigation, when I noticed a wooden partition cutting off the end of a room. There was a door in it, which I opened. Whilst my comrades were busy spreading out the wool, it revealed an alcove, containing a clean, white bed, in which some one lay.

Hastily shading the lamp I gently closed the door. But perceiving that the person in the bed, whoever it was, did not stir, I ventured nearer, and beheld a mass of long black hair spread out in rich waves over the snow-white sheet. The sleeper's face was turned to the wall; another glance, and I recognised Manuela. My heart throbbed violently. It was a hard fight, harder than that on the 4th July. She lay so still and unconscious, breathing so softly, and her dark hair twined so temptingly over the bed-clothes, like snakes out of paradise. But upon her partially unveiled bosom lay the silver cross, and the lamp-light shone upon the words, "Mary, pray for me!" Silently I shut the door and returned to my comrades. Upon my assurance that I had found nothing worth looking after, the stones were replaced in the

opening, and we lay down to sleep. But I have often slept more soundly upon bare tiles than I did that night upon José's wool.

At daybreak the *diana* called us, as usual, under arms, to wait the return of the morning reconnoissance. After that, various duties occupied me for some hours. Upon my return to the house, I had all the difficulty in the world to appease Manuela's mother, who showered upon us, to the astonishment of the whole company, every malediction the Spanish language affords. The old lady had found the wool scattered about our room, and naturally concluded that was not the full extent of our depredations. Manuela now made her appearance, bathed in tears--her presence in the house being already known, so her mother supposed, to all of us.

It was again evening. The thunder rolled, and a heavy summer shower poured down in torrents, when, as I ascended the stairs, a flash of lightning showed me José equipped and girt for the road. Manuela hung sobbing round his neck, and bid him God-speed. On my appearance, the old peasant darted through the back-door; and a second flash gave me a glimpse of his brown cloak as he strode over the garden fence and disappeared across the country.

An hour later our drums beat for unexpected departure, and the soldiers hurried out of the house. I lingered an instant, and, with my arm round Manuela's waist, told her, in few words, my discovery of the previous night. Her cheeks burned like flame, and she raised her great dark eyes timidly and gratefully to my face. "May God repay it to your sisters and mother!" were her words. "I said you were not like the rest. But your home is far hence, and if the war spares you, poor Manuela will soon be forgotten."

"Give me something whereby to remember you, Manuela. A kiss, if you will."

"Take this cross. I give it you. Wear it in battle, as my brother Antonio does his, and show it him if you meet in strife. May it shield and accompany you to your distant home, and remind you sometimes of the poor Navarrese maiden."

I pressed the sweet girl closer to my breast, took a farewell kiss, and whispered, "Adieu, poor Manuela!" Just then, through the half-open door, appeared the unclean countenance of the Piedmontese. He grinned with rage and disappointment, and disappeared at Manuela's cry of alarm.

Ten or twelve leagues south-west from Pampeluna lies the fortress of Lerin, perched high upon the summit of a hill. Thence, a few weeks after the preceding scene, the second division of the foreign legion started suddenly at midnight, the object of the mysterious march unknown even to the officers. When the column had reached the bottom of the road that zig-zags down the hill, a peasant, tied, by precaution, to one of the horses of the advanced guard, conducted them rapidly across the Ega, through meadows and vineyards, and wild broken country. It was very dark, and now and then a man or horse fell down a bank or into a ditch. When day broke, however, it was discovered that the wrong direction had been taken. The column went to the right about, and reached, just as the sun rose, a beaten track leading direct to Sesma, a village occupied by Carlist troops. Bright blazed the bayonets in the sunbeams, betraying our presence to the foe we were to have surprised. Whilst we gave the Carlists employment in the adjacent woods and fields, our general made a dash into the village, caught the alcalde, and, by threats of a short shrift and a sharp volley, made him pay down a small portion of the long arrears due to the legion.

Upon our orderly retreat to Lerin, effected in squares of battalions, on whose skirts hosts of Carlist cavalry impotently hovered, we were surprised to see our peasant guide led along with bound hands. When the sight of the fort's artillery made the enemy cease the pursuit and return to Sesma, the column was formed into one large square, a drum-head court-martial was held upon the peasant, and preparation made for his instant execution. Although well acquainted with the country, he had led the troops astray, exposing them to great danger, and partly frustrating the object of the expedition. Further proof of his guilt

was found upon him, in the shape of a letter from the Carlist village of Hostiz. With bowed head, and in sullen silence, he listened to his sentence, announced with a threefold rattle of drums. For the first time the unpleasant duty devolved upon me of forming one of the firing party. Heavens! how I started as I drew near to the victim, and recognised old José from Careta. Poor Manuela! I trembled as I looked round, expecting her to appear. Just then came pouring out of the town, with a woman at their head, a crowd of peasants in Sunday garb, hat in hand, and approached the general, slackening their pace respectfully as they drew near. But Manuela's mother (she it was who accompanied them) sprang forward like a fury, menacing the general with her clenched fist and mad Cassandra-like countenance; and heaping upon him curses such as only an angry Spaniard can lay tongue to. Her shrill imprecations contrasted oddly with the humble and deprecating entreaties of the men, and with the muttered prayers of José, who awaited his last minute upon his knees before the firing party.

Permission given, one of the men stepped forward as spokesman.

"May it please your Excellency," said he to the general, "to spare this man's life. He is unacquainted with the country. He first came hither only a month ago, after his hearth had been ravaged, his family scattered, his house burned. Be merciful, Señor. We will all be sureties for his good behaviour. Let him return to his wife: and so shall the blessed Mary and the angels comfort your Excellency in the hour of agony!"

"No, no!" yelled the woman, sputtering with fury, her long grizzled hair streaming around her distorted face. "No! they shall not comfort him, the vile heretic! José Lopez! husband! die bravely, curse the heretic dogs with thy last breath, and the angels will hear thee! Curse upon ye, strangers, come to destroy our dwellings, to slay our men, to slight our faith! Death and agony to your souls, pest in your veins, ravens on your carcasses, ashes on your threshold! Die, José, for

the King and the holy faith! *Viva la Santa Maria! Viva Carlos Quinto!*"

Four men led away the peasants and the furious woman. The word of command was given, and I had to aim at the breast to which, only a month previously, poor Manuela had been pressed in the cottage at Careta

Once more José exclaimed, in a loud voice, "Mary, pray for me!" Then there was the rattle of a volley, the peasant sprang into the air, and fell down upon his face, his jacket smoking with burnt wadding.

The band struck up, and we marched back to Larin.

#### THE WINE-SKIN.

Three days afterwards, on the 14th August, the legion made an unexpected incursion into the valley of the Bastan, a district full of strong positions, and formerly, for some time, the abiding place of the Pretender, of whose cause its inhabitants were enthusiastic partisans.

Moving with extreme rapidity, we swept, with small resistance, one village after another. On our approach, soldiers, peasants, women, and children, packed their beds upon jackasses, and fled with bag and baggage to concealment in the mountains. Towards noon, every sign of a foe having disappeared, we retired rapidly through the valley towards the Arga, and on this retreat some plundering occurred in the villages.

Arrived at Hostiz, I entered what appeared the best house in the village. The streets were strewn with clothes, linen, and other objects, dropped or thrown away by the fugitives. I met two soldiers carrying large red curtains of heavy rich silk: others had laden themselves with cheeses, others with honey or wine, one man had got a large crucifix. Half-naked women ran screaming through the streets. Eager for a draught of wine, for I was exhausted to faintness by the extreme heat and by the fatigue of a long rapid march, I hurried up the stairs. The house-bore witness to utter wantonness of destruction. Every thing was broken and smashed; and hence I was not a little surprised to observe the good-humoured air with which a handsome young woman, standing in the roomy vestibule, distributed wine to a large

party of our soldiers, who drank in greedy haste, laughing, singing, and extolling the charms of their Hebe.

"Hallo! my girl, a drink of wine, for heaven's sake!"

I had scarcely uttered the words when an adjacent door opened; and, with arms extended and dishevelled hair, Manuela rushed towards me.

"Give him none, Maria!" she cried: "and you," she added, seizing both my hands, "for God and the saints' sake, drink not a drop!"

At the words, her sister Maria dropped the mouth of the wine-skin, allowing the red liquor to gush over the floor, and disappeared. The drums beat to fall in and march. But now the soldiers, an instant before so joyous, sank down, one after the other, like poisoned flies, writhing and bemoaning themselves upon the stairs and in the passage. Manuela hung senseless upon my arm. I stooped to lay her gently on the ground, when a musket was fired not three paces behind me. I looked round. It was the Piedmontese, grimacing horribly in mingled agony and exaltation, as he doubled himself like a worm in the pangs of poison. But the wretch's aim had been too true. Her breast pierced by the bullet, Manuela fell dead beside the other victims.

How beautiful she was, even in death, whilst her left breast poured forth in a crimson stream the many sorrows she had sighed under! Poor Manuela! How pale was now your cheek! How different the last farewell kiss on your chill blue lips from that warm and thrilling one in Careta!

#### THE HOSPITAL.

The military hospital at Pampe was formerly the palace of the bishop, who fled to Don Carlos at

the commencement of the war. Its spacious halls and corridors were converted into twelve large wards,

four of them for wounded men, and four others for fever patients. Each ward contained about fifty beds, in which, upon dirty mattresses, Christiano soldiers pined and suffered. Most of the sick of the foreign legion there gave up the ghost. The nurses were sisters of the Order of Mercy; but these, like nearly all Spaniards pertaining to the church, were adherents of the Pretender, and any thing but zealous in the discharge of their duty towards us. People spoke even of the poisoning of soups and drinks given to the patients—a thing certainly not impossible, all such matters being prepared by the sisterhood, whose proceedings were but carelessly superintended.

In each of these wards, during the dead hours of night, a single lamp burned, leaving the two extremities of the room in darkness. The hospital being close to the town wall, there was never a lack of night-birds, attracted to the windows by the smell of corpses. Day and night the sisters moved about the wards, in white veils and black dresses—a mass of keys, beads, and crucifixes, suspended at their side. And frequent were the visits of the episcopal chaplain, Don Rafael Salvador, preceded by bell-ringing urchins, and bearing the last sacrament to some expiring sinner.

Repeated bivouacs in inclement weather, and especially that of the 11th March, at the foot of the Dos Hermanas, laid me, on the 15th March 1837, seven months after the incident last related, upon a sick bed in this house of suffering.

Four bloodlettings within two days had done something towards calming the fever that burned in my veins, but still enough remained to beset my couch with delirious images. Grim and horrible visages, pale, mournful figures that seemed of moon-shine, and vaguely reminded me of my home, scenes from my childhood, and others from the war in which I had been nearly two years a sharer, passed rapidly before me. Now it was the tailor from Regensburg, with froth on his lips, expiring on the mountain side; then old José, with sightless eyes and pierced by a dozen bullets, danced a ghastly fandango at my bed-foot; and then I

beheld a colossal breast, white and beautiful, offering blood to drink to a host of thirsty soldiers.

From such visions as these I one night awoke and lay with my eyes fixed upon the lamp, which hung just opposite to me, revolving wild and melancholy fancies in my fevered brain. Do what I would, Manuela's image continually recurred to me, and with the strange pertinacity of delirium I repeated to myself that she would come and rescue me from my unhappy condition. In a bed behind me, an Andalusian prayed with the chaplain, who threw a red silk coverlid over his emaciated body, received his confession, and administered the holy wafer. At the window a screech-owl uttered its annoying cries. Upon a bed opposite to me a sick German sang—

“Jetzt bei der Lampe Kammerschein  
Gehst du wohl in dein Kämmerlein.”

Further off another patient whistled a faulanga; and next to me, upon my left hand, an unhappy creature, frantic with fever, and bound down upon his bed with leathern straps, wrought and strove till he got rid of his coverings, and wrrenched the bandage from his arm, which forthwith sent up into the air a spout of blood from a recently opened vein. For a moment the German's kindly song soothed and calmed my perturbed ideas; but suddenly José gave a bound before me, and held up his fist with a frightful laugh, and yelled out like a lunatic, “*Viva Carlos Quinto!*” And Manuela wrung her hands till my two sisters came and consoled and prayed with her. Then suddenly her pale face, surrounded by a white veil, was bent down till it nearly touched mine; and she said, in soft and tender tones:—

“Poor stranger, will you drink?”

“Yes,” I replied, and looked her full in the face. Manuela it was. I well remembered the sweet countenance, first seen in Careta. I raised myself, and would fain have seized hold of her, but she moved slowly away, her rosary and golden crucifix and black gown rustling through the room. It was no deception. Again Manuela came, and brought me some cooling drink. Once more I looked her hard in the eyes. God! now I

remembered ! It was the same beautiful woman who distributed the wine at Hostiz and would fain have given me some. "Faugh !" I exclaimed, and raised myself in bed to call the Piedmontese to shoot her. But she bent soothingly over me, and laid hold of the ribbon upon which I wore Manuela's silver cross. I thought she was about to strangle me; but she smiled kindly, and showed me that she wore a similar cross upon her breast. And she gave me to drink, and then took away the little earthen jug, and disappeared at the dark end of the room. And I lay thinking how like she was to Manuela, the poor girl in Careta, who loved me and saved my life.

The same night—how long afterwards I cannot tell, perhaps five minutes, perhaps two hours—the pale sad face again bowed over me.

Just then two hospital attendants bore away a corpse, rolled in its bed-clothes. My neighbour, No. 50, cried out, "Pierre ! they are burying you !" and laughed horribly, whilst the German opposite sang gently and mournfully :

"*Soll' ich steh' in Gottes Hut,  
Der schützt ein' treu Soldatenblut.*"

But close beside me a soft voice whispered : "Sleep, and be at rest ; God give thee peace and health. I am not Manuela—I am Maria. I found thy cross, and I pray for thee. Thou shalt recover and return to thy country !"

And her prayers and care prevailed. I did recover, and returned to friends and home. But often still do I think of poor Manuela, and of my loves and perils and sufferings in yon strange land beyond the Pyrenees.

#### HEIGH-HO !

A pretty young maiden sat on the grass,  
Sing heigh-ho ! sing heigh-ho !  
And by a blythe young shepherd did pass,  
In the summer morning so early.  
Said he, "My lass will you go with me,  
My cot to keep, and my bride to be,  
Sorrow and want shall never touch thee,  
And I will love you rarely ?"

"Oh ! no, no, no !" the maiden said,  
Sing heigh-ho ! sing heigh-ho !  
And bashfully turn'd aside her head,  
On that summer morning so early :  
"My mother is old, my mother is frail,  
Our cottage it lies in yon green dale ;  
I dare not list to any such tale,  
For I love my kind mother rarely."

The shepherd took her lily-white hand,  
Sing heigh-ho ! sing heigh-ho !  
And on her beauty did gazing stand,  
On that summer morning so early.  
"Thy mother ~~ask~~ thee not to leave,  
Alone in her frail old age to grieve,  
But my home can hold us all, believe—  
Will that not please thee fairly ?"

"Oh ! no, no, no ! I am all too young,  
Sing heigh-ho ! sing heigh-ho !  
I dare not list to a young man's tongue,  
On a summer morning so early."  
But the shepherd to gain her heart was bent ;  
Oft she strove to go, but she never went ;  
And at length she fondly blush'd consent—  
Heaven blesses true lovers so fairly.

*et les assassins qu'il a commis—all for two sous*” to an admiring and applauding throng of the lowest classes. Some better feelings murmur at this useless ass’s kick at the dead lion; but they are few. Move on! There is another obstructing crowd before a host of caricatures on the walls; of course, they are all directed against “Louis File-Vite,” as he is termed, and his acolyte “Cuit-sot.” There is a rare lack of wit in them, be they allegorical, typical, or fanciful; but they are sure to attract a gaping and a laughing throng. Move on again, if you can! You find two or three *hommes du peuple*, in *blouses*, planted before you, who cry, authoritatively, and without budging themselves to the right or to the left—“*Faites place, nom de Dieu!*” And you, of course, make room; and if you are disposed to reverence, you will take off your hat to them too, for these are your lords and masters,—what say I? your kings; and no autocrat was ever more despotically disposed. Move on again, if you can! You will stumble over the countless beggars stretched across the pavement, or squatting in gipsy-like groups, or thrusting wounds and sores into your face. Many there may be real sufferers from the present misery, but the most are of the got-up species. It is now the beggars’ saturnalia; they keep high holiday in the streets. The people have cried—“*A bas les municipaux—à bas les sergents de ville!*” Those execrable monsters, the agents of a tyrannical power, have been driven away, if not massacred, in the last “three glorious days;” and the people want no police,—the great, the magnanimous, the generous, the virtuous,” as the Government calls it in its proclamations.

Try to move on once more! Before the walls, all plastered with handbills of every kind, are again throngs to read and comment. On every vacant space of wall, at every corner, are posted countless addresses and advertisements. The numerous white bills are decrees, proclamations, addresses, and republican bulletins of the Provisional Government, all headed with those awful words, “*République Française,*” which make many a soul sink, and sicken many a heart, with the remembrance of a fearful time gone by. And

decrees there are which hurry on the subversion of all the previously existing social edifice, without reorganising in the place, destroying and yet not building anew:—and proclamations more autocratic and despotic, in the announcement of the reign of republican liberty, than ever was monarchic ordinance:—and addresses to the people, couched in vague declamation, telling these rulers of the day, “*Où, peuple! tu es grand—où, tu es brave—où, tu es unanime—où, tu es généreux—où, tu es bon!*” with an odious flattering such as the most slavering courtier never ventured to bestow upon the most incensed despot:—and bulletins declaring France at the pinnacle of glory, and happiness, and pride—the object of envy and imitation to all people. Private addresses from individuals or republican bodies there are also innumerable, in the same sense: until one expects to see angels’ wings growing behind the backs of every *blouse*, forming harmonious contrast with the black unshaven faces. But we are far from being at the end of the long lines of handbills, that give Paris the look of a city built up of printed paper. Here we have announcements of clubs—the *mille et tre* noisy mistresses that court the fascinating, seductive, splendid Don Juan of a Republic; there are four or five in every quarter of the town, almost in every street. And then come their *professions de foi*; and then their addresses to the people, and their appeals, and their counsels to the Government, and their last resolutions, and their future intentions—say, their future exactions. Most greet the fall of the social edifice with triumph; but few, if any, let you know how they would reconstruct anew: some boldly state their object to be “the enlightenment of a well-intentioned but ignorant Government, which it is their duty to instruct;” others call down “the celestial vengeance, and the thunders of heaven, on their head, if ever they should deceive or lead astray the people.” Here again we have petitions to Government, and demands, and remonstrances from individuals or small bodies—delegates, they tell you, of the people’s rights;—some wild and inflammatory, some visionary to the very seventh heaven of

political rhapsody, but all flattering to the *Peuple Souverain*, whose voice is the *voix de Dieu!* Here again we have whole newspapers pasted on the walls, with articles calling upon the people to take arms again, since their first duty to their country is "mis-trust." Now a proposition to tax the revenues of the rich in a progressive proportion of one per cent for every fortune of a thousand francs, two for every two thousand, fifty for every fifty thousand, "and so on progressively,"—without stating, however, whether those who possess a revenue of a hundred thousand francs are to pay a hundred per cent, or what is to become of those who possess two hundred thousand. Now, a menacing call upon the Government to perform their duty in exacting the disgorgement of that vile spoliation of the nation, the indemnity granted to the emigrants at the Restoration, as belonging to the people alone. Here again are numerous addresses and appeals from and to all foreign democrats in Paris—Germans, Belgians, Italians, Poles—calling for meetings, and begging the "*braves Français*" to give them arms and money to go and conquer the republics of their respective countries by force. Here again, other notices from all trades, and companies, and employments, appointing meetings for the consideration of the interests of their *partie*, tailors, café-waiters, bootmakers, *choristes* of theatres, *gens de maisons*, (servants,) even to the wandering hawkers on the public ways, and lower still, all wanting to complain to the Provisional Government of the restraint laid on their free rights. Here again, proposals for congratulatory addresses, and felicitations to the Government, from all manner of various representatives of nations resident in Paris. Here again, ten or twelve solitary voices of *braves citoyens*, proposing infallible remedies for the doctoring of the financial crisis. Here again, advertisements, in republican phrase, recommending to the "*citoyennes*," "now that the hour is come, to take up their carpets," some especial wax for their floors; or reminding the "*Citoyens Gardes Nationaux*," that, "in this moment of the awakening of a country's glory,

when they watch over the interests of France, and are indefatigable in patrolling the streets of the capital," the *citoyen* "so and so" will cut their corners with cheapness and ease! And all these are pasted about in confused pell-mell; all are headed with the necessary: "*Vive la République!*" Wonder then not, at the thick crowds about these documents, all treating of a country's weal, all announcing some new and startling design, all devoured by eager eyes. Wo betide, however, the *citoyen* who may leave his house door closed for a whole day!—he will find it barricaded with plastered paper from top to bottom on the morrow; or the shopkeeper who may lie too long asleep—it will be a difficult task for him to take down his placarded shutter, and both will stand a chance of getting hooded for venturing to displace a printed paper headed with the talismanic words, proclaiming individual liberty of person and opinion. No tyranny like a mob tyrant, I trow.

*Après* advertisements, the play-bills will no less startle the ancient *habitué* of Paris, were he now again to return to his old haunts. The names, formerly so familiar to his eyes, are gone in many instances. The old Académie de Musique is now the Théâtre de la Nation; the Théâtre Français, the Théâtre de la République; the Théâtre du Palais Royal, the Théâtre Montansier. In this confusion he will be still more confounded by the composition of the bills; every where the announcement of patriotic songs and choruses, sung between the acts—of *apropos* pieces, allegorical or historical—of titles such as "*Les Barricades*," "*Les Trois Révolutions*," "*Les Filles de la Liberté*," "*La Révolution Française*," and so forth, throughout all the theatres in Paris. Even in the ex-Théâtre Français he will scarcely trust his astonished eyes to see that "*Mademoiselle Rachel* will sing the *Marseillaise* between the acts." Oh! theatre-loving old *habitué* of Paris, you will think that your wits have gone astray, and that your senses are deceiving you! The new names of streets will no less bewilder your mind. All that smacked of royalty, or dynasty, or monarchic history have already republicanismised themselves, as is the old wont of Paris streets under

every change of government: there are many that have long since forgotten all the hundred and one names that they have already borne. Then you will know how to pity the embarrassment of an unlucky man who lived in the Rue Royale St Honoré. On going out in the morning of the 25th of February, he found unexpectedly that he lived in the Rue de la République. Well, he made up his mind to that; but the Rue Rambuteau had already claimed this glorious title; so the Rue Royale had to make shift with that of the Rue de la Révolution. But now came again another prior claim; and the ex-Rue Royale was again despoiled. Now it has no name at all: and the poor individual in question, as far as his direction goes, might as well live in the ruins of Palmyra.

But to return to the outward aspect of republican Paris.

Hark! what a noise of awkward drumming! and see! a host of men of the lower classes comes pouring down the street, in hundreds—nay, in thousands. Several banners are borne among them: they shout "*Vive la République*!" and sing with that utter bold disregard of time, which, the French themselves would tell you, is peculiar only to supposed unmusical England. The *Marseillaise* or the now so popular *Mourir pour la Patrie*, or the *Cantara* of fearful memory; and interlard their discordant efforts at chorus with screams of "*à bas les aristocrates!*" Scarcely has the horde rushed past you, than there comes another, and another, and another, until your brain whirls with the unceasing throngs. Now it is a troop of women, banners also at their head; now again a long line of more orderly, and better dressed men; but they cry "*Vive le Gouvernement Provisoire!*" Now again a band of ruffian fellows, with the howl of "*à bas les riches!*" They cross your path at every step, these marching bands. Sometimes they are deputations of all the different trades, or subdivisions of peculiar branches of handiwork—tailors, joiners, scavengers, paviours, sign-painters, wet-nurses, cooks, and so forth, as far as the imagination or the memory can reach in enumeration, and still further;

and they are all streaming to the Hotel de Ville, to harangue the Provisional Government on their several rights and wrongs, desires and demands. Sometimes they are mere bands promenading for the sake of promenading, screeching for the sake of screeching, and making demonstrations, because whatever is theatrical, whatever smacks of show and parade, whatever gives them the opportunity of exhibition, and with it the hope of admiration, is the ruling passion of the people; or because they have nothing else to do, and will not work, although the Government pays them daily with the country's money. Now comes a troop of would-be Hungarian patriots, in their national dress, their *attilus*, pelisses, braided pantaloons, singing a national hymn—somewhat better than the French, by the way—flaring about banners, and getting up all sorts of Quixotic theatrical manifestations, lowering their banners in mere sport, flourishing them upon others, and calling upon the names of several of the "victims of liberty murdered in their country's cause." These are specimens of the Hungarian nation of the frantic description, who, after carrying felicitations to the Provisional Government in the name of their country, are now parading the streets to show themselves off. Now comes again a long troop of young fellows in light-coloured blouses, bound with lacquered leather belts around their waists. They have broad white beavers on their heads, mounted by black, red, and yellow cocks feathers; and they bear banners of black, red, and gold—a more picturesque throng than those you usually meet. The colours are the colours of the German nationality: the young men are German patriots. Poor deluded young fellows! their minds have been excited by designing men; and they are about to march off to Germany "to conquer the liberties of the German republic," expecting that all Germany is to rise again at their puny call, and at the sound of that magical name "republic." They have been begging for arms and ammunition, and money, of all Paris; and now, with the slender succour they have obtained, they go to meet their fates.



But now comes a fresh marching mass of many thousands, with the usual accompanying drums and banners: there are women and children among the throng—if children still there be in France, when every urchin fancies himself a man. They distinguish themselves from the others by the tall bare poplar stems they bear. These are great poetically and symbolically-minded patriots of the lower classes, who are bent on planting trees of liberty all over Paris. They protest that they are fully earning the pay the country gives them, by enacting these wonderful feats for the country's good. Their delegates knock at house-doors, and thrust themselves into private dwellings, to beg—no! to *demand* contributions for the celebration of their *fête*; and these republican *fêtes* are of every day and every hour. The ancient *habitué* of Paris will not find his capital much embellished by the aspect of these tall unsightly bare stems erected at every corner, on every square, on every vacant space of ground, although they be all beaming with banners, and garlands, and tricolor streamers. Let us follow some of these immense gangs. In some instances they have got a priest among them to bless their patriotic *fête*; and the poor ecclesiastic is dragged along with them, oft-times pale and trembling at the thought of the unusual ceremony he is thus violently called upon to perform. Now again they summon the whole clergy of some rich parish church to come forth in cope and stole, and with incense and tapers, and all the beaudefied other rich accessories of the pomp of Catholic ceremony, to bestow the blessing on these naked emblems of a country's naked liberty, and pronounce a political sermon, flatteringly France on the awakening glories of the republic, established by divine Providence, and a people's might, before the poor ragged pole. Sometimes again they come, fresh with triumphs, from the Hotel de Ville, where they have constrained one or more of the members of the Provisional Government to accompany them—one of them nothing loth, when popular demonstrations are to be theatrically made—and to give

vent to wonderful speeches, flattering to this people, "*si grand, si magnifique, si généreux, si beau*" &c. &c., as before, as every day, as in every word they are to hear; all which flattering words teach them how their excellence is ill recompensed, and how it ought to exact still more. They are now at work with more or less of this pomp, and in the midst of a greater or lesser concourse of spectators. The pavement is torn up: a hole is dug in the street; the tree is planted, pulled up to its elevation, firmly fixed in the ground, although, by the way, in many instances the poor tree of liberty looks in a very tottering state—and the haycock committed in the pavement more or less repaired. The acclamation is great, shouts, shrieks, cries rend the air: the religious benediction is over: the priest hurries away as quickly as they can the members of the Government retreat, escorted by a deputation of delegates, after an oration; and now the *Marseillaise*, or the *Mourir pour la Patrie*, are again screeched in discordant chorus, amidst the incessant firing off of guns. All day the tumult lasts throughout the city: to a late hour of night the firing in the air is incessant. A barricade of stones and poles is erected round the precious emblem of liberty, the surrounding houses are constrained by threats of window-breaking to illuminate in honour of King, People, pitch-fires are bright at each corner of the barricade, and patriotic boys, who devote themselves to their country's weal, are posted, with musket on arm, to do sentry-duty all night round the tree—lest any audacious enemy of the country should compromise the safety of the republic by attempting to pull down one of the many hundreds of its emblems that now disfigure the streets of Paris. Again, who would recognise his old Paris in those strange scenes, or in the night pictures, thus faintly sketched, which meet his eye at every turn? When these mighty deeds for a country's welfare and glory shall come to end—when Paris shall have been all so beplanted that it will resemble a naked forest, what great feats to prove their zeal in behalf of Republican France will they next invent? "*Qui terra terra*" is a

favourite French proverb. Heaven grant that it be not reversed, and that "*qui corra ne venia pos*!"

But see! they have already invented another great patriotic amusement. Whence come those discordant howlings? A band of fellows is rushing up and down the Boulevards, dragging along a bust of the ex-King, by means of a rope round its neck; they have attached to it a label, "*Louis Philippe a la lanterne!*" See! what a frantic delight they express in their school-boy amusement. How wonderfully their ferocious faces picture forth "the grand, the generous, the magnanimous, the beautiful!" They flourish sticks about at carriage windows, with the cry of "*a bas les riches!*" "*a bas les aristocrates!*" and they forcibly turn such equipages out of their royal way, if their path be crossed by adventurous coachmen. But *as yet* they do no real harm, and the pacific majority is hopeful in its force to restrain, if the time for restraint should come.

Now again comes pouring down from the Rue du Faubourg St Denis, another host of men, women, and children, howling the "*Calaïa!*" They have got a great placard among them, declaring, that if their landlords do not remit to them their rents, for two quarters at least, they will burn down their masters' houses over their heads; and, unobstructed, this screeching mob invades the streets. But this is rather too much, even amidst the license due to King People in Republican Paris. To-morrow will be posted on the walls of the capital, a notice from the Prefet de Police, appealing to the *good sense* of the mob not to burn houses, and containing a half-concealed under-current, but an under-current only, of threat.

Now again you may be witness to a grotesque scene of a high revolutionary tone. We are in the parlours of one of the great public schools of Paris—the *colléges*, as they are termed. Suddenly the street is invaded by several hundred boys: they rush along uttering hideous vociferations; before them flies a well-dressed middle-aged man: he flies as if for his life, and is pursued by showers of stones from the young revolutionary insurgents. This flying man, these

screaming and pursuing children—what a lesson there is in it! Let us catch hold of one of the little archins, and ask what all the uproar means. He tells us that the object of all his schoolboy hate, is a tyrant—a tyrant like Louis Philippe; and that, like Louis Philippe, they are driving him forth with scorn. "What has he done then?" we ask. "He was too strict," is the only reply; and on rushes again the young revolutionist to join in the general pursuit, with a big oath, and the cry of "*Vive la République! a bas les tyrans!*"

Now again, late in the evening, hurries past a detachment of National Guards. We ask, what now is afloat in a city where every day something new and startling crosses our life's path. We are told that the citizen troops are hastening to the rescue of a newspaper editor, who has ventured to write articles in opposition to the Government. His house is being stormed by an angry and excited mob; they threaten to break his presses, if not burn the whole establishment. In vain he meets the mob with courage, and asserts the right of that "liberty of opinion," which the republic has proclaimed as one of its first benefits. He is not listened to. What is liberty of opinion, or any liberty, in the sense of a mob, compared with its own liberty of doing what it listeth? They advance upon the house with threatening gesture—they pour in the National Guards arrive, and a scuffle ensues. With difficulty the mob is driven back, and sentinels are posted. But now the crowds, in the dim night, grow thicker on the Boulevards than ever, and violent declamation is still heard from the midst against the man who, whatever be his real ends and aims, has the courage to assert an opinion contrary to the mass. Partisans there are, for and against; and high words, and threats are again proffered: and along the damp night air comes over the murmur of many angry voices far and near; and the rumour ceases not, the crowd disperse not. And in the distracted city, where was firing, and shouting, and singing, and drumming, all day, there is still the agitation and the tumult long and late into the night.

But let us take a turn to the neighbourhood of the Hotel de Ville, the seat of the Government; other fresh scenes will there meet our eyes.

Daily and hourly pour up into the open space before the fine old building, such troops of drumming, banner-bearing men and women as have been before described. Sometimes they are deputations from the various trades, full of all sorts of grievances, for which the members of the Provisional Government are expected to find immediate remedy;—sometimes they are bands of workmen, all catching, under different expressions, the demand for much pay and little work;—sometimes they bear addresses from various nations all speaking in the name of their country, which probably would disavow them;—sometimes they are delegates from the thousand and one clubs of Paris, who all choose to lay their resolutions, however trantle and impracticable they may be, before the Government, and expect to impose upon it their distracted will;—sometimes they are a body of individuals, who have got some fancy for a remedy of the financial crisis, which, of course, unless it would offend them latterly, the Government is expected forthwith to adopt. Deputations, addresses, counsels, demands, exactions,—they must all be admitted, they must all be heard, they must all receive flattering promises, that probably never will, and never can be fulfilled. See! they come streaming up from all sides, from streets and quays, in noisy inundating floods; and now the streams mingle and roar together, and struggle for precedence. Generally, delegates are despatched to obtain audiences of the persecuted members of the Government; but sometimes, again, some tired minister or other is forced to appear in front, and harangue their importunate petitioners, amidst cries of “*Vive la Republique!*” For those who dwell upon this place, Paris must appear to be in a state of constant revolution. The noise, the tumult, the drumming, the shouting, the marching and the countermarching, never cease for a moment.

See! to-day there is a tumult before the facade of the old building. Battalions of National Guards have marched up, without arms, to protest

against a despotic and arbitrary ordinance of an ambitious and reckless minister. They bring up their petition as thousands of other deputations have brought up theirs; the square is filled for the most part with long military looking lines of their uniforms. But in a sudden, they have come to a check. Before the long facade of the line of building, are posted bodies of armed men, of the lower classes, with muskets charged and bayonets fixed. The demonstration of the National Guards, who dare to murmur at the will of their governors, spite of the proclamation of the reign of liberty, is not to be received. Anger and indignation is on the faces of all the citizen-soldiers, their feelings are excited; they cry, “down with” the obnoxious minister, they are met by cries from the armed people, of “down with the National Guards” down with the aristocrats! The middling classes are now considered, then, as the aristocrats of the day; and the people treat them, as they have treated, in days gone by, the titled noblesse—as enemies! But now they advance in rank and file, determined to force an entrance to the Government palace; and the people oppose them with pointed bayonets; and drive them back; disperse them like sheep, pursue them down the quays; and the unarmed mob, collected in countless crowds around, joins in the cry of “down with the National Guards!” The National Guards are vanquished. They were considered in the revolutionary days of combat as the heroes, and allies, and defenders of the people. Only a few weeks are gone by since then; and they, in turn, are overthrown in a bloodless revolution. Their prestige is lost for ever. The last barrier is thrown down between the upper and the lower classes—the breakwater is swept away; and when the day of storm and tempest shall come, when the angry waters shall rise, when the inundation shall sweep on and on in tumultuous tide, what shall there be now to oppose it?

On the morrow, what a scene! From a very early hour of the morning, bands of hundreds and of thousands, in marching order, have poured down upon Paris from all the suburbs,

From north, south, east, and west, they have come in countless hordes into the central streets and squares of the capital. Along the Boulevards, from the Bastille, from the heights of Montmartre, down the avenues of the Champs Elysées and the quays—from beyond the water and the Faubourg St Martel, they have come, sweeping on like so many mountain torrents. Every where as they advanced they have proffered cries of "Down with the National Guards! down with the aristocrats! down with the legitimists! down with the enemies of the Republic!" Better dressed men in many instances have marshalled them on their way; and among the inhabitants of Paris goes forth a murmur, that they have been roused to this state of tumult by the acolytes of the obnoxious minister, with the intention of overawing his colleagues and displaying his own power. And if, in truth, they shout "long live" any one, it is *his* name they cry: his noble-hearted and more moderate colleague, lately so popular, has lost a people's favour. And now the hundred torrents have met upon the quays, and before the Hotel de Ville, and hundreds of banners with manifold inscriptions are waving in the air; and troop upon troop is marshalled into some degree of order. But fearful is the mass! awful is the demonstration of a people! And now the members of the Government are compelled, one and all, to come down upon the elevated terrace before the facade of the Hotel de Ville; they are behung with trierod scarfs, the ends of which stream with long gold fringes; their heads are bared before their masters and the rulers of the land. And now the host of people detaches before them; and they make speeches, and cry "*Vive la République! Vive le peuple!*" And the people's proud of it—free, and rejoicing in its demonstration, that shows its power over the *bourgeois*, answers with shouts that rend the air. Heavens! what a scene! This is Republican Paris; indeed, I trow!

But come quickly to the Boulevards: the mighty mass has passed away to the column of liberty in the Place de la Bastille; and it will come down the Boulevards in overwhelming tide, exulting in its triumph. And now it

comes. The long line, five abreast—there are nearly two hundred thousand in this great army—stretches on and on, almost from one end to the other of the immense central artery of the capital. It comes, and the chorus of the *Marseillaise* rolls like thunder along, dying away but to burst forth again. Hark! how it peels along the Boulevards! It comes, and the senses swim as the host goes by, marching on, and on, and on—confusing the sight with the incessant passing of such a stream of living beings, and its waving banners; deafening the ears with the menacing cries of "Down with the aristocrats!" and the discordant chorusing of confused patriotic songs—for the *Marseillaise* now gives way to the fearful *Cu Ira*. It comes, and it seems as if it never would end. Awful, indeed, is the display of a people's force, thus excited and inflamed by designing leaders! At last the mighty procession passed away, leaving consternation and alarm behind it. But think not that Paris resumes its usual aspect. The various bands break up at last, but they still parade the streets in several battalions, and the shouting and howling and singing cease not during the day.

But the night of the same day is come, and all is not yet done. Not content with its triumph, the people demands that all Paris should honour it with a festival, whether it will or not. Down the Boulevards come the hordes again, slowly, and pausing as they came on: they are chanting, in measured notes, the words "*Des lampons! des lampons!*" amidst the cries of "Illuminate, or we break your windows! Down with the aristocrats!" Why all Paris should be illuminated, because it has pleased King People to make a demonstration, it would be too insistent to inquire. It is a fancy, a caprice—and autocrats will have fancies and caprices. It is the people's will; and, however fantastic or unreasonable, the will must be obeyed. "*Des lampons! des lampons!*" The monotonous chant is impressed upon the ears with stunning force, until you believe that you must retain it in your bewildered brain until your dying day. And as they come along, see how readily the will of the people is obeyed!

There is no readiness so quick as the readiness of fear. Up and down, from above and from below, right and left, in long irregular lines, until the lines of light become more general and more regular—see the illumination bursts forth from the façades of all the houses. Windows are rapidly opened on every side, in sixth stories as on first floors, on every terrace, on every balcony; and lamps, lanterns, candles, pots of grease, all flaming, are thrust out at every one. See! how the light darts up and down like wild-fire, dancing along the houses in the darkness of the night, with an interesting phosphoric flicker. You may mark the progress of the mob, as it goes farther on in dusky mass, and is lost to sight in the gloom, not only by the eternal motion as ever that bids the inhabitants illuminate, coming from the distance, but by the gleaming track it leaves behind it like a gigantic broad tail of fire. Presently all the Boulevards will be brightly lighted; and the gleams of the many thousand points of light will illuminate a thickly moving crowd of beings, that look like the misery-spirits of some gloomy parchment. Fairy-like, however, has the magical illumination sprung forth at the people's bidding, and fairy-like does it flicker on all sides in the night. All the other principal streets are burning also on either side, like long bands of sponge of stuff glittering in the sun. The Faubourg St Germain, suspected of legitimacy, has long since given the first to yield to threats, and demonstrate at its windows its supposed sympathy in a people's triumph; and to-morrow we shall be told by the republican papers, how Paris was in an ecstasy of joy—how all the population strove in *zeal*, with one accord, to *faire le peuple générer*—how spontaneous was this illumination of republican enthusiasm. Spontaneous was the feeling that dictated it, certainly; but it was the spontaneity of fear, the fear of the quietly-disposed in the face of a reckless and all-powerful mob.

Let us turn now from the glittering illuminated streets.

What is that unusual light, streaming dimly, and in blurred rays, across the damp night air, from the windows of the chapel of St Hyacinthe, at-

tached to the church of the Assumption in the Rue St Honoré? In such a place, at such an hour, it has something ghastly and unearthly in its nature. And hark! from within there comes a noise of hoarse murmuring, which swells sometimes suddenly into discordant shouts, that are almost groans. The impression conveyed by both sight and sound is little like any that Paris, even on its murkiest nights, and under its most dismal veil, ever bestowed on you before. The unwary wanderer in Paris streets by night, in search of romance may have had visions of theft, assassination, misery, crime, before his eyes, in the dark silent thoroughfares; but always visions of a most positive earthly nature; now he cannot help fancying himself transported into some old town of mystic Germany, with some fantastic, mysterious, unearthly, Hoffmannish deed going on near him. Are the headless dead, among the victims of a price revolution, risen from their bloody vaults, to beckon unto their ghastly crew new victims of another? or are demons reeking in that once sanctified building, that the reign of men's most evil passions should have begun again in that desecrated and tormenting city? Such is the first impression the dim scene conveys. Do you ever remember such another day? Let us follow them back to-night, that are glittering across the court of the church, and mounting the steps of the illuminated chapel. We enter, and the scene, although neither ghastly nor demonic is scarcely less strange than if spectres and demons had animated the interior. Fairly lighted by a few dripping candles is the long dismal-looking chapel; and damp, dreary, funeral-looking, is the whole scene. A *dim crowd*, in this "darkness visible," is fermenting, thronging, struggling, and pushing in the aisle. At the further end, in that vaulted choir where once stood the altar of the Lord, rises a complicated scaffolding behung with black cloth. With your imagination already excited, you may fancy the dark construction a death-scaffold for the execution of a criminal—it is only the death-scaffold of the social state of France. We are in the midst of a

republican club. On the highest platform, occupying the space where was the altar, sit president and secretaries of the society—the new divinities of the consecrated building. Yes! the new divinities; for they arrogate to themselves the same right against which they declaimed as blasphemy in kings—the “right divine.” You will not listen long before they tell you so; besides, their first maxim is, “*La cour du peuple est le royaume de Dieu.*” On the lower platform before them stand the orators. Hark to the doctrines that they promulgate for the subversion of all existing order in the country, amidst shout and screams, and cries of violent opposition sometimes, but generally of applause. See! the haggard, lanky-haired republican youths, who have shouted out all their fury, give way to a quiet, respectable-looking old man, whose gray hairs glimmer faintly in the candle-light. A feeling of greater calm comes over you: you imagine, after all this “sound and fury, signifying nothing,” his old head will pacify the hot, maddened blood of frantic boys. What does he say?—“Yes, the republic is one and indivisible—it is more than indivisible—it is God!” You shrink back disgusted. Can the very body of a republican fanaticism go further? Are these Christians men, or are they really evil unearthly beings in a human form? The counsel “see” around you is almost enough to make you think so. But real enough is the eternal clatter of the president’s hammer on his table. He rolls his eyes furiously; he brows-beats every orator who may not be of his own individual opinion, and dares to be “moderate” when he is “*excellent*,” and when your head aches—your heart has ached long ago—with the furious noise of the president’s hammer, which you expect every moment to smash the table to pieces, you ease your way out of the dark fermenting crowd, and hurry forth, glad to breathe the purer air of heaven.

Ferment there is ever enough now in the streets of Paris by night: it ceases not. There are throngs pouring in and out of all the various thousand-and-one republican clubs of Paris, like wasps about their nest; but it is in the dim night air, and not

in the bright sunlight of day—in dirty coats and smocks, and not with bright wings and variegated bodies. The wasp, too, stings only when he is attacked—the republican wasp seek to attack that they may sting. The *ad fresco* clubs also crowd the Boulevards, in the chance madley confusion of all men and all principles. But see! there is here again, in the Rue du Faubourg du Roule—a confusion of a still more complicated nature—the swarming in and out of the small district school-house is even more virulent than is usual. It is another night-scene, such as the old *habitués* of Paris never witnessed, certainly. What is occurring? Let us crowd in with the others. What a scene of frantic confusion! A crowd springing upon benches, howling, screeching, yelling. At the further end of the low room is a ruined gallery, in which stands, surrounded by his friends, a man dressed in a red scarf, with the red cap of liberty on his head—he has a pike in his hand, and he vainly endeavours to make himself heard by the excited crowd. For some time you will be unable to comprehend the nature of the scene—at last you discover that an *ultra* republican, of the most inflated ideas, wants to establish a Jacobin club. A “Jacobin club!” There is terror in the very word, and in all the fearful recollections it conveys. But here the good sense of the artisans and small tradespeople of the district is against so appalling a reminiscence of a fatal time. “Down with the *bonnet rouge*!” they cry. “Down with the red scarf! No Jacobins! no Jacobins! their day is gone. No terror!” Thank God! there is some good sense still among the people. “Down with the president—away with him!” they cry. He doffs at last his blood-red Phrygian cap—they are not content; he doffs his blood-red scarf—they are not content—he lays aside his red cravat—they are not content; the pike—all—his very principles, probably, if they would have them. But no. They make a rush at last up into the “tribune;” they drive the would-be Jacobin and his friends down. In vain a small minority declares them all “aristocrats—paid agents of legitimacy”—I know not

what republican names of reproach. The honest workmen thrust the party forth from their district school-house. They escort these objects of their contempt with ironical politeness to a side-door, bearing the candles they have seized from the tribune in their hands. The door is closed over the Jacobin party—a shout of triumph resounds. But in the street, before the school, is long a noisy throng. The good moon, although now and then obscured by passing clouds, shines kindly on it. She seems to smile more kindly upon those who have done a good deed, although a deed of suppressed violence, than on most of the distracted throngs she illumines in her course over the disturbed city. Good moon! would we could accept thy augury, and hope for holy calm! The scenes thou shinest upon cannot continue thus, 'tis true. A change must come—a change for the better or the worse. Heaven grant that our forebodings prove not true—that, when thou comest forth in thy fulness again, another month, thou mayest smile on better order, on calmer groups!

Before we part company, old *habitué* of Paris, we must cast a glance at all the public buildings we pass. On all—public offices, columns, fountains, monuments, churches, dismantled palaces—on all alike floats the republican banner—on all are painted in broad characters the words, “LIBERTÉ. ÉGALITÉ, FRATERNITÉ!” “*Fraternité!*” Vain word, when each man grows day by day more and more bitterly his neighbour's enemy. “*Égalité!*” Vain word again, and vain word ever, spite of the efforts of the rulers of France to bring down to one level all the intelligence, the talent, the feelings, and passions of human nature, that Providence, in its holy wisdom, has made so different and so unequal. “*Liberté!*” Vainest word of all! In the present state of things, there is constraint in every scheme, tyranny in every tendency, despotism in every doctrine.

But enough. We will not begin to discuss and speculate upon the destinies of France. All this sketch would strive to do, is to convey an idea, however vague, of the present outward state of Republican Paris.

## THE SPANIARD IN SICILY.

THE insatiable spider, who, after securing in her gossamer meshes ample store of flies for the day's consumption, again repairs, with unwarrantable greed, to the outer circles of the delicate network, in quest of fresh and superfluous victims, must not wonder if, on return to the heart of the citadel, she finds a rival Arachne busy in the larder, and either is expelled from her own cobweb, or suffers seriously in ejecting the intruder. At risk of offending his admiring biographer by so base a parallel, we compare Charles of Anjou to the greedy spider, and think him justly punished for his rash cupidity by the evils it entailed. This French count, who, although a king's brother, had no chance of a crown save through aggressive conquest, found himself, whilst still in the vigour of life, and as the result of papal favour, great good fortune, and of his own martial energy, sovereign of an extensive and flourishing realm. King of Southern Italy, Protector of the North. Count of Provence, Vicar of Tuscany, Senator of Rome, all-powerful with the Pope—whose word had then such weight that his friendship was worth an army, whilst from his malison men shrunk as from the dreaded and inextinguishable fire of Greece—Charles of Anjou was still unsatisfied. The royal spider had cast his web afar; it embraced wide possessions, with whose enjoyment he might well have been content, whose administration claimed his undivided attention. But on their verge an object glittered from which he could not avert his eyes, whose acquisition engrossed his every thought. 'Twas the clime of the East, 'twas the land of the sun, the gorgeous and romantic region so attractive to European conquerors. Doubtless, crusading zeal had some share in his oriental cravings; but ambition was his chief motor. He was willing enough to wrest

Palestine from the infidel, but his plan of campaign led first to Constantinople. His notion was to seek at St Sophia's mosque the key of Christ's sepulchre.

Whilst thus looking abroad and meditating distant conquest, Charles treated too lightly the projects of a prince, less celebrated, but younger and more crafty than himself, who silently watched the progress of events, and skillfully devised how best he might derive advantage from them. Pedro of Arragon, who had married Mainfroy's daughter, Constance, cherished pretensions to the crown of the Sicilies; and, ever since the year 1279, he had been intriguing with the chiefs of the Ghibellines, with a view to an invasion of Charles's dominions. He spoke publicly of Sicily as the inheritance of his children, and did not dissimulate his animosity to its actual ruler. Whilst Charles prepared a fleet for his Eastern expedition, Don Pedro assembled another in the harbour of Portofangos, and kept it in constant readiness to sail; but none knew whither. Its destination was suspected, however, by some; and the Pope, who entertained no doubt concerning it, demanded to know Pedro's intentions, whilst Philip III. of France, at the request of his uncle, Charles of Anjou, sent ambassadors to the Arragonese monarch to make a similar inquiry. The answer given is variously stated by the archives and chronicles of the time, as evasive, prevaricatory, and even as a direct falsehood. It left no doubt upon Charles's mind that mischief was meant him by the Spaniard. "I told you," he wrote to Philip, "that the Arragonese was a contemptible wretch." Unfortunately, he carried his contempt of his wily foe rather too far; he would not believe that so small a potentate, "*un si petit prince*," would dare attack him in Italy, but

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*Histoire de la Conquête de Naples par Charles d'Anjou, frère de St Louis. Par le Comte ALEXIS DE ST PRIEST, Pair de France. 4 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1828.*  
Vol. iv.



took for a strategem the avowal of his intentions that appears to have escaped Pedro, and thought his views were directed in reality to Provence, whither he accordingly despatched his eldest son. Meanwhile, Don Pedro lingered in port, in hopes of an insurrection in Sicily, which John of Procida and others of his Sicilian adherents were fomenting by every means in their power, until his position became positively untenable, so pressed was he with questions by different European powers, and even by his own great vassals. One of these, a *rico hombre*, by name the Count of Pallars, having publicly asked him, in the name of the Arragonese nobility, the object of his voyage, and whither it would lead, Don Pedro replied: "Count, learn that if my left hand knew what my right was about to do, I would instantly cut it off." And still he clung to the Catalan coast, always on the eve of departure, but never lifting an anchor, until the tidings, so long and ardently desired, at last reached his ear. They were unaccompanied, however, by the popular summons and proffered sceptre he had sanguinely and confidently anticipated. But we are outstripping events, and must revert to the eloquent opening of M. de St Priest's fourth volume.

"The name of Sicily is illustrious in history. If the reputation of a people had for sole foundation and measure the number of inhabitants, the extent of its territory, the duration of its influence, the Sicilians, impoverished by continual revolutions, decimated by successive tyrannies, more isolated from the general progress by their internal organisation, than from the mainland by their geographical position, would hold, perhaps, in the annals of the world, no more room than their island occupies on the map of Europe. But they need not fear oblivion: they have known glory,—and what glory touches, though but transitarily, for ever retains the mark. For individuals as for nations, it suffices that their lot be cast in those rare and splendid epochs whose contact ennobles every thing, which illuminate all things by their brilliancy, and

stamp themselves indelibly upon the memory of the remotest generations. Happy who then lives, for he shall never die! Vast kingdoms, boundless regions, peopled by numerous races, powerful by material force, but intellectually vulgar, then yield in dignity and grandeur to the least nook of land, to some petty peninsula or remote island. Such was Greece, such also was Sicily, her rival, her competitor, and the asylum of her illustrious exiles.

"In the middle ages there was no vestige of the ancient Trinacria—of that land of art and learning, the home of every branch of human knowledge—of that politic and warlike power which yielded to Rome and Carthage only when she had made them dearly pay a long-disputed victory—of that Sicily, in short, which Plato taught and Timoleon governed—which Archimedes defended and Theocritus sang. Formerly the whole island was covered with cities. In the thirteenth century, most of these had disappeared. Agrigento could boast but the ruins of its colossus and temples. Syracuse still retained some shadow of past greatness: she was not yet reduced, as now, to the quarries whence she sprung: she had not yet become less than a ruin; but her splendour was extinct. Catania, overthrown by earthquakes, found it difficult again to rise. Nevertheless other Sicilian towns preserved their importance, and Christendom could not boast cities handsomer and more populous—more abounding in wealth and embellished by monuments—than commercial Messina and kingly Palermo."

These two cities were at the time referred to the abode of luxury and pleasure. Messina, at once the market and the arsenal of the island, "*portus et porta Sicilie*," as Charles of Anjou called it, was the principal posting-house upon the road from Europe to Asia, and was enriched by the constant passage of pilgrims and crusaders. Sumptuary laws were deemed necessary to repress the extravagance of a population whose women wore raiment of silk, then more precious than silver and gold, with tiaras upon their heads, encrusted with pearls and diamonds

and other precious stones. Asia and Europe were there united; Catholics and Mussulmans lived side by side in peace and amity. In the streets, the Arab's burnous and the turban of the Moor moved side by side with priestly robe and cowl of monk. The pleasures there in vogue were no longer the simple and innocent ones vaunted by Virgil and Theocritus. It was a hotbed of debauchery, frequented by pirates, gamblers, and courtesans—a mart of commerce, whither traders of all nations repaired. Palermo, on the other hand, was the residence of kings. The Normans established there the seat of their power, inhabiting it constantly; and although the wandering life of Frederick of Swabia denied him a fixed abode, he loved Palermo the Happy, and dwelt there whenever able. Very different were the predilections of Charles of Anjou. He disliked Sicily as much as he loved Naples. By an effect, perhaps, of that love of contrast often found implanted in the human breast, his stern and sombre gaze took pleasure in the bright and joyous scenery of his continental dominions, which it could not derive from the more sad and serious beauties of the opposite island. Moreover, he held the Sicilians disaffected to his rule, and his hand was heavy upon them. Heavier still, doubtless, were those of his delegates and officers, who presumed upon his known dislike, and upon his preoccupation with schemes of foreign aggrandisement, to exceed the measure of oppression he prescribed and authorised. A very different course should have been adopted with a nation already abundantly prepared to detest their French masters. The antagonism of character was alone sufficient cause for mutual aversion. There was no point of sympathy between conquerors and conquered—nothing that could lead to friendly amalgamation. On the one hand, reserve, dissimulation, silence; on the other, an indiscreet frankness, vivacity, and noise. On both sides, a strong attachment to their native country, and conviction of its superiority over all others—a strong partiality for its language, usages, and customs—a sincere contempt for all differing from them. M. de St Priest,

who strives earnestly, but not very successfully, to vindicate the memory of his countrymen of the thirteenth century, is still too veracious a historian not to admit that they treated with shameful insolence and rudeness a people whom the kindest treatment would with difficulty have induced to look kindly upon their conquerors. He is painfully anxious to make out a good case for those he calls his “brothers,” (very old brothers by this time,) but succeeds so little to his satisfaction, that he is fain to throw himself on the mercy of his readers, by asking the rather illogical question, whether the crime of a few individuals is to be imputed to a nation, or even to a part of a nation? Then he enumerates some of the grievances which brought on the massacre known as the Vespers. “It is certain,” he says, “that Charles of Anjou, not by himself, but by military chiefs, to whom he abandoned himself without reserve, abused of the means necessary to retain in subjection a people hostile to his cause, and whom that very excess of oppression might drive to shake off an iron yoke. He abused of the feudal prerogative which gave him right of controlling the marriages of the vassals of the crown, by compelling rich heiresses to marry his Provençal adherents, or by retaining in forced celibacy noble damsels whose inheritance the royal exchequer coveted.” This is pretty well for a beginning, and enough to stir the bile of a more patient race than the Sicilians, even in an age when such acts of feudal tyranny were less startling and odious than they now would seem. But this is merely the first item. Charles also abused of an old law that existed both in Sicily and Spain, and which has been but recently abolished in the latter country. The law of the *mesta* gave the sheep of the royal domain right of range of all the pastures in the country, no matter who the proprietors. With this vexatious privilege Charles combined exorbitant monopolies. He compelled the rich landholders to take on lease his horses, flocks, cattle, bees, and fruit-trees, and to account to him for them every year at a fixed rate, even when disease decimated the animals, and the sirocco had

withered and uprooted the trees and plants. And nothing was less rare, M. de St Priest acknowledges, than the personal ill-treatment of those who delayed to pay the impost, often twice levied upon the same persons, under pretence of chastising their unwillingness. Imprisonment, confiscation, and the bastinado, punished their indigence. The nefarious tricks played with the currency completed the measure of misery poured out upon the unhappy Sicilians. Like Alphonso X. of Castile, and most of the potentates of the period, Charles coined pieces of money with much alloy, which he named, after himself, *Carlino d'oro*, and exchanged them by force against the augustales, an imperial coinage of the purest gold. The public voice was loud against such tyranny and abuse, but it reached not the arrogant ears of the Beaumonts, the Morhiers, and other haughty Frenchmen who successively governed Sicily. The Bishop of Patti and brother John of Messina, complained to the Pope in presence of Charles himself. The king heard them in silence, but, after the pontifical audience, he had his accusers seized. Brother John was thrown into a dungeon, and the bishop only escaped prison by flight.

Besides the heavy griefs above stated, other grounds of complaint, more or less valid, were alleged against Charles I. Amongst these, he was accused of persecuting highwaymen and banditti with overmuch rigour. The nations of southern Europe have ever had a sneaking tenderness for the knights of the road. He was also reproached with the abolition of certain dues, unjustly exacted in the ports of Patti, Cefalu, and Catania, by the bishops of those towns. M. de St Priest brands the Sicilians as barbarians for thus quarrelling with their own advantage. But it is a fair query how far Charles made the diminution of episcopal exactions a pretext for the increase of royal ones, and whether the draconic system adopted for the repression of evil-doers, may not have been occasionally availed of for the oppression of the innocent. Then the Sicilian nobles, lovers of pomp, show, and external distinctions, grumbled at the absence of a court ;

and this was in fact so weighty a grievance, that its removal might perhaps have saved Sicily for Charles, or at any rate have retarded the revolt, and given him time to prosecute his designs on the East. Palermo might have been conciliated by sending the Prince of Salerno to live there. A gay court, and the substitution of the heir to the throne for obscure and detested governors, would have made all the difference. Charles did not think of this, and moreover he had no great affection for his eldest son, "a prince of monkish piety, timid and feeble, although brave: a dull and pale copy of his uncle Louis IX., and whose faults and virtues were not altogether of a nature to obtain his father's sympathy. When speaking of the Prince of Salerno, the King of Naples sometimes called him '*That Priest!*'" The strongest motive of discontent, however, the most real, and which placed the nobility and higher classes amongst the foremost of the disaffected, was the bestowal of all public offices upon foreigners. At the beginning of his reign Charles had left to Neapolitans and Sicilians all fiscal and judicial posts, lucrative to the holders and productive to him ; the strangers who accompanied him, ignorant of the country, would not have known how to squeeze it properly, as did Gezzolino della Marra, Alaimo de Lentini, Francesco Loffredo, and other natives. In these he reposed confidence, and, even after the defeat of Conradin, he still left Sicilians in the places of *Maestri razionali*, *Segreti*, *Guidizieri*, &c. But about 1278, we find Italian names disappearing from the list, and replaced almost entirely by those of Provençals and Frenchmen. At that date there seems to have been a clean sweep made of the aborigines. Such a measure was sure to cause prodigious dissatisfaction and hatred to the government. Those who depended on their places were reduced to beggary, and those who had private fortunes regretted a state of things which swelled these, besides giving them influence and power.

To the latter class belonged Alaimo de Lentini, one of the richest and best born of the Sicilian barons, possessed of great political and military talents. He had served Mainfroy, had quar-

relled with and been proscribed by him, and then, espousing the interests of Charles, had shown himself an implacable persecutor of his countrymen. His good qualities were frequently clouded and neutralised by his versatility and evil passions; his life was a mingled yarn of noble actions and frequent treachery. Left to himself, he might have bequeathed a higher reputation to his descendants, but he was led astray by the evil influence of his wife. He was already in the decline of life when he married this woman, who was of plebeian birth and Jewish origin, but the widow of Count Amico, one of the principal nobles of Sicily. Her name was Maccalda Scaletta, and soon she obtained complete empire over Alaimo. Of dissolute morals, ironical wit, and of an insolent and audacious character, that feared nothing and braved every thing, Maccalda's youth had been more adventurous than reputable, and amongst other pranks she had rambled over all Sicily in the disguise of a Franciscan monk. Her love of pleasure was not more insatiable than her vanity, and she eagerly desired to figure in the first rank at a court. So long as Alaimo retained the high office of chief magistrate of Sicily, her gratified pride allowed him to remain a faithful subject: but towards the year 1275, Charles of Anjou suspected and dismissed him, and thenceforward Alaimo, instigated by his wife, was the mortal enemy of the French. He joined the intrigue set on foot by John of Procida in favour of the King of Arragon, and laboured efficiently in the cause of his new patron.

M. de St Priest does not himself narrate the oft-told tale of the Sicilian Vespers, but gives the accounts of Saba Malaspina and Bartolomeo de Neocastro, asserting that of the former writer to be the most correct, as it is certainly the most favourable to the French. He then enters into a long argument on points of no great importance; his logic being principally directed to show that if the French fell an easy prey to the infuriated Sicilians, it was through no lack of courage on their part, but because they were unarmed, surprised, and overmatched. He also takes some useless trouble to upset the story

generally accredited of the immediate cause of the massacre, namely, an insult offered to a bride of high birth. The spirit of exaggerated nationality, apparent in this part of his book, stimulates his ingenuity to some curious hypotheses. It is a French failing, from which the best and wisest of that nation are rarely quite exempt, never to admit a defeat with temper and dignity. There must always have been treachery, or vastly superior numbers, or some other circumstance destructive to fair play. Not a Frenchman from Strasburg to Port Vendres, but holds, as an article of faith, that, on equal terms, the "*grande nation*" is unconquered and invincible. M. de St Priest seems to partake something of this spirit, so prevalent amongst his countrymen, and actually gets bitter and sarcastic about such a very antiquated business as the Sicilian Vespers. "Who does not recognise in this story (that of the insulted lady) an evident desire to exalt the deed of the Sicilians of the thirteenth century by assimilating it to analogous traits borrowed from Roman history? Who does not here distinguish a Lucretia, or, better still, a Virginia; a Tarquin, or an Appius? The intention is conspicuous in the popular manifestos that succeeded the event. In these, reminiscences of antiquity abound. The heroes of the Vespers sought to make themselves Romans as quickly as possible, lest they should be taken for Africans." And so on in the same strain. "It is clearly seen," says the French historian in another place, "that the first outrage upon that day was perpetrated by the Sicilians, and not by the French; we behold brave and unsuspicious soldiers, inspired by good-humoured gaiety and deceitful security, barbarously stricken, in consequence of demonstrations, very indiscreet certainly, but whose inoffensive character is deposed to by a contemporary, hostile to the French and to their chief." The facts of the case are told in ten words. By a long course of injustice and oppression the French had dug and charged, beneath their own feet, a mine which a spark was sufficient to ignite. It is immaterial what hand applied that spark. Enough that the subsequent explosion

involved the aggressors in universal destruction, and freed Sicily from its tyrants. The statement of Saba Malaspina is not, however, altogether so exculpatory of the French on the unimportant point of ultimate provocation, as might be inferred from some of M. de St Priest's expressions. "When the Signor Aubert (Herbert) d'Orleans governed Sicily," says the chronicler, "several citizens of Palermo, of both sexes, went out of the town to celebrate the festival of Easter. Some young strangers joined them, and perhaps amongst those were many who carried weapons, concealing them on account of the edict forbidding them to be borne under very severe penalties. Suddenly some French varlets, probably servants of the justiciary of the province, associated themselves with the public rejoicings, less, however, to share than to trouble them. Would to heaven they had never been born, or had never entered the kingdom! At sight of all this crowd which danced and sang, they joined the dancers, took the women by the hands and arms, (more, perhaps, than was decent and proper,) ogling the hand-omest, and provoking, by significant words, those whose hands or feet they could not press. At these excessive familiarities, which may be said, however, to have been inspired only by gaiety, several young men of Palermo, and certain exiles from Gaëta, lost their senses so far as to assail the foreigners with injurious words, such as the French do not easily suffer. Then said the latter amongst themselves, 'It is impossible but that these pitiful *Patariis*\* have arms about them, otherwise they would never venture such insolent language: let us see if some of them have not concealed swords, or, at any rate, poignards or knives.' And they began to search the Palermitans. Then these, very furious, threw themselves upon the French with stones

and weapons, for a great number came up who were armed. The varlets fell for the most part stoned and stabbed to death. Thus does play engender war. The entire island revolted, and every where was heard the cry, 'Death to the French!'" The details of the ensuing massacre are as horrible as they are well known; and M. de St Priest passes lightly over them. Men, women, and children, soldiers and priests, all fell before the vengeful steel of the insurgents. The little fortress of Sperlinga alone afforded shelter to the fugitive Frenchmen, giving rise to the proverb still current in Sicily, "*Sperlinga negò*,"† Messina, however, at first took no part in the movement, and continued tranquil in the possession of a French garrison. This was cause for great alarm to the Palermitans, already somewhat embarrassed with their rapid victory and sudden emancipation. Messina hostile, or even neuter, nothing was done, and Sicily must again fall into the vindictive hands of Charles of Anjou. As usual, in Sicilian revolutions, Palermo had given the impulse, but a satisfactory result depended on the adhesion of Messina. Flattering overtures were made by the insurgents to the Messinese; but the latter still hesitated, and, far from joining the massacre, sent six galleys to blockade Palermo, and armed two hundred cross-bowmen to reduce the fortress of Taormine. The effort was in vain. Instead of attacking Taormine, the bowmen re-entered Messina, and pulled down the *feurs-de-lis*, whilst the inhabitants of Palermo, upon the appearance of the galleys, hoisted the Messinese cross beside their own flag, and fraternised with the fleet that came to block their port. This completed the revolution, and Messina also had its massacre. The viceroy, Herbert of Orleans, finding it impossible to hold out longer in his fortress of Mattagrifone, capitulated.

\* "Is it true that virgins, torn from their mothers' arms, were the habitual victims of the conqueror's brutality? . . . Is it true that, when a Frenchman met a Sicilian on horseback, he made him dismount, and forced him to follow upon foot, however long the road? Is it true, that the foreigners could not find themselves with the people of the country without insulting them with the odious name of *Patariis*, an insult which the Sicilians repaid with usury, by styling them *Ferrociani*?"

—*St Priest*, vol. iv. pp. 23, 24.

† Since augmented into the Latin line—

"Quod placuit Siculis, sola Sperlinga negavit."

lated, and embarked for Calabria with about five hundred Frenchmen, amidst the menacing demonstrations of a furious mob. Sicily was declared a republic, and a deputation was sent to the Pope, to place it under his protection. An attempt made by the Arragonese party to obtain the preference for Don Pedro was premature, and consequently failed.

Charles of Anjou was with the Pope at Montefiascone, when news reached him of the revolt and massacre at Palermo. His first emotion was a sort of religious terror, which expressed itself in the following singular prayer, recorded by Villani and all the historians.—“Lord!” he said, “you who have raised me so high, if it be your will to cast me down, grant at least that my fall be gradual, and that I may descend step by step.” Although he as yet knew nothing but the insurrection of a single town, he seems to have beheld the shadow cast before by the evil day at hand. He left Montefiascone, having obtained from Martin IV., whose indignation equalled his own, a bull of conditional interdiction against the Sicilians, should they not return to their allegiance. The Pope also sent Cardinal Gerard of Parma to Sicily, to bring about the submission of the rebels. But at Naples Charles learned the insurrection of Messina, and his fury knew no bounds. Neocastro and other chroniclers represent him as roaring like a lion; his eyes full of blood, and his mouth of foam, whilst he furiously bit the baton he bore in his hand—a favourite practice of his when angry and excited. After writing to his nephew, Philip of France, for a subsidy and five hundred men, he set sail himself with his queen, Margaret of Burgundy, at the head of the formidable armament fitted out for the conquest of the East. There were two hundred vessels bearing an army composed of French and Provençals, of Lombards and Tuscans, including fifty young knights of the noblest families in Florence, and (a strange spectacle in the host of Mainfroy’s conqueror) a thousand Lucera Saracens. The total was fifteen thousand cavalry and sixty thousand infantry, and the rendezvous was at Catona, a Calabrian town opposite

Messina, where, by the king’s orders, forty galleys already awaited him.

Undaunted by the formidable array, the Messinese prepared a vigorous defence, repairing their walls, barricading their port with beams, and even assuming the offensive with their galleys, which chased some of the King’s into the port of Scylla. Yet a bold and sudden assault would probably have taken the town, and the reduction of all Sicily must necessarily have followed. This course was urged by Charles’s principal officers; but he preferred the advice of the Count of Accra, who, from cowardly or perfidious motives, urged him to wait the result of the legate’s negotiations with the rebels. This was a fatal error. Delay was destruction. At the very moment it would well have availed him, Charles abdicated his usual fiery impetuosity in favour of temporising measures. Encamping four leagues to the south of Messina, he lost precious time in idle skirmishes. Whilst he burned their woods and vines, the Messinese raised fortifications, and named Alaimo de Lentini captain of the people, the chief officer in the new republic. Whilst Alaimo took charge of the defence of Messina, his wife Mac-calda, with helm on head and cuirass upon breast, armed and valiant like another Pallas, marshalled the garrison of Catania.

Hostilities were about to commence when Cardinal Gerard of Parma reached Messina. Alaimo received him with the greatest respect, and offered him the keys of the town in token of liege homage to the holy see. The Cardinal replied by a vague offer of pardon if they submitted to the King. “At the word submission, Alaimo snatched the keys from the legate’s hand, and exclaimed in a voice of thunder, ‘Sooner death than a return to the odious French yoke!’ After this theatrical burst, probably a piece of mere acting on the part of a man who had served under so many banners, serious negotiations began.” It was impossible to agree. The exasperation of the Messinese reached a height that terrified the legate, who made his escape, after placing the city under interdict. The proposals he took to Charles

were "the immediate raising of the siege, and return of the army to the Continent; taxes as in the time of William the Good; and, finally, a formal engagement that the island should no longer be garrisoned by French or Provençals, but by Italians or Latins. "If these conditions are refused," said the bold Messinese, "we will resist till death, though we should eat our children!" The Cardinal admonished Charles of the prudence of accepting these terms, hinting that it might be less necessary to observe them, when the island was again in his hands. Charles was too angry and too honourable to listen to the jesuitical insinuation, and war was the word. The legate returned to Rome, in despair at the hot-headed monarch's intractability. Charles's knights and officers were clamorous for an instant assault; but he preferred a blockade, not wishing, he said, to punish the innocent with the guilty. M. de St Priest discredits the motive, and attributes such unusual forbearance on the part of the Lion of Anjou to the fear of losing, by the indiscriminate pillage that would follow a successful assault, the great riches Messina was known to contain.

The foe's decision published, Messina threw away the scabbard. A life of freedom, or a glorious death, was the unanimous resolve of its heroic inhabitants. Every man became a warrior; the very women gave example of the purest patriotism and sublimest devotedness. "Matrons who, the preceding day, clothed themselves in gold and purple, young girls, brought up in the lap of luxury and ease—all, without distinction of rank or riches, with bare feet and dresses tucked up to the knee, bore upon their shoulders stones and fascines, and heavy baskets of bread and wine. They helped the labourers, supplied them with food, attended to all that could increase their physical and moral strength. From the summit of the ramparts they hurled missiles on the besiegers. They held out their children to their husbands, bidding them fight bravely, and save their sons from slavery and death. *Oh! it was a pity, says a song still popular in Sicily, great pity was it to see the*

*ladies of Messina carrying chalk and stones.*"

"Deh com'egli è gran pietate  
Delle donne di Messina,  
Veggiendo iscapigliate,  
Portando pietre e calcina."

Not long ago a wall was still shown, built by these heroines. The names of two of them, Dina and Clarentia, have been handed down to posterity. Whilst Dina upset whole squadrons by hurling stones from warlike engines, Clarentia, erect upon the ramparts, sounded the charge with a brazen trumpet. Such incidents gave a fine field to the superstitious and imaginative; and persons were not wanting who affirmed they had seen the Virgin Mary hover in white robes above the city, whilst others maintained she had appeared to Charles of Anjou's Saracens.

The great assault was on the 14th September 1282. "You have no need to fight with these boors and burghesses," said Charles to his knights; "you have merely to slaughter them." He undervalued his foe. In vain did his chivalry advance against the town like a moving wall of steel; in vain did his fleet assail the port. Beams and chains, hidden under water, checked and destroyed his shipping; men and horses fell beneath the missiles of the besieged. One of these would have killed Charles, had not two devoted knights saved him. They covered the King with their bodies, and fell crushed and lifeless at his feet. On the side of the Sicilians, Alaimo displayed great military talents and personal courage. He was every where to be seen, animating his men by his example. When the French were finally repulsed with terrible loss, and compelled to raise the siege, Charles tried to corrupt Alaimo by immense offers, and went so far as to send him his signature upon a blank paper. The Sicilian resisted the temptation—rejecting treasures and dignities, to yield, at a later period, to the influence of a treacherous woman.

Meanwhile the deputation charged to offer Sicily to the Pope, returned with a refusal. Martin IV. would have nothing to say to them. He would have better served Charles by acceptance. Subsequently he might

have restored the island to the King. As it was, he drove the Sicilians into the snares of the aristocratic league that supported Pedro of Arragon. The republican government was unequal to the task it had undertaken, and the Pope's rejection of the protectorate threw them into great perplexity. A meeting was held to debate the course to be adopted; and the Spanish party, schooled by former failure, achieved a decisive triumph. Its leaders remained mute; but an old man, of such obscure condition that his name was not exactly known, harangued the assemblage, recalled the memory of the house of Swabia, reminded his countrymen that Constance was the legitimate heiress to the crown, and proposed to offer it to her husband, the King of Arragon, then at the port of Collo, on the coast of Africa, near Constantina. The words were scarcely spoken, when a thousand voices extolled the wisdom of the speaker, and ambassadors were immediately named from the people of Palermo to the King of Arragon. Don Pedro had lingered at Portofangos, in expectation of such a summons, for more than a month after the insurrection at Palermo; but finding the secret negotiations of John of Procida with the chiefs of the Sicilian aristocracy less immediately successful than he had hoped, he had sailed for the coast of Africa, on pretext of interfering in a quarrel between the King of Constantina and two of his brothers, but in reality to be nearer the stage on which he hoped soon to play an important part. He affected surprise at the arrival of the Sicilian envoys, who threw themselves at his feet, bathed in tears and dressed in deep mourning, and in a studied harangue implored him to reign over Sicily, and relieve them from the intolerable yoke of the Count of Provence. They said nothing of Conradin's glove,—the anecdote, M. de St Priest says, not having been yet invented.

Don Pedro delayed reply till he should have consulted his principal vassals. Most of them urged him not to engage in a hazardous enterprise, that would draw upon him the displeasure of the King of France; "but to be content with what he already possessed, without seeking to

acquire what would assuredly be valiantly defended. Don Pedro heard their objections in silence, and broke up the council, merely announcing that the fleet would sail next day, without saying whether for Catalonia or Sicily. According to one account, scarcely credible, and bearing strong resemblance to a popular report, he declared the wind should decide his destination. The wind blew for Sicily, much to the discontent of some of the barons, and to the secret and profound joy of the King. After a prosperous voyage of only three days' duration, Don Pedro landed at the port of Trapani. The inhabitants received him as a liberator, and he proceeded to Palermo, where his stay was one unbroken triumph." He did not remain there long. He was as active and indefatigable as Charles of Anjou; like him sleeping little, and rising before the sun. He resolved to march to the succour of Messina, and to intercept the French army's communications with Calabria. He sent forward two noble Catalan knights to warn the King of Naples off the island, with the alternative of war should he refuse. A judge from Barcelona accompanied them,—it being the custom of the time to compose such embassies partly of military men, and partly of persons learned in the law. The envoys were courteously received in the French camp, but their lodging did not correspond with their reception. Either through contempt or through negligence, they were quartered in a church, without bed or chair, and had to sleep upon straw. At night they received two jugs of black wine, six loaves equally dark coloured, two roasted pigs, and an enormous quantity of bacon-soup. Coarse fare and hard couch did not, however, prevent their sleeping soundly, and repairing next morning to the royal presence, richly attired in fine cloth lined with vair. Charles, who was unwell, received them reclining under curtains of magnificent brocade, and with a little stick between his teeth, according to his habit. He listened patiently whilst the chief of the embassy summoned him to evacuate the island, and replied, after a few minutes' reflection, that Sicily belonged neither to him nor to the King of Arragon, but



to the holy see. "Go then," he said, "to Messina, and bid the people of that city declare an eight days' truce, for the discussion of necessary things." This the ambassadors agreed to do, but got a rude reception from Alaimo, who would not credit their quality of Arragonese envoys, when he heard them advocate a truce. Don Pedro was no longer at liberty to treat with Charles, even had he wished it: the Sicilians, at least that party of them that had invoked his aid, had done so for their own ends, and would permit no transaction. The ambassadors returned to Charles and announced their ill success, and the King bade them repose till next morning, when he would speak further with them. But the next morning they learned that he and the Queen had left the camp during the night, and had embarked for Calabria. Many historians have severely blamed this retreat; M. de St Priest vindicates its wisdom and propriety. Dejection was increasing in Charles's army, weary of a fruitless siege that had lasted seventy-four days, and he was in danger of being cut off from Calabria; for although he still had his fleet, it consisted of heavy, unwieldy transports, and was very unmanageable. Soon after his departure from Sicily it was destroyed and captured by the Arragonese fleet. He began also to form a juster estimate of his formidable adversary, whose politic and generous conduct contrasted with his own severity, often pushed to barbarity. He resolved to try a system of conciliation with the Sicilians; and, being too proud and stiff-necked to adopt it in person, he sent his son Charles, Prince of Salerno, to carry it out. "It was necessary to find a pretext in order honourably to absent himself. The customs of the time furnished him with one. He did not show himself their slave, as has often been said, but made them serve his purpose, and skilfully used them to mask the difficulties of his position. It was not, then, from a Quixotic and foolish impulse, unbecoming at his age, but with a political object,—in order to escape from the scene of his disappointments and defeats, and to draw his enemy from that of his victories and triumphs,—that he took the resolu-

tion to challenge Pedro of Arragon to single combat." A friar bore the cartel; Pedro accepted it; and this strange duel between two powerful kings was fixed to take place in a plain near Bordeaux, an English town, as the chroniclers call it, Bordeaux then belonging to Edward I. of England. Pending the preliminary negotiations and arrangements for this combat, hostilities continued, and the results were all in favour of Don Pedro. His natural son, Don Jaime Paris, or Peres, admiral of the Catalan fleet, made a night excursion from Messina to Catona, upon the opposite coast, surprising and massacring five hundred French soldiers. Carried away by youthful ardour, he then pushed on to Reggio; but fell into an ambush, and lost a dozen men. Although the final result of the enterprise was highly satisfactory, Paris returning victor with a rich booty, his father, indignant that his orders had been overstepped, spared his life only at the entreaties of his courtiers, degraded and banished him, and gave the command of the fleet to Ruggiero de Lauria. This was a lucky hit. Lauria, although violent and perfidious by character, was of courage as great as his good fortune was invariable. Once at the head of the Arragonese fleet, the success of Don Pedro ceased to be doubtful.

The conditions of the projected duel being arranged and agreed to by both parties, Charles left Reggio, the Prince of Salerno remaining there at the head of an army brought in great part from France. The war was now transported in great measure into Calabria. There every thing was favourable to the Arragonese. His soldiers found themselves in a climate, and amongst mountains, reminding them of their native country. The Almogavars, hardy and reckless guerillas, lightly equipped, and with sandalled feet, were more than a match for the French knights and men-at-arms, with their heavy horses and armour. "One day, whilst the Prince of Salerno was at Reggio, an Almogavare came alone to his camp to defy the French. At first they despised the challenge of the ill-clad savage, but finally a handsome young knight left the ranks, and

accepted the defiance. He was conquered by his opponent, who, after bringing him to the ground, buried his knife in his throat. The Prince of Salerno, true to the laws of chivalry, dismissed the conqueror with rich guerdon. The King of Arragon would not be surpassed in courtesy, but sent in exchange ten Frenchmen, free and without ransom, declaring that he would always be happy to give the same number for one Arragonese." This piece of Spanish rodomontade was backed, however, by deeds which proved Pedro no impotent boaster; and the Prince of Salerno was compelled to retire from Reggio — whose inhabitants, favourable to his rival, hypocritically affected grief at his departure — to an adjacent level, known as the *pianura di San Martino*.

Charles of Anjou was now at Rome, whose Pope he found friendly and supple as ever. A crusade was promulgated, the usurper of Sicily was excommunicated, and his Arragonese crown was declared forfeit and given to Charles de Valois, second son of Philip the Bold, whom the Italians called *Carlo Sena Terra*, because he tried many crowns but could never keep one. To cloak his manifest partiality, Martin IV. strove to make Charles give up the duel, and, failing to do so, declared himself openly against a project which he treated as mad and impious. He declared null and void the agreement and conditions fixed between the champions, and exhorted the King of England to forbid the encounter of the two sovereigns upon his territory. Edward I. was not the man to spoil sport of this kind: he neither made nor meddled in the matter. On the appointed day, (25th May 1283,) Charles, coming from Paris, where his intended duel had excited the enthusiasm of the French youth, entered Bordeaux, armed cap-à-pie, at the head of a hundred knights, established himself with them in the lists, and waited from sunrise till sundown. Then, the King of Arragon not appearing, he sent for Jean de Grailly, seneschal of Guienne, had a certificate of his presence at Bordeaux drawn up in due form, and set out for his county of Provence.

Various causes have been assigned for Pedro's non-appearance. It is certain that he left Sicily, after having summoned thither his queen and all his children, excepting the eldest, Alphonso, who remained in Arragon. The only distinct cause assigned by M. de St Priest, for his default in the lists, is the Arragonese version. "Don Pedro had gone from Valentia to Collioure, and already the hundred chevaliers he had chosen to accompany him were assembled at Jaca, on the frontier, ready to enter Guienne, when he was suddenly informed that, at the request of Charles of Anjou, Philip of France had accompanied his uncle to Bordeaux, and lay near that town with twenty thousand men. Warned by the King of England that the King of France was in ambush for him, Pedro decided not to show himself publicly at Bordeaux; but being at the same time fully resolved to acquit his promise by going thither, he disguised himself as a poor traveller, and took with him two gentlemen dressed with less simplicity, all three mounted on good horses, and without other baggage than a large bag full of provisions, that they might not be obliged to stop any where. The King acted as servant to his companions, waiting on them at table, and giving the horses their corn. In this manner they arrived very quickly at Bordeaux, where Don Pedro was received and concealed by an old knight, a friend of one of the two gentlemen. Upon the morrow, which was the day appointed for the duel, Pedro repaired to the lists, with the seneschal, who was devoted to him, before the sun rose, consequently earlier than Charles of Anjou. There he caused his presence to be certified by a notarial act, then fled precipitately, and put an interval of several hours between his departure and the pursuit of the Kings of France and Sicily." This is rather an improbable story, as M. de St Priest justly remarks; and, even if true, it is a sort of evasion that does little credit to the King of Arragon's chivalry. It appears likely that Pedro, standing upon his well-established reputation of personal bravery, thought himself justified for once in consulting pru-

dence, and felt little disposed to stake his life and crown upon the goodness of his lance and charger. Abandoning to his rival the honours of the tourney, he gained, with his fleet and army, more solid advantages. Soon after Charles's return to Provence, twenty-nine galleys despatched by him from Marseilles to the succour of Malta were attacked and destroyed by Ruggiero de Lauria, in spite of the valiant efforts of the Provençal admiral, William Cornut.

"In the heat of a terrible and prolonged combat, and seeing himself about to be vanquished, Cornut jumped upon Lauria's galley and attacked the admiral, axe in one hand and lance in the other. The lance point pierced Ruggiero's foot, and, nailing him to the deck, broke off from the pole; the Provençal raised his axe, when the Sicilian, active and furious as a tiger, snatched the iron from his bleeding wound, and, using it as a dagger, stabbed his enemy to the heart." The sea was the real field of battle, and, unfortunately for Charles of Anjou, the French lacked the naval skill and experience of the Catalans. Pedro was detained in Arragon by some turbulent proceedings of his nobility, but he was ably replaced by his wife. Queen Constance was no ordinary woman. Adored by the Sicilians, who persisted in regarding her as the rightful descendant of their kings, her influence exceeded that of Pedro himself. Surrounded by her children, and followed by her Almogavars, she traversed the island in all directions, going from Palermo to Messina, from Messina to Catania, encouraging the people by kind and valiant words, giving bread to the necessitous, and followed by the blessings and admiration of her new subjects. By the advice of John of Procida, she resolved to anticipate the Prince of Salerno, who only awaited his father's arrival to make a descent upon Sicily. "She sent for Ruggiero de Lauria, who was the son of Madonna Bella, her nurse, and spoke to him thus: 'Friend Ruggiero, you know that you have been brought up, from your earliest infancy, in my father's house and in mine; my lord the King of Arragon has loaded you with favours, making

you first a good knight and then an admiral, such confidence has he in your valour and fidelity. Now, do better still than heretofore; I recommend to you myself, my children, and all my family.' When the Queen had spoken, the admiral put knee on ground, took the hands of his good mistress in his sign of homage, kissed them devoutly, and replied: '*Madonna*, have no fear; the banner of Arragon has never receded, and still shall conquer. God gives me confidence that I shall again work to your satisfaction, and that of my lord the King.' Then the Queen made the sign of the cross over the admiral, who quitted her to put himself at the head of thirty galleys, and of a host of light vessels armed at Messina. With these he entered the gulf of Salerno." The son of Charles of Anjou had no suspicion of the sortie of the Arragonese fleet, and an officer whom he sent to reconnoitre brought back a false account of the enemy's strength, diminishing the number of their vessels. Thereupon the Prince of Salerno resolved to give battle, being urged to do so by the Count of Acerra, the same who had formerly advised Charles to postpone the assault of Messina. The count's advice, whether treacherous or sincere, proved fatal in both instances. The Sicilian fleet, which had advanced to the very Molo of Naples, passed under the windows of the Castello Nuove, insulting the Prince of Salerno by words injurious to his nation, his father, and himself. Too angry to be prudent, and forgetting Charles's orders on no account to stir before his arrival, the prince, covered with new and brilliant armour, bravely embarked, lame though he was, on board the royal galley, followed by the flower of the French chivalry. Lauria, cunning as skillful, feigned to fly at his approach. Riso, the Messinese, and other Sicilian exiles, showed chains to Lauria, calling out, "Brave admiral, here is what awaits you; turn and look!" Lauria obeyed their order, turned about, and fell furiously upon the Neapolitan fleet, which was defeated by the very first shock. The Prince of Salerno and the French knights defended themselves with the courage of despair. The royal galley alone held

out, until at last the Prince, seeing it about to sink with the weight of combatants, and having bravely fought and dearly sold his liberty, gave up his sword to Ruggiero, who offered him his hand to conduct him on board the admiral's galley. "Sir Prince," said the Arragnese, "if you do not covet the fate of Conradin, order your captive, the Infanta Beatrix, sister of our Queen, and daughter of King Mainfroy, to be instantly delivered up to us." With the fierce Lauria it was unsafe to trifle or delay. The Prince wrote to his wife, Mary of Hungary, that, vanquished and a prisoner, his life depended on the release of Beatrix. On receiving his letter, the Princess of Salerno hurried to the prison of Mainfroy's daughter, embraced her, clothed her in her richest apparel, and instantly gave her up to Lauria's envoy.

At the news of the Prince's capture, the Neapolitans were on the point of revolt. An incident occurred that did not leave him the least doubt of their sentiments. When seated on the deck of Ruggiero's galley, in the midst of a circle of knights who kept respectful silence, he saw approach a number of boats filled with peasants, who asked permission to come on board. They brought baskets of those large figs called *palombale*, and also a present of gold augustales. Taking the Prince, on account of his magnificent armour, and of the respect of those around him, they knelt before him and said, "Admiral, accept this fruit and this gold; the district of Sorrento sends them you as an offering, and may you take the father as you have taken the son!" Notwithstanding his misfortunes, the young man could not help smiling, as he said, "Truly these are very faithful subjects of my lord the King." He was taken to Sicily and landed at Messina, where Queen Constance and the Infante Don Jaime then resided.

When Charles of Anjou learned the double disaster that had befallen him in the capture of his fleet and son, his first expression was one of bitter irony. "The better," he exclaimed, "that we are quit of that priest, who spoiled our affairs and took away our courage!" Bitter grief succeeded this factitious gaiety. He shut himself up in a private

chamber of the *Castel Capuano*, sent away the attendants and torches, repulsing even the tender caresses of his queen, and groaned and lamented in solitude and darkness. When day appeared he forgot his sorrow to think of vengeance. In his absence, Naples had nearly escaped him. From Paucilippo to the Molo, shouts for Pedro of Arragon had been heard. Naples must expiate the crime. Charles prepared to shed an ocean of blood, but the Pope's legate interceded; and the enraged sovereign contented himself with hanging a hundred and fifty of the most guilty from the battlements of the *Castel Nuovo*. Then, with his usual impetuous activity, he armed a fleet, and sailed for Messina, but was met by a message from Constance, that if he touched the shore of Sicily his son's head should roll upon the scaffold. What could the murderer of Conradin reply to this threat? Trembling with fury, he returned to Calabria. The position of his son justified great anxiety.\* A large majority of the Sicilians were clamorous for his death, as an expiatory sacrifice to the manes of Conradin. Queen Constance, who had nobly resolved to save him, was compelled so far to yield to public clamour that a parliament was assembled to deliberate on his fate. With the exception of Alaimo de Lentini, all the members voted for the Prince's death. But Constance would not ratify the sentence till she heard from Don Pedro, to whom she had already despatched intelligence of the important capture. As she had foreseen, Pedro ordered the Prince, and the chief amongst his companions, to be sent immediately to Arragon. This was done, and Sicily seemed guaranteed for a long time from the aggressions of the house of Anjou.

To foreign warfare internal strife succeeded. The Sicilian nobles, the same men who had entreated Pedro of Arragon to reign over them, now repented of their choice. They had found a master where they had intended a crowned companion. Already the failure of a rebellion had cost several of them their heads, when a second plot was got up, in which Alaimo de Lentini took a prominent part. The rank, influence, and services of this man, the first in Sicily,

rendered Pedro uneasy, and excited the jealousy of his two ministers, John of Procida and Ruggiero de Lauria. Alaimo's indulgent vote upon the trial of the Prince of Salerno, although conformable to the wishes of the King, yet had increased suspicions he for some time had entertained. These, however, would not have broken out but for the imprudent audacity of Maccalda, Alaimo's wife, who had flattered herself she should be able to govern Pedro of Arragon. During the siege of Messina, she presented herself before him in her Amazonian garb, a silver mace in her hand; but this warlike equipment could not restore her youth, and, notwithstanding the King's passionate admiration of the fair sex, he passed the night in talking to her of his ancestors, and finally fell asleep. Irritated by this contempt of her charms, Maccalda vowed hatred to Queen Constance. Although of very low origin, the insolent matron pretended herself at least the equal of the daughter of Maintrey the bastard. She refused her the title of queen, and never spoke of her but as the mother of the Infante Don Jaime. Every advance made by Don Pedro's wife was insolently rejected by her. The Queen wished to become godmother to one of her children; Maccalda disdainfully declined the honour. The Queen had a litter made to take air in Palermo, a piece of luxury unprecedented in Sicily. Maccalda immediately rambled about the island in a litter twice the size, eclipsing her sovereign by her presumptuous splendour. In short, the court of Arragon could not endure this incessant struggle, and soon serious grounds for vengeance were found. All powerful with her husband, Maccalda excited him to revolt. He corresponded with Charles of Anjou, then in Calabria: one of his letters, in which he promised to deliver Sicily to the King of Naples, fell into the hands of John of Procida. Don Pedro, informed of Alaimo's treason, dissimulated and wrote him an affectionate invitation to Spain, under pretence of conferring with him on the affairs of Sicily. Resistance and obedience were equally dangerous; but the latter left most time to turn in, so Alaimo obeyed. He no sooner reached Arragon than he was thrown into a

dungeon. At the same time Maccalda, stripped of her husband's possessions, was put in prison in Sicily. There she preserved her courage and gaiety, and passed her time in laughing at Queen Constance, and in playing at chess with a Moorish king, prisoner like herself.

Sixty French knights were massacred in the prison of Matagrifone, at the instigation of the ferocious Ruggiero de Lauria, so soon as he learned the treason of Alaimo and Maccalda. For these a tragical end was reserved. At the commencement of the following reign, the defender of Messina was thrown into the sea, a halter round his neck; and it was conjectured that Maccalda Scaletta also met a violent death in the obscurity of her dungeon.

Charles was not more fortunate in military operations than in secret plottings. In vain did he besiege Reggio; for want of provisions he was compelled to return to Naples. But although fortune proved so tickle, his bold spirit remained unbroken, and he conceived a gigantic plan, which was to avenge all his disasters. He resolved to fall upon Sicily at the head of considerable forces, whilst a powerful French army entered Arragon. But death nullified his schemes. Whilst upon the road from Naples to Brindes, to prepare the new armament, he was compelled by the violent attacks of ague, from which he suffered continually since his misfortunes, to stop at Foggia. His hour had come. By his will, made upon the day of his death, he left the kingdom of the Two Sicilies and the county of Provence to his son Charles prince of Salerno; and, failing him, to his grandson Charles Martel, then twelve years old. His testamentary dispositions completed, he turned his thoughts to things spiritual. Margaret of Burgundy, summoned in all haste to her husband's side, arrived but just in time to receive his last adieu. He expired in her arms, the victim of grief as much as of disease, overtaken by premature old age, but full of faith in his good right and in divine justice. Upon his deathbed he was untroubled by remorse; he beheld neither the threatening shade of Conradin nor

the rivers of blood with which he had inundated Sicily; his eyes and lips were fixed with love upon the cross, whose most faithful defender he esteemed himself. At the supreme hour, and with his last breath, he made a final and impious manifestation of the overweening pride and self-confidence that were amongst his most prominent qualities during his life. "He confessed himself, and demanded the last sacrament, sat up in his bed to receive it worthily, fixed his eyes upon the redoubtable mystery, and, speaking directly to the body and blood of Christ, addressed to them these words of audacious conviction: '*Sire Dieu*, as I truly believe you to be my Saviour, I pray you show mercy to my soul. Since it is certain that I undertook the affair of Sicily more to serve the holy church than for my own advantage, you ought to absolve me of my sins.'"

The body of Charles was transported to Naples, and buried in the cathedral, under a pompous mausoleum. His heart was taken to Paris, and deposited in the church of the *Grands Jacobins*, with this inscription:—

"LE CŒUR DE GRAND ROY CHARLES QUI  
CONQUIT SICILE."

Upon her husband's death Margaret retired to her county of Tournierre, where she had founded an hospital, and passed the rest of her life in pious and charitable exercises. "The first chevalier in the world has ceased to live," exclaimed Pedro of Arragon, on learning the death of Charles of Anjou. He himself survived his great rival but a few months. After conquering Philip III. of France in the details of Arragon, a victory which procured the fortunate Arragonese the *soubriquet* of *Pedro de los Franceses*, he died very penitent, restoring his possessions to the church, whose liege-man he acknowledged himself, and putting under the protection of the

holy see his two kingdoms of Arragon and Sicily, which he bequeathed to his sons, Alphonso III. and Jaime II. About the same time Martin IV. ended his days, full of grief for the loss of Charles of Anjou, to whom he was devotedly and blindly attached,—"Au attachment," says M. de St Priest, "which excites interest, so rare is friendship upon thrones, and especially in old age. Thus was Charles of France, brother of St Louis, followed to the tomb by the most remarkable of his contemporaries. A new epoch began; the age of Philip le Bel, of Boniface VIII., and of Dante. The great poet, so severe to the living Capetians, has treated them better in the invisible world. Whilst he has precipitated Frederick II. and the most illustrious Ghibellines into the depths of the eternal chasms, he shows us—not in torture, but awaiting a better destiny—not in the flames of purgatory, but in the bosom of monotonous repose, in the shade of a peaceful forest, in a valley strewn with unknown flowers—Charles of Anjou and Pedro of Arragon, seated side by side, reconciled by death, and uniting their grave and manly voices in hymns to the praise of the Most High."

The political separation of the island and continent of Sicily was now complete, but none foresaw its long duration. The period immediately succeeding the death of Charles of Anjou was one continuous struggle between Naples and Palermo, the former striving to regain lost supremacy, the latter to retain conquered independence. For a moment the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, torn in twain by a great popular movement, was on the point of reuniting; the great result obtained by the Sicilian Vespers seemed about to be lost, and the Vespers themselves to lose their rank of revolution, and subside into the vulgar category of revolts and insurrections. Strange to say, the foreign dynasty that had profited by the successful rebellion, was itself

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\* The death of Cardinal Richelieu offers a singular resemblance with that of Charles of Anjou. Having demanded the Viaticum: "Here is my Lord and my God," he exclaimed; "before him I protest that in all I have undertaken, I have had nothing in view but the good of religion and of the state."—ST PRIEST, vol. iv. p. 165.

on the eve of destroying the work of its partisans. After the ephemeral reign of Alphonso III. King of Arragon, eldest son and successor of Don Pedro, Don Jaime, second son of this Prince, united upon his head the crowns of Sicily and Arragon. The will of the two deceased kings had been to keep these crowns separate. Don Pedro verbally, Don Alphonso by a written will, had called the Infante Frederick, son of one and brother of the other, to reign in Sicily so soon as Don Jaime should take possession of the hereditary sceptre of Arragon and Catalonia. Jaime disregarded their wishes. He kept Sicily, not for himself, but to restore it to the enemies of his family, to his prisoner, now chief of the house of Anjou, agreeably to a secret treaty they had entered into during the captivity of Charles II. If M. de St Priest is correct in placing the first negotiation of this treaty so far back as the summer of 1284, soon after the action in which Charles lost his liberty, it is difficult to understand what could then have been Don Jaime's motives. His father and elder brother dead, it is more easy to explain them. We must remember that before falling into the hands of the terrible Ruggiero de Lauria, Charles, then Prince of Salerno, commissioned by the King of Naples to make concessions to his subjects, had proclaimed a political reform, under the auspices of Martin IV. After the death of this Pope, his successor Honorius, also a declared partisan of the house of Anjou, extended still further these political privileges, and the convention known in the history of Naples as the Statutes of Honorius (*Capitoli d'Onorio*) there long had the force of law. In view of these privileges, imposed by papacy, and conceded by the dynasty whose despotism had driven Sicily to revolt, the dynasty established by that revolt was compelled to bid higher for popular approbation. The rival royalties began a dangerous race in the path of reform. The Arragonese could not allow the Angevine to surpass him in generosity. Don Jaime saw himself

compelled to make such concessions to the clergy and aristocracy, that Sicily retained but the mere shadow of a monarchy. The authority awaiting him in Arragon was certainly not more absolute; but there, at least, he found himself in his native country and hereditary dominions; habit, tradition, old affinities, compensated what the supreme power lacked in strength and extent. In Sicily things were very different. The island was altogether in an unsatisfactory state. The chiefs of the aristocracy, the authors of the revolution, had all rebelled in turn. It had been found necessary to put to death Caltagirone, Alaimo de Lentini, and other leaders of the Arragonese intrigue. The air of Sicily seemed loaded with rebellious infection. Even Ruggiero de Lauria, and John of Procida,\* were suspected of disaffection. Nor did the profits of the island compensate the anxiety it caused. Exhausted by war, Sicily yielded no revenue, but required support in men and money. More than this, the papal anathema still remained upon the family of Pedro of Arragon. It weighed upon Don Jaime and upon his mother Queen Constance. Courageous though she was, the daughter of the excommunicated Mainfroy, the widow of the excommunicated Pedro, had difficulty to support the interdict. Successive popes sustained the interests of the French dynasty, and bestowed the crown of Arragon, a fief of the holy see, upon Charles of Valois, brother of Philip le Bel. True, possession did not accompany the gift, to which the Arragonese did not subscribe, but drove back Philip the Bold when he tried to introduce his son into his new kingdom, an attempt which cost him his reputation and his life. Still Don Jaime was anxious, for various reasons, to have the donation annulled. To this end he addressed himself to the King of Naples, still prisoner at Barcelona, offering to give him up Sicily, and even to aid him to reconquer it, on condition that the Pope removed the interdict from his house, and that Charles of Valois was

\* Procida died at an advanced old age, in his native province of Salerno, reconciled with the Pope and with the King of Naples, at enmity with Sicily, and re-established in his possessions by Charles II.—St Priest, vol. iv. p. 172.

compelled to renounce the title of King of Arragon. Moreover, a matrimonial alliance, always an important tie, but especially so in the middle ages, was to seal the friendship of the two monarchs. Don Jaime was to marry the princess Blanche, eldest daughter of the King of Naples, and granddaughter of the great Charles of Anjou. Boniface VIII., greatly attached, at the commencement of his popedom, to the interests of France, joyfully acquiesced in these arrangements.

Every thing seemed arranged, when unexpected obstacles arose. On the one hand, Charles of Valois, having neither dominions nor crown, obstinately resisted the transfer of his imaginary kingdom: on the other, the Sicilians declared they would die to a man rather than acknowledge the sovereignty of the house of Anjou. They summoned Don Jaime to renounce his project, and when he persisted in it, they raised to the throne the Infante Frederick, at first with the title of Lord of Sicily, afterwards with that of King. This prince proved worthy of the national choice. In vain did Boniface VIII. assail him in turn with flattery and menace; the new king of Sicily remained faithful to his people. By a strange concurrence of circumstances, he found himself opposed in arms to his brother Jaime of Arragon, now the ally of his father-in-law, Charles II., who had recovered his liberty and returned to his dominions. In spite of his own and his subjects' valour, Frederick III. was at first nearly overcome. The house of Anjou would have reconquered Sicily, but for the defection of the fickle King of Arragon, who abandoned his allies and returned home, carrying with him the contempt of all parties. After various changes of fortune, a definitive treaty of peace was concluded between the belligerents, under the auspices of Rome. By its conditions, Frederick III. was to retain the crown of Sicily

for his life, with the title of King of Trinacria, invented to avoid infringement on the rights of Charles II., who kept the title of King of Sicily, with the reversion of the dominions for himself and his direct heirs, after the death of Frederick, who married Eleanor, youngest daughter of Charles. The basis of this treaty was manifestly unstable, its very letter was soon effaced; and Frederick, disdaining the singular title of King of Trinacria, soon resumed his rightful one. There were thus two kings of Sicily, on this and that side the straits, and from that period dates the term, the Two Sicilies.


During a reign of thirty-four years, Frederick III. did much for the nation that had placed him at its head. A scholar and a legislator, he encouraged letters, navigation, and trade, established a national representation, and bequeathed his subjects the famous Sicilian constitution, which was entirely destroyed only in the present century. But the tendency of power in Sicily was to the hands of the nobles. Frederick struggled hard to keep down the aristocracy, but his efforts had no permanent success: at his death the barons became omnipotent, the feudal system prevailed, and for more than a century the annals of the island are but a confused history of the rivalries of the Chiaromonte and the Vintimiglia, the Palizzi and the Alagona, the Luna and the Perolla, and many others besides. The Chiaromonte, notwithstanding their French origin,\* were the chiefs of the Italian or Latin party: they became absolute masters of Palermo, and reigned over it from the summit of their castle of Steri, whose massive masonry still exists in the heart of that city. The kings of Sicily, to obtain their support, sought the hands of their daughters: but at last the haughty patricians fell from their pinnacle of greatness, and by treason or stratagem were led to the scaffold. Distracted and weakened by

\* "It is at this time (the moment when Charles of Anjou raised the siege of Messina) that estimable, but second-rate historians place the pretended adventure of a French chevalier of the name of Clermont, to whose wife, they say, Charles of Anjou had offered violence. They add, that, after revenging himself by a similar outrage to one of the king's daughters, this French knight fled to Sicily, where he founded the powerful house of Chiaromonte, Counts of Modica." (St Priest, vol. iv. p. 104.) M. de St Priest disbelieves this anecdote, which is certainly inconsistent with the character for rigid morality and chastity he assigns to his hero.



discord, Sicily offered, at this time, an easy prey to Naples, had the descendants of the first Charles been the men to profit by the opportunity. But they were far from inheriting the martial energy of their great ancestor, and, in spite of circumstances frequently favourable, Sicily was never reconquered by the race of Charles of Anjou.

The concluding line of M. de St. Priest's work contains a sentiment which will doubtless find ready echo in the hearts of his countrymen, ever jealous of Great Britain's aggrandisement and territorial growth. "*May Sicily*" he says, "*never become a second Malta.*" The wish, whose heartfelt sincerity cannot be doubted, points to the possibility, not to say the probability, of the event deprecated: an event which, however unwelcome to France, would, in many respects, be highly advantageous to the two parties more immediately concerned. So manifest are the benefits that it is almost impertinent to point them out. Sicily would find efficient protection, commercial advantages, a paternal and liberal government; England would obtain a storehouse and granary, and an excellent position whence to observe and check French progress in Northern Africa, should the ambition of the young republic, or of any other government that may succeed it, render interference necessary. At the present moment, when half Europe is unhinged, political speculation becomes doubly difficult: but whatever turn events take, there is little likelihood

of France either abandoning her African colony or resting contented with its present extent. Doubtless, she will some day lay hold of Tunis, or at least make the attempt. It is but a short sail from Tunis to Sicily. The peace-at-all-prices men, who would disdain dispense with fleets and armies, and trust to the spread of philanthropy for the protection of Britain and its colonies, would have no fresh cause for their insipid and querulous grumblings in the annexation of Sicily to the British empire. It would be unnecessary to recruit an additional drummer, or man a cock-boat the more. The Island Sicilians, of more hardy frame and courageous temper than their Continental neighbours are, as they have lately shown, able to defend their liberties. They would furnish troops and mariners, who, with British discipline and direction, need be second to none in Europe. Increased advantages should of course be afforded to Sicilian produce imported into Great Britain. This would cut two ways. Whilst benefiting the Sicilian, and encouraging him to industry, it would spur the stolid and stubborn lawgivers of Spain to moderate the absurd tariff which excludes foreign manufactures from that country.  Through illicit channels. Under British protection and British laws, Sicily, if she cannot hope ever to resume her ancient grandeur and prosperity, would flourish and improve to an extent impossible during her ill-assorted union with Naples.

## CRIMES AND REMARKABLE TRIALS IN SCOTLAND.

## KIDNAPPING.—PETER WILLIAMSON'S CASE.

BEFORE entering on the personal history of a man whose adventures carried him through all the strata of social life, from the feathered savage of the Prairies to the industrious burgher in small-clothes, let us give a few incidental notices of that crime—kidnapping, or man-stealing,—his subjection to which was the opening scene of his eventful career. We can, perhaps, scarcely point to a more distinct type of feebleness in the law of any country than the frequency of this crime. In that community where the people, marked off by any distinction in race or appearance—where persons born in serfdom, or of a particular line, or speaking a peculiar language—are doomed to slavery, the laws may be unjust and barbarous in the extreme, but it does not follow that they are feeble. The slavery exists *by* them, not *in spite of* them. It is in the country where the person, free by the law, is seized, and, in defiance of the law, held in forced bondage, in obedience to the interest or the malevolence of individuals, that this characteristic of feebleness is so prominently developed. The purloiner of coin or plate can only be tracked by external incidents: there is nothing in his connexion with the property that in itself proclaims his crime. The horse and cattle-stealer have to deal with less silent commodities; but even the objects of *their* depredations are not placed in an unnatural position by ownership, and have no voice wherewith to proclaim their custodian's dishonesty. But the man who holds another in possession in a free country, is a criminal in the eye of every one who sees him exercise his ownership; and he carries about with him a perpetual witness and accuser, who is under the strongest inducements to be ever vigilant and ever active. The law under which common thefts are practised, is only that which does not see far into a mill-stone; but the law under which kidnapping may be pursued with impunity, is deaf, and blind, and para-

lytic. Owing to the strong central administration of justice in England, it does not appear that this crime was ever very prevalent in the south. We find, indeed, in *Whitelock's Memorials*, under the date of 9th May 1645—"An ordinance against such who are called *spirits*, and use to steal away and take up children, and bereave their parents of them, and convey them away." The measure then adopted, which will be found among the ordinances of the Long Parliament, shows us that it had become customary to seize children and carry them out of the country, to be employed as slaves in the plantations, or probably to be sold to the Mediterranean pirates. The ordinance says, "Whereas, the houses of Parliament are informed that divers lewd persons do go up and down the city of London and elsewhere, and in a most barbarous and wicked manner steal away many little children, it is ordered by the Lords and Commons, in Parliament assembled, that all officers and ministers of justice be hereby straitly charged and required to be very diligent in apprehending all such persons as are faulty in this kind, either in stealing, selling, buying, inveigling, purloining, conveying, or receiving children so stolen, and to keep them in safe imprisonment till they may be brought to severe and exemplary punishment. It is further ordered, that the marshals of the Admiralty and the Cinque Ports do immediately make strict and diligent search in all ships and vessels upon the river, and at the Downs, for all such children, according to such directions as they have, or shall receive from the committee of the Admiralty and Cinque Ports." The few reports we have of English cases of kidnapping are too profusely dressed up with technicalities to permit us to see the naked facts. Shower reports the case of *Lees v. Dassigny*, the 34th of Charles II. An English common-law reporter never condescends to know the year of the Christian era; he knows only

that of the king's reign, and if he had to mention the foundation of the Turkish empire, he would mark it as the 28th Edward I.; while the discovery of America would as undoubtedly be an event of the 8th Henry VII. When we turn to our chronological tables, we find that the 34th of Charles II. means the year 1682. How far the pleadings throw any light on the adventures of the youth who had been kidnapped and sent abroad, the reader may judge from a fair specimen:—"They sue an *hominem replicando* in the name of the young Turbett; and after an *alias* and a *pluries*, they get an *elongatus est per quendam Philippum Dassigny infra nominatum*. This was to the Sheriff of London, whereas the defender never lived in London, but at Wapping, in Middlesex," &c. The effect of the pleading, of which this is the commencement, was, that the accused might be bailed, "and on security to bring home the boy in six months, death and the perils of the seas excepted, he was discharged on bail. In Trinity term the boy came home, and being brought into court was delivered to the father: but they never proceeded." Sir Thomas Raymond gives us the further information, that the kidnapper was a merchant trading to Jamaica, and that the victim "was a scholar at Merchant Taylor's school, and a hopeful young youth." \* An act of King William's reign shows that the offence was still prevalent, by imposing penalties on the masters of vessels leaving people behind in "his Majesty's plantations or elsewhere." It appears to have been almost solely for the foreign market that kidnapping was practised in England. The cultivated and populous character of the country, the power of the laws, and the perpetual vicinity of a kind of parochial municipalities, probably rendered the forcible seizure and imprisonment of individuals within the country too difficult and dangerous an operation to have been frequently accomplished by force; though the fatal facilities for confinement in lunatic asylums may have frequently made them the living tombs of those whom the rapacity, or the malignant passions of others, have

doomed to imprisonment. Yet, were we to take foreign novelists as true painters of English manners, we would find in Madame Cotin's *Malvina*, that a French beauty having secured the affections of an English duke, his powerful relations seize her after she has become his wife, and lock her up in a turret of their private castle, where, though the neighbouring physician and the clergyman visit her, and all the world knows that she is imprisoned, no one dares to interfere in her behalf; and her fate is only balanced by that of her husband, whom the Attorney-General transports, by a writ of *Habeas Corpus*, to the West Indies. Somewhat similar, if our memory serves us right, are the notions of British liberty embodied in *Walladmor*, the story got up to pass as a Waverley novel at one of the Leipsic fairs, where, in the year 1818, the Lord Lieutenant is found committing every person with whom he quarrels to his private dungeons in his own castle.

We need no writers of romance to find instances of kidnapping in Scotland before the Union. The vast solitudes which frequently separated inhabited districts from each other, the feudal fortresses scattered hither and thither, the weakness of the crown, the judicial powers possessed by many of the barons; and we may add to this, the spirit of clanship, which surrounded every Highland chief with an army of retainers, as faithful to the preservation of his secrets as they were relentless in avenging his feuds—all conspired to render it too easy for a powerful individual to adopt such a form of outrage against his enemy. Not that the practice was pursued in the manner of a sordid trade, as we have found it followed in England, and as we shall find that at a later period it was adopted among ourselves. The Scots had no colonies to be supplied with this species of living merchandise; and in truth the human animal has seldom been with us so valuable a commodity in the home market, as greatly to raise the cupidity of his neighbour.

Those who ventured on kidnapping flew at high game. A young or a

superannuated king requiring the aid of able counsellors, nay, sometimes a monarch in the vigour of his power, would be the object of such an attempt. Among lesser personages, statesmen offensively powerful, dignified churchmen about to issue ecclesiastical censures, and judges of the Court of Session prepared to give adverse decisions, were in great request, and eagerly sought after. Alexander Gibson of Durie, for some time a principal clerk of session, and afterwards a judge in that court—lawyers know him as the author of a folio volume of reports of more than average unreadability—was a special victim, having been twice successfully spirited away. In 1604, George Meldrum, younger of Dunbreck, was tried for several acts of this description, of one of which Durie, then “one of the clerks of our sovereign Lord’s Council and Session,” was a victim. Among those whom the kidnapper took to his assistance were—“John Johnston, called Swyne-foot,” and some other worthies, comprehensively described as “ane company of common and notorious thieves, brigands, and murderers,” who assembled “with swords, hagbutts, and pistolets.” Durie was residing in St Andrews, and it appears that his enemy employed “ane fellow called Craik, the said George Meldrum’s own man,” to watch his motions. He was riding, as it would appear, on the bank of the Firth of Tay, opposite to Dundee, accompanied by a brother barrister and his servant, when the ambuscade “treasonably put violent hands on their persons,” and “took them captives and prisoners.” Their captor “rest fra them their purses, with certain gold and silver being therein, extending to the quantity of three hundred merks or thereby”—an act which the indictment reproachfully mentions as specially unworthy of “ane landed man.” Meldrum proceeded with his captive through Fifeshire to Kinghorn, on the Forth; thence, crossing over to Leith, he marched through Edinburgh, “passing the palace gate of Holyroodhouse”—a circumstance to which the indictment alludes as a powerful illustration of the audacity of the transaction.

The party then proceeded through Lothian and Tweeddale across the Border “unto England, to George Batcliff’s house, where they detained him captive and prisoner for the space of eight days or thereby.”\* Thus was this high official conveyed a distance of about a hundred miles, not only through the most populous and fertile part of the kingdom, but through the centre of the metropolis, under the very shadow of the throne; and that not by any of the great barons who could command an army of followers, but by a petty country gentleman, aided by a few Border freebooters.

The second private captivity of Durie was accomplished on the principle on which an elector is sometimes abstracted. It was for the purpose of defeating his adverse vote on the bench in a cause then before the court. Sir Walter Scott mentions the incident in the notes to the “Border Minstrelsy;” and the reader who remembers his picturesque and spirited narrative may perhaps be amused by seeing how the same event appears in the sober garb of a reporter of decisions. Forbes, in his “Journal of the Session,” says—

“Some party in a considerable action before the session, finding the Lord Durie could not be persuaded to think his plea good, fell upon a stratagem to prevent the influence and weight that his lordship might have to his prejudice, by causing some strong masked men kidnap him in the Links of Leith at his diversion on a Saturday afternoon, and transport him to some blind and obscure room in the country, where he was detained captive without the benefit of daylight a matter of three months—though otherwise civilly and well entertained—during which time his lady and children went in mourning for him as dead. But after the cause aforesaid was decided, the Lord Durie was carried back by incognitoes, and dropped in the same place where he had been taken up.”†

During the civil wars of the seventeenth century, the victorious party frequently found it difficult to dispose of their captives. In England many of them were sent to the plantations; and perhaps the idea which this prac-

\* Pitcairn, ii. 428.

† Forbes’s *Journal of the Session*, preface, p. xviii.

tice communicated to the public, of the value of captives transported to the colonies, may have first instigated these acts of kidnapping against which we have found the Long Parliament protesting. Scotland had no such means of disposing of her prisoners, whose numbers were frequently very inconvenient. Many of them were sent abroad to be soldiers under those continental leaders who were considered on the same side with the victorious party at home; others were subjected to a sort of slavery in this country; but wherever their lot might be cast, their captivity would be very apt to be abbreviated by some revolution in the fortunes of war. A person who preserved accurate notes of political events as they passed under his eye, kept the following very business-like account of the distribution of the common soldiers taken in the battle in which Montrose was made prisoner:—

"Tuesday, 21st May [1650].—This day the two hundred and eighty-one common soldiers taken at Kerbester, that were in the Canongate prison—the house ordains forty of them, being forced from Orkney, and have wife and children, to be dismissed. The house gives six of them, being fishers, to the lieutenant-general; also other six fishers of them, given by the parliament to the Marquis of Argyll, and six of them being lusty fellows, given to Sir James Hope, to his lead-mines. The remnant of them the house gives to the Lord Angus and Sir Robert Murray, to recruit the French regiments with, to be transported out of the country to France."

It may be questioned if these gifts were very valuable to their receivers, or if the coerced labour they inferred was worth possessing. Certainly so little valuable was the mere human being to the community, some thirty years afterwards, that the liberal and patriotic Fletcher of Saltoun pleaded hard for the establishment of slavery in Scotland, not as a privilege to the aristocracy, but as a boon to "so many thousands of our people who are, at this day, dying for want of bread." He saw that sheep and oxen, being property, were cared for and kept alive, and, by a process of

reasoning which he seemed to consider a very natural one, he thought that he had but to convert his fellow beings into property, to let them be also cared for. Yet, like all men who conceive social paradoxes, he was haunted by the shadow, cast before, of the revulsion of common sense against his proposal, and thus anticipated the obloquy it would incur. "I doubt not that what I have said will meet, not only with all the mis-construction and obloquy, but all the disdain, fury, and outcries, of which either ignorant magistrates or proud lazy people are capable. Would I bring back slavery into the world? Shall men of immortal souls, and by nature equal to any, be sold as beasts? Shall they and their posterity be for ever subjected to the most miserable of all conditions, the inhuman barbarity of masters, who may beat, mutilate, torture, starve, or kill, so great a number of mankind at pleasure? Shall the far greater part of the commonwealth be slaves, not that the rest may be free, but tyrants over them? With what face can we oppose the tyranny of princes, and recommend such tyranny as the highest virtue, if we make ourselves tyrants over the greatest part of mankind? Can any man, from whom such a thing has escaped, ever offer to speak for liberty? But they must pardon me if I tell them, that I regard not names but things; and that the mis-application of names has confounded every thing."†

His plan of social reorganisation was, that "every man of a certain estate in this nation should be obliged to take a proportional number of the poor, and employ them in hedging and ditching his grounds, or any other sort of work," while the young were to be "educated in the knowledge of some mechanical art." Here we have one of the earliest undiluted explications of communism. But Fletcher called things by their accepted names, and for Saint Simon's *industriel* and *chef*, we have *slave* and *owner*; for Fourier's *Phalanges* we have *gangs*. Nor does the illustrious patriot flinch from describing in their proper harsh colours the coercive means necessary

Balcan's *Briefve Memorials of Church and State*, 16. † Fletcher's Works, 91.

for thus keeping society in fetters. We recommend to M. Louis Blanc the passage where he says : — " These things, when once resolved, must be executed with great address, diligence, and severity ; for that sort of people is so desperately wicked, such enemies of all work and labour, and, which is yet more amazing, so proud, in esteeming their own condition above that which they will be sure to call slavery : that, unless prevented by the utmost industry and diligence, upon the first publication of any orders necessary for putting in execution such a design, they will rather die with hunger in caves and dens, and murder their young children, than appear abroad, to have them and themselves taken into such a kind of service."

There is spirit — almost sympathy in this picture of the desperation of savage liberty ; and the enthusiasm with which the lover of his own freedom describes the love of the poor outcasts for their sounds as if it gave the lie to the sincerity of the project. It seems to have had no supporters. The state of " the labour market " did not make the possession of human beings a desirable investment, and landed gentlemen were not anxious to become the owners of their poorer neighbours, for the general good of the community. Kidnappings and deportations for political purposes, still continued to be occasionally practised. One memorable instance was the far-famed story of Lady Grange, to which we propose to dedicate a separate notice, in virtue of our having perused some documents with which the world at large does not seem yet to be acquainted. There is little doubt that occasionally a person who showed a disposition to impart dangerous Jacobite secrets was spitted away to France, to give an account of his views and intentions, under circumstances in which he might not be so likely to forget the obligations he had incurred to the exiled house. Generally speaking, however, kidnapping was worthless in a commercial sense : though Lovat, whose actions were scarcely in conformity with any par-

ticular social rule, choosing to have in his service a well-trained London footman, without paying him, got possession of his person, and kept it as safe in his own custody at Castle Dounie as if he had taken him to Algiers.

It was, however, when the Scottish trade with the plantations began to open up, soon after the Union, that the disgraceful practice of kidnapping and transporting children became prevalent. The power possessed by many of the chiefs, as independent local judges, with but a nominal responsibility to the control of the crown or the intervention of the supreme courts, gave facilities for this traffic, which poor human nature seems to have been incapable of resisting. The victims were sometimes persons tried and convicted before the hereditary tribunal ; and since they *must* be punished, it were pity to allow an opportunity to be lost, by which the infliction might be turned to the profit of the judge or his friends. Thus we find Lovat, desirous to propitiate the favour of Duncan Forbes, offering his brother a gift of " a few Strathglass rogues," clansmen of his next neighbour and hereditary enemy, whom he had caught in his own domain, and convicted in his own court. He had at first proposed to send them to America ; but, as they are " handsome fellows," he offers them to Forbes, for his nephew's Dutch regiment. " I shall send them to him," says the accommodating chief, " without any expense in keeping of them ; for I will send immediately orders to carry them south with a guard. There is a captain there of Arthur's regiment, who will receive them and deliver them to Arthur ; and I'll send him other two Camerons that are in your prison — tall fellows ; and five such good men will do him more service, now that the Dutch expect a war, than thirty men next season."

It was in reference to such practices that the engineer officer, who, while employed in laying out the military roads through the Highlands, preserved so many shrewd remarks on

the manners of the people, added the following to his budget :—

"When any ship in these parts is bound for the West Indies, to be sure, a neighbouring chief, of whom none dares openly to complain, has several thieves to send prisoners to town.

"It has been whispered their crimes were only asking their dues, and such-like offences ; and I have been well assured they have been threatened with hanging, or at least perpetual imprisonment, to intimidate and force them to sign a contract for their banishment, which they seldom refused to do, as knowing there could be no want of witnesses against them, however innocent they were ; and then they were put on board the ship, the master paying so much a head for them. Thus two purposes were served at once—viz. : the getting rid of troublesome fellows, and making money of them at the same time."

But our more immediate concern, in the present instance, is with no frightful feudal baron, presiding over chains and dungeons, in the mysterious recesses of his own solitary moated tower. The offenders exposed in Peter Williamson's history, were grave, sober burghers—bailies and town-councillors of one of the most worshipful and respectable corporations in the United Kingdom—men of peace, staid in their demeanour, cautious in their walk of life—careful not to rub their smooth, well-brushed broad-cloth against any impure thing. Their proceedings had the fairest and most innocent appearance : men of industry and business themselves, keepers of their bonds and engagements, they were but somewhat rigid in exacting industry and punctual performance of obligations from others. "Kidnapping," "crimping," "deforcement," "slavery," were words unknown in their vocabulary,—they did but hire servants : it was nominally for a period of years, it might happen to be virtually for life ; it might be to bear the burden, under a tropical sun, in the steaming swamps of the Antillas—still it was a mere contract. They would have been frightened by

the name of a slave-ship, but they meekly acknowledged that they freighted vessels "in the servant trade," with "cargoes of boys."

"For them alone did scethe

A thousand men in troubles wide and dark :  
Half-ignorant, they turn'd an easy wheel,  
That set sharp racks at work to pinch and peck."

Many years had passed over the guilty traffic, ere an accident having disturbed the placid surface it assumed to the world, some men of honour, courage, and high station resolved to probe its mysteries ; and discovered that the sleek burgesses, by their corporate authority, had been able noiselessly to accomplish as wide and devastating a tyranny as ever had been revealed by the dungeons of some mouldering baronial tower to frighten this world against feudality.

Peter Williamson was born at Hirlney, in the parish of Aboyne, Aberdeenshire, the clergyman of which mentions him in the statistical account, along with the celebrated Father Innes, and Ross, the author of "the Fortunate Shepherdess," as one of the eminent men connected with his parish.†

The district, though situated on the slopes of the higher Grampians, has not, within the reach of history, been inhabited by Celts, and Williamson's name speaks to his Saxon origin. He says he was, "if not of rich, yet of reputable parents ;" and they evidently belonged to a poor and frugal, but independent class, who may still be found rearing their humble fortunes on those somewhat sterile uplands, neither as masters nor as servants, but each independently farming his own croft. One of the witnesses, examined more than twenty years afterwards, said "he knew James Williamson having a plough going in Upper Balnacraig, to the best of the deponent's remembrance, and heard he had likewise a plough going in Hirlney, when he lived there ; and that he was in such circumstances as to keep his children and his family,

\* *Boat's Letters from the North of Scotland*, 5th Edit., i. 80.

† *New Statistical Account*, Aberdeen, 1854.

without their being obliged to beg their bread." We take the brief history of his seizure from Peter's own narrative.

"I was sent to live with an aunt at Aberdeen, where, at eight years of age, playing on the quay, with others of my companions, being of a stout, robust constitution, I was taken notice of by two fellows belonging to a vessel in the harbour, employed (as the trade then was) by some of the worthy merchants of the town, in that villainous and execrable practice called *kidnapping*; that is, stealing young children from their parents, and selling them as slaves, in the plantations abroad. Being marked out by those monsters of iniquity as their prey, I was easily cajoled aboard the ship by them, where I was no sooner got, than they conducted me between the decks, to some others they had kidnapped in the same manner. At that time I had no sense of the fate that was destined for me, and spent the time in childish amusements with my fellow-sufferers in the steerage, being never suffered to go upon deck while the vessel lay in the harbour, which was till such a time as they had got in their loading, with a complement of unhappy youths for carrying on their wicked commerce." \*

We shall take our further notices of this occurrence from a very different source—a huge bundle of papers, chiefly printed, consisting of the documents connected with the long train of litigation in which Williamson was subsequently involved, owing to the publication of the passage we have just cited. The papers consist of pleadings, accounts, letters, and the testimonies of witnesses—a sort of mass in which it is clear from the beginning that one cannot fail to find curious things by boring holes through it here and there. We are not aware that this valuable source of information about the manners of the place and period has ever been heretofore applied to literary uses, with the exception of some references made to it, in a curious and very able compendium of provincial lore, called "*The Book of Bon Accord*, or a guide to the city of Aberdeen;" a work which, like "*Tooke's diversions of Purley*," not unknown to collectors of juvenile cir-

culating libraries, appears to have been christened with some peculiar object of hiding the learning and ingenuity of its contents under a frivolous exterior.

At the time when legal investigations were commenced, Williamson was a man in middle life, who had gone through adventures and vicissitudes enough for a century of ordinary human existence. The first step was to identify the trained traveller man with the poor boy who had mysteriously disappeared from the streets of Aberdeen; and the next to prove the act of kidnapping. Several witnesses remembered Williamson; he was described by them as "a rough, ragged, bumble-headed, long, stourie clever boy, by which is meant a growthy boy;" and "a stout, clever, rough loon, and very ill to guide, and very ragged till he got clothes." A neighbour of the old crofter said he believed, "upwards of four years before the battle of Culloden, it was the general report of the country, that when the said Peter Williamson was a little boy going with a clipped head, he was taken at Aberdeen, and carried to Philadelphia with several other boys." He remembered conversations with the youth's father, who complained that "he came into Aberdeen seeking his son Peter, but they would not let him near hand him; that his son Peter was in a barn in Aberdeen, and they would not let him speak with him;" and, "that the merchants in Aberdeen had carried away his son to Philadelphia, and sold him for a slave"—observing that it was commonly rumoured that several merchants there, whom he named, "did deal in that way of carrying away boys;" and he concluded by saying "he saw the father shed many salt tears on that account." The session clerk, who had been at Peter's baptism, recognised him when he saw him, as "the same identical Peter Williamson at whose baptism he had been present," and confirmed the story of his father's having attempted in vain to get access to him in the barn, characterising the old man's lamentation as "very sore and grievous." Mr Fraser of Findrac, a

\* *Life and curious Vicissitudes of Peter Williamson.*



neighbouring proprietor, "knew several of James Williamson's children, and had heard it was the practice of some of the merchants of Aberdeen to kidnap young children, and send them to the plantations to be sold as slaves. He heard in the country that the said James Williamson or his wife had gone into Aberdeen, and one of their sons called Peter Williamson had followed: and that James Smith, saddler in Aberdeen, had picked up the said Peter; and the deponent heard he was either put in prison, or put on board a ship, till the ship sailed: it was the voice of the country that James Williamson and his wife regretted, or made a clamour for the loss of their son, not knowing what was become of him."

The investigation brought to light some other cases, and gradually opened up the whole mystery of iniquity. One old woman, the miller's widow, who remembered that Peter "was sent into Aberdeen, to be under his aunt's, his mother being dead, and that soon thereafter he was missing," said that in the parish of Aboyne "they were generally afraid to send their boys on errands to Aberdeen, for fear they should be carried off." Some witnesses remembered having in their youth made marvellous escapes; and Alexander Grigson, domestic at Aboyne Castle, had a story to tell, "that about twenty years ago, he and another boy were coming from the mill of Crathie, where they had been seeking their meat; and near to a birch wood, near to the Kirk of Crathie, three countrymen on horseback came up with them, but the deponent knew none of them; and they asked him and the other boy that was along with him, if they would go with them, and they would clothe them like gentlemen; but the deponent being elder than the other boy, made answer that they would not go along with them, for it struck the deponent in the head that perhaps he and the other boy were to be carried abroad, in respect a rumour prevailed in the country that young boys were carried abroad at that time." The men threatened force; and the boys, who could not fail then to have the blindest notions of their intentions, took to their heels: while the kidnappers

were tying their horses, and defied discovery in the recesses of the old forest of Mar, which, fortunately for them, skirted the road. This incident may have been a trick to frighten two country lads. Another, recorded by a chairman in Edinburgh, has a more business-like appearance. "In the year 1728 or 1729, he went to Aberdeen to see an uncle and an aunt, who lived there: and whilst he was there he was carried up to a house by a person whom he did not know, where he got a dram and a piece of biscuit, and was promised a new coat and great encouragement, if he would agree to go over to America with the other lads that were engaged to go there: that he signified his willingness to agree to the proposal; that upon this he was desired to go and come back to his breakfast again; but when he told this to some of the countrymen of his acquaintance, they told him that he was a fool, for he would be sold to the blacks, and they would eat him; that upon this he resolved immediately to leave the town, which he did."

It appeared that those who endeavoured to recover their children were threatened with coercive measures: and the poor people seem to have been impressed with the conviction, that they were in the hands of an overwhelming power, with which it would be vain to contend. Thus one individual, having recovered possession of his son, met the captain of the transport vessel in the street, who bade him send back the youth, otherwise he might expect unpleasant consequences. Therefore he "promised and engaged to return his said son, which he accordingly did. Depones, that if he could have hindered his son from going to America he would have done it; and if he had known as much then as he does now, he would have done it. Depones, that before he promised to return his son to the said ship as above, he was himself threatened to be put into the Tolbooth."

The line of defence adopted by the kidnappers was, that no one was forced, in the first instance; that each boy was the object of a distinct agreement, either with his parents or with himself; and the subsequent coercion employed towards them, which could

not be denied, was thus interpreted to be a judicious protection by the employers of the property they had fairly acquired. But the very evidence given by their own emissaries—almost every sentence bearing in its bosom a general assurance that nothing illegal was done—is quite sufficient in the description of minute facts to support, if not confirm, the darkest suspicions. Thus one of the crimps, desiring to excite some feeling against the exiles, as a graceless inconsiderate class, unworthy of sympathy, said “that such persons, whether boys or older people, whom the deponent engaged to go to America on board the said ship, the *Planter*, after they had been—some four, some five, some six weeks clothed and maintained by him at the expense of his employers, were endeavouring to desert and run away, and were tampered with, or decoyed to engage or take on with other people in the town of Aberdeen, who were, at the very same time, engaging and indenting servants to America; and, in order to prevent their being so decoyed, the older people so engaged by the deponent were put in prison, and the younger people were put into the workhouse or poor’s hospital.” There was, it seems, much competition in the trade; and, at the same time, the live commodity had a propensity to remove itself from the custody of its owners. Thus might the employment be termed a doubly hazardous one; and a certain scrupulous citizen, who had grave doubts about the propriety of joining the speculation, though he wished to be a part-owner of the ship in which it was conducted, gave this account of his hesitation: “Having been informed that servants had been indentured by Ragg and his owners to go on board of his said ship to America, and the deponent not inclining to be concerned in that *servant trade*, proposed to Ragg to hold a share of the ship if he was to have no concern of that adventure of the servants, as he was an utter stranger to any *mercantile or trade in that way*; to which Robert Ragg said, that he could not have any concern with the ship without having a concern in the servants, which made him break up any farther communing with Ragg about the matter.” But this witness was an

instance of the instability of good resolutions: he was strongly pressed by friends for whom he had a high esteem; the profits and advantages of the undertaking—but that, of course, was a secondary matter—were largely spoken of in support of these importunities, “to hold a share in the same way as the other owners had done, as well in the adventure of the servants as in the ship,—to which importunities the deponent at last yielded.” Not less tell-tale is a letter by the captain of the vessel, written in a spirit of honest indignation to one of the parties involved in the legal proceedings.

“Dear Sir,—I am favoured with yours of the 28th September, and am sorry you are put to trouble about one Williamson. I do not remember any of that name that went out in the *Planter*, and am certain, if he is not mentioned in the account of what was got for the servants’ indentures,” [that is to say, of course, for the sale of the ‘servants’ themselves,] “it even he was ever indentured, he must have run away at Aberdeen, or at Cape May, where the ship was lost: and I am sure there was no servant in that ship but what was legally attested before they went from Aberdeen. I cannot tell if any register is kept at Philadelphia of the sale of servants, but I imagine not.”

These admissions, that the “servants” required coercion; that they were confined in the public prison and other convenient places; and that they were sold, are of course amply confirmed by the witnesses on the other side. A witness, William Jamieson, had a pathetic little history of his own to tell. He lived in the village of Old Meldrum, in the year 1740, and he had then a son John, between ten and eleven years old. One evening his boy did not come home; and in the course of his anxious inquiries, next day, about the missing youth, he was told by some neighbours, “that they saw a man, whom they said was a servant to John Burnet, late merchant in Aberdeen, who was commonly called Bonny John, with the deponent’s said son, and two other boys, much about the same age, travelling towards Aberdeen, and that his son would be sent to the plantations.” The kind of alarm that would be conveyed to the father’s heart by such an intimation, may be imagined;

and the poor villager, surrounded by people among whom a dread of this species of kidnapping had become a panic, would be little relieved from his anxieties, by hearing the neighbours describe the horrors of the slavery to which such of their offspring as underwent the calamity of capture were subjected, and lament their utter feebleness to resist the strong hand, fortified by law and authority, by which the injury was perpetrated. Jamieson, however, resolved to make an effort for his son. He went presently to Aberdeen, and saw Burnet, who apparently transacted too large a business in the "servant trade," to be conscious of so small an item in the account as the villager's son, "and told him that he had several boys, but did not know whether the deponent's son was amongst them; but said, though he was, the deponent would not get him back, because he was engaged with him." The "deponent"—a word which in Scotland is the technical term for witness; we are sorry that it is necessary to use it so often, but we cannot help it—after his interview with the great kidnapper, wandered along the broad links or downs on the sea-shore, "where he had been informed the boys were out getting the air." There "he observed a great number of boys—he thinks about sixty: that they were attended by a man who, the deponent was informed by the people of the town, was employed for the purpose by the said John Burnet; that this man had a horse-hip, and the deponent observed him striking the boys therewith, when they went out of the crowd." The poor man saw his own boy John in the little herd, and joyfully hailed him. The boy, by a natural impulse, ran to his father, and said he would gladly follow him home if he dared. "Immediately upon this, the person who was Mr Burnet's overseer, came up and gave the boy a lash with his whip, and took him by the shoulder and carried him amongst the rest, and immediately drove them off." The father kept company with the procession, and thus describes its progress.

"When the boys were marching up to the barn, the deponent kept pace with the overseer, who followed im-

mediately after the boys, entreating of him to get liberty to speak to his son; who answered him that he should get leave to speak to him by-and-by, when they were come to the barn; but when they came there the overseer locked the door, and refused the deponent access; that he never saw his son after this. That the deponent in passing through the town of Aberdeen, after his son was so locked up from him, was told by several tradespeople, and others to whom he had told the story of his son, that it would be in vain for him to apply to the magistrates to get his son liberated, because some of the magistrates had a hand in those things, as well as the said John Burnet; upon which the deponent went home."

A very characteristic record of these transactions still remained in the books and accounts of the parties implicated. Among these documents, one of the witnesses, denominated "Walter Scott, writer to the signet," produces "the ship book," apparently the same which some of the witnesses more descriptively call "the kidnapping book." It is needless to say whose father it was who possessed this curious document. The investigation occurred in 1762—nine years before the birth of Sir Walter; and it was perhaps one of the last ideas that would have ever occurred to his respectable parent, that it was worth while communicating to his offspring any information from a mere merchant's account book, which had been placed in his hands in the usual routine of his business, and probably afterwards forgotten. Yet what a lively history might have been woven out of its dry materials, had it remained among the other lumber in George Square, to be rummaged out by the lame boy! Mr Scott was the agent for the kidnappers. It is satisfactory to observe that he appears to have been too honest an agent for their purposes; for we find that he transmitted to them this book by post, in order that it might be exhibited in the course of the arbitration, to which we shall hereafter allude; but his employers knew their own interest too well to produce it, until they were subsequently compelled to do so.

The extracts from the books transferred to the papers before us, are of course those only which have some

reference to the case of Peter Williamson; thus—

"Jan. 8, 1743. To a pair of stockings to Peter Williamson	s. d.
	0 6
To a woollen cap to ditto	0 5
13, To five days of ditto	1 3

And a more emphatical entry—

"To the man that brought Williamson	1 6
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*Listing* appears to have been the slang, or, more properly speaking, the business term for kidnapping, and the price of the operation passes through a scale of sums, graduated probably to the difficulty of the task. Thus, while Williamson was procured for 1s. 6d., there is an entry "To a Sergeant for listing Mackie, 5s.;" while on the other hand, there is only "1s. 4d. to Lighton and a soldier for listing Robert Paterson." There is one sweeping charge of a guinea, "to Maclean, sent to the country to list servants,"—amount of business done not stated, but it must have been considerable, as there are occasional entries of "cash sent to the country to Maclean." Sometimes sums are entered as paid to the parties themselves—as 5s. "to Margaret Robertson, when listed;" yet this can scarcely have been a voluntary operation on Margaret's part, as the immediate succeeding item is 1s. 6d. "to the wright on board and one of the boys for listing her." Five shillings are entered as "to two soldiers for listing Allardyce." He must have been a difficult boy to catch, as there is a further entry of 2s., as "cash they spent with him."

This item introduces us to a dark feature in the expenditure of the kidnapers,—the sums that appear to have been spent by them in vicious indulgences to their young captives, to prevent the tedium of their imprisonment, from driving them to desperate efforts for their escape. We have thus,—“to the boys to play at cards, 1s.;" and in another place, “to the boys to drink, when put in the workhouse, 1s.;" to six packs of cards to them, 9d.” It is almost a relief in the perusal of these heartless business-like columns—every red line of which has the hard outline of premeditated cruelty—to read of 1s. 6d. being paid

“to the piper for playing in the workhouse two days.” But in the neighbourhood of this, there are some entries which we dare not copy. There is a candid explicitness about these accounts, which we must confess that we have not sufficient virtuous courage to imitate, by transferring to our columns some charges, of which we would yet fain give our readers an idea. The person who kept the books no doubt “called a spade a spade;” and, indeed, he bestowed on many other things their ordinary vulgar nomenclature. We tremble in approaching his most explicit declarations; we almost fear reproach in offering to the reader an extract of an item, in which he has been very decorous, considering the subject; but such an item! who shall explain its meaning? Here it is—“To Colonel Horsie for his concubine, £1!”

Some entries referring to “the boys in the Tolbooth,” or, more briefly, “the prisoners,” remind us, were this necessary, that these accounts related to persons kept in bondage. Other parts indicate the comprehensive nature of the business done in “the servant trade.” Thus, on the 12th of May, there is a charge of 7s. 6d. “to three days’ board of ten servants from the Tolbooth;” and on the same day, “to five days’ board of thirty-four servants, £2, 2s. 6d.” The latter number is frequently repeated in the account, and probably represents the stock of one considerable holder. It was estimated by the witnesses that sixty-nine were transported in one cargo in 1743; “and when,” says a writer already alluded to, “it is considered that the trade was carried on to an equal extent for nearly six years, it is impossible to estimate the number of unhappy beings carried off at less than six hundred.\*

We have endeavoured in our account of these transactions to be sternly and rigidly prosaic,—perhaps our readers may think we have no great merit in accomplishing such a resolution, but we also take merit for having adhered to the facts attested with impartial accuracy. To afford some relief to the plainness of our

detail, we shall wind it up by treating the reader to a part of the eloquent and denunciatory exordium of Williamson's counsel, Maclaurin, brother of the great mathematician.

"Persons of every character, sex, and age, were kidnapped,—men, women, half-grown lads, and infants, some of them not above six years old. The whole country was in terror and consternation, afraid to let their children go near Aberdeen, and trembling for fear of a kidnapping excursion from that place. The unfortunate creatures that had been wheedled or pressed into the service, were at first confined in a barn or workhouse, where they had a piper to play to them, and cards allowed them, in order to hinder them to think, or meditate their escape; but that they soon attempted, and one or two of them with success; upon which the rest were shut up in the Tolbooth.

"During their confinement the parents and other relations of those who had been enticed or forced away, flocked to Aberdeen in hopes of effectuating their release,—hopes which they would never have entertained had they reflected that the town-clerk and one of the bailies were deeply interested to thwart them. Accordingly, no entreaties or solicitations availed; and those who seemed too importunate were threatened themselves with banishment, incarceration, and other distress. It will readily occur that it is much easier to imagine than to describe the scenes which it is in proof ensued; for nothing more piteous and moving can well be figured than to see fathers and mothers running frantic through the streets, crowding to the doors and windows where their children were imprisoned, there giving them their blessing, taking farewell of them for ever, and departing in anguish and despair, imprecating curses upon those who were the authors of their misery."

So much for the first step.—the catching of the prey.

We have some farther testimony to the judicious strictness with which the worshipful merchants protected their property after it was stowed away; but we do not hear that their "cargo of young lads," as one of them calls it in a confidential letter, was insured. William Wilson, one of the sailors, testified, however,—“that there were several men in the ship besides the sailors, and also several boys and girls: that he saw these boys and girls put on board: that they were brought

to the ship in a boat, and were guarded by a number of porters from Aberdeen, who continued to guard them all night till the ship sailed, going home always in the morning and returning at night; that during the day they were guarded by the ship's crew, the one half of whom did the duty of the ship, and the other half took care of the boys and girls, notwithstanding whereof two of them made their escape. Some of these boys appeared to the deponent to be about fourteen years of age, some to be about sixteen or eighteen, and others not to exceed ten or twelve years of age; that after the boys were put on board, the hatches of the ship were put down and locked every night, both while the ship continued in the harbour of Aberdeen, and afterwards when she was at sea."

It will naturally occur to the reader, that though the magistrates and other public officers of a corporation might combine together to perpetrate such acts, they could not carry their authority across the Atlantic, or compel the governors of the foreign possessions of the crown to acknowledge the brand of slavery they had set upon their captives. This naturally suggested itself from the beginning, as throwing a doubt over the essential movements of the transaction; but it was speedily cleared away by discoveries very creditable to the ingenuity, if to no other quality, of these astute burghesses. Every captive was indentured in the presence of a magistrate,—the captor himself, of course, or some other person engaged in "the servant trade"—and that for a limited number of years. The indenture was certified and transmitted to the place of destination. This expedient brought each captive within the colonial code, which applied very rigorous rules to indentured emigrants,—rules which virtually placed them in the category of slaves. These harsh regulations were justified by the circumstance that the class generally consisted of convicts—indenture being the form in which criminals obtained the alternative of transportation as a mitigation of some more dreaded punishment. When the emigrant arrived at Virginia, the ceremony by which he was sold was an assignment of his inden-

ture. This could, of course, only convey a right to the labour of his body for a limited period: but as the convict emigrants required to be under a very potent discipline, powers were put into the hands of the planters by which they were enabled to protract the indented period; and Williamson himself describes with apparent accuracy,—“the children sent off and sold, no doubt to cruel masters, whose ill treatment obliges them often-times to clope to avoid slavery; and as there is no probability of making their escape, as they are always taken and brought back, and for every day they are away from their master they serve a week, and for every week a month, and for every month a year; besides obliged to pay all costs and charges that is advertised for apprehending them, which will probably bring him in a slave for four or five years longer at least.”

We shall now, in the briefest shape, give an outline of Williamson's adventures, as detailed by himself, between his removal from the country, and his return to vex his oppressors with multifarious litigation.

The vessel stranded on a sand bank at the mouth of the Delaware, and was for some time deserted by its crew, the cargo of boys being left to an anticipated fate, which Williamson says he often in his subsequent miseries wished had really overtaken them. Being afterwards taken on shore, they were relieved by a vessel sailing to Philadelphia, where they were sold “at about £16 per head.” “What became of my unhappy companions,” says Williamson, “I never knew; but it was my lot to be sold to one of my countrymen, whose name was Hugh Wilson, a North Briton, for the term of seven years, who had in youth undergone the same fate as myself.

Happy was my lot in falling into my countryman's power, as he was, contrary to many others of his calling, a humane, worthy, honest man. Having no children of his own, and commiserating my unhappy condition, he took care of me until I was fit for business.” He was allowed by his indulgent master occasionally to attend a school, where he picked up some crumbs of education; and finally,

at the age of seventeen, he became the old gentleman's heir. After a few vagrant years he married, and settled as a substantial planter near the forks of the Delaware. He was in a place much exposed to the inroads of the French Indians, who, he tells us, in the spirit of the military profession to which he was subsequently attached, “generally appeared in small skulking parties, with yellings, shoutings, and antic postures, instead of trumpets and drums.” In one of these inroads they burned his comfortable dwelling and substantial steadings, and carried him off captive. All the world knows what is conveyed in the simple statement of such a fact; and Williamson's description of the tortures he underwent impart little additional horror to the simple announcement of his seizure. It is possible to discern people's nature in their own account of their actions; and not unfrequently do we see the brave man in the description of dangers avoided, as we do the poltroon in the exaggerated account of those courted and overcome. Williamson's narrative conveys the irresistible impression that he was a man of eminently firm nerve, undying hope, and unconquerable energy—such a character as the Indian tribe would respect, and, after a sufficient trial, desire to incorporate with itself. Hence, while others are slowly slaughtered, Williamson is still permitted to live, struggle, and endure. In the difference between his own trials, terrible as they were, and the ignominious brutalities heaped on a poor fellow captive, who met his fate with gentleness, prayers, and weeping, we see the indication of the savage respect paid to the unbroken spirit of the Aberdonian, whose body they might rend inch by inch, but whose spirit remained firm and impenetrable as his native granite. At length, after several months of wandering, he made his escape: and the manner in which he did so was in keeping with his resolute spirit. He planned no stratagems, and consulted no confederates, but fled outright; and, though naked, emaciated, and ignorant of the country, defeated his pursuers by sheer fleetness of foot and endurance of fatigue. Profusely bleeding—without even such a

verdant show of clothing as Ulysses endowed himself with when he met Nausica—emaciated to the last extremity, he somewhat astonished and also alarmed a female neighbour by an uncereemonious morning call, dropping exhausted on the floor ere he could communicate or receive intelligence. Little need had he too speedily to recover his faculties; the first news he heard was that his broken-hearted wife had not long survived the calamity of his capture. He seems to have now acquired a decided taste for vagrant habits, mingled with a spirit of vindictive animosity towards the Indians, against whom he records several exterminating onsets with a sort of horrible relish. He enlisted himself as a soldier. But American warfare then allowed a far wider latitude for varied military operations than the ordinary experience of the ranks: and sometimes he was an Indian warrior, patiently unravelling and following up a trail; at another time we find him commanding a detachment of colonists as one versed in the native mode of fighting, with the rank and emoluments of a lieutenant. In his little book he details his various military adventures with much spirit and apparent truthfulness. We have from his pen a description of one enterprise, which is a little romance in itself. A lover, hearing that the home of the object of his affections has been desolated, and his beloved carried off by a band of one of the most formidable of the tribes of predatory Indians, in his frantic zeal raises a party of adventurers, with whom he tracks their path. He arrives just in time to save the damsel from the worst horrors of such a fate, and the marauders are put to the sword. The whole narrative has an animation and interest not unworthy of Cooper, who appears to have been acquainted with Williamson's book, and may not improbably have derived from it a part of his information about the military operations of Vaudrenil and Montcalm with the Indians in the French interest. Williamson was indeed a captive at that capitulation of Oswego which has cast so deep a stain on the honour of this commander, and he was soon afterwards sent to England as an ex-

changed prisoner. He complains that, on his voyage, "though the French behaved with a good deal of politeness, we were almost starved for want of provisions." He arrived at Plymouth in November 1765, and, owing to a severe wound in one of his hands, was discharged as incapable of farther service.

No longer able to apply his energies to Indian warfare, he looked around him for that employment which in his native country would best supply its place, and found it to be—literature. He published "*A Brief Account of the War in North America, showing the principal causes of our former miscarriages; as also the necessity and advantage of keeping Canada, and maintaining a friendly correspondence with the Indians.*" This pamphlet is dated in 1760; and we here mention it, that we may not allow it to interrupt the narrative of the somewhat momentous consequences of a little book which he published two years later, with the title "*French and Indian cruelty exemplified, in the Life and various Vicissitudes of fortune of Peter Williamson: containing a particular account of the manners, customs, and dress, of the savages; of their scalping, burning, and other barbarities committed on the English in North America, &c., &c.*" Mr Williamson was somewhat prolix in his title pages, and we cannot inflict the whole of this one on the reader. It was dedicated, with considerable sagacity, to William Pitt. In the frontispiece there is a full-length portrait of "Mr Peter Williamson, in the dress of a Delaware Indian." Much as Catlin's book and other works have tended to make us acquainted of late with Indian customs, the drapery of this portrait carries with it a decided appearance of accuracy, and attention to detail. The face is probably a likeness. Divest it of the feathered head-gear, it is that of a hard-featured inhabitant of the north-east coast, somewhat impregnated with an air of fierceness and excitement. Contemplate the entire figure: it is certainly a very fair representation of the Indian, such as we have seen him in the few impor-

tations exhibited in this country. For several years this representation was one of the main attractions of the booksellers' windows in Scotland; and many an infant has the careless parent or ignorant nurse frightened into constitutional nervousness, by the intimation that the wild man, whose picture had been seen during the morning walks, would appear to the infant in the dark, and visit his misdeeds with some mysterious punishment. Besides the occupation of the literary man, Williamson pursued that of the actor. During the day he sat behind a stall, vending his account of his adventures—in the evening he rehearsed them in the largest room of some popular tavern; where, like Catlin, he made the people acquainted with the costume and habits of the people, of whom he had acquired that acute experience which boys are said to have obtained of the boundary marks where they have been whipped.

In a moment of infatuation, the magistrates of Aberdeen, finding that the interest attached to Williamson's narrative and exhibitions subjected them to unpleasant reflections, resolved to punish him. He had migrated northwards, creating a little public curiosity and wonder wherever he went, until, on reaching his native city, he was brought before the magistrates, charged with a libel on the community, contained in that passage descriptive of his seizure on the pier of Aberdeen, which has been already quoted. The magistrates, being at once the prosecutors and the judges, had little difficulty in committing him; and he was thus very roughly awakened from a dream in which he "began to think himself happy in having endured these misfortunes, a recital of which promised to put him in a more prosperous situation than he had ever hoped for." The stock in hand of his books, amounting to three hundred and fifty copies, was seized and burned in the market-place by the common hangman, and he was committed to prison until he should sign a recantation of the passage containing the account of the kidnapping. The mind that bore up against the fiercest cruelties of the savages, seems to have bowed before

these judicial terrors. In the centre of the torturing hordes, without a civilised eye to look on him, he acquired the stern virtues of those on whom he looked—

"Impassive, fearing but the shame of fear,  
A stoic of the woods, a man without a tear."

Among his own people, beneath the shield of British justice, with a public to whom oppression never appeals in vain he sank unmanned; and in utter prostration of spirit he signed the recantation in the terms in which it was desired, and marched out of prison a heartbroken and ruined man.

But the cup of the iniquities of his oppressors was now full, and their hour of retribution was at hand. The blow dealt against them was not so severe as injured justice might have required, but it was dealt with an ignominious scorn that made compensation for its want of severity. There were at that time many men of high spirit and great attainments in the Scottish bar. They knew that the age they belonged to was one, in which the safety of the public liberties was intimately allied with the independence of the bar. It was not an uncommon practice for a few of the ablest and most popular advocates to unite together in vindication of the victim of some formidable system of oppression: and, fortunately for Williamson, his case attracted their generous interest. Andrew Crosbie, the prototype of Scott's Pleydell, threw his whole energies, and they were not small, into this cause. The pleadings at our bar at that time were full of philosophy, general declamation, and poetry; and we have before us some papers from Crosbie's pen which are brilliant and pleasing specimens of this class of forensic rhetoric. At the present day the rhetoric of the law appeals only to the jury, and in the shape of vocal oratory. In the days of our grandfathers it was addressed to the learned bench, and was embodied in carefully prepared written pleadings. The intellectual rank of the audience to be influenced, and the medium of communication, would thus naturally invest the pleadings of these old lawyers with a literary turn, not equalled in the corresponding productions of this age. So we find that



Crosbie bursts open the case with these well-turned periods:—

• “That liberty which the constitution of this country considers as its favourite object, is the result of the due equipoise which our law has established between the authority of magistrates and the rights of the people. As the relative duties of society must be enforced by the magistrate, and compliance with the laws exacted from the citizens by means of his authority, all the power that is necessary for these salutary purposes is bestowed upon him; and, in the due execution of it, he is not only entitled to the protection of the law, but is an object of its veneration. Yet the same principles that have thus armed him with authority, for the benefit of society, have wisely imposed on him a restraint from abusing it.”

The result of these proceedings was, that, in 1762, the Court unanimously awarded to Williamson damages to the extent of £100, and it was declared that, for this sum as well as £80 of costs, the guilty individuals should be personally liable, “and that the same shall be no burden upon the town of Aberdeen.” A corporation is a sort of ideal object; it has no personality; it has been pronounced, by a high authority, to have no conscience; it has just one reality about it—it has a purse. Into this purse its members may have been accustomed, from time to time, to dip for the deeds done by them in the flesh; that is, in their corporeal, not their corporate capacity. Perhaps the law, in contemplating this arrangement, considered that the members of a corporation must be so essentially wound up in its interests, that parting with the money of the corporation—that is, with the money of the public—was as great a punishment for their own individual delicts as parting with their own. Be this as it may, the Court decreed that, on this occasion, the public of Aberdeen should not pay for the outrage inflicted on Williamson. Now let us behold the ingenuity with which these worshipful gentlemen baffled the Court, and made the public pay after all. There were certain dues collected by the magistrates, as

deputies of the Lord High Admiral of the Coast. It appears that this high official might have applied the sums so levied to his own use, but he had ceased for some considerable time to exact them, and, by consuetude, they had been added to the revenues of the corporation. Now, if the Lord High Admiral had set covetous eyes on this fund, to apply it to his own domestic purposes, the act might have been considered one of unutterable meanness—perhaps the corporation would have resisted it. But, on the other hand, to demand a portion of this money, and use it for getting the members of the corporation out of a scrape, was a highly public-spirited act. The High Admiral assigned £180 from this fund, to pay the damages and costs to Williamson.\* it need not be said, that of course this application was suggested to him by persons who had the best reason to believe that the corporation would not resist it, and that all the business arrangements for his operation on the mud were supplied to his hand.

Having been so far successful, Williamson, who seems to have had an insuperable objection to half-measures, raised an action of damages against his kidnappers. It has been asserted, though we do not know on what authority, that the Crown was desirous to institute criminal proceedings against them, but that they were protected by a clause of indemnity in some act of parliament. Williamson boldly laid his damages at £1000. His perseverance drove his adversaries to a series of extraordinary, and in this country, fortunately unprecedented measures. They persuaded Williamson that it would be for the mutual advantage of the parties to have the matter settled by arbitration, without the costly intervention of the Court of Session. He adopted the advice, and the decision fell to be given by James Forbes of Shiels, Sheriff-Substitute of Aberdeenshire, acting as overman. We are introduced to this gentleman's convivial character in a most startling manner, by the statement of counsel that the Sheriff's mother, Lady Shiels, “died about the 4th of November, and there can be no

\* Kennedy's *Annals of Aberdeen*, i. 296.

doubt that he would get a hearty dose at her burial." It was accordingly on that occasion that the worthy judge appears to have commenced a series of potatoes, under the pressure of which he speedily followed his parent to the grave. Williamson's affair came through his hands in the very climax of his convivial fit; and both parties seem to have considered it their duty to minister assiduously to these furious cravings, which ever cried with the Cyclop "*Δος μοι ἑνὶ προσηγορίᾳ.*"

Williamson was not backward in contributing to the Sheriff's conviviality. His own account of his motives was, that knowing Forbes to be prepared to decide unfairly, he wished to keep him so hard at his beloved pursuit of drinking, that he should have no opportunity of exercising his other avocation of judging. Accordingly, he employed a friend "to touch and drink" the Sheriff—or, as it is elsewhere expressed, "to drink him hard," in fact, the operation is talked of quite in an abbreviated and technical form, as a common proceeding in the way of business in the Sheriff Court. The drowsy enemy who performed this duty seems to have taken to it with the same disinterested zeal, with which Keats sat up three nights drinking with a friend under depression, for the purpose of keeping up his spirits. The favoured individual must have felt his task coming light to his hands, when he found the Sheriff in a tavern "busy at hot punch about eleven o'clock forenoon." An attempt was made on him by the enemy, but Williamson and his drinking assistant carried him off in triumph to the "New Inn" to dinner, where, however, they were obliged to submit to the presence of the other party, who held a hospitable competition with them in plying the Sheriff with the liquor which he loved. Here they all "sat close drinking, as in the phrase in that part of the country, *halter skelter*—that is, copiously and alternately of different liquors—till 11 o'clock at night, when Forbes, by this time dead-drunk, was conveyed home by his two servant maids, with the assistance of George Williamson, Gerard, and the Pursuer." This is the counsel's history of the day, and that it is not an exaggerated one, we may infer from

an average quotation from the evidence: one of the witnesses thus concludes his narrative:—

"Depoues, that from four o'clock in the afternoon to eleven o'clock that night, they all drank what they call in Aberdeenshire *Halter Skelter*, alternately of different liquor, and plentifully, in such a way that the Sheriff in particular was very drunk, and the deponent himself was also drunk. That the Sheriff's two servant maids came for him with a lantern to carry him home, and came into the room where the company was, and staid there some time—fully a quarter of an hour—and got some drink, but what it was he cannot tell. That the Sheriff called for a good part of the liquor which was drunk. That at last the deponent assisted to carry home the Sheriff, who was not able to walk; and either the pursuer or Mr Gerard assisted the deponent in so doing; and the two maids went before him with a lantern, and placed him in his easy-chair in his bedroom, and then the Sheriff called upon his maids to give the company drink, which the maids refused to give, and then they came away and left him."

Next day the enemy took possession of Forbes by a *coup de main*. They seized him in bed, half through his drunken sleep, and conveyed him to a favourite hauf, kept by a man with the historical name of Archibald Campbell. There "tea and coffee were called for to breakfast, but as these insipid liquors were not to Forbes's mind, a large dose of spirits, white wine, and punch was administered to him, with cooling draughts of porter from time to time." The kidnappers hired a whole floor of the inn for that eventful day—it was the last on which the reference remained valid, so that if it passed without a decision, the question went back to the Court of Session; and the worthy confederates gave express instructions that Williamson was not to obtain access to their conclave, and that Forbes was to be denied to him. That sport of fortune became naturally alarmed when he heard that Forbes was not at home; and knowing instinctively where else he was likely to be, searched for him "in all the taverns in town," as Skelton tells us that the King of Spain was searched for in London when he was outlawed. One of the waiters, in his evidence, stated that Williamson came to the house and "inquired at the deponent

if Shiels was there, to which he answered, in obedience to the orders he had received from collector Finlayson, that Shiels was not there; that on this the pursuer left Mr Campbell's house, and (having returned in about an hour) he insisted with the deponent that Shiels was in the house, and that it was to no purpose to deny him, for that he knew by the deponent's face that he was there. But deponent still denied that Shiels was in the house." Deponent was, unfortunately for his professional prospects, not sufficiently brazen-faced for a waiter. The Sheriff was soon brought "up to the mark." Cards were introduced, and they had a roaring day of it. For the sake of appearances, at the time when he was making up his judicial mind, the Sheriff retired to a room alone. Here a message was conveyed to him from his sister, intimating that he had made an appointment for that day, and the time to keep it had arrived. "Where-upon," says a witness, "Shiels touched his nose with his finger, and said 'Jode'—a by-word of his.—'Davie, you see from whence this comes'—that Shiels returned for answer to his servant that he could not go, being engaged about peremptory business." He first spoke about awarding "a trifle" to Williamson. In the end he gave a decision entirely against his claim; and the confederates considered this so great a triumph, that next morning, being Sunday, they were reported to have read the "Decree Arbitral" to a circle of impatient well-wishers on the "Plainstones" or market-place, while the citizens were on their way to church. After having pronounced the decree, the Sheriff, according to the testimony of one witness, "was very merry and jocose, and engrossed a good deal of the conversation;" and the waiter who refused Williamson admission to him had to testify that "he conveyed him home to his own house, as he had done many a night besides that."

There were many picturesque little incidents in the whole affair. Thus we are told by one witness, in a very pathetic strain, of abortive efforts made by the Sheriff to go through the public market-place from one tavern to another. In a little the Sheriff and the deponent came down to go to

the New Inn; and upon the Sheriff's observing that there were too many people upon the exchange, and that he was too far gone in liquor to cross the street, he turned in again to John Bain's, and afterwards made another attempt of the same kind, and returned for the same reason; and a little after two o'clock they made a third attempt, and, observing that the exchange was thin of people, they went over to the New Inn." Discreet Sheriff—he had achieved the Greek sage's problem of knowing himself! But other people knew him, too; and thus the hostess of the inn, being asked if "when Shiels was once drunk, he did not keep in a hand—that is, he continued drunk for some days," answered, that "she has observed Shiels as in drink at one time and to continue so for several days after, and that was too commonly his case; that it is her opinion, when Shiels was in liquor, by flattering of his vanity, he might be very easily induced to do things which he would not otherwise do; and the deponent has had occasion to see several instances of this sort, by which she means that she has heard Shiels, when in liquor, promise to do things which she believes he would not have done if sober: nor does the deponent remember or know that ever Shiels did do any of these things when sober that he said he would do when in liquor."

But there are two sides to all questions; and as human nature has a tendency towards extremes, there were some people prepared to testify to the supernatural and alarming intemperance of the Sheriff's sobriety. It was, we believe, a townsman of this same Sheriff who, when thrown from his horse, being asked by a sympathising lady who was passing, if he were hurt? answered in the intemperance of his politeness—"Oh! no, me! quite the reverse—quite the reverse." So it appeared in the eyes of some of his friends that Forbes was not merely as sober as a judge, but upon the whole a good deal more sober than a well-constituted judge ought to be—if he had any blemish, it was on the reverse side of intoxication. One of the several landladies whose establishments he frequented—not the lady already quoted—was especially eloquent on this

point. "At dinner-time they only drank a bottle of wine and half a mutchkin of punch [the witness makes no allusion to the consumption before and after.] Mr Forbes also drank tea in the deponent's house, and she had occasion to see Mr Forbes at breakfast and dinner, and when he went out of her house when the company parted after supper at night; and upon all these occasions he, Mr Forbes, was perfectly sober, and sufficiently capable of business, and when he went out of her house, she remembers perfectly, she turned in to her servants and said, that she never knew Mr Forbes sit so long in her house on so little drink; and she added, God grant that neither Mr Forbes nor she might be fey." So awful and portentous was his sobriety! Another witness who testified to the production of so many items of liquor that it makes one giddy to read the list, winds up by saying—"After drinking a few glasses, they were told that supper was on the table in another room, to which they moved: That after supper they drank a moderate quantity of wine and punch, and parted sober about eleven o'clock: That the deponent had a particular proof of Mr Forbes's sobriety after supper, by his maintaining, with great spirit and eloquence, one side of a problematical question that occurred in the company."

The law is extremely averse to review the decision of an arbiter. He may be stupid and careless; he may have utterly misunderstood both the law and the facts, but the parties have adopted the reference as a *succedaneum* to litigation, and they—"must stand the hazard of the die." In a few instances, however, where there has been gross corruption, or a palpable combination against one of the parties, the law has interlined to reverse the proceedings. The case of Peter Williamson is one of these instances; and on the 3d of December 1768, some years after the poor Sheriff-Substitute had hidden himself from his disgrace by drinking himself into the grave, the Court awarded Peter Williamson damages to the extent of £200 against the persons who, nearly thirty years previously,

had spirited him away from the pier of Aberdeen.

The subsequent career of Peter Williamson, though not all directly to our present purpose, is so inviting that we cannot pass it over. He was one of those men who, with no settled purpose of life, have their brains perpetually spinning forth projects, and their hands perpetually putting them in operation. Wherever external circumstances placed him, there his internal nature predestined him to turn the opportunities afforded him to the best account. We have seen him exercising the isolated energies of the self-sustaining savage in the wilderness; we shall now see him regulating the complex wheels of mutually dependent civilisation. One of his earliest projects was announced, in 1762, through a letter in the *Edinburgh Courant*. The drain of able-bodied men by the war had, he stated, prompted him to endeavour to discover some labour-saving machine, to facilitate the operations of the harvest; and he had at considerable expense invented an engine which would, "in the hands of a single man, do more execution in a field of oats in one day, and to better purpose, than it is in the power of six shearers to do. This machine," he continues, "is now completed, and is constructed in such a manner that, when the corn is tolerably thick, it will cut down near a sheaf at a stroke, and that without shaking the grain, or disordering the straw, besides laying down the corn as regularly as the most expert shearer can do." The machine possessed other qualifications far too numerous to be recapitulated here; and though the inventor protested that "neither vanity nor conceit," but the sole desire to serve the public, prompted him to expatiate on its merits, it is not absolutely necessary, at the present day, to join in all his anticipations of its wonderful influence on the amelioration of mankind. We are no authority on the abstruse practical subject of reaping-machines; but justice to our hero renders it right to say that his invention found a place in agricultural nomenclature, as "the basket-scythe."\* We have already

mentioned some of his achievements in literature. He published a pamphlet on the Millitia; and, contemporaneously with the invention of the scyfle, we find him advertising, along with his account of his adventures, that "Commissions from the country will be punctually answered for this and all other sorts of books; as also stationery-ware of all sorts;" and in connexion with this general announcement of a stationery-establishment, he enlarges on another book, apparently of his own composition, called "A General View of the Whole World; containing the Names of the principal Countries, Kingdoms, States, and Islands,—their length, breadth, and capital cities, with the longitude and latitude: also the produce, revenue, strength, and religion of each country." This encyclopædia, political, statistical, and theological, was to be had for six shillings sterling. From such comprehensive themes we find him descending to the object of the following curious advertisement, dated 9th April 1772:—

"This day was published, price one shilling the pack, and sold by Peter Williamson, printer, in the Wood of Forcester's Wynd, Edinburgh, the FINEST AND MOST VALUABLE SECRETS which is called CONVERSATION-CARDS, containing excellent sentiment, and are so composed that they discover the thought of one's mind in a very curious and extraordinary manner. The explanation of the secret is given gratis with the pack; each set consists of twenty cards, and ten lines upon each card."\*

We may here, perhaps, have traced to its invention the well-known toy called "Conversation-Cards," which has enlivened many a little Christmas party. If this be so, the debt of youth in general, to the poor kidnapped boy, is not small.

In 1776 he started a weekly periodical called "The Scot's Spy, or Critical Observer," which appears to have been continued through the following year with the title of "The New Scot's Spy." In the mean time, he kept a tavern, over the door of which he advertised himself as "from the other world." It appears to have

been for some time in the Parliament Square, and subsequently in the interior of the Parliament House itself, part of the wide area of which was partitioned into booths. Every now and then he was dropping before the public some invention great or small. Now it was a "new invented portable printing-press;" next, marking-ink for linen, "which stands washing, boiling, and bleaching, and is more regular and beautiful than any needle." But the chief monument of his energy was the establishment of a penny post-office for the city of Edinburgh, which he supported as a private speculation. It appears to have been soon after the year 1780 that he commenced this undertaking, and contemporaneously with it he published a Street Directory. One might suppose that the post-office, the directory, and the tavern, with an occasional invention or pamphlet, would form sufficient occupation, not only for one head, but one family. Williamson, however, must have *all* his fires full of irons: and so we find that his wife and daughter had to appear before the public as busy as himself in their own department. On the cover of his directory it is intimated, that "Mantua-making is carried on in all its branches, as formerly," by "Mrs. Williamson and daughter;" who, lest any means of expressing their craft should pass them, by reason either of its insignificance or its gravity, are made to state, that they "engratt silk, cotton, thread, and worsted stockings; make silk gloves, and every article in the engraving branch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms; likewise silk stockings washed in the most approved style; also grave-clothes made on the shortest notice."

One would naturally imagine that all these professions of activity must have indicated a thrifty, industrious, moral, happy home. Alas, no! In 1789 Williamson was obliged to divorce his second wife the mother of several children: and the revolting details of the inquiry show too plainly that the degraded woman pursued another profession besides those efforts of decent

\* This advertisement, with other curious newspaper-scrapa regarding Williamson, is preserved in the biographical notices of Kay's Portraits, i. 137.

industry which her husband advertised to the world. She, on her part, charged her husband with having acquired tippling habits, and keeping low dissipated company; while she stated that, notwithstanding the considerable sums that passed through his hands in the course of his various speculations, his family were frequently subjected to great privations. The inquiries connected with the divorce exhibit throughout tokens of sordid squalor, which show that Williamson was little fitted to seize the fides of fortune that so frequently ran in his favour, or to direct his energies into any satisfactory path of self-advancement. Active and turbulent as he had been—dreaded, admired, nay, respected for his services as a citizen—he had never bettered his condition, or risen above the rank of the vagabond. His total want of early education may have unfitted him to take advantage of his opportunities. "The reader," he says in one of his pamphlets, "will be here asking what school I was brought up at? I shall only tell them, that the extent of it was upwards of four thousand miles—and the height thereof as high as the heavens, governed by

Indians of many nations; and regular education is no way taught among them, but handed down from one generation to another; and their records are kept, marked with tomahawks on the outside of trees, and can be distinguished by themselves for centuries back." It might be a sublime school—but not a hopeful seminary for sober citizens. Yet, among Kay's exquisitely hard etchings there is a portrait of Peter, from which it is evident that he must have been a very handsome worshipful-looking man, with that well-fed self-assured air—that corporation dignity of manner, and citizen urbanity, if one may use the expression, which beseeem the corporate officer. Nature and the tailor seem at the moment to have united to represent in his person a Deacon at least, if not a Bailie. He is depicted in conversation with Abyssinian Bruce, and as saying to the haughty Lord of Kinnaird—"There is more truth in one page of my Edinburgh directory, than in all your five volumes &c; so, when you talk to me, don't imagine yourself at the source of the Nile." Poor Williamson's eventful life came to an end on the 19th January 1769.

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#### THE REPEALER'S WISH GRANTED:—AN IRISH TALE.

IN ONE OF OUR LATEST

None doubts that there was her blood—misunderstanding—difficultly—at the beginning. It is clear enough also, that many arrangements which followed were not of a soothing kind. Nor can it well be denied, "but stop a little!" The other side of the question seems to be perpetually consigned to oblivion. Numbers of people are in ecstasies with the year 1782. The wildest democrats of the present day revert with pride to the glimpse of nationality exhibited by Ireland immediately before the Union. The grand choral cry of Repealers is for a Parliament *once more* in Dublin. Oh,

melancholy, deplorable, almost ludicrous inconsistency! The year 1782 and Repeal! The independence of Ireland after 1782 and Repeal! The old Irish Parliament and Repeal! Phœnix—a son of Ireland—talked of history being an old almanac. Memorable indeed was the year 1782. BUT HIS TROPHIES WERE THE HAND-WORK OF THE SAXON. Bright may have been the gleam of independence which succeeded that year. The whole movement owed character and solidity to GREAT SAXON LEADERS. Conspicuous is the fame of those men who protested with fiery eloquence

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\* As this paper was being printed, we were struck with the coincidence between the general idea contained in it and two striking articles in the *Times* newspaper. We know that the writer of the present article had not, when he wrote it, seen the articles in the *Times*. But these views, in our opinion, cannot be too often impressed on the attention of the reflecting portion of the Irish people.

against the treaty of the Union ; and **THESE WERE ALL SAXONS.** It is very strange, but very true, that the sinews and loins of the agitation now-a-days are all begotten of Saxon spirit and Saxon freedom. There is not a letter in the alphabet of self-government—there is not a syllable in the code of municipal law—there is not a sentence in the charter of political liberty—of Ireland, which is not the lesson, the example, or the boon of the Saxon. Every thing that Ireland now demands is an imitation of a Saxon institution. And Ireland only demands these things, because for ages Saxon institution have pervaded her soil, and imbued her people. GRATTAN and CHARLEMONT are Saxon names. In all the principles for which these remarkable men contended, no vestige of a Celtic idea can be traced. Until the Saxon—conqueror as he was—touched the Irish soil, there did not grow, blossom, or bear fruit any intelligible notion of social order, or public liberty. But the gratitude of nations is not different from the gratitude of individuals. Away with the Saxon !

Can nothing cure the madness ? Large practical wisdom in legislation, exuberant boundless prodigality of munificence, are equally unavailing. Away with the Saxon ! But disgust may at length do what force never could have done. Honest, sober, orderly folks in Britain begin to cherish strange thoughts. And the wings of thoughts are words out-poken.

Are ye ready, O Milesians ! for such a dawn when it breaks ?

There was nothing either very bright or very dull about the morning. Yet not a single human being you met was inclined even to whistle merrily or recklessly. And was there, then, silence over the whole land ? Very far from it, I assure you. At the harbour of every sea-port, where a vessel of any size could come, there was a most unmistakeable noise. Heavily, steadily, dreadfully, came down along the rugged tones of each quay the continual tread and tramp of armed men, who, coolly and speechlessly as statues, marched towards the ships. But there was no other noise. The officers gave no word of command ; nor was any

command needed. Unbroken as the stream of the river, hundreds after hundreds, without any clash, or din, or tumult, passed from the solid land on board of the floating bulwarks of Old England, and without a shout or a sigh—without a murmur of adieu—without the momentary radiance of a smile on a solitary face—departed FROM IRELAND. The Saxons were going. The quick strokes of the paddle-wheels whitened the waters ;—the sail bellied bigly to the wind. From ERIN the GUREN, the Saxons were GONE. Then rose from earth to sky—what ?

For many a day thousands of eyes had been gazing at the bustling scene. At first, the spectacle of such crowds of all sorts of people going leisurely away with all their kith and kin, with all their bag and baggage, brought with it no distinct idea. The first loaded ship which left the harbour with such a freight took its departure beneath a shower of triumphantly derisive shouts. And so did many a vessel afterwards. But people became tired of shouting at the same thing. Likewise, a constant repetition of the same thing, which in certain circumstances will destroy wonder, does in other circumstances beget and spread wonder. The sameness of the business began to be painful. Countless throngs of lookers-on still choked the quay, but the gale was rarely heard ; the cheer had quite died away. It was incredible how time lagged in its flight. Suddenly, once more, a stir ran through these gazing tens of thousands. A feeble cry—more like a cry of pain than of joy—rang from the discord of the innumerable lips. Every body was gone, except the soldiers. Of the hated Saxons, all who lived by the arts or occupations of peace, all were at length away—men, women, and children. The soldiers remained till all their peaceful brethren were safely on the bosom of the treacherous sea—safer than the bosom of ungrateful Ireland. The soldiers now went themselves. It was not an hour or a day, in which that embarkation could be completed. On it went without interruption. And the people stood by, and saw it going on. Why was there not the continuous roar of exultation from moment to moment, as file

after file, regiment after regiment, mass after mass of the bloody servants of the Saxon sullenly and silently retreated? Strange, surely, that it was not so! Strange, surely, that there was no whisper all this time from the bystanders! Strange, surely, that the ships, ship after ship, sailed away with those very Saxon soldiers, began to turn their regards off altogether from the ships, and to fling unquiet doubtful glances one on the other! The detested foreigner was gone;—and was there, therefore, more neighbourly love among those that remained?

What! Erin Mavourneen, is not your emancipation come? Why is there no shout? The Saxons are going. The quick strokes of the paddle-wheels whiten the waters. Where is the pavan of the ransomed and redeemed? The sail bellies bigly to the wind. From Erin the Green, the Saxons are gone. Then rose from earth to sky—what?

IRELAND IS LEFT TO ITSELF—WHOLLY, ENTIRELY, ABSOLUTELY TO ITSELF. The Repealer has his wish. The sea runs between Ireland and England—and all that is Irish and all that is English. The cable is cut. The Emerald Isle is adrift. No Saxon soldier pollutes her soil; but not a Saxon shilling glistens in her purse. The British Viceroy is no more; neither is the British Chancellor of the Exchequer any more—*THERE*. Ireland has got its own parliament. *ALSO IRELAND HAS GOT ITS OWN POOR*. Not a stiver of English millions now crosses St George's Channel. Not for one death by starvation now is England or the Saxon answerable. *IRELAND HAS HER OWN EXUBERANT EXCHEQUER*. *IRELAND POURS ABUNDANCE INTO THE MYRIAD MOUTHS OF HER FAMINE-STRIKEN*

**PEOPLE.** Shout, then, O Ireland! shout!

The sail bellies bigly to the wind. From Erin the Green the Saxons are gone. The sun of Repeal is at its noon. Then rose from earth to sky—what?

And they looked into the faces of each other with a dull, blank look—and from earth to sky arose the yell of wild despair, of irretrievable confusion, and of maddening perdition.

The Repealer had his wish. The cable was cut. Ireland was adrift—and LEFT TO ITSELF. Order, law, justice, peace, trade, industry, money, prosperity, and—oh terrible truth!—INDEPENDENCE were gone away—quite away with the SAXON.

And the Milesian Republic endured—we blush to number the hours of its ephemeral and horrible existence. Every where the fair face of the beautiful ISLE was hideously seamed with scars of civil war. Every where mounted upwards the smoke of roof-trees destroyed, and hearthstones desolated. Every where over the surface of the great surrounding ocean boomed the discordant wail of the land torn by the vultures of anarchy.

Again! at the harbours of sea-ports there was an unmitigable noise. Over the rugged stones went the continual tramp and tread of armed men, who, with bursts of brutal insolence, marched from the ships. The clang of foreign arms again sounded in the cities, along the plains, and across the hills of Erin. Ireland had become the province of a foreign power which did not speak the English tongue. Ireland was that day trampled on by the iron heel of a new master.

Albion, from its white cliffs, saw the scene. But the ties had been long broken.

#### THE LAST WALK.

BY R. SIMMONS.

Oh lost Madonna, young and fair!  
O'er-leant by broad embracing trees,  
A streamlet to the lonely air  
Murmurs its meek low melodies;  
And there, as if to drink the tune,  
And mid the sparkling sands to play,  
One constant Sunbeam still at noon  
Shoots through the shades its golden way.



My lost Madonna, whose glad life  
 Was like that ray of radiant air,  
 The March-wind's violet scents blew rife  
 When last we sought that fountain fair,  
 Blythe as the beam from heaven arriving,  
 —Thy hair held back by hands whose gleam  
 Was white as stars with night-clouds striving—  
 Thy bright lips bent and sipp'd the stream.

Fair fawn-like creature! innocent  
 In soul as faultless in thy form,—  
 As o'er the wave thy beauty bent  
 It blushed thee back each rosy charm.  
 How soon the senseless wave resigned  
 The tint, with thy retiring face,  
 While glass'd within my mournful mind  
 Still glows that scene's enchanting grace.

Ah! *every* scene, or bright or bleak,  
 Where once thy presence round me shone,  
 To echoing Memory long shall speak  
 The Past's sweet legends, *Worshipp'd One!*  
 The wild blue hills, the boundless moor,  
 That, like my lot, stretch'd dark afar,  
 And o'er its edge, thine emblem pure,  
 The never-fading evening star.

The lawn on which the Sausage's track  
 Crisscross'd thy home-lane, to the Glen—  
 The village pathway, leading back  
 From thee to haunts of hated men—  
 The walk to watch thy chamber's ray,  
 Mid storm and mirth, 'that rushing win,—  
 These, these were joys long pass'd away,  
 To dwell with *God* is certain things.

My lost Madonna, fair and young!  
 Before thy slender, unadorn'd feet  
 The dallying wave its silver throng,  
 Then dash'd for ocean's breast to meet;  
 And farther, waler, from thy side  
 Than unretiring streams could rove,  
 Dark Fate decreed me to divide—  
 To me, my benevolent-buried Love!

Yes! far for ever from thy side,  
 Madonna, now for ever fair,  
 To death of *DISTANCE* I have died,  
 And all has perished, but—Despair,  
 Whether thy fate with mine be fraught,  
 Or Joy's gay rainbow gleams o'er thee,  
 I've died to all, but the mad thought  
 That *WHAT WAS ONCE* NO MORE SHALL BE.

'Tis well;—at least I shall not know  
 How time or tears may change that brow;  
 Thine eyes shall smile, thy cheek shall glow  
 To me in distant years as now.  
 And when in holier worlds, where Blame,  
 And Blight, and Sorrow, have no birth,  
 Thou'rt mine at last—I'll clasp the same  
 Unalter'd Angel, loved on earth.

## MAN IS A FEATHERLESS BIPED.

I HAVE heard—I saw yesterday that fact enlarged upon in Mrs Thunder's *Tales of Passion*—that people's hair may be turned gray by intense anxiety, intense fear, intensity of any kind, in a single day. My hair is not exactly gray (far from it, indeed, considering my time of life)—but, if the above physical phenomenon did ever really occur, it ought to be silvery-white. For I have passed through a day, the consequences of which colour, and will colour, my whole existence. Life's fever came to a crisis, and the crisis turned out unfavourably. The threads of my destiny got into a tangle, and Fate in a passion cut the knot with her scissors. My earthly career has been divided into two distinctly-marked portions, and the point where the two are united—the bending-stone (as the Greeks say) of the race-course, is the day on which I was *plucked*.

Reader of *Maga*, as your experiences are possibly confined to the land of *Maga's* nativity, I will explain to you what it is to be plucked. It is to have your degree refused at one of the English universities. Now don't suppose that, when I have said this, I have said all. The mischance does not end with the refusal. It is bad enough, truly, to have gone through three years of reading and walking, or of port-wine drinking and tandem-driving, and then to get nothing for your trouble. But that's not it. A plucking brings with it consequences quite peculiar to itself—consequences hardly intelligible out of England—hardly intelligible, indeed, out of the sphere of the upper classes in England. The English universities are the nurseries of adolescent English gentlemen—of the whole aristocracy, church, and bar. And the many thousand persons comprised in these very extensive denominations, although they may have nothing else in common, agree in fond and not very discriminating reverence for Oxford and Cambridge. I really believe that many a man, whose actual reminiscences of these seats of learning are confined to the pace of the boats and the badness and dearness of the wine, yet manages to persuade himself that his being was somehow exalted by his three years'

course. And then the sacredness which attaches to their verdict! A fellow will pass current any where with the university stamp upon him. I know that Muggleton, who got a medal, and is the slowest dummy in creation, used to be invited occasionally to dinner-parties as a substitute for the late S. S. Besides, university life is common ground to half the world. You place Tories and Whigs, high churchmen and low churchmen, round the same table, and there follows a wrangle or a quarrel; but, let the conversation once veer round to the incidents of "Slogger's year," or the character of Dr ———, and you will find the talk flowing freely, and opinions unanimous.

So you see the unpleasantness of there being nothing to be said about one, under such circumstances, except that one was *plucked*. Of Mr Pennefeather, of Elmstead Lodge, Surrey, (my present designation,) little is known in the neighbourhood of the aforesaid Elmstead Lodge, beyond the fact that he and his charming family live there. But the name of Pennefeather, of St Saviour's, Cambridge, is common property, and hundreds know it in connexion with certain unfortunate circumstances, already alluded to.

I was always in my college considered rather a reading man. I attended chapel and lecture regularly. I went to few parties or none. Grindham of St John's (the present dean of ———), and Swetter of Trinity (the new Queen's counsel), backed by their respective colleges for the senior wranglership, were old school-fellows of mine, and we continued our acquaintance. By dint of flattering Swetter, and listening to Grindham's endless holdings forth on mathematical subjects, I grew into favour with both. I believe the worthy fellows began to think me one of themselves,—nothing very brilliant, perhaps, but still sure of a decent place in the honour-list. And, indeed, had fate pleased, their influence might have brought things to a better issue. I was induced to keep my outer door scrupulously shut till two o'clock p.m.; and, though I often fell asleep in my chair, and

conic sections always made my head ache, I nevertheless made some way. But I was ruined by a flute! I had learned to play in early life—my mother liked me to accompany my sisters; and now the accomplishment, of which I had grown most school-boyishly ashamed, was discovered by a lazy, handsome, perfumed, kid-gloved *flaneur* of a fellow, Jenkyns of our college, whose rooms were above mine. He was just then getting up a musical association, and of all things wanted a second flute. I have no patience to narrate the steps of the seduction and triumph,—how I resisted his overtures at first, then gave way conditionally, then unconditionally,—how we had meetings, and held committees, and gave concerts,—how the dons first looked suspicious, then indifferent, then applaudible,—and how, finally, far conspicuous with my white waistcoat and baton, I led the band on the first anniversary of our foundation, in the presence of the vice-chancellor and a brilliant assemblage of professors and heads of houses. But the degree examination was approaching—unappeasable, inevitable.

Grindham, I confess, had begun to look cold on me; but Swetter, who was a little ambitious of being considered an accomplished gentleman as well as a great mathematician, rather countenanced my proceedings. He never joined us himself—he was a great deal too deep for that—but he largely affected contempt for fellows who maintained that niddling and reading were incompatible. And indeed, without being in the least aware of it, I had been made, as it were, the pattern-man of our association and the new system. Did any one object to our concerts, rehearsals, and practisings, as occupying too much time, he was referred to Penne-feather of St Saviour's, "a regular leading man, by Jove—pal of Grindham and Swetter—goes home after a concert, and sits up half the night with a wet cloth round his head." So said report—lying as usual; and my fall was the greater in consequence.

The examination was over, and the result was to be announced next morning. I had felt my ideas rather vague on the subject of the questions asked, and half suspected that my

answers partook of their looseness. Still I had my hopes—I had covered a good deal of paper with my writing—a wranglership was not so very unlikely. With this conviction I went to bed, and slept, on the whole, very soundly. In the morning I dressed, shaved, and breakfasted, with considerable deliberation; and, just before nine o'clock, walked down to the senate-house. The scene there, on this and like occasions, is sufficiently exciting to an uninterested person—something more than exciting to one in a situation like mine. A crowd of young men, half mad with expectation, beset the doors of the edifice. The fate of themselves and their friends, their bets and the honour of their respective colleges, are at stake. They shout and scream. The doors are thrown open. All rush in. A pandemoniac confusion ensues. Then some patriotic individual volunteers to read aloud the expanded list, and, hoisted on the shoulders of his neighbours, begins,—WRANGLERS, "Grindham, St John's; Swetter, Trinity; Pump, Trinity. ('Hooray!'" shouts somebody, and runs off to convey the intelligence to Mr Pump, who is junking in his room)—Mullins, St John's; Shobley, St Saviours; &c., &c." I listened calmly to the first half of the wrangler-list, anxiously to the last, tremblingly to the names in the next class, agonisedly to those in the third and last. *My name was not there at all!* In the hope that it might have been omitted by mistake, I waited until the crowd thinned, and then, with dim eyes, read the paper myself. There was no mistake at all. I ran, unobserved, to my rooms, locked myself in, and during the next three hours I won't say what I did or thought. There *are* moments—but never mind! I'm a father of a family now.

The day was verging towards the afternoon when I put on my hat, determined to go out and brave the mocking looks of the undergraduate world. I thought I had some notion of what was to be expected, but the bitterness of the draught surpassed all my anticipations. I had hardly got outside the gate of my college, when there turned the nearest corner a walking party of fifteen gentlemen abreast—the centre-piece was Grind-

ham. The two wings were composed of his admiring, flattering friends. My appearance caused a singular alteration in the countenances of the party. Some looked awkwardly; most of them manifested a strong inclination to laugh; but Grindham himself would have passed without recognising me, had not his neighbour whispered something in his ear. He turned and shook hands—I would have given the world so that he had cut me, for I expected some of that pity which “d—d goodnatured” friendship proffers on such occasions. Alas! my friend had forgotten *my* position in his own: he did not seem in the least aware that any person except himself and Swetter, the defeated Swetter, had been interested in the late examination. He talked incoherently for some minutes, for repressed exultation was making his eyes dim, and causing his tongue to stutter; and there we stood, he the victor and I not even worthy to be considered the vanquished, chattering on the most indifferent matters—even about that confounded musical association—and neither of us venturing to touch upon the subject which was filling each of our hearts to overflowing. Had any one of the fourteen young men who were tittering together at a little distance, been a cynic or a psychologist, he might have freely fed his humour, or made a valuable addition to his stock of observation. Grindham, Pennefeather—pride struggling hard to be modest; shame striving to gloss itself over with gay indifference—human nature in either case denying and belying itself—what a lesson, or what a caricature! But, just before we separated, something seemed to strike my companion. He suddenly became more confused than ever, and then was clearly striving hard to look sentimental. “By the bye, my dear fellow—oh! ah! I was very sorry . . . better luck next time, eh!” And so we parted. But I had lost my friend.

I proceeded. An indistinct object became visible on the other side of the way, which, as I approached, gradually assumed the form and proportions of a man. It was a figure, not unfrequently seen in my day in the streets of Cambridge: a broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat, which completely con-

cealed the countenance of the wearer, just permitted to loom out of its shadow a many-coloured neckhandkerchief, printed with the flags of all nations. This last cosmopolitan habiliment shone in advantageous contrast to a dogskin waistcoat, of indescribable hue, and immensely broad trousers of white flannel. No coat at all was visible in front, but behind you might perceive that one of bright olive-coloured cloth came sharply out immediately below the arms,—a sporting Newmarket coat, exaggerated to intensity. Such was the outer man of Mr Charles Maxey, of St Saviour’s; the inner man was full of all corruption and wickedness. This gentleman, being rather at a loss for occupation amid the uncongenial excitements of the day, was engaged in somewhat roughly schooling a small and horribly ugly terrier puppy to follow him up and down the street. I had no acquaintance with him. I knew nothing of him whatever, beyond the fact that he generally entered the College Hall very much after the proper time, dressed in a rough pilot coat, and invariably swearing violently, as he came in, at some unknown person or object outside the door. But it appeared that, if I had lost one friend, I had gained another. He, who would never have ventured to speak to me before—for the credit of our college, let me say that he was completely and universally cut—now rushed across the street, and shaking me by the hand, bade me “cheer up,” (I had flattered myself I was looking tolerably cheerful,) and d—n the concu!” The beast then favoured me with a dissertation on the nature, cause, and consequences of mishaps like mine; in the course of which he explained that his own two pluckings had been entirely owing to the remissness of his private tutor, in not providing cigars at his (the private tutor’s) rooms, and thereby failing to render Mr Maxey’s studies sufficiently agreeable. “B—and T—,” censoriously remarked that gentleman, “always do it: so I shall go to one of them, and cut old Z— next term.” Finally, he insisted on taking me off to breakfast, (breakfast at two o’clock!) at the rooms of a friend of his, who had been plucked fifteen times, and meant going on to the twentieth plucking, to entitle himself

(according to an old Cambridge tradition,) to a gratuitous degree. I accompanied him in passive helplessness, and found a room some thing more than filled with about thirty Maxeys, smoking and singing. I remember it all to this day:—the indescribable songs—the spiced ale—Maxey's story about trotting the gray mare to Newmarket—the jocular allusions to myself—all this comes over me now like a dream of purgatory. The events of that day are indissolubly linked together in my mind; and I can never recall my misfortune without recalling too the meeting with Grindham and the party at the rooms of Mr Maxey's friend. But hard as these things were to endure in our little world at Cambridge, I have since experienced worse consequences of that accursed packing among grown men, and in a manner made more painful to a sensitive organisation like mine.

I won't say what my father said when he heard of this termination of my university career. He had been a chancellor's man tiller himself, and, in virtue of his medal, was listened to in parliament before the war. I believe he thought that all a man's doings in life were contained in his university exploits, like the chicken in the egg. He he sent off to read theology with a clergyman in the country, previously to taking orders—for a family living awaited me. In this position I remained two years. I may mention, in passing, that my worthy instructor, a perfect nunny, though a former fellow of his college, despised me utterly for my past failure, and was at no pains to conceal his contempt; and at the end of that time, I set out for the cathedral city of F——, to go through the bishop's preparatory examination. Now, there is a prevalent notion in England, or at least in the English universities, that a bishop's examination is regulated after a peculiar fashion. It is reported that the prelate, or his chaplain, examines beforehand the calendars of the two universities, and adapts his subsequent questions to the information thence derived, in what may be called reverse order. Thus, a wrangler or first-classman, being supposed fit for any thing, is asked nothing in particular. It was even whispered—ay! even in these days of priestly dignity—that when my

friend Grindham's eldest son, himself a second senior wrangler, went up a few weeks ago to the Bishop of ——, his lordship merely demanded information respecting the feeling of the university on the Hampden question, and on being satisfactorily answered, remarked that he dined at six, and dismissed his examinee. But, to resume—the questions are said, or rather were said, to increase in difficulty with the decreasing honours of the applicant. A second-classman had questions of average difficulty put to him, a man who took no honours, was stiffly catechised: a plucked man—but how it fared, and perhaps still fares, with plucked men, you shall judge from my case. After a night of excessive nervousness at the inn, I proceeded to the palace at ten o'clock in the morning. A number of serious-looking, white-cravatted, young men were waiting in the outer room, into which I was ushered. It was bitterly cold—there was, it is true, a fire; but it was actually going out, because no one dared to stir the Episcopal embers. An inner door every now and then opened and shut, admitting each time some one individual of the shivering crowd into the dreaded presence. Many old familiar faces were there. I should perhaps have shrunk from their aspect, had not nervousness, and perhaps a feeling, that every one of them might in a few minutes find himself in my identical position, placed us all on a level. So I looked almost boldly about me. After a few minutes, I was on the point of addressing an old acquaintance, when, above the shoulder of the man to whom I was about to speak, there appeared a face, often seen but always loathed in my waking and sleeping visions. It was Maxey's. The cosmopolitan handkerchief had disappeared, and the debauched eyes looked brighter and less bloodshot than of old; but it was the same Maxey who fraternised with me on the day of my fall. He was—I am sorry to say—attempting to get into orders. He had been rejected, he told me, once before, but he had now been "coached by so-and-so half a year, and meant to manage it this time." Whether Mr So-and-So provided cigars for theological pupils I did not inquire; I was too much sickened by Maxey's presence,—so much so that

it was really a relief when I was summoned in my turn to the Bishop's apartment. I passed through a long passage, then through an ante-room; lastly, a door opened, and displayed his lordship sitting solemnly at a large green table. The chaplain was leaving the room just as my name was announced. I saw him put his hand to his mouth, and distinctly heard him whisper in a loud aside—"Plucked in 18—, my Lord."

The Bishop's face assumed an expression of yet more awful solemnity. He gravely motioned me to sit down, and then, looking me full in the eyes, said—"Ah! hem! I have no doubt, Mr Pennefather, you have sufficiently prepared yourself for the—hem—important office you propose to take on yourself. I am sorry to say that this—ah!—hem—most important office is often entered upon without sufficient—hem—preparation."

A pause. Fluency was not his lordship's forte. But if the moral annihilation of the object addressed is the end and aim of oratory, he proved himself in this case a Demosthenes.

He then continued—"Nothing is more—hem—essential to a clergyman than a knowledge of the early history of Christianity. Let me ask you what you know of the Patripassian heresy?"

I don't know what I might have answered under other circumstances, but the chaplain's whisper and the Bishop's exordium were too much for me. I could not utter a word. Other questions followed, to which I answered nothing or nonsense. In the end I recollect that his lordship made me a long speech, from which I gathered—it was not difficult to do this, as it consisted of the same sentence repeated in every variety of collocation—that he was very sorry that he could not admit me into orders with such—hem—ah—in-sufficient preparation.

I bowed and left the room, passed through the ante-chamber and passage into the apartment where the rest of the candidates were waiting, and thence made my exit with some words of Mr Maxey's dancing and humming in my ears,—"*so we're plucked again, old boy!*"

Between this scene and the next passage of my life, which I shall sketch for the reader's benefit, there was an interval of several years. I

had been abroad most of the time, and had very nearly managed to forget my university misfortune. There was no occasion to revert to the bishop, for my older brother died, and I stepped into his place—the family living being duly put out to nurse for my brother Tom. From the proximate parson, I had become the bachelor heir, with rooms in Piccadilly, a groom, and a brougham.

One day—it was in the course of my first season in town—I was dining with Jobson in Hamilton Place. Why I went so frequently to Jobson's, any body who remembers Emily Jobson, and what an angel she looked in that lilac silk, will easily guess. I had flattered myself I was not prospering badly with her. But I knew there was a rival in the field—no other person than my old friend Swetter, then a rising junior of five-and-thirty at the chancery bar. We were running on a *tie*, as I fancied—Swetter and I. The dear girl was, I am sure, very much puzzled to decide between us; and I often thought I could see, by the expression of her face, that she was balancing Swetter, his advantages and disadvantages, his possible peerage, and the necessity entailed on his wife of staying in London through the winter, against me and my little place in Surrey. And all the time, I had an uneasy consciousness that my rival could get the start, if he pleased, by confiding to Emily certain awkward antecedents of mine, known to the reader. But, to do him justice, he was too much of a gentleman to head me by such means. This I knew, and though at this very dinner-party he was sitting opposite Emily and myself, and looking exquisitely uncomfortable every time I whispered in her ear between the spoonfuls of *bisque d'abricos*, I felt certain that even greater provocation would not tempt him to peech. So all went smoothly—as smoothly as things ought to go at one of Jobson's admirable dinners. But towards the middle of the second course, Jobson's voice, which had been growing gradually louder since we sat down, became so overpowering as to beat down and absorb all other conversation. He was talking about Cambridge and his son Plantagenet. Jobson is a *nouveau riche* (some of his friends call him Tyburn

Jobson, because he made his money in hemp), and rather unnecessarily fond of introducing the now well-known facts that Plantagenet is at the university, and Tudor in the Guards. So, Jobson giving the cue, Cambridge became the text of the general conversation. Glauber, who stammers horribly, and, like most stammering men, takes every opportunity of telling long and inextricable stories, began to hold forth, in the midst of general silence, concerning Lady Ligham's son William, whom her ladyship would persist in believing a genius, and whom she had sent to Cambridge expressly to be senior wrangler. "But," added Glauber, "only the other d . . d . . day I heard he was p . . p . . pluck—"

The word was not out of his mouth, when that brute Jones, who was next him, gave him a tremendous admonitory poke in the side. Glauber first turned wrathfully on him, and then, beginning to comprehend, looked straight at me—his red face becoming redder with confusion, and his great goggle eyes almost starting out of his head.

"I b . . b . . beg your p . . p . ." began the wretch; but Swetter and Jones, who had been writhing with suppressed laughter, here gave vent to such sounds as effectually drowned his miserable voice. I gulped down a glass of champagne, and made things worse by choking myself. Meanwhile Emily looked on with a face of the utmost astonishment.

Well, we concluded dinner, drank Jobson's wine, and ascended to the drawing-room. No sooner did we enter, than I saw Emily go straight up to Swetter, and ask a question. He laughed a good deal at first, and then visibly commenced a long story. I followed it in Emily's face as clearly as if I had been listening to it. Yes! the temptation was too much for Swetter; and, to say the truth, he only did what any one else would have done in like circumstances. He told all. Determined to know my fate, I walked to Emily's chair, and began conversing in my usual strain. She was civil—just civil—but in less than five minutes, she managed to inform me that she hoped her dear brother Plantagenet would work hard at Cambridge—for the honour of his family.

It was enough. Swetter and she were married in two months.

I left London without waiting for the season to conclude, and buried myself and a fishing-rod in a lonely Welsh cottage. For months I saw nobody but the old woman whom I brought from Monmouth to cook my dinners. She, I believe, thought me decidedly mad—principally because I once swore dreadfully at her, when, *à propos* of a chicken on which I was to dine, she used a word vernacularly employed to signify the stripping birds of their feathers. I fished, caught nothing, and mused on Emily. At last, however, on casually extending a ramble to a greater length than usual, I found that a house, five miles from my present residence, and quite as solitary, had been taken by an English family. As a matter of course—though I really cannot precisely remember in what way—we became acquainted. All I know is, that I determined the acquaintance should commence as soon as possible, immediately after meeting a young lady in a pink bonnet, who was sauntering along the side of the stream in which I was pretending to fish. This was Caroline Lumley. They were the Lumleys—Captain and Mrs Lumley, and two daughters. The family had lived the anomalous life common to English semi-genteel families with small incomes. They had resided, now in Jersey, now in Dublin, now on the Continent—every where but in civilised and inhabitable parts of England. At present they had settled themselves down, for the sake of cheapness, in a spot where every thing except mutton and house-rent was twice as expensive as in London, and where they had to walk five miles to meet with a neighbour.

That neighbour was myself. I was sick with disappointed love, and Caroline Lumley was dying with ennui. Need I say that in six weeks we were engaged!

I really believe that she worshipped me as a superior being. There had been few or no men in the out-of-the-way places where they had lived. There never are. They are all draughted off to business and employments of various kinds. So I not only had no equal in her estimation, but could not, by any possibility, have had one. She

thought me the handsomest man in the world. She used to praise my talents and accomplishments to my face. Indeed, by the side of old Captain Lumley, who, prosy by nature, had long ago exhausted all his topics, I might have appeared a Crichton. Every now and then, however, when Caroline had called me clever, there used to come over me a shudder. Could *she* be ever brought to think of me as Emily Jobson probably did? The idea was positively maddening. Many a night did I lie awake, speculating whether, after all, it might not be better to secure myself against another such cross of destiny by freely revealing to her my great secret.

At last, reflection, building on the reminiscences of an old Cambridge tradition, suggested to me a plan which I lost no time in executing.

"My love," said I to Caroline one morning, "did you ever hear of Cambridge?"

"Oh yes!" she replied, apparently quoting from Pinnock; "it's the capital of Cambridgeshire."

"Did you never hear any thing else about it?" rejoined I.

"It's famous for its university, isn't it?" said she, seemingly from the same source.

"On this hint I spake," and told her how that I had been educated at Cambridge, and how that, after three years of intense study, I had received the greatest honour the university had to bestow—a *plucking*.

"Yes," said I, my face radiant with a triumphant expression—"I was actually plucked."

"I am sure you were, you dear, clever thing!" cried she, throwing her arms round my neck.

We were married at Monmouth, and I took my bride straight to London. I own I was a little desirous of showing Emily Jobson, or rather Emily Swetter, that there was a young lady in the world quite as pretty as herself, and with better taste. Swetter and his wife called on us as soon as he heard we were in town; and shortly afterwards we dined with them at their new house in Torrington Square. Among the guests was Grindham—my Grindham, but how changed! He had become

tutor of his college, and had expanded into the most perfect specimen of the university don I ever beheld. He was positively swelling with importance. So inordinately conspicuous, indeed, was his air of self-appreciation, that even my little Caroline noticed it; and I heard her ask Mrs Swetter who and what he was.

"He took the very highest honours at Cambridge," said she in reply.

Caroline smiled, and seemed to think him quite justified in looking as important as he did.

The cloth was removed. Caroline was sitting by Grindham's side. She had spoken little during dinner-time; but I had noticed that several times she had seemed fidgety, as though she ought to say something to her neighbour. Now my wife had at that time a bad habit of speaking in a very loud voice—in consequence of a deaf father, and of the little society she had seen. The conversation, accordingly, had no sooner stopped (as is its wont) with a dead pause, than she turned to Grindham, and said in a tone of appalling distinctness—

"Mr Grindham, were you ever *plucked*?"

Had a trumpet been suddenly blown close to Grindham's ear, he could not have looked more thoroughly taken aback.

Caroline repeated her words with yet more frightful clearness—

"I understand that you were *plucked* at Cambridge."

Grindham's countenance grew purple; we had a room full of university men, and the insulting speech was overheard by all. There was a universal stare and stir; and Mrs Swetter seemed to be saying to herself, "what wild beast have I got here!"

Caroline, perceiving she had done something very much amiss, got frightened, and bent over her plate during the rest of dinner.

When the gentlemen came to the drawing-room, Mrs Swetter and she were sitting together. They had been talking, and Caroline's face was very red. Our eyes met: her look was full of contempt.

She has been more than my better half ever since. There never passes a day on which I am not taunted with my plucking.



## THE REVOLUTIONS IN EUROPE.

When an Eastern sage was desired by his sultan to inscribe on a ring the sentiment which, amidst the perpetual change of human affairs, was most descriptive of their real tendency, he engraved on it the words:—"And this, too, shall pass away." It is impossible to imagine a thought more truly and universally applicable to human affairs than that expressed in these memorable words, or more descriptive of that perpetual oscillation from good to evil, and from evil to good, which from the beginning of the world has been the invariable characteristic of the annals of man, and so evidently flows from the strange mixture of noble and generous with base and selfish inclinations, which is constantly found in the children of Adam.

"And this, too, shall pass away." The moral whirlwind which has lately swept over the states of Europe, and shaken all the kingdoms to their foundations, will subside. Old habits will in the end return—old affections revive—old desires resume their sway—old necessities become imperious. Institutions may be modified—dynasties overturned—forms of government altered—monarchs sent into exile; but the human heart remains, and will for ever remain, the same. That foundation being unaltered, the social necessities of men will in the end compel them to the old establishment of authority, under names perhaps new. Old power will revive, old rule be established, old authority be confirmed. The great body of men will still remain hewers of wood and drawers of water: because Nature never intended them for any other destination, and she has rendered them incapable of discharging the duties of any other station. Respectable, useful, and virtuous, when confined to it, they become pernicious and ridiculous when for a time withdrawn from it to be placed in another. Mind will ere long resume its sway over matter, moral over physical strength. Nations may rise in insurrection; they may destroy the existing government; they may establish a democratic or

republican institution;—but that will not alter the nature of things; it will not compensate the incapacity for self-government of the great body of mankind; it will not relieve them from *the first of human necessities, that of being directed by a few.* Under one name or another—that of Decemvirs, a Triumvirate, a Committee of Public Salvation, a Directory, or a Provisional Government, the old authority is speedily evolved, only the more powerful that it has been cradled in violence. It is not the weakness, it is the irresistible strength of a democratic government which is its greatest evil. It is the iron grasp it never fails to lay on the property of others which is its principal danger, the never-failing instrument of its speedy overthrow. Property is soon swept away by it, but liberty is swept away still more quickly. A Caesar, a Cromwell, a Napoleon, arises like an avatar to stay the wrath of Heaven let loose in the unbridled passions of men; and ages of servitude succeed one terrible and unforgetten period of popular license.

It is the more important to refer to these lasting principles in human affairs at this time that the events which have recently occurred on the Continent seem at first sight to set all former experience and history at defiance. Not only has monarchy been again overthrown, and a republic restored in France by a single urban tumult, but the contagion of the example has spread to other countries, hitherto deemed the stronghold of the conservative principle, and farthest removed from the influence of the revolutionary mania. That Italy, following in the wake of a reforming Pope, should be speedily convulsed by popular fervour, was anticipated, and might easily be understood. That Lombardy and Venice, long impatient of the Tramon-tane yoke, should seize the first opportunity to cast it off, was what every person acquainted with the feelings of the people in those beautiful provinces has long expected. That Prussia, the most highly edu-

cated state in Europe, and which has long murmured at the delay in conceding the popular institutions promised during the struggle with Napoleon in 1813, should make an effort now to obtain them, might be understood. That the Poles, smarting under their recent dismemberment, and mourning their lost nationality, should eagerly grasp at the shadow even of the means of restoring it, was of course to be expected. But that Austria, the most aristocratic monarchy in Europe—that Austria, without either seaports, commercial cities, or manufacturing emporiums, should be seized by the same passions, and that the monarchy which had defeated Napoleon at Aspern, and all but destroyed him at Wagram, should be overturned by an urban tumult, headed by a burgher guard and the heedless students of the university—this indeed surpassed human comprehension.

It not unnaturally induced in superstitious or highly excited minds the belief that the end of the world was approaching, or that an entire new era had opened upon human affairs, to which nothing which had preceded it could furnish any thing like a parallel. According to the temper of their minds, men and women either believed that the dark prophecies of the Revelation were about to be accomplished, and that the great battle of Armageddon was to precode the advent of the Millennium, or that the era of commercial organisation and socialist felicity was approaching, and that all the miseries of mankind were to expire amidst the universal dominion of the people. In the midst of these general hopes and fears, more experienced or practical observers fixed their eyes on the spoliation of Austria by liberalised Piedmont; of Denmark, by revolutionised Prussia; and of Lithuania, by regenerated Poland; and drew the conclusion that human selfishness was the same in all times and ages; that pirates could sail under the red as well as the black flag, and that the fervour of Louis Blanc and Lamartine would terminate in a conflict as fierce, and disasters as wide-spread, as those which followed the visions of Sièyes, and the philanthropy of Robespierre.

What is in a peculiar manner worthy of consideration in the overthrow, in so short a time, of so many of the established governments of Europe, is the facility with which they appear to have been overturned by a sudden urban tumult, and the immediate submission of the whole provinces and remainder of the empire, the moment the ruling power in the capital was changed. It was not thus, in former days, either in France or any of the other European monarchies. Paris was often lost and won during the English wars, the contests of the League and the Fronde, but the provinces were not dismayed by the loss of the capital; and, in their fidelity, Charles VII. and Henry V. found the means of changing the scales of fortune, and again wresting it from the arms of rebels or strangers. Charles I. set up his standard at Northampton; and London, from the very outset of the conflict, was in the hands of the Long Parliament; but he found, in the fidelity of the northern and western counties, the means of maintaining for years a gallant conflict, in which victory more than once was on the verge of rendering triumphant the royalist cause. Berlin, during the Seven Years' War, was twice taken by the Russians; but Frederick the Great emerged victorious out of that terrible strife. Vienna, in the time of Maria Theresa, was wrested from her arms by the French and Bavarians; but she threw herself on the fidelity of the Hungarians, and, ere long, the standards of France were driven with disgrace behind the Rhine. The double capture of the same city by Napoleon did not determine the conflict between France and Austria; but a desperate struggle was subsequently maintained, with almost balanced success, at Austerlitz, Aspern, and Wagram. But now a single tumult, in which the loss of life does not equal that of an ordinary skirmish, has overthrown the greatest monarchies. That of Louis Philippe fell before fifty men had been killed in the streets of Paris; that of Prussia sank in a conflict in which one hundred and eighty-seven men fell on the popular side; and an *échauffourée*, which scarcely would deserve a place in military history, overturned the

monarchy of Austria, within sight of the steeples of Aspern, and around the cathedral which had witnessed the victory of John Sobieski and the triumphant entry of Maria Theresa!

It is impossible not to conclude that moral and political causes have here enervated the minds of men, and weakened, to a most ruinous extent, the strength of nations. The depositaries of power have not, in general, shown themselves worthy of the trust which they held. There is no reason to suspect them of personal cowardice; but the moral courage which carries through a crisis, and so often *averts danger by venturing to face it*, appears to have been generally wanting. Men forgot the words of Napoleon, on occasion of Malet's conspiracy—"The death of a soldier would be the most glorious of all, if that of a magistrate, slain in the faithful discharge of his civil duties, were not still more honourable." Of few in these days can it be said, in the words of the poet,—

"Justum et tenacem propositi virum  
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,  
Non vultus instantis tyranni,  
Mente quatit solidâ;  
Si fractus illabatur orbis,  
Impavidum ferient ruinæ."

A long peace seems to have enervated the minds of the higher orders on the Continent; habitual luxury to have disinclined them to sacrifices by which it might be endangered. To slip through a crisis quietly, and with as little risk or disturbance as possible, seems to have been the great object; to avert danger at the moment, by pushing it forward to future times, the universal system. With how much success it was practised, the present deplorable state of France, Prussia, Austria, and Lombardy, sufficiently attests. The army was apparently every where faithful, and fought bravely; it was the want of moral courage and determination in the government which ruined every thing. They forgot the words of Mirabeau—"Such is the fate of those who hope, by concessions dictated by fear, to disarm a revolution."

But farther, the surprising facility with which the governments of these great military monarchies have been overthrown, in the late extraordinary

revolutions, and the immediate submission of all the provinces to the new central power in the capital, suggests another, and a still more important consideration:—that is, the danger attendant on that system of centralisation, which, adopted by all the governments of France, monarchical and republican, for two centuries, from Imperial Rome, and from thence imitated over all Europe, has now apparently concentrated the whole strength of a state, moral as well as physical, in the capital. That such a system is very convenient; that it improves and facilitates administration in many respects, and greatly augments the national strength, when held together by unanimous feeling, and ably directed, may readily be conceded. The great power and extraordinary triumphs of Prussia under Frederick the Great, and of France under Louis XIV. and Napoleon, sufficiently demonstrate that. But what is the situation of such a centralised power when assailed, not in its circumference, but in its centre; not in the extremities, but the heart? Can any thing be expected of it but immediate submission to the power, *whatever it be*, which is in possession of the wonted seat of government, which has the command of the palace, the bank, the treasury, the post-office, and the telegraph? These revolutions, of which so much is said, cease to be national, to become merely urban movements; they are no longer an effort of plebeians against patricians, but of one set of prætorians in the capital against another. They are no longer "*révolutions d'état*," but "*révolutions du palais*." It is of no consequence who inhabits the palace—a king, a tribune, an emperor, or a decemvir. It is there, under whatever name that despotic power resides, it is discovered where the vital spring is to be found. Deprived of its capital, a centralised state, be it republican or monarchical, is Samson when shorn of his hair; it becomes the victim of any Dalilah who takes the trouble to lure it to perdition.

That this is the true character of the revolutions which have lately taken place on the Continent, and struck the world with such astonishment, from the magnitude of the

changes which they involved, and the facility with which they were accomplished, is apparent on the very surface of things. They were all urban tumults, not national movements; the nation was never consulted on them at all. They were all concluded before the provinces heard of their commencement; they succeeded so easily, because the nations in which they occurred had been accustomed to obey the commands of the capital as implicitly as troops do the orders issuing from headquarters. The national consent of France, so far as it could be collected, was decidedly in favour of the Duchess of Orleans and the Count de Paris on the night of the 24th February; for two-thirds of the Chamber of Deputies were for that government. But what then? The armed mob, the praetorians of the capital, rushed in—the refractory deputies were dragged from their benches as summarily as the Council of Five Hundred were expelled from their seats by the grenadiers of Napoleon on the 18th Brumaire; a voice called “*C’est trop tard. A l’Hotel de Ville! Vive la Republique!*” and the Orleans dynasty was overthrown, and universal suffrage established. In Prussia the whole affair was a combat in the capital, between fifteen thousand regular troops and thirty thousand trained and disciplined citizens, (every man in Prussia is bred a soldier;) and after one hundred and eighty-seven men on the popular side had been killed, the King yielded, and the nation rushed headlong from absolute despotism to household suffrage, equal electoral districts, and a single National Assembly. This is just the Cadiz constitution of 1812, which has ever since been the rallying point of the democrats throughout the south of Europe, over again. It was the same at Vienna: the whole affair there was determined in a single day, before intelligence of the commencement of the revolt had reached either Lintz or Presburg. It is ridiculous to talk of these as *national* movements, or revolutions of the state: they are mere urban tumults, originating in a struggle for the dictatorship in the capital, and decided without the sense of the nation being taken either on the one side or the other.

But, most of all, these Continental revolutions teach a lesson of inestimable importance to the people of this country, and which recent events have so well illustrated, as to the incalculable value of a hereditary order of succession in the government, supported by hereditary respect, and resting on the *disinterested* loyalty of the people. It is in vain to conceal that it was the fact of its being a *usurping government* which proved fatal, in the crisis of its fate, to the monarchy of Louis Philippe. He was the King of the Barricades, and how could he withstand the force of the Barricades? It was the same with the government of Robespierre, the Directory, and Napoleon: they were all usurpations, and fell before the power which had created them. They had not taken root in the loyal and generous affections of men. The dynasty of Cromwell perished by himself; Charles II. was restored amidst the unanimous transports of the whole nation. It was the same with the government of Great Britain for long after the Revolution of 1688: it is well known that, during the last years of the reign of Queen Anne, it was almost an open question in both houses of parliament, whether the Stuart line should be restored, or the Hanoverian family, in terms of the Act of Settlement, be called to the throne. The devastating civil wars and bloody contests of the Praetorian Guards with the legions, which stained with blood the ~~anals~~ *annals*, and shortened the existence of the Roman empire, may show what is the fate of a great nation which, having cast away the bonds of hereditary loyalty, has nothing to be guided by, in the choice of a ruler, but the blind partiality of armed men, or the corrupted support of interested hirelings. It will be long before either will produce the fidelity of the Scottish Highlanders in 1745, or the glories of La Vendée in 1793. Usurpation of the throne is a sure prelude to endless dissension, national corruption, and endangered freedom. The expulsion of the Tarquins brought Rome to the brink of ruin; its effects were not removed for two centuries. England took nearly a century to recover the effects of the most just and necessary revolution in which

men were ever engaged—that which chased James II. from the throne. Our present stability, amidst the fall of so many other governments, is mainly owing to this, that by the long possession of the throne by her ancestors, Queen Victoria unites in her person the two firmest foundations of regal power—a nation's consent, and a nation's loyalty.

If any doubt could exist as to the importance of the barrier which the government of Louis Philippe and the administration of M. Guizot opposed to the torrent of revolutionary anarchy, and the ascendant of selfish ambition, it would be removed by the dreadful nature of the events which have since taken place, or are in progress, in every part of Europe. Never was so clearly demonstrated the incalculable moment of the restraint which religion, law, and order impose on the rapacious and selfish passions of men, or the truth of Hobbes' doctrine that the natural state of man is a state of war. Instantly, as if by magic, the world has been thrown into confusion, and out of the chaos have arisen not the virtuous and benevolent, but the vicious and aggrandising propensities. While "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" are in every mouth, "tyranny, rapacity, enmity" are in every heart. A legion of demons seem to have been suddenly let loose upon the world; the original devil was expelled, but straightway he returned with seven other devils, worse than himself, and the *laïque* state was worse than the first. Kings and Kaisars, ministers and generals, demagogues and aristocrats, seem to have become alike seized with the universal contagion. In the general scramble, when society seemed to be breaking up, as in the horrors of a shipwreck or the disaster of a retreat, all subordination has been lost, all sense of rectitude passed away, and the prevailing principle appears to have been to make the most of the crisis to the purpose of separate advantage.

The great parent republic took the lead in this demoniac race. From the very first, its steps were disgraced by rapine and robbery: by the most audacious violation of vested rights, and the most shameful disregard of private interests. The first thing

they did was to burn the railway stations, and expel with savage barbarity several thousand inoffensive and industrious English and Belgian labourers and artisans, without their wages or their effects, from the French territory. The next was, to confiscate the savings' banks throughout France—virtually destroying thereby nine-tenths of the accumulated savings of French industry since the peace. The suspension of cash payments soon after lowered the value of all realised property a third. A heavy addition (45 per cent) was imposed on direct taxes: the period of payment anticipated by six months. Fifty millions of francs (£2,000,000) was next exacted from the Bank of France without interest: the "Bons du Trésor Royal" (Exchequer Bills) were thrown overboard; a *progressive* income-tax is hinted at; and Government have now openly commenced the work of spoliation by seizing upon the Paris and Orleans and Orleans and Vierzon railways, and directing their whole proceeds, averaging 200,000 francs (£8000) a-week, to be paid into the public treasury! This is done without a hint at disapprobation, or even an expression of dissent, from the whole press of France. Nay, they have now taken to stopping, like footpads, common travellers, and forcing them to give up their specie in exchange for worthless paper. We doubt if the whole history of mankind contains an account of the perpetration, in so short a time, of so many acts of rapacity, or such an instance of the slavish degradation into which the press has fallen.

Lord Brougham, a great liberal authority in his day, has given, in the House of Peers, the following graphic and characteristic account of the state of France at this time, (April 17.) from which he has just returned:—

"The present condition of Paris, if it continue for any time, would inevitably effect the ruin of that glorious country. Paris governs France, and a handful of the mob govern Paris. He hoped and trusted that they would live to see better times. He hoped that what they now saw passing before their eyes—the general want of credit, the utter impossibility of commerce going on, the complete ruin of trade in the capital and great towns, the expedients to which the Provisional

Government finds itself compelled to have recourse day by day to perpetuate its existence, and to make its ephemeral being last—one day taking possession of the banks of deposit to the robbery of the poor—another, stopping the supplies of the rich—a third day stopping travellers for the purpose of taking their money from them (hear, hear, and laughter) at the barriers, upon the ground that the town was in want of cash. He hoped, he said, that they would soon see such an unsettled state of things give way to a more firm form of government. He knew some of those individuals who had severely suffered by these circumstances—(hear, and laughter)—but he should inform their Lordships that he was not here present. (Continued laughter.) Although it was a pity to spoil their merriment, he yet rejoiced in being able to show them that there was not a shadow of foundation for the report which had been circulated respecting himself; when he came to the barrier, the circumstance occurred which had no doubt given rise to the story. He was told that he should stop in order that his baggage might be examined. On requiring further explanation for this conduct, he was informed that the inquiry was sought for *for the purpose of seeing whether he had any money.* (Laughter.) He had heard a great deal respecting the misgovernment of former rulers, but he had never heard of such a step as this being tolerated. He knew one person *from whom they took 200,000 francs, giving him bank paper instead.* The state of trade in that country was dreadful—the funds falling suddenly from 70 to 32; the bank stopping, notwithstanding the order for the suspension of cash-payments; the taking possession of one of the railways, with the proceeds, amounting to about £4000 a-week, which were put into Louis Blanc's pocket to be dispensed again according to his peculiar theory. In the same way, it was said, the Provisional Government intended to act with all the other railways. They had, no doubt, a right to do all this, if they pleased, and also, as it was rumoured they intended to do, to seize the bank, and to issue a paper currency to a very large amount. He only hoped that at the meeting of the National Assembly, they would open their eyes to the necessity of taking such steps as to prevent that mischief to which such experiments as these were likely to lead. (Hear, hear.) He believed that the certain result of such a government would be this—that they would be stricken down with imbecility, and would become too weak to perform the ordinary functions of a government. They might struggle on for a time, until some military com-

mander would rise and destroy the Republic, and perhaps plant in its place a military despotism. At this moment he was of opinion that any one general, with 10,000 men, marching into Paris, would have the effect of at once putting an end to the Republic. No man could doubt it. The Belgian ambassador the other day had applied to M. Lamartine for protection; the latter said in reply, he admitted the full right of the ambassador to such protection, but he had not really three men at his disposal. The people in Paris were as uneasy as any persons could be at this state of things, but they have made up their minds to the fact that this experiment of a Republic must be tried; so that France must remain a Republic for some time, whether it be for her advantage or not."—*Morning Chronicle*, April 13, 1848.

Wretched as this account of the present state of France is, its prospects are if possible still more deplorable. The misery brought on the working-classes by the ruin of commerce, destruction of credit, and flight of the opulent foreigners, is such that it is absolutely sickening to contemplate it. *Seventy-five thousand persons* are out of employment in Paris alone, which, with the usual number of dependents, must imply two hundred thousand human beings in a state of destitution. The only way of supporting this enormous mass of indigence is by maintaining it as an armed force; and it is said that 200,000 idlers are in this way paid thirty sous a-day to keep them from plundering the capital! But the resources of no country, far less one shipwrecked in capital, trade, and industry, can withstand such a strain. The following is one of the latest accounts of the financial and social condition of France, by an able observer on the spot:—

"The time is now fast approaching when the pecuniary resources left in the treasury at the revolution will be exhausted. The old loan has ceased to be paid up. The new loan remains a barren failure. The regular taxes are paid with reluctance, and are not paid beforehand except in Paris. The additional impost of 45 centimes (near 50 per cent on the direct taxes) is positively refused as illegal by the rural districts and provincial cities. The stock of bullion in the Bank of France decreases, and, in short, the progress of financial ruin goes steadily on. We pointed out some weeks ago the

exact and inevitable course of this decline, and we now read in a French journal of repute the precise confirmation of our predictions :—"We are now," says the *Journal des Debats*, 'but two steps removed from a complete system of paper-money ; and if we enter on that system, we shall not get out of it again short of the total ruin of private persons and of the state, after having passed through the most rigorous distress ; for it would be the suspension of production and of exchange.' The plan proposed, though not yet sanctioned by the Provisional Government, seems to be a general seizure and incorporation with the state of all the great financial and trading companies, such as the Bank of France, the railways, the canals, mines, &c., and the issue of a vast amount of paper by the state on the alleged credit of this property—in short, a pure inconvertible system of assignats. Monstrous as such a proposal appears, we are inclined to think that the rapid disappearance of the precious metals will render some such scheme inevitable, and it will be the form given to the bankruptcy and ruin of the nation."—*Times*, 14th April.

In the midst of these woful circumstances, the Provisional Government does not for a moment intermit in the inflaming the public mind by the most fallacious and false promises of boundless future prosperity from the adherence to republican principles, and the return of staunch republicans to the approaching assembly. In the same able journal it is observed,—

"We have now before us a handbill entitled the *Bulletin de la République*, and printed on white paper, the distinctive mark of official proclamations, headed, moreover, with the words "Ministère de l'Intérieur." This document is one of those semi-officially circulated, as we understand, by M. LEROUX ROLLIN, for the purpose of exciting the Republican party. A more disastrous appeal to popular passions, and a more delusive pledge to remedy all human sufferings, we never read ; for after having laid to the charge of existing laws all the miseries of a poor man's lot, heightened by inflammatory description, the working classes are told that 'henceforth society will give them employment, food, instruction, honour, air, and daylight. It will watch over the preservation of their lives, their health, their intelligence, their dignity. It will give asylum to the aged, work for their hands, confidence to their hearts, and rest to their nights. It will watch over the virtue of their daughters, the requisite provision for

their children, and the obsequies of the dead.' In a word, this exceptional and transitory power, whose very form and existence are still undefined, announces some necromantic method of interposing between man and all the laws of his existence on this globe—of suspending the principles of human nature, as it has already done those of society—and of changing the whole aspect of human life. No delusions can be so enormous : the word is too good for them—they are frauds ; and these frauds are put forward by men who know well enough that the effect of the present crisis already is, and will be much more hereafter, to plunge the very classes to whom these promises are made into the lowest depths of human suffering."—*Times*, 14th April.

One of the most instructive facts as to the ruinous effect of the late Revolution on the best interests of French industry, is to be found in the progressive and rapid decline in the value of all French securities, public and private, since it took place. It distinctly appears that *two-thirds of the capital of France has been destroyed since the Revolution*, in the short space of six weeks' Attend to the fall in the value of the public funds during that brief but disastrous period :—

French 3 per cents.				5 per cents.			
Fr.	St.			Fr.	St.		
1825	76	35	July 23	1817	68	0	July 29
1829	86	16	Dec. 5	1821	90	60	Nov. 2
1830	85	35	Jan. 18	1822	95	0	Sept. 5
1831	70	50	Dec. 2	1824	104	80	Feb. 5
1834	85	50	Nov. 30	1828	109	0	Sept. 4
1840	86	65	July 22	1829	110	65	Mar. 4
1844	85	65	Dec. 22	1831	98	30	Dec. 15
1845	86	40	May 20	1835	110	30	Feb. 4
1846	85	0	Feb. 28	1837	111	0	Sept. 5
1847	80	30	Jan. 2	1841	117	5	Sept. 4
1848	47	0	Mar. 15	1841	126	30	Mar. 4
1848	41	27	Mar. 20	1847	119	40	Feb. 22
1848	35	67	April 1	1848	116	75	Feb. 22
1848	34	64	April 5	1848	97	50	tell to 80
1848	33	10	April 14				Mar 7.
				1848	65	80	April 2
				1848	51	0	April 12

*La Presse*, March 12, and *Times* since that date.

The value of railway stock and bank shares has declined in a still more alarming proportion. Bank shares, which in 1824 sold for 3400 francs, are now selling at 900 francs—or little more than a FOURTH of their former value. Railway stock is unsaleable, being marked out for immediate confiscation. Taking one kind of stock with another, it may safely be affirmed

that *TWO-THIRDS of the capital of France has perished since the Revolution, in the short space of seven weeks.* The fruit of thirty-three years' peace, hard labour, and penurious saving, has disappeared in seven weeks of anarchical transports!! Of course, the means of employing the people have declined in the same proportion; for where credit is annihilated, how is industry to be maintained, before its produce comes in, but by realised capital? How is its produce to be disposed of if two-thirds of the classes possessed of property have been rendered bankrupt? Already this difficulty has been experienced in France. The Paris papers of 13th April announce that seventy-five thousand persons will be employed at the "*ateliers Nationaux*," or public workshops, at 30 sous a-day, in the end of April—at a cost of 112,500 francs a-day, or 3,375,000 francs, (£150,000) a-month. This is in addition to an armed force of above 100,000 men, paid for the most part two francs a-day for doing nothing. No exchequer in the world can stand such a strain; far less that of a bankrupt and revolutionised country like France. It is no wonder that the French funds are down at 32, and an issue of assignats—in other words, the open and avowed destruction of all realised property—is seriously contemplated.

This is exactly the condition to which France was brought during the Reign of Terror, when the *whole* inhabitants of Paris fell as a burden on the government, and the cost of the 680,000 rations daily issued to them, exceeded that of the fourteen armies which combated on the frontiers for the Republic. In those days the misery in Paris, the result of the Revolution, was so extreme, that the bakers' shops were besieged day and night without intermission by a famishing crowd; and the unhappy applicants were kept all night waiting during a severe frost, with a rope in their hands, and the thermometer often down at 5° Fahrenheit, to secure their place for the distribution when the doors were opened. There is nothing new in the condition of France and Paris at this time: it has been seen and experienced in every age of the world; it has been familiar to the East

for three thousand years. The principle that the state is the universal proprietor, the middle class the *employés* of government, and the labouring class the servants of the state, is exactly the oriental system of government. It is just the satraps and fellahs of Persia—the mandarins and peasants of China—the zemindars and ryots of Hindostan over again. Exact parallels to the armed and insolent rabble who now lord it over Paris, and through it over France, may be found in the Prætorians of Rome—the Mamelukes of Egypt—the Janissaries of Constantinople. The visions of perfectibility and utopian projects of Louis Blanc, Lamartine, and Ledru Rollin, have already landed the social interests of France in the straits of the Reign of Terror—its practical government in the armed despotism of the Algerine pirates, or the turbulent sway of the Sikh soldiery.

But the contagion of violence, the ascendant of ambition, the lust of rapine have not been confined to the armed janissaries of Paris, or their delegates the Provisional Government. They have extended to other countries: they have spread to other states. They have infected governments as well as their subjects; they have disgraced the throne as well as the workshop. Wherever a revolution has been successful, and liberal governments have been installed, there a system of *foreign aggression* has instantly commenced. The first thing which the revolutionary government of Piedmont did, was to invade Lombardy, and drive the Austrian armies beyond the Po; the first exploit of constitutional Prussia, to pour into Sleswig to spoliates Denmark. Open preparations for revolutionising Lithuania are made in the grand-duchy of Posen. A war has already commenced on the Po and the Elbe; it is imminent on the Vistula. Lamartine's reply to the Italian deputation proves that France is prepared, on the least reverse to the Sardinian arms, to throw her sword into the scale; his conduct in permitting an armed rabble to set out from Paris to invade Belgium, and another from Lyons to revolutionise Savoy, that the extension of the frontier of France to the Rhine and the Alps is still the



favourite project of the French republic. If he declines to do so, the armed prætorians of Paris will soon find another foreign minister who will. France has 600,000 men in arms: Austria 500,000: 150,000 Russians will soon be on the Vistula. Hardly was uttered Mr Cobden's memorable prophecy of the approach of a pacific millennium, and a universal turning of swords into spinning-jennies, when the dogs of war were let slip in every quarter of Europe. Hardly was M. Lamartine's hymn of "liberty, equality, fraternity," chanted, when the reign of internal spoliation and external violence commenced in France, and rapidly extended as far as its influence was felt throughout the world.

"And this, too, shall pass away." The reign of injustice is not eternal: it defeats itself by its own excesses: the avenging angel is found in the human heart. In the darkest days of humanity, this great law of nature is unceasingly acting, and preparing in silence the renovation of the world. It will bring about the downfall of the prætorian bands who now rule France, as it brought about the overthrow of Robespierre, the fall of Napoleon. The revolutionary tempest which is now sweeping over Europe cannot long continue. The good sense of men will reassume its sway after having violently reeled. The feelings of religion and morality will come up to the rescue of the best interests of humanity: the generous will yet combat the selfish feelings: the spirit of heaven will rise up against that of hell. It is in the eternal warfare between these opposite principles, that the true secret of the whole history of mankind is to be found: in the alternate triumph of the one and the other, that the clearest demonstration is to be discerned of the perpetual struggle between the noble and generous and selfish and corrupt desires which for ever actuate the heart of man.

"To rouse effort by the language of virtue," says Mr Alison, "and direct it to the purposes of vice, is the great art of revolution." What a commentary on these words have recent events afforded! Judging by the language of the revolutionists, they are angels descended upon earth. Nothing but

gentleness, justice, philanthropy is to be seen in their expressions: nothing but liberty, equality, fraternity in their maxims. Astræa appears to have returned to the world: the lion and the kid have lain down together—Justice and Mercy have kissed each other. Judging by their actions, a more dangerous set of ruffians never obtained the direction of human affairs: justice was never more shamelessly set at nought in measures, robbery never more openly perpetrated by power. Their whole career has been one uninterrupted invasion of private rights; their whole power is founded on continual tribute to the selfish desire of individual aggrandisement among their followers. We do not ascribe this deplorable contrast between words and actions to any peculiar profligacy or want of conscience in the Provisional Government. Some of them are men of powerful intellect or fine genius; all, we believe, are sincere and well-meaning men. But "Hell is paved with good intentions." They are pushed on by a famishing crowd in their rear, whom they are alike unable to restrain or to feed. They are fanatics, and fanatics of the most dangerous kind—devout believers in human perfectibility, credulous assertors of the natural innocence of man. Thence their enormous error—thence the enormous evils they have brought upon the world—thence the incalculable importance of the great *experimentum crucis* as to the justice of these principles which is now taking place upon the earth.

To give one instance, among many, of the way in which these regenerators of society proceed to spoliage their neighbours, it is instructive to refer to the proposals officially promulgated by the Provisional Government, in their interview with the railway proprietors of France, whom, by one sweeping act, it was proposed to "absorb" into the state. The Minister of the Interior stated that it was proposed to "purchase" the shares of the proprietors; and the word "purchase" sounded well, and was doubtless a balm to many a quaking heart, expecting unqualified confiscation. But he soon explained what sort of "purchase" it was which was in contemplation. He said

that it was the intention of Government to "absorb" all the railway shares throughout France; to take the shares at the *current price in the market*, and give the proprietors not money but *rentes*, or public securities, to the same amount! That is, having first, by means of the revolution, lowered the current value of railway stock to a twentieth, or, in some cases, a fiftieth part of what it was previous to that convulsion, they next proceed to *estimate it at that depreciated value*, and then pay the unhappy holders, not in cash, but in Government securities, themselves lowered to a third of their value, and perhaps are long worth nothing. A more shameful instance of spoliation, veiled under the fine names of "absorption," centralisation, and the like, never was heard of; but the Minister of the Interior had two conclusive arguments to adduce on the subject. Some of the railway lines at least were "paying concerns," and the republic must have cash; and all of them afforded work for the labouring classes, and Government must find employment for the unemployed.

To such a length have these communist and socialist projects proceeded in Paris, that a great effort of all the holders of property was deemed indispensable to arrest them. The effort was made on Monday, 17th April: but it is hard to say whether the dreaded evils or the boasted demonstration were most perilous, or most descriptive of the present social condition of the French capital. Was it by argument in the public journals, or by influencing the electors for the approaching Assembly, or even by discussion at the Clubs, as in the days of the Jacobins and the Cordeliers, that the thing was done? Quite the reverse: it was effected by a demonstration of *physical strength*. They took a leaf out of the book of the Chartist—they copied the processions of the Janissaries in the Atmeidan of Constantinople. The National Guard, *two hundred and twenty thousand strong*, mustered on the streets of Paris: they shouted out, "A bas les Communistes!"—"A bas Blanqui!"—"Vive le Gouvernement Provisoire!" and the Parisians flattered themselves the thing was done. Is not the remedy worse than the disease? What were

fifteen thousand unarmed workmen spouting socialist speeches in the Champs de Mars to 200,000 armed National Guards, dictating their commands alike to the Provisional Government and the National Assembly! Was ever a capital handed over to such a lusty band of metropolitan janissaries? What chance is there of freedom of deliberation in the future Assembly in presence of such formidable spectators in the galleries? Already M. Ledru Rollin is calculating on their ascendancy. Like all persons engaged in a successful insurrection—in other words, who have been guilty of treason—he is haunted by a continual, and in the circumstances ridiculous, dread of a counter-revolution; and in his circular of 15th April, he openly avows the principle that Paris is the soul of France; that it is the advanced guard of Freedom, not for itself alone, but the whole earth; and that the departments must not think of gainsaying the will of their sovereign leaders, or making the cause retrograde, in which all nations are finally to be blessed.

The account of this extraordinary demonstration, given in the Paris correspondence of the *Times* of 19th April, is so characteristic and graphic, that we cannot forbear the satisfaction of laying it before our readers. It recalls the preludes to the worst days of the first Revolution. ●

"Ever since the appearance of this bold defiance to the moderate majority in the Provisional Government, and its announcement that 'the gauntlet was thrown down—the death-struggle was at hand,' the city has naturally been in a state of subdued ferment. Various reports, some of the most extravagant kind, were circulated from mouth to mouth. It was said that the majority of the members of the Government intended retreating to the Tuileries, and fortifying their position—that a collision between the violent and moderate parties was imminent—that the Ultras, led by Blanqui, were to profit by a new manifestation in favour of a further delay in the general elections, and against the admission of the military into the city upon the occasion of the great fraternisation *fete*, in order to upset the moderate party in the Government; in fine, that Ledru Rollin, with two or three of his colleagues, was instigating, aiding, and abetting Blanqui in this movement

to get rid of that majority of his other colleagues that thwarted his designs. Whatever the truth of all these rumours, the alarm was general. It soon became generally known that a monster meeting of the working classes was to be held in the Champ de Mars on the Sunday, and that Messrs Louis Blanc and Albert, instigated, it was said, by the Minister of the Interior, had convoked this assembly. The Ultra party, it was added, designed to make use of this manifestation in order to forward the schemes already mentioned. This was the state of things on Sunday morning. In the Champ de Mars, a little after noon, the scene was certainly an exciting one. Delegates of all the trades and guilds of Paris were assembled, to the number of nearly 100,000 men. Banners were waving in all directions, and the fermenting crowd filled about a third of the vast space of the plain. It was with difficulty that an explanation could be obtained of the real object of the meeting. Its ostensible object, however, appeared to be the election from among the working classes of fourteen officers for the staff of the National Guard; although other motives, such as the choice of candidates among them for the general elections, and various deputations to the Government upon various matters connected with the endless organisation of work, were also put forward. There is every reason to believe that the greater part of the meeting had in reality no other object in view, and that the other secret intrigues fomented by the Blanqui party were confined, at all events, to but a chosen few. About two o'clock the monster procession began to move towards the Hotel de Ville. Along the outer boulevards, along the esplanade of the Invalides, over the Pont de la Concorde, and along the quays, it moved on, like a huge serpent, bristling with tri-coloured banners. The head of the monster appeared to have nearly reached its destination before the tail had fully left the Champ de Mars. In passing through the Faubourg St Germain, I found the *rappel* beating in every street; the National Guards were hurrying to their places of meeting, columns were marching forward; in every mouth was the cry that the Provisional Government was in danger from the *anarchists* of the Ultra party.

On reaching the quays, I found every thing in a state of revolution. They were already lined, literally from one end to the other, by files of the National Guards; other battalions were advancing towards the Hotel de Ville; the legions of the *Garde Mobile* were hurrying in the same

direction, and seemed, as far as I could judge, animated by the same spirit of resistance as the National Guards to the supposed *coup-de-main* expected to be directed against the majority of the Government. It was with difficulty that the advancing legions could proceed along with the monster procession, which seemed surprised and stupefied by the force displayed. Thousands upon thousands of spectators crowded the long thoroughfare also, all endeavouring to push on to the scene of action. I reached at last the Place de l'Hotel de Ville; it appeared a very sea of bayonets; a small space only was left for the passage of the procession. The force of the armed citizens of the National Guards and the *Garde Mobile* made certainly a tremendous show. In this state matters remained upon the Place for about four hours, during which the members of the Government were employed probably in receiving the delegates of the monster meeting of the working classes. From time to time, however, when they appeared at the windows of the old building, shouts were raised by the Guards, and the caps, hats, shakos, képpys, and all the other variations of *coiffure*, that suddenly burst up, like a forest, into the air upon every bayonet point, had a most singular effect. This was repeated continually. During the whole of this long scene, in which such of the armed force as filled the Place kept its position, the ferment among the surrounding crowd was intense. Several *hommes du peuple* were in a very angry and excited state; they declared that the working classes were insulted by this demonstration of the National Guards; that the National Guards were the enemies of the people; that the people must rise once more against them, &c. The cry against the Moderates was raised under the name of "*reactionnaires*" and "*faux républicains*"; the counter cry was "*anarchic*" and "*communisme*." Several times the angry parties among the spectators were on the point of coming to blows, and much hustling took place. This state of things remained the same when I left the Place de l'Hotel de Ville at six o'clock. In addition to the lines of National Guards that still occupied the quays, battalions after battalions of the different legions were still pouring along towards the Hotel de Ville even at that hour. The advancing columns reached through the Place du Carrousel far upon the Rue de Rivoli. They were hurrying on as quickly as the intense press permitted them, shouting almost universally, "*A bas les Anarchistes!*" or more commonly, for that was the real rallying cry,

"*A bas les Communistes !*" General Courtais, with his staff, was riding up and down among the advancing ranks, declaring, as far as I could hear, that the Government was no longer in danger, but thanking them for this demonstration of their desire to support it.—*Times*, 19th April.

On the following night, (Monday 17,) attacks were made by the Communists on the Treasury, the Hotel de Ville, and several other posts; but they were defeated by the National Guard.

It thus appears that the Provisional Government, before it has been seven weeks in office, is already passed in the career of revolution by a force from below! It is fain to summon the National Guard for its protection, and to receive the petitions of the *proletaires* and *ouvriers* from the Champ de Mars, surrounded not by the love of the people, but the bayonets of sixty thousand National Guards grouped round the Hotel de Ville! Insane projects of communism, and the division of all profits among the workmen, without leaving any thing for the profits of stock, have made such progress among them, that in a few weeks the Provisional Government is accused of imitating the conduct of Louis Philippe, because they do not forthwith adopt these without limitation, and are significantly warned to avoid his fate. It is evident that the destiny of the whole civilised world is wound up with allowing these communist ideas in France to run their course unmolested, and work out their appropriate and inevitable fruits.

We anticipate no good from the revolution in Prussia. We are well aware, indeed, of the intelligence and energy of that gallant people. We know that her inhabitants are the most highly educated of any people in Europe, and second to none in patriotism and spirit. Prussia is capable, in good time, and from her *own exertions*, of working out the elements of constitutional freedom. But we distrust all revolutions brought about by example. Contagion never yet spread the spirit of real freedom: foreign imitation may for a while overthrow existing governments, but it cannot establish new ones in their stead on a durable foundation. The Republic of

Rienzi, who, according to the fine expression of Madame de Stael, "mistook recollections for hopes," perished in a few years without leaving a wreck behind. Where are now the Batavian, Cisalpine, Ligurian, and Parthenopean Republics, which arose during the fervour of the first Revolution around the great parent Republic? What has been the result of the revolutionary mania which in 1820 threw down the established government in Piedmont, Naples, Spain, or Portugal? What has become of the Republics of South America, which borrowed their institutions from the French or Spanish model? Has any one of these countries obtained real freedom in consequence of their exertions? Have they not all, on the contrary, suffered dreadfully, and in nothing so much as their capacity for liberty, from their effects? Has not capital been so abridged, industry so blighted, security so endangered, violence so general, that the cause of freedom has been postponed for centuries, if not rendered entirely hopeless, from the triumph of foreign imported liberalism? Whatever it may effect elsewhere, *free-trade in revolutions* does nothing but evil in society. Nothing but what is of home growth, in constitutions at least, can succeed there. It is difficult enough to make the tree of liberty prosper even where it is indigenous in the earth: but who ever heard of a *transplanted tree of liberty* thriving in the soil to which it was transferred?

Already all the usual and well-known effects of successful revolution are to be seen in Berlin. Extravagant ideas among the working classes,—visions of unbounded felicity in all. Hopes that can never be realised,—expectations inconsistent with the first laws of society. In the midst of this chaos of excitement, transports, and chimerical projects, have come the inevitable attendants on such an assault on the established interests and order of society,—shaken credit, frequent bankruptcy, diminished employment, a falling revenue, augmented discontent, foreign warfare, general suffering. These effects follow so universally and invariably from the triumph of Revolution, that they may be fairly

set down as its inevitable results. It is in the midst of this scene of danger, excitement, and tribulation, that Prussia, without the least previous preparation for it, is to plunge at once into *universal suffrage*, equal electoral districts, and a deputy for every 50,000 souls! England, with its centuries of freedom, cautious habits, realised wealth, and opulent middle classes, could not withstand such a constitution. The abolition of the national debt, of the house of peers, and a division of property, would follow from it in three months. What, then, is to be expected from Prussia, which, so far from having served an apprenticeship to freedom, is not yet entered with the craft?

So strange and sudden has been the revolt at Vienna, that it is scarcely possible to conceive that it can be of lasting effects. The framework of society there, the habits of the people, the ideas prevalent among them, are essentially aristocratic. The change in the government was entirely the work of a few thousand ardent students and discontented burghers in the capital. There is no material suffering in the Austrian provinces: Charism is not there, as here, fanned by the misery produced by free-trade and a contracted currency. In these circumstances, it is not unlikely that, after the first blush of the insurrection is over, and men begin to consider in what respect they have benefited by it, there will be a general inclination to return to the former government. Probably a few concessions—as of a national Diet, where the wants of the country may be made known by a majority, still composed of nobles and landed proprietors—will satisfy the general wish. Old feelings will revive, old ideas return, old habits retain their ascendancy; foreign warfare will make the national supersede the social passions. It will be with them as was said of the first French Revolution in La Vendée,—giving privileges to the people is like casting water on a higher level—it speedily finds its way to the lower. The Revolution of 1848 in Vienna will be—like that of Jack Cade in England, or Rienzi in Italy, and all similar movements in countries not prepared for them—a brief and painful effort which

leaves not a trace behind. But this much may without the least hesitation be predicted. If this return to old feelings and habits does not take place—and Austria, with its various races, provinces, and interests, and accustomed submission to authority, is really revolutionised, its power will be annihilated, its provinces partitioned, its people enslaved, its happiness destroyed, and a fatal breach made in the great Germanic barrier which separates French Insurrection from Russian Absolutism.

What a contrast to the storms which now agitate and have so profoundly shaken the Continental states does the aspect of Great Britain at the same period afford? We, too, have our dangers: we have our Chartists and our Repealers: the whole force of revolution in this island, and of insurrection in the neighbouring one, have been directed to assail and overturn the constitution. This treasonable attempt, too, has been made at a time of all others most likely to give it success: when the ruinous dogmas of free-trade had paralysed industry, and of a gold currency had shattered it; when bankruptcies to an unheard of extent had shaken commerce to its centre, and an unexampled number of persons in all the manufacturing districts were thrown out of employment. Yet even in these, the most favourable of all circumstances for the success of sedition, when real and wide-spread internal suffering is aggravated by vehement external excitement, how has it fared with the revolutionists? Their treasonable designs have been every where met with calm resolution by the Government and the country; and with scarce any effusion of blood, without a contest which can be dignified with the name of rebellion, without a single execution, as yet at least, on the scaffold, their designs have been rendered abortive. The Press has stood nobly forward on this momentous crisis; and to its ability and truly patriotic spirit, the defeat of the disaffected, without bloodshed, is mainly to be ascribed. England has shown one instance at least of an empire saved by the unbought loyalty of her people and the free independence of her Press. The metropolis has set

a splendid example of mingled patriotism and firmness: and Europe, which expected to see the treason of the Chartists triumphant on the 10th of April, and another republic proclaimed on the banks of the Thames, was astonished to behold their boasted multitudes shrink from a contest with six thousand soldiers supported by an equal number of police. Beyond all question, it was the glorious display of public spirit then made by the middle and higher classes, who came forward to a man to defend the cause of order, which paralysed the audacity of the revolutionists, and saved the empire from the horrors of hopeless indeed, but in any event disastrous, civil warfare.

The following observations by a distinguished journal, long known for its able and intrepid defence of the cause of religion and order, put this memorable event in its true light:—

"The *eleventh of April*, in the year 1848, has arrived, and the United Kingdom is still a *monarchy*. The day, the great day, which was to revolutionise the nation, and to establish a republic on the French model, has passed over, and we find no change. The Parliament sits at its ease as heretofore; the courts of law administer justice as heretofore; and the officers of the executive are transacting the business of the Government without molestation. All other business, too, is proceeding in its ordinary course.

"A better means of estimating the strength of the Chartists than has yet been afforded, was afforded by the exhibition yesterday on Kennington Common. The five millions and a half mustered 10,000, or, to take the highest estimate, 15,000. It may be said that these were the Chartists of London and its neighbourhood; but though we have shown that this is not the fact, let it be so;—London and its neighbourhood comprise a population of two millions, giving five hundred thousand men of military age. Of these, then, but 15,000 at most—we say but 10,000—are Chartists: 1 in 500 according to our estimate, 1 in about 330 according to the higher estimate of the number on the common.

"Let us now turn to the more pleasing side of yesterday's proceedings; and let us, in the first place, acknowledge the true fountain of domestic peace, and of every other blessing—"UNLESS THE LORD KEEPETH THE CITY, THE WATCHMAN WAKETH BUT IN VAIN." To the bounty of Divine Providence we owe it, that this

morning we arise in peace to pursue our peaceful occupations. May we not add, with humility, that to the Giver of all good we owe the honour that the metropolis of England has won, in setting to the world an example of a peaceful victory over the worst spirit of rebellion, encouraged by the triumph of rebellion in almost every other capital of Europe. Yes, it is to Him, and to the teaching of His word, the glory is due.

We have told the number of Chartists; now what was the number of *special constables*?—Two hundred thousand; the *Morning Chronicle* says, we believe truly, two hundred and fifty thousand—no sickly spectres, like those whose perverse activity summoned them from their usual avocations, but the *manhood* of the metropolis, from the high-spirited nobility and gentry downward, through all the gradations of society, to the strong-armed artisan, and the robust drayman or coal-whipper. Yes, the special constables enrolled yesterday presented a body for spirit, strength, and number, not to be matched, out of Great Britain, on the face of the earth. How truly did we say a few weeks ago, that every Sunday saw meekly kneeling in the churches of the metropolis a body of men that could laugh to scorn the assault of any enemy, foreign or domestic, that could by possibility be brought to confront them. These men look for spirit, and strength, and safety in the right quarter, and *they themselves* yesterday exhibited the proof.

"The military preparations of the Government were prudent, as providing against the danger of local success on the part of the enemies of order, but it is plain that they did not operate by terror, for a soldier was not to be seen; it was the *little staff of the special constable* that quelled sedition, and it is right that this should be known to all our foreign enemies, and to domestic traitors, as proof beyond all doubt that the people of England are firmly united in defence of their constitution."—*Standard*, April 11.

That the Chartists fully expected a Revolution to be effected in London that day is decisively proved by their conduct in the provinces. At Glasgow, a placard appeared, headed

#### "THREATENED

"REVOLUTION IN LONDON;" and invited the people to be ready to come out by their thousands and tens of thousands, the moment farther intelligence was received. The "absorption" of the Electric Telegraph by Government was a sad blow to them, for it left them at a loss how to act.

It is impossible to exaggerate the moral guilt of the movement thus happily defeated by the firmness of the Government and the loyalty of the immense majority of the people. Situated as the Continent now is—with capital destroyed and credit ruined in France; war imminent, and commerce paralysed in Germany; and hostilities actually raging in Italy, it is evident that Great Britain, if secure of internal tranquillity, may again, as during the war, become the workshop and emporium of the world. Secure within her sea-girt shores, protected alike by her fleets, her armies, her past renown and present spirit, she has advantages during such a strife which no other country possesses, provided she does not throw them away by her own insanity. But this the proceedings of the Chartists and Repealers are precisely calculated to do. Had the London demonstration turned out successful, these prospects would have been utterly ruined, credit destroyed here as it has been in France, and the misery of the people augmented to a degree never, perhaps, before witnessed in modern Europe. Every Chartist meeting, by prolonging the period of distrust, by checking the return of confidence, by preventing the outlay of capital, postpones the restoration of prosperity by a certain period. As long as they continue, trade never can revive, industry must continue to languish, poverty to increase, suffering to be prolonged, woe to be augmented. What, then, is the guilt of those who, for their own selfish purposes, or to gratify a senseless vanity, prolong an agitation fraught with such disastrous consequences—retain the people, in whom they profess to be interested, steeped in such misery—and avert, when about to set in, the returning flood of prosperity to their country?

The French journalists, in the interest of revolution, are loud in their condemnation of the apathy, as they call it, of the great bulk of the English nation on this occasion, and ex-

press their astonishment that the Chartists, for some reason they cannot understand, shrink from a contest with the Government, under circumstances which gave them, as they think, every prospect of success. We will tell them the reason—which is not the less true, that it may not be altogether pleasing to their vanity: The English are major and they are minor; the English are men and they are schoolboys. We, too, have had our dreams of communism, but they were brought forward by Jack Cade in the days of Richard II.; we, too, have indulged in social aspirations, but it was in the days of the Fifth-Monarchy Men, and they ended in the despotism of Cromwell. It is very well for schoolboys and juvenile academicians to indulge in extravagant freaks suited to their years; but they do not become bearded veterans. When England became a man, she put away childish things. France, by the spoiliations and destruction of the first Revolution, has lost the elements of freedom. But Germany yet possesses them; and if she does not abuse her advantages, in two hundred years she may possess the mingled freedom and stability which now constitute at once the glory and happiness of England. It requires that time to be free of the craft of liberty; there is no royal road to freedom; any more than geometry. England has preceded other nations by two centuries in this glorious path; it would ill suit the masters to recede, and imitate the follies of such as are only becoming tyros in the attempt to follow it. Those who have long ago reached the summit, and know with what difficulty it was attained, can afford to smile at the young aspirants who invite them to descend and renew the toil of the ascent. Those who have spread political power with safety over a million of pacific electors diffused over a whole empire, have no occasion to imitate the example of those who would establish despotic power in the hands of two hundred thousand armed Janissaries of a single capital.

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## HOW TO DISARM THE CHARTISTS.

THE tempest which has lately passed over the moral world has begun to subside,—we no longer hear of empires revolutionised, monarchies overturned, by every post. The states which were to be prostrated by the blast have already fallen; those which have withstood the shock, like a cannon which has borne a double-shotted discharge, are only the more firm from having escaped uninjured from such a trial. France has been utterly revolutionised; Prussia, to all appearance, scarcely less thoroughly convulsed; Italy has been thrown into transports; the smaller states of Germany have, more or less, become republican; Austria has been violently shaken: the seeds of another bootless democratic convulsion sown in Poland. This is enough for three months. Even M. Ledru Rollin and Louis Blanc could scarcely, in their wildest imaginations, have figured a more rapid consummation of their wishes. But other states have stood firm. England, the first-born of freedom, has shown herself worthy of her glorious inheritance:—she has repelled tyranny in the form of democracy, as she has repelled tyranny in the hands of kings. Russia is yet unshaken:—her people have responded to the call of the Czar, and are preparing on the Vistula for a crusade into western Europe. Belgium, contrary to all expectation, has withstood the tempter; the hordes sent down from Paris to carry desolation into its beautiful plains have been repelled with disgrace. Denmark has boldly thrown down the

gauntlet to revolutionised and spoliating Prussia, and is striving to maintain its comparatively inconsiderable dominions against its gigantic aggressor; and even the rickety and half-revolutionised monarchy of Spain has survived the shock, and the streets of Madrid have witnessed the overthrow of a power which the arms of France proved unable to combat.

The worst, therefore, is over, considering the convulsion as one affecting the internal government and social concerns of nations. The wild-beast has made his spring: he has cruelly lacerated some of the party, but many have repelled his claws, and against others he has missed his blow. But, even more than that, we derive consolation from this reflection, that the force of the cosmopolitan and general transports has been weakened, and they are rapidly turning into their ordinary and comparatively regulated evils of war, conquest, and military devastation. The polyglot fervour, for the present at least, is stilled: the national are fast resuming the ascendancy over the social passions. Prussia is at open war with Denmark, in the hope of wresting from it the German possessions of the Danish crown: Piedmont, Tuscany, and Lombardy are combating Austria on the Adige: Naples has declared war against Sicily, and Russia is only waiting till its gigantic strength is collected in Poland to crush the efforts of revolution in the Grand-duchy of Warsaw and Duchy of Posen. Thus revolution is leading every where to its natural and oft



predicted result of universal hostility. The robbery of the weak by the strong, as in a nation where the authority of law is at an end, has become general. Spoliation is the order of the day. Nation is rising up against nation—people against people; civil war has already broken out in many parts of France—in others it is threatened: Paris is openly preparing for the conflict: and the reign of liberty, equality, and *fraternity* in France is, to all appearance, about to deluge the world with a stream of blood; second, perhaps, only to that which followed and punished the first revolution.

God forbid that we should speak lightly of the calamities which such general warfare must bring in its train. None know them better, or deplore them more deeply than ourselves. But they are light in comparison of the evils of successful revolution. War, even in its bloodiest form, is under some control. It is conducted according to fixed usages, and by men subject to discipline. But revolutions have no customs: happily they have not been so frequent in history as to have induced any customary usage. They are subject to no discipline: the principle on which they proceed is the negation of all authority. They are preceded by the destruction of all those barriers which experience had erected, and found necessary to restrain vice's baneful influence. If they bear any resemblance to war, it is to the universal burst of passion which follows the storming of a fortress or sack of a city. The murder, rape, and conflagration which then invariably ensue, are but faint images of the widespread ruin which never fails to follow even the least bloody successful revolution. The evils of pillage, massacre, or storm affect only the immediate sufferers under the soldiers' violence: even the dread of plunder by a victorious host extends only as far as the arm of the marauder can reach. But the shock to credit, the destruction of capital, the wasting of industry by a successful revolution, are confined to no such limits: it devastates like a conflagration every thing within its reach, and spreads its baneful influence over the whole extent of the civilised world. There are few operatives in

Britain who are not suffering at this moment under the effects of the French revolution. Who ever heard of a war which, in two months, destroyed *two-thirds* of the capital of a nation, and subjected thirty-four millions of men to the despotism of two hundred thousand armed janizaries in the capital, as the recent revolution has done in France?

Delivered by the firmness of our government, and the spirit of our people—by the wisdom which centuries of freedom has diffused, and the habits which wide-spread and long-continued prosperity have rendered general—from the immediate dangers of a similar convulsion, it well becomes us to take advantage of the breathing time thus afforded, to consider how we may lessen the danger in future times, and remove those causes which rendered it serious in the crisis through which we have passed. It is in vain to conceal that the danger was very great. For the first time for a hundred and sixty years, Revolution walked our streets: a large portion of our manufacturing population looked only for the telegraph from London on the 10th April to commence the work of insurrection. That such insane attempts would have been defeated is indeed certain; but what unutterable misery to the persons engaged in them, and the whole industrious population in the realm, awaited the successful issue of treason, even for a brief period, and in a single city? If Glasgow had been three days in the hands of the mob after the 6th March; if a portion even of London had remained in the possession of the Chartist on the night of the 10th April; if Dublin had become the theatre of a second rebellion on the 17th March, and Sackville Street had witnessed the throwing of rockets and storming of barricades, as Elbeuf and Rouen have lately done, who can estimate the shock which would have been given to industry, the ruin to capital, the destruction of employment, that must inevitably have ensued throughout the empire? It would not have been—as was said of the failure of the potatoes in Ireland—a famine of the thirteenth, with the population of the nineteenth century; it would have been the horrors of the

Jacquerie, decimating the myriads of ancient Babylon.

The democratic party throughout the empire have a very simple remedy for the evils which we have suffered and those we have escaped. They say, "Extend the suffrage." It has already become evident that it is to this point that all their efforts will be directed, and in a way more likely in the end to be successful than by the coarse weapons, false declamation, and monster meetings of the Chartists. Already an "Extension of the Suffrage League" has been formed in Manchester with Mr Cobden at its head; and its ramifications and efforts may be seen in simultaneous meetings called on the subject in Glasgow, Birmingham, Liverpool, Leeds, and other manufacturing towns. There is the more reason to apprehend serious consequences from such a league from the habit which government, following Sir R. Peel's example, has got into of late years of yielding to any clamour soever, provided it is sufficiently loud and lasting. There is reason to fear, from some ominous hints that have been dropped in several influential Journals, particularly the *Times*, that it may be in the contemplation of government, by some concession in regard to the national representation, to allay, as they conceive, the discontent which has fostered Chartism in the manufacturing districts, and establish the legislature in a way more adapted to the spirit of the age, and the growing intelligence of the people." It becomes of the last importance, therefore, to consider what it is of which the Chartists and discontented operatives really complain: what are the evils which have rendered their discontent general and alarming on the present occasion; and what effect an extension of the suffrage would have on the actual, and, we fear, deep-rooted seats of evil, which at present disturb the tranquillity and interrupt the industry, and may, in the end, endanger the existence of the British empire.

The grand practical object of complaint, on the part of the working

classes at present, is *want of employment*. This is so general, at least in the manufacturing districts, that it may be regarded as all but *universal* in those who depend on the chief branches of paid industry. Statistical facts of unquestionable accuracy demonstrate that this complaint is too well-founded, and in no situations more so than in the chief marts of our manufacturing industry. The weekly returns, made with so much accuracy by the police in Manchester, have exhibited an average, for the last six months, of about 30,000 operatives out of employment, and 11,000 working at short time;\* which, supposing there are only two persons on an average dependent on each, will imply above 27,000 persons out of employment, and 30,000 working short time. At Glasgow, matters are still worse. From inquiries made by the magistrates of that city, at the principal manufacturing establishments, with a view to furnish with information the deputation which was sent up to endeavour to procure some aid from government to restore credit and relieve the unemployed, it was ascertained that there are in that city above 11,000 persons out of employment, and 7,000 working on short time, and 11,000 railway labourers on the railways connected with that city, who have been dismissed. Taking the ascertained and known unemployed at 25,000, and their dependents at 2 each, which is below the average of 2½, it is certain there are 75,000 unemployed persons in Glasgow and its vicinity. And if the unascertained poor, casual labourers, and Irish are taken into account, it is much within the mark to say, that there are A HUNDRED THOUSAND PERSONS IN GLASGOW AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD OUT OF EMPLOYMENT, besides at least twenty thousand working short time! So great and lamentable a prostration of industry is probably unparalleled in Great Britain.

What is in a peculiar manner worthy of observation in this deplorable prospect, is the *universality* of the depression. It is not confined to one branch of industry, or one

a the week ending April 29, 1848, the workers in Manchester stood thus,—

Full time, 24,756. Short time, 10,630. Unemployed, 9,303.

*Times*, May 4, 1848.

employment; it spreads alike over all the *urban* population in the empire. Doubtless it is more severely felt in the manufacturing districts than elsewhere, from the entire dependence of industry in commercial localities on credit, and the fearful sensitiveness with which any shock to the monetary system is felt throughout the remotest ramifications of the mercantile world. But distress, more or less, in towns at least, is now universal. In Edinburgh the unemployed are increasing to such a degree, as to excite serious alarm in the better class of citizens. In Dublin, between general distress and repeal agitation, business is entirely at a stand; rents cannot be recovered, sales have ended; and the universal prostration resembles nothing known in recent times but the still more general and poignant distress which in Paris has followed the triumph of the revolutionists. London has suffered, as yet, much less than any other part of the empire from the general depression, because it is the seat of all the realised wealth and durable fortune of the empire: it is the place where money is spent, fully more than where it is made. But even in London, distress, wide-spread and serious, is beginning to be felt. The diminished expenditure of the West End is loudly complained of, and the incessant introduction of foreign manufactures is a standing subject of irritation to the operative classes. The revenue is collected slowly and with difficulty; and its diminished amount, showing a falling off of above two millions a-year, demonstrates that the permanent sources of our strength have at length come to be affected.

It is extremely remarkable, too—and to this point we in an especial manner request the attention of our readers—that the distress is felt *much more strongly in the commercial than the agricultural classes*. Indeed, were it not for the increased weight of poor-rates, owing to the manufacturing distress, the multitude of railway labourers thrown idle by the stoppage of their lines, and the number of landholders who have had their finances crippled by the universal fall of railway and other shares, it may be doubted whether there would now be any agricultural distress in the empire

at all. Where it exists, it is entirely the reflexion or re-echo, as it were, of commercial ruin. This is the more remarkable, that the only serious and real disaster which has affected the country since the depression began, has been the failure of the potato crop in 1846, which of course blasted, in the first instance at least, the labours of the cultivators only; and that the distress now felt as so poignant has been continued only, not created, by the French and German revolutions. Down to February last, no class had suffered by real external calamity but the farmers: and yet the distress which has become so extreme, has arisen not among them, but among the merchants and manufacturers. This, too, has occurred at a time when a great change has been made for the interest, and at the desire, of the commercial classes, in our foreign mercantile policy,—when free trade has been introduced, to cheapen bread, lessen the cost of production, and facilitate exchanges: and when the ruin which was anticipated from the measure was not to the commercial but the landed interest. This is one of the most remarkable circumstances in our present condition, and one on which it most behoves both our legislators, and all interested in their country's welfare, to ponder.

While this deplorable prostration of the interests of industry in all its manufacturing branches has taken place, *no corresponding general decline in prices has occurred*. The producer has in too many cases been ruined, but the consumers have not as yet at least been benefited. In some branches of manufacture, indeed, a most frightful depreciation of value has taken place. Silks, muslins, and ladies' dresses are now selling for half of what they were a year and a half ago. But that is the effect of the French revolution, which has thrown such an immense quantity of articles of this description into the British market, and of the unparalleled number of failures amongst ourselves, which have forced such prodigious masses of stock, belonging to sequestered estates, to sale. These bankruptcies, and the ruinous contraction of the currency which has occasioned them, afford too satis-

factory an explanation of the depressed prices in most of the staple articles of British manufacture. But in those articles which are not so dependent on the maintenance of commercial credit, and in which the good effects of free-trade might have been expected to appear, unmitigated by its attendant disasters, no diminution of price is perceptible.

The last harvest was so fine, that a public thanksgiving was offered for the blessing; and it came on the back of the importation of £31,000,000 worth of foreign grain, or above 12,000,000 quarters in the preceding fifteen months: but the price of wheat is still 51s. a quarter, and that of oats and barley yet higher in proportion. Oxen and sheep, as well as all kinds of provisions, have been imported to an enormous extent during last year;\* so great, indeed, as to make the able writers in the *Times* apprehend that they had drained away the whole currency of the country in exchange; but butcher meat is still 7d. a pound. The West Indies are irrecoverably and finally ruined, but we are paying 5d. and 6d. a pound for our slave-grown Cuba and Brazil sugar. The *Banker's Circular* of May 2, 1848, asks whether there was ever heard of before a monetary crisis which "had lasted a year" but no man, during that year of fine harvest, general peace, and universal suffering, has found that his household expenses have experienced the least diminution from what they were during the previous years of protected industry, widespread contentment, and unbroken prosperity. Free-trade is evidently driving some of the staple branches of British industry out of the field; one is expiring in the West Indies, another

languishing in Manchester, a third tottering in Glasgow; and the diminution of home production keeping pace with the increase of foreign supply, prices remain what they were—domestic is superseded by foreign industry: and we shall have the satisfaction of finding that we have ruined many staple branches of our own manufacture without benefiting any class of our people.

It must be evident to every rational observer that this extraordinary and universal depression must have been owing to some cause *within the control of the government of this country*, and that neither external calamities, nor the inclemencies of nature have had any material share in producing it. Within the short period of three years not only was there no deficiency of employment in any part of the empire, but labour bore a high, in general an extravagantly high price in every part of the empire. Sir R. Peel in an especial manner dwelt on this general flood of prosperity which had set in upon the country in spring 1845, and ascribed it, and the diminution of crime with which it was accompanied, to the measures for liberating commerce from fiscal restraint, which he had introduced on his first coming into power. Since that time no external disaster or warfare has arisen, till the French Revolution broke out in February last, to account for the stoppage of employment, or the general misery into which the lower classes have fallen. We were at peace with all the world: our exports in the year 1845 had reached the unprecedented amount, including the colonial productions, of £150,000,000;† and railways, penetrating the country in all directions, gave an extraordi-

\* Imported from January 5 to October 10—

	1845.	1846.	1847.
Live animals,	19,593	85,542	172,355
Provisions, cwts.,	109,550	206,455	403,577
Grain, quarters,	1,336,739	2,635,218	7,905,419
Grain in flour, cwts.,	394,900	2,631,341	7,900,880

*Parl. Paper*, 12th Feb. 1848.

† Exports, Official Value.		Imports, Declared Value.	
British and Irish Prod. and Manuf.	Colonial	Total.	
1844 £131,564,503	£14,397,246	£145,961,789	£58,584,292
1845 134,599,116	16,280,870	150,879,986	60,111,081

—PORTER'S *Progress of the Nation*, 358, 2d Edition.

nary degree of employment to the working classes. In autumn 1846, it is true, Ireland and the West Highlands of Scotland were visited by a failure, amounting in many places to a total ruin, of the potato crop, which is said to have destroyed agricultural produce to the amount of £15,000,000 sterling. But though this great defalcation was the source of extreme distress to the cultivators who suffered by it, and to a certain degree diminished the general supplies of the empire, yet it could not be considered as the cause, by itself, of the wide-spread ruin which has since overtaken every interest in the empire. The agricultural productions of Great Britain are estimated by statistical writers at above £300,000,000 sterling annually, and the manufacturing and mining certainly exceed £200,000,000. What is a failure of £15,000,000 of potatoes in such a mass? Such as it was, the gap was more than supplied by the importation, in a year after it occurred, of £31,000,000, or double the amount in value, of foreign grain. The harvest of 1847 was so fine that a solemn thanksgiving was, with the general approbation of the nation, offered to Almighty God for its blessings. Prices have since been not excessive, wheat being at an average about 51s. a quarter—yet still, in May 1848, we are in universal distress; and the want of employment is felt much more strongly by the manufacturing classes, who have been affected by no disaster whatever, than the agricultural, who have suffered one which has now passed away.

While these are the social evils which the working classes every where experience, and which have alone rendered the Chartist movement general or serious in the country, the great complaint, in a political point which they every where make is, that the

legislature and the government are alike indifferent to their representations: that they turn a deaf ear to their complaints, show themselves insensible to their tales of woe, and refuse even to give that moderate relief to them which is easily within their power, which a paternal government is bound to extend to its distressed subjects, and which, in former days, under Tory administrations, was never withheld from the people, when suffering under dispensations not approaching to the present in duration or intensity. To give an idea of the feeling *now universal* in the commercial and manufacturing districts, we subjoin an extract from a journal conducted with much ability, the *Daily Mail* of Glasgow.

"The household suffrage movement originates in a deep-seated conviction that the present legislature works ill. There are practical measures offered for its acceptance, which it rejects; and yet the feeling of the country is in their favour. Means of employing the idle are suggested; but by the government and by the parliament they are heedlessly neglected. Some crotchet in political economy is introduced into a plain matter of accounting; and meanwhile the people starve, because their sustenance, in the way proposed, is men a tent with something that somebody has written in a book. There is an obvious insufficiency of food, of employment, and of investment in the country, while land languishes for lack of tillage; and when the plain remedy for these great deficiencies is pressed, there arises the ghost of long-past folly, waving its parchment before the legislature, and so the living are starved, in strict accordance not with the meaning but with the mistake of the dead. Free-trade is proclaimed to be the rule of our political practice by the same men who enact and maintain laws to fetter and reduce the circulation of the country, which is the life of its trade. We hear of free-trade with foreign countries, in which duties equal to twenty, thirty, and forty per

\* *Viz*—

Agricultural Produce.		Manufactures and Mines.	
		1845.	
19,135,000 arable acres at £7 each, . . .	£133,915,000	Exports, . . .	51,000,000
27,000,000 grass and meadow, at £6 each, . . .	162,000,000	Home market, 133,000,000	
15,000,000 waste, . . . . .	5,000,000		
Total, . . . . .	£300,915,000		£184,000,000

—*Portman's Progress of the Nation*, i. 177.

cent are charged upon our products, although the existence of freedom of trade under these circumstances is absolutely impossible.

"The nation holds colonies in all quarters of the world, purchased and maintained at a costly rate, embracing every characteristic of soil and climate on the earth, competent to provide homes and sustenance for nearly the whole population of the world; and the legislature voluntarily casts away all interest to be derived from their progress, except its cost. The national affairs are managed on some kind of rule altogether different from any thing that a prudent man would adopt in the guidance of his private business; and so employment becomes scarce, and food dear together; while the natural and necessary results are, popular irritation, and a desire for change, which have led to the associations for extending the suffrage, now general throughout the great cities of the empire."—*Glasgow Daily Mail*, May 2, 1848.

There is too much foundation, all must admit, for these complaints. On occasion of the dreadful monetary crisis of October 1847, when ministers were compelled to break through the Bank Charter Act, and nearly all railway labour and mercantile industry in the country was suspended from the impossibility of finding funds to carry them on, the government were besieged with the most earnest memorials from the chambers of commerce in nearly all the commercial cities of the empire, and especially London, Glasgow, Liverpool, Birmingham, and Edinburgh, pointing out the ruinous effects of the Bank Restriction Act of 1844; but still they did nothing. They contented themselves with appointing a committee, in which the

bullionists were understood to have the majority, in parliament, which, after sitting long, and examining a host of witnesses, and burying the question under heaps of blue folios, will probably end by reporting a year hence in favour of the present system. The most vigorous remonstrances have been made by the same commercial bodies against the threatened abrogation of the Navigation Laws; but that has not in the slightest degree shaken the avowed determination of government, to carry the principle of free-trade without limitation into that vital branch of our national industry.

The West India interest demonstrated in a manner "*luxe meridiana clausa*," that the equalisation of the duties of foreign slave-grown to home free-labour-raised sugar, would prove utter ruin to our West India colonies, and reinstate in frightful activity the infernal traffic of the slave-trade; but this did not produce the slightest impression on government, and they without hesitation consigned these noble colonies to destruction, and restored the slave-trade throughout the globe, rather than abate one iota of the dogmas of free-trade, or raise sugar a penny a-pound.\* All the great cities of the empire have sent deputations or memorials to government, beseeching in the most earnest manner a grant of exchequer bills, or the aid of treasury credit in some way, to set agoing the unfinished lines of railways, and enable them to find a certain amount of labour for the unemployed; but they have every where met with a decided refusal. We must have free-trade in every thing, in pauperism, typhus fever, and insurrection, as well as in corn, cotton, or sugar. *Laissez faire* is the universal

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\* One of the oldest and wealthiest houses in Glasgow in the West India trade has just failed for £400,000, and in their circular announcing the suspension of their payments they observe:—

"For upwards of half a century we have steadily followed our business of West India merchants, never engaging in speculations of any kind. Our assets chiefly consist of sugar estates in Trinidad and Demerara. These estates are in excellent condition, capable of making large crops; but they have been rendered worse than unprofitable and of no value by acts of Parliament—the worst of which being the Sugar-duty Act of 1846—whereby slave-made sugar was admitted to consumption in this country, on terms which the British colonies are altogether unprepared to compete with. We are, Sir, your most obedient Servants. LUCLES, BURNLEY, & Co."

This is the truth, and nothing but the truth, honestly and manfully spoken. These gentlemen have been as completely spoliated by Act of Parliament as were the estates of the French emigrants by the Convention.

system : all government has to do is to hinder the competitors coming to blows. Every thing must find its level, though that level to one-half of the community is the bottom of the cellar. One thing only is to be protected, and that is gold ; one class only is to be saved from competition, and that class is the great capitalists.

This obstinate resistance of government to the wishes, and declared insensibility to the wants and necessities of the country, is the more remarkable that it exhibits so striking a contrast to the paternal spirit by which government was formerly actuated. Suffering, never indeed approaching in extent and intensity to that which now afflicts the nation, but still sufficiently distressing, has been often experienced in former times ; but on none of these did the government hesitate to come forward with a large grant, founded on the public credit, to alleviate the general calamity, and always with the very best effects. In 1793, in consequence of the breaking out of the war, and the general hoarding which took place in France during the terrors of the Revolution, a great export of gold from the British islands to the Continent took place ; but Mr Pitt at once came forward with a grant of £5,000,000 to aid the commercial interest ; and so rapidly did this well-timed advance restore credit, that a small part only of this large sum was taken up, and very little of it was lost to the nation. In February 1797, a similar cause produced that great run on the bank which brought that establishment to the verge of ruin ; but the same minister instantly introduced the suspension of cash payments, which at once restored credit, revived industry, and carried the nation in a triumphant manner through all the dangers and crises of the war. In 1799 and 1800, two successive bad harvests brought the nation to the verge of starvation ; but government interposed by various sumptuary laws regarding food, stopped distillation from grain, and themselves imported immense quantities of Indian corn for the use of the people. In 1811, a similar calamity ensued from the effects of Napoleon's continental

blockade, and American Non-intercourse Act ; but government again interposed with an issue of exchequer bills, and confidence was restored, and with it industry and commerce revived.

In 1826 very great depression existed in all branches of industry, in consequence of the dreadful monetary crisis of December 1825 ; but government stopped the crash, as Lord Ashburton has told us, by issuing £2,000,000 of old and forgotten notes from the Bank of England, and then alleviated the distress by a copious issue of exchequer bills to aid the commercial interest, which soon brought the nation out of its difficulties. But since the government has been popularised by the revolution of 1832, nothing of the kind has been done. The long-protracted distress from 1838 to 1841, and the dreadful suffering of 1847-8, have been alike unable to extort for British suffering one farthing in aid of the national industry from the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The principle *laissez faire* has prevailed alike over the strongest claims of justice and the most piteous tales of suffering. Government seems resolved that the nation shall drain the lees of free-trade to the dregs, and taste it in all its bitterness. It is no consolation to suffering British industry to see that 210,000,000 was in one year voted to suffering Irish idleness, and 420,000,000 in another to the grand step in West Indian ruin. The people see that the first was yielded to terror, the last to fanaticism ; and the melancholy conviction has forced itself on every mind that government now yield to nothing but the strongest pressure from without ; and that the doors of the Treasury will be opened only to the fierce demand of threatened high treason, or the reverberated echoes of wide-spread delusion.

Ministers were aware of all this ; and they knew also that, on the first declaration of war with France or any foreign power, they would at once raise a loan or issue exchequer bills to the extent of at least £20,000,000 sterling. Here is an enemy worse than the French, or the French and the Repealers united—want, fever, famine, disaffection, despair, actually within our bosom, and consuming the

very vitals of the state ! A word from the Chancellor of the Exchequer would at once arrest the misery, dispel the sedition, restore bread to millions, revive loyalty in a wasted and perishing state.\* Why, then, is it not instantly done ? why does not government eagerly seize so glorious an opportunity of healing the wounds of the suffering people, and extinguishing, by deeds of beneficence, the demons of discord and disaffection in the realm ? Because it would interfere with a *principle* : it would intercept the free employment of wealth ; it might alarm capitalists, lower the value of Exchequer bills, and for a week or two depress the funds a-half, or perhaps one per cent. It would be a substantial *extension of the currency*, and that would imply an avowal that it had formerly been unduly contracted ; it might be quoted against ministers as a tardy and reluctant admission of the error of their former monetary policy in the parliamentary committee, or in the House of Commons ! It is for such wretched considerations as these that relief is refused, and want, wretchedness, and treason prolonged throughout the kingdom. Were the subject not so serious, and even terrible in all its bearings, their conduct would remind us of the well-known reasons assigned by Dr Sangrado to Gil Blas, for continuing, to the evident destruction of his patients, the system of hot water and bleeding.

“ ‘ Sir,’ said I one evening to Dr Sangrado, ‘ I call heaven to witness, that I exactly follow out your method, nevertheless all my patients slip out of my hands to the other world : one would think they *take a pleasure in*

*dying, to discredit our system.* . . . If you would follow my advice,’ replied I, ‘ we would change our system of practice.’ ‘ I would willingly,’ replied he, ‘ make the trial, if it led to no other consequences than those you have mentioned ; but I have published a book in which I extol the frequent use of the lancet and hot water ; *do you wish me to decry my own work ?*’ ‘ Oh ! you are right,’ replied I, ‘ you must never think of giving such a triumph to your enemies : they would say you have at length confessed your error ; that would ruin your reputation : perish rather the nobless, the clergy, and the people. Let us go on as we have begun.’ We continued accordingly our system, and went on with such expedition, that in six weeks we had occasioned as many funerals as the siege of Troy.”†

We speak advisedly, and after a full observation of its effects, when we say, that the great majority of the unhappy persons who, within the last year, have been sent into the Gazette, owe their ruin as completely and exclusively to the measures of government, as Dr Sangrado’s patients did their death to the copious bleedings and warm water draughts which he prescribed to them. Only think what our rulers have done, and then say whether any save colossal private fortunes, engaged in mercantile adventures, could withstand the effects of their measures.

I. The government, in the first place, by the bill of 1819, compelled the Bank of England to pay its notes in gold ; by the act of 1826 prohibited the issuing of any notes below five pounds ; and by the act of 1844 in England, and 1845 in Scotland and

\* The inquest set on foot by the magistrates of Glasgow in support of their deputations, showed that six railway companies alone connected with that city could, if aided by government, employ for a year workmen as follows :—

Caledonian Railway Company could employ	14,000 men
North British do. do.	8,500 „
Scottish Central, and Scottish Midland Junction do. do.	3,500 „
Edinburgh and Glasgow do. do.	2,500 „
Barrhead and Neilston Direct do. do.	500 „
Glasgow and Ayr, and Dumfries and Carlisle, do. do.	10,000 „

Total labourers, 39,000

Embracing, with their dependants, at least 120,000 persons, besides mechanics and others indirectly benefited.

† *Gil Blas*, lib. 2, c. 5.



Ireland, restricted the notes issuable on securities, in the whole empire, to £32,000,000, declaring that, for every note beyond that limit issued by any bank, sovereigns to an equal amount must be stored up in the vaults of the issuer. In a word, they made the whole circulation beyond £32,000,000 a metallic currency. At the same time, they provided that, for every five sovereigns beyond a certain limit withdrawn from the Bank of England, a five-pound note should be withdrawn by that establishment from the circulation.

II. Having thus laid the nation fast in golden fetters, and prevented the possibility of an extension of the currency, for carrying on all undertakings beyond this £32,000,000, save by an augmentation of the gold coin in the country, government next proceeded to give every possible encouragement to railway undertakings, and to pass bills through the legislature for new undertakings of that description, requiring the outlay from 1845 to 1848 of at least £150,000,000 sterling, *in addition* to the ordinary expenditure and operations of the country, already raised at that period to an unusual and unprecedented height.

III. Having thus, in 1844 and 1845, landed the empire in an extraordinary and unheard-of amount of undertakings, requiring the utmost possible extension of the currency to carry these on, government, in 1846, next proceeded to introduce the free-trade system—allow the free importation of foreign grain, and throw down the protection barriers which had hitherto alone sheltered the native industry of the empire, and prevented, save on extraordinary emergencies, any considerable drain upon its metallic resources. They thus raised the imports to £85,000,000, sent the metallic circulation headlong out of the country, and of course contracted, by the force of the law of 1844, in a similar proportion, its paper circulation. By the two combined, they occasioned such a strain upon the bank that, in the end of October 1847, it was within a few days of stopping payment. Ministers were in consequence obliged to suspend the Bank Charter Act; but not

till an amount of bankruptcy had been brought upon the middle class, and misery upon the people, unparalleled in the history of Great Britain.

IV. Free-trade having exposed our colonists in the West Indies, who were charged with an indolent emancipated black population, to a direct competition with the slave colonies of other countries, where sugar, being raised by forced labour, could be brought to the market at little more than half the price which it cost in the British—government next obstinately adhered to their determination to ruin these colonies, and destroy capital to the amount of £100,000,000 sterling, rather than abate one iota of their free-trade principles: realising thus, indeed, the exclamation of Robespierre—"Perish the colonies, rather than one principle be abandoned!" The consequence is, that one half of the estates in the British West India islands will go out of cultivation, and be choked with jungle in the course of this year. Agricultural produce, once averaging £22,000,000 annually, will be destroyed in the next: a market once taking off £3,000,000 of our manufactures, and giving employment to 250,000 tons of our shipping, will be extinguished: and the foreign slave-colonies, having beat down British competition, will get the monopoly of the sugar-market of the world into their own hands, and raise its price to 7d. or 8d. a pound in the English market—thus terminating the miserable advantage for which all these disasters are incurred.

Whoever considers seriously, and in a dispassionate mode, the necessary effect of the measures on the part of government which have now been detailed, so far from being surprised at the extent of the devastation and ruin which has occurred simultaneously in Great Britain, Ireland, the East and West Indies, will only be surprised that it has not been greater and more wide-spread than it actually has been. He will regard it as the most decisive proof of the vast resources of the British empire, and the indomitable energy of the British people, that they have been able to bear up at all against such repeated and gratuitous blows, levelled, not

intentionally, but from mistaken principles, by their own rulers at the main sources of national prosperity. And he will not consider it the least remarkable circumstance, in this age of wonders, that when the ruinous effects of these their own measures had been clearly and beyond all dispute demonstrated by experience, government not only positively refused to make the smallest abatement from, or change in their suicidal policy, but in every instance declined to give the slightest assistance to the persons ruined by, or suffering under it.

To us, reflecting on the causes to which this extraordinary and unprecedented conduct on the part of government is to be imputed, it appears that it can only be accounted for from two causes, to the combined operation of which the present distressed condition and recent danger of the British empire are entirely to be ascribed.

The first of these is the fatal and still undiminished influence of the *political economists* in the legislature. No great and disastrous has it been, that we do not hesitate to say, that we regard that sect as the worst enemies the empire ever had. What has made them so disastrous to the best interests of their country is, that they have introduced the custom of looking upon the science of government, not as a matter to be based upon experience, and modified by its lessons, but as consisting of theories to be determined entirely by general reasonings, and considered to depend solely on the conclusions of philosophers, in works of abstract thought. They have thus come to disregard altogether the sufferings of nations or classes of society under their systems, and to adhere to them obstinately in the midst of general ruin and lamentation, as Dr Sangrado did to his bleedings and hot-water cure, though they had occasioned more funerals than the siege of Troy? They look upon a nation as the surgeon does upon a patient who is held down on the marble table to undergo an operation. This was just the case with Turgot—one of the first and most eminent of the economists, and who began the French Revolution by introducing their doctrines into French

legislation. He regarded," says Senac de Meilhan, "the body corporate not as a living and sentient, but as a lifeless and insensible substance, and operated upon it with as little hesitation as an anatomist does on a dead body." Beyond all doubt it was the suffering produced by the contraction of the currency from 1826 to 1830 that brought about the storm of discontent which issued in the Reform Bill. And if the empire is to be further revolutionised, and the Chartist agitation is to end in household or five-pound suffrage, it will unquestionably be owing to the wide-spread misery which the combined operation of free-trade and a fettered currency have extended through the empire.

The second cause to which this strange insensibility of government to the evidence of facts, and the sufferings of the empire, is to be ascribed, is the influence in the legislature of that very class which was installed in power by the revolution of 1832. The movement in that year was essentially democratic—it was by the effort of the masses, joined to that of the middle classes and the Whig aristocracy, that the crown was overawed, and the change forced upon the country. But the change actually made was in the interest and for the benefit of one of these parties only. The shopkeepers, by the framing of the Reform Act, got the government into their own hands. By schedules A and B, the colonies and shipping interest were at once disfranchised; by the ten-pound clause, the majority of votes in the urban constituencies was vested in the shopkeepers; by the places enfranchised, two-thirds of the seats in the House of Commons were for towns and boroughs. Thus the majority, both of the seats and the constituents, was put into the hands of the trading classes. Thence all the changes which have since taken place in our national policy. The practised leaders of parliament soon discovered where power was now practically vested,—they are as quick at finding out that as courtiers are at finding out who are the favourites that influence the sovereign. Thence the free-trade measures, and the obstinate retention of a contracted currency. It is for the interest of capitalists to

lower the price of every thing except money, and render it as dear as possible; it is for the interest of the retailer and merchant to buy cheap and sell dear. Thence the free-trade system and contracted currency, which have now spread such unheard-of devastation throughout the empire. When a class obtains the ascendancy in government, it becomes wholly inexorable, and deaf to every consideration of justice or expedience urged by any other class. Of such class government may be said, what Thurlow, with his usual wit and sagacity, said to a suitor who was complaining of the denial of justice he had experienced from an incorporation.—"Justice, Sir! did you ever expect justice from an incorporation? which has no soul to be damned, and no body to be kicked."

It is no doubt true that a large proportion of the persons who have suffered under the system introduced into our colonies, have been the very commercial and manufacturing class who have imposed it upon government. The manufacturing operatives joined the shopkeepers in the cry for free-trade,—and where has it left numbers of them?—in the workhouse and the Gazette. But that is no uncommon thing in human affairs; perhaps the greatest evils which befall both nations and individuals are those which they bring upon themselves by their own folly or grasping disposition. Providence has a sure mode of punishing the selfishness of man, which is to let it work out its natural fruits. If the deserved retribution to selfish and interested conduct were to be taken out of human affairs, how much misery would be avoided here below, but what impunity would exist to crime!

The working classes in the manufacturing districts, who now see how entirely they have been deluded on this subject, and how completely free-trade has turned to their own ruin, have a very simple remedy for the evils under which they labour. They say, "Extend the suffrage; give us a due sway in the legislature, and we will soon protect our own interests. The revolution of 1832 in Great Britain, and that of 1830 in France, has turned entirely to the advantage of the *bourgeoisie*; and we must have another

Reform Bill to give us the blessings which Louis Blanc, Ledru Rollin, and the Socialists promise to France." This idea has taken a great hold of the public mind in a certain class of society. It is the natural reaction of experience against the innumerable evils which free-trade and a contracted currency have brought upon the country. The manufacturing and working classes, who joined the trading interest in raising the cry for these measures, finding themselves now crushed, or deriving no benefit from their effects, see no remedy but in taking the matter entirely into their own hands, and putting an end at once, by obtaining the command of the House of Commons, to all those measures which gratuitously, and for no conceivable purpose but the interest of the trades, spread ruin and desolation through the nation.

We object strenuously to any such change: and that from no attachment to the free-trade and fettered currency system, to which we have always given the most determined resistance, but from a firm desire for, and clear perception of, the interests of the great body of the people, to which, though often in opposition to their blind and mistaken wishes, we have uniformly given the most undeviating support.

A uniform system of voting, such as a £5 or household suffrage, which is now proposed as a remedy for all the evils of society, is of necessity a *class representation*, and the class to which it gives the ascendancy is the *lowest* in whom the suffrage is vested. It must be so, because the poor being always and in every country much more numerous than the rich, the humblest class of voters under every uniform system must always be incomparably the most numerous. It is this circumstance which has given the ten-pounders the command of the House of Commons under the new constitution: they are the humblest and therefore the most numerous class enfranchised by the Reform Act, and consequently, under the uniform household suffrage, they have the majority. They have so for the same reason that, under a similar uniform system, the privates in an army would outnumber the whole officers, commis-

sioned and non-commissioned. . But if the suffrage is reduced so low as to admit the representatives of the operatives and "proletaires," or those whom they influence, (which household or a £5 suffrage would undoubtedly do,) what measures in the present state of society in this country, and feeling throughout the world, would they immediately adopt? We have only to look at the newly formed republic of France, where such a system is established, to receive the answer. Repudiation of state engagements, (as in the case of the railways;) confiscation of property under the name of a graduated income tax; the abolition of primogeniture, in order to ruin the landed interest; the issue of assignats, in order to sustain the state under the shock to credit which such measures would necessarily occasion, might with confidence be looked for. And the question to be considered is, would these measures in the end benefit *any class of society*, or, least of all, the operative, in a country such as Great Britain, containing, in proportion to its population, a greater number of persons dependent on daily wages for their existence than any other that ever existed?

What is to be expected from such ruin to credit and capital but the immediate stoppage of employment, and throwing of millions out of bread? Even if the whole land in the country were seized and divided, it would afford no general relief—it would only shift the suffering from one class to another. What, under such a system, would become of the millions who now exist on the surplus expenditure of the wealthy? They would all be ruined—England would be overrun by a host of starving cultivators like France or Ireland. A plunge down to household suffrage would soon effect the work of destruction, by reducing us all in a few years to the condition of Irish bog-trotters. It is no security against these dangers to say that the working class, if they get the majority, will take care of themselves, and eschew whatever is hurtful to their interests. Men do not know what is to prove ultimate-

ly injurious in public, any more than they perceive, in most cases, what is to be for their final interest in private life. The bourgeoisie got the command of the country in France by the Revolution of 1830, but have they benefited by the change? Let the enormous expenditure of Louis Philippe's government, and the present disastrous state of commerce in France, give the answer. The workmen of Paris got the entire command of the government by the Revolution of 1848, and already 85,000 of them are kept alive, only working at the "Ateliers Nationaux," while 200,000 are lounging about, eating up the country with bayonets in their hands. The middle classes got the command of Great Britain by the Reform Act, and their representatives set about free-trade and restricted currency measures, which have spread distress and bankruptcy to an unparalleled extent among themselves. The Reform Bill, by establishing these measures, has destroyed a fourth of the realised capital of Great Britain.\* Household or universal suffrage would at once sweep away a *half* of what remains, as it has recently done in France. And in what condition would the 30,000,000 inhabitants of the British empire be if *three-fourths* of the capital—in other words, three-fourths of the means of employing labour, or purchasing its fruits—were destroyed? We should have Skibbereens in every village of Great Britain, and grass growing in half of London.

What, then, is to be done to allay the present ferment, and tranquillise the country, when so rudely shaken by internal distress and external excitement? Are we to sit with our hands folded waiting till the tempest subsides? and if the present system is continued, is there any ground for believing it ever will subside? We answer, *decidedly not*. We must do something—and not a little, but a great deal. But what is required is not to augment the political power of the working classes, but to remove their grievances;—not to give them the government of the state, which they can exercise only to their own and the nation's ruin, but to place

\* This is within the mark. It has lowered the funds from 100 to 80, or a fifth; railway stock on an average a third; West India property nine-tenths; and mercantile stock, in most cases, nearly a half.

them in such a condition that they may no longer desire to govern it. This can be done only by abandoning the system of class government for the interest chiefly of the moneyed interests, and returning to the old system of general protective and national administration.

The first thing which is indispensably necessary towards the restoration of confidence and enterprise in the moneyed classes, and consequent employment and happiness in the poor, is to repeal the Bank Charter Acts of 1844 and 1845; and in lieu thereof to establish such a system as may provide a *safe, sufficient, and equal* circulation for the empire. Above all, it is necessary to establish a circulation which shall be capable of *expanding*, instead of *contracting*, as specie is drawn out of the country. This is the one thing needful. Till this is done, every attempt to alleviate the existing misery, in a durable way, will prove abortive. Nobody wants to have French assignats issued amongst us, or to have every insolvent who chooses to call himself a banker authorised to issue currency *ad libitum*, and substantially usurp the Queen's prerogative by coining worthless paper into doubtful money. But as little can the nation go on longer with our circulation based exclusively on gold coin, and liable to be contracted as that coin is drawn out of the country; thereby *doubling the evil*, by first inducing speculation when specie is plentiful, and then withdrawing the currency when it becomes scarce. Still less can this be borne, when a system of free-trade has been established amongst us which has enormously increased our importations, especially in articles of food and rude produce, for which experience proves nothing but cash will be taken by the holders; and which, in consequence, has induced a consequent *tendency outward* in the precious metals, from which, if no corresponding increase in domestic circulation is permitted, nothing but contraction to credit, stoppage to speculation, and ruin to industry is to be anticipated. *Least of all* can such a system of draw-

ing its paper as the gold goes out, be endured when political circumstances have so much increased the demand for the precious metals in the neighbouring states; when the revolutions in France and Germany have at once rendered hoarding general in those countries, and deluged us with their bankrupt stocks, for which nothing but specie will be taken in exchange; and when the commencement of hostilities, both in Italy and Germany, has occasioned the usual demand for gold, as the most portable of the precious metals, to meet the necessities of war.

The way in which the dreadful evils consequent upon commercial credit, and consequently universal employment, being kept dependent on such an unstable equilibrium as that which gold must ever, and most of all in such circumstances, afford, is perfectly evident. What is wanted is something to *equalise the supply of currency*; to contract paper when the precious metals are abundant, and, consequently, credit is becoming dangerously expansive, and to expand it when they are withdrawn, and, consequently, credit is in danger of being ruinously contracted. Sir R. Peel's system does just the reverse of this: it pours paper in profusion through the country, and consequently fosters absurd and improvident speculation, when specie is abundant, and draws it in suddenly, and with frightful rapidity, the moment that the precious metals begin to be withdrawn, either from the effect of extended importations or foreign warfare. To go right, and obviate the dreadful evils which their system has introduced, we have nothing to do but to establish a monetary policy *precisely the reverse*. What is wanted is a *sliding scale for paper-money*, — a system which shall tend to contract paper issues when specie is abundant, and pour them forth with restorative and beneficial vigour the moment that it begins to disappear. Thus, and thus alone, it was that Mr Pitt enabled the country to combat the dangers and surmount the difficulties of the revolutionary war.\* Under

\* Bank of England notes in circulation, —

1796	£10,729,520	1800
1797	11,111,120	1810

£16,854,809  
21,019,609

Alison's England in 1815 and 1845, Appendix.

Sir R. Peel's system, the nation, and every one in it, would have been bankrupt when the bank stopped payment in 1797, and we should long ere this have been irrecoverably rendered a province of France.

It belongs to practical men, versed in the mysteries of Lombard Street and the Stock Exchange, to say *how* this important object is to be attained with due attention to the security of the notes issued, and sufficient safeguards against an over-issue, and consequent injury to capital, by an undue rise of prices owing to that cause. That the thing is *possible* is self-evident. It appears to be essential to such a system that one of two things should be done. Either that the issuing of notes should be left to all banks, under the limitation that private banks should be obliged to take up their notes at all times,—in Bank of England paper or gold or silver—and deposit government securities to the extent of the notes so issued, to be appropriated to their payment in case of bankruptcy; and that the Bank of England should be bound to pay its notes in gold or silver, at the price those metals bear *at the time of presentment*. Or, that the issuing of notes, like the coining of money, should be confined entirely to government or its officers; and that the regulation of their amount should be entrusted to certain elevated functionaries—like the commissioners of the national debt—with instructions to them to regulate their issues by the price of gold and silver, *increasing* them when the rise in the value of those metals showed that they were leaving the country, and contracting them when the price fell, and it was evident that the necessity for an extended paper circulation was passing away.

Of course it would be necessary, under such a system, to impose some limit to the obligation of the Bank of England to pay in specie; but this might be done either by obliging that establishment to pay in either of those metals at the current price they bore in the market at the date of presentment, or by providing, that beyond a certain amount of notes payable on demand, as £40,000,000 for Great Britain and Ireland, notes of a *different*

*colour*, as red, should be issued, which were exchangeable for specie only when the precious metals had again fallen to a certain price in the market. These notes should be issued when gold rises to a certain price, and is evidently leaving the country—just as grain from government stores should be issued to the people in periods of scarcity—and drawn in when it returns, and the price falls. We throw these out only as crude suggestions, which may or may not be adequate to answer the purpose in view. What we rest upon, and press in the most earnest manner upon the consideration of the country, is the *absolute necessity* of altering the present system of contracting the paper when the gold is taken away—in other words, *limiting the issues of bread when the beef fails*—and substituting for it one of extending the issue of paper when the precious metals are withdrawn; in other words, *increasing the issues of bread when those of beef have become deficient*.

The next measure which appears indispensable to secure internal tranquillity in the empire is, to make a very considerable government grant, to enable the railway companies to complete the principal lines now on foot, but still in an unfinished state. Every consideration of justice, expedience, and necessity, calls for such a grant. Many of these railways can be completed in no other way. Their directors have already borrowed all the money on the security of the undertaking which the law allows (a third;) and the diminished means and straitened credit of the shareholders, for the present at least, has disabled them from answering any further calls. The works must stand still, a deformity and a disgrace to the country, if government relief is *not* afforded. Parliament has declared the expedience of these lines by having passed the bills for their formation. Most, perhaps all, of these would have been completed ere this, had not the fetters imposed on the currency by the Bank Charter Act so straitened credit that it has become impossible. The very name of government being willing to advance a certain sum, as two or three millions, to enable these companies to resume their work, would so restore

and vivify credit, that it is probable a very small part of the sum voted would be taken up by these undertakings. The restoration of private credit, by such a measure on the part of government, would unlock the immense coffers of wealth which now, from the prostration of private credit, lie unemployed in the country. For, such is the strange and anomalous condition in which we stand, that while our streets are crowded with thousands and hundreds of thousands of unemployed labourers and artisans seeking employment, our banks and insurance offices are crowded with thousands and hundreds of thousands of unemployed capital seeking investment. Yet these two superfluities cannot reach or relieve each other. Why? Because credit and currency are wanting to enable the one to pass over to the other. Let government lay the foundation of the bridge, and the communication, to mutual advantage, will soon be restored.

Incalculable is the benefit which such a resumption of these works would occasion, both to the individuals connected with, or employed by them, and the country at large. It would give bread at once to hundreds of thousands of unemployed labourers, who have been seduced from their regular avocations by the high wages offered two years ago on the Eve, and now find return to their former employments impossible, from these having been filled up. It would thin the Chartist and household suffrage meetings, by stopping the distress which fills them, and giving the working classes something better to do than listening to intemperate and seditious speeches: it would render productive the capital and labour already expended on these undertakings, and give their directors the means both of paying a dividend to the proprietors, and liquidating, at no distant period, the whole debt borrowed from the state: it would assuage and relieve unbounded distress, both in the once wealthy and the labouring classes of the state: it would vivify and facilitate commerce, by opening up means of communication through districts requiring it, and to the formation of which the sanction of the legislature on that ground has been

given;—but most of all, it would evince, by deeds more eloquent than words, the sympathy of government with the sufferings of the people, wrest from the agitators their strongest arguments against the constitution as it stands, and relieve government of the fearful imputation to which it is now exposed, of first having encouraged the nation to engage in vast and important internal measures, and then deprived them, by legislative enactments, of the means of carrying them into complete execution.

A third step which is indispensable to disarm the Chartist agitation and restore internal confidence and peace to the country, is to provide on a great scale, and by government machinery, for the relief of the *labour market*. Various causes have now conspired to render this a matter of paramount necessity. In Ireland, the long-continued agitation for Repeal, coinciding with the indolent and improvident habits of the people, the desolating effects of the potato famine of 1846, and the enervating consequences of the noble government grant of £10,000,000 to meet its necessities, joined to the seditious and treasonable efforts of the insane Young Ireland party, have so completely paralysed industry, that the Emerald Isle may now be regarded as little more than a huge workshop of pauperism, a sort of *officina pauperum*, from whence starving multitudes are incessantly issuing to deluge the adjoining states. The number of emigrants who left it for distant colonies in 1847 was above one hundred thousand, but that is but a small part of the dreadful stream of pauperism which incessantly pours forth from its still crowded shores. In the first nine months of 1847, the number of Irish who came to Glasgow was 49,981, and that number has since been on the increase, for, from the last report of the parochial board of Glasgow, it appears, that in five months and ten days preceding 25th April 1848, the number of Irish who landed in Glasgow was 42,988! This is at the rate of nearly 100,000 a-year; and these squalid immigrants, let it be recollected, come to a country where labour has already, from the effects of free-trade and a fettered currency, and the

disastrous stoppage to orders produced by the French and German revolutions, become a perfect drug in the market; and when in and around the single city of Glasgow, above 100,000 human beings, including dependants, are already out of work! Individual charity, local efforts, are nugatory against such prodigious masses of pauperism: you might as well have expected the staff of the Russian parishes to have resisted the invasion of 1812.

Perhaps there is nothing which has occurred, in our time, so much to be regretted, as that the noble grant of ten millions from Great Britain to relieve the distress of Ireland during the famine, was not, in part at least, devoted to the purposes of emigration. We all know how it was spent. No inconsiderable portion was absorbed by the fever-failing frauds of the local Irish agents employed in its distribution, and the remainder in making good roads *bad ones*. No part was employed in a form which could reproduce itself. There was one thing, and but one, *already good* in Ireland, and that was the roads. On that one good thing the whole magnificent grant was wasted. Now half the grant, £5,000,000 sterling, would not only have provided 700,000 or 800,000 Irish with the means of crossing the Atlantic, but it would have transported them from the coast up the country to the frontier of the Forest. That is the great point which is never attended to by those who contend for free-trade in emigration, in other words, for liberty to transport the emigrants in crowded and crazy ships, half-manned and ill provisioned, to the shores of America,

and then leave them in sheds at the first harbour to starve or die of fever.

The advocates for free-trade in emigration forget that labour is as great a drug on the sea-coast of America as on the crowded shores of the Emerald Isle: it is no unusual thing to see five thousand emigrants, chiefly from Ireland, land at New York in a single day. But as much as labour is redundant in the American sea-port towns, it is scarce and in demand in the far west. Millions and tens of millions of unappropriated acres are there to be had for the asking; and an able-bodied man is sure to be instantly taken up at half-a-crown or three shillings a-day. The American papers say that "a stout European, with nothing in the world but his arms and his legs, if moved on to the *far west*, is worth a thousand dollars to the United States." He is worth more to England; for, if settled in Canada, the Irish pauper immediately becomes a consumer of British manufactures to the extent of £2 a head; if to Australia, to the extent of £10 a head. The free-trader in emigration stops short of all these things—instead of transporting the emigrant to the edge of the Forest, where his labour could produce these results to himself and his country, it leaves him to pine, with his starving children, in a shed on the quay—a burden to the community he is fited to bless, and carrying with him the seeds of a mortal typhus pestilence into any region which, if he survives, he may visit. As a proof that these statements are not overcharged, we subjoin an official return of the fate of the emigrants who landed under the free-trade system in Canada in 1847.\*

\* FREE-TRADE IN EMIGRATION.—The numbers who embarked in Europe, in 1847, for Canada, were 90,006; viz., from England, 32,228; from Ireland, 34,329; from Scotland, 3,752; and from Germany, 7,697. Of the whole number, 91,882 were steerage-passengers, 634 cabin, and 5,511 were infants. Deducting from this aggregate the Germans and the cabin passengers, the entire number of emigrants who embarked at British ports was 89,733, of whom 5,293 died before their arrival, leaving 84,445 who reached the colony. Of these, it is estimated that six-sevenths were from Ireland. Among the thousands who reached the colony, a large portion were labouring under disease in its worst type, superinduced by the extremity of famine and misery which they had suffered previous to embarkation. Of the 84,445 who reached the colony alive, no less than 10,037 died at arrival—viz., at quarantine, 3,452; at the Quebec Emigrant Hospital, 1,041; at the Montreal Hospital, 3,579; and at other places in the two Canadas, 1,965—leaving 74,408. But of these no less than 30,265 were admitted into hospital for medical treatment. Thus it will be seen that more than one-seventh of the total embarkations died, that more than one-eighth



It displays the most stupendous instance that ever was exhibited of the manner in which the absurd principles of free-trade, when applied to pauperism, misery, and typhus fever, may convert what might, under proper management, be the greatest possible blessing to our own people and the colonies, into the greatest possible curse to both.

What should be done is perfectly plain and generally acknowledged. You will not find ten men of sense or information in Great Britain, out of the precincts of the colonial and other government offices, who have two opinions on the subject. To relieve the labour market in Great Britain and Ireland, a great effort should immediately be made to transport some hundred thousand of the *very poorest class, who cannot emigrate on their own resources*, to Canada, the Cape, and Australia. Wages in the latter country are from 4s. to 5s. a-day for common, 6s. and 7s. a-day for skilled labour. Ireland is the great quarter to which this relief should be extended: it is surplus multitudes are taken off, the pressure on Great Britain will speedily be abated. Ships of war to lighten the cost of transport, should be employed to transport the emigrants as they do our regiments. Government barracks should be established with proper officers, to receive the emigrants at their landing, separate the healthy from the sick, establish the latter in proper hospitals, so as to stop the spread of typhus fever, and forward, at the public expense, the healthy and active to the frontier. Other officers should be appointed there to allot to them ground, find them tools, furnish them with seed, or provide them with employment. This should be done to at least three hundred thousand or four hundred thousand emigrants annually for some years to come. We should like to see the Chartistism or Repeal Mania which would long stand against such a course of humane, and withal wise and truly liberal, legislation.

But such great measures would require money. The average cost of each emigrant so transported and looked to in the colony would be £6 or £7; three or four hundred thousand persons so provided with the means of emigration would cost from £2,000,000 to £2,500,000 a-year. Granted.—Could the money be better bestowed? It would not yield no return, like that devoted to making good Irish roads bad ones: it would convert three hundred thousand paupers annually into consumers of British manufactures to the amount of three or four pounds a head: it would add £1,000,000 or £1,200,000 a-year to the export of British manufactures: it would secure a durable vent for our goods by planting British descendants in the New World: it would spread joy and comfort through Manchester, Birmingham, and Glasgow, not less than Tipperary and Galway: it would extinguish—and extinguish by means of Christian beneficence—the flame of disaffection in the realm: it would give to our people all that French socialism has that is really beneficial, and save them from the unutterable and mealenable evils with which it is fraught: it would restore the balance between capital and industry, so grievously and ruinously deranged by the effects of free-trade of late years: it would go far to alleviate the misery which the pernicious dogmas regarding the currency have spread through the country. For blessings such as these, is the issue of exchequer bills to the extent of two or three millions a-year for some years an extravagant price to pay? Would not *five times the sum* be at once borrowed by the state in a single year if war were to break out with France or America? Are the dangers of any such war to be compared to those which must inevitably be incurred if the present frightful mass of pauperism, idleness, and destitution, is allowed to continue unrelieved, and to go on increasing in the country? What must, in the end, be the result of such a state of things, but internal anarchy,

of the total arrivals died, and that more than one-third of those who arrived were received into hospital. Up to the 12th of November last, the number of destitute emigrants forwarded from the agency at Montreal to Upper Canada was 38,731; viz, male adults, 12,932; female adults, 12,153; children under twelve, 10,616; infants, 3,026.—*Report of Executive Council, Canada. Parl. Paper, May 8, 1848.*

foreign degradation, ultimate ruin? And is there no obligation upon those whose policy since 1846 has brought these calamities on the nation, to apply the national credit in the attempt at least to relieve them? Hear the just and eloquent observations of the *Times* on the subject:—

"There is a multitudinous population growing yearly more multitudinous, more exacting, more wretched. The end of each succeeding year sees the addition of nearly a quarter of a million of human beings to the inhabitants of this country. The crowded seats of our manufactures and commerce—Liverpool and Manchester, Nottingham and Stockport—teem with the annual increment of creatures, who exclaim, 'Give us work and bread.' How shall we meet this cry? Shall we tell them that work is an affair of demand; that demand depends upon competition; that competition is an effect of population; that population outruns subsistence; that they are too many; in a word, that they have no right to exist? They would be bold men—that would be a bold government which should hold such language as this. With Chartism in front, and discontent in the rear, it would be perilous to begin such lecturing. But is not the principle acted on, though not avowed, when, with a vast territorial dominion, in which labour might grow into power, and poverty into wealth—with mines of ore and fields of fertility—with capital calling for labour, and adventure crying for help—the State refuses to acknowledge the duty of settling its redundant multitudes in its own distant lands, or discharges it in a higgledy and gawling mood?"

"The danger of such neglect or such partiality is great. Time eludes on, adding able to the numbers and the discontent of the masses. Misery has strange visions. The misery of multitudes invents a wild policy. They whose normal condition is endurance, will avenge themselves on the empire by a normal agitation. They whom the national wealth does not assist in bettering their fortune, will wage an obstinate war against wealth, property, and order. We have put down Chartism; but we have not conciliated discontent. Let us beware lest the discontented become the majority. Much depends upon ourselves, much on the use to which we turn our existing establishments; and no establishments have we more valuable than our colonies. A colonial empire founded on the savings of our superfluous wealth and the cravings of our unemployed industry, would be a

grandeur commemorating of victorious order and triumphant law than a century of hospitals or a myriad of wash houses. Those who were elated and those who were dejected by the 10th of April, might alike view with pleasure the glorious fabric of a new empire springing from the ruins of a broken faction and the energies of a noble purpose, emblematic of the bow of hope that spans the earth—emblematic of the only faith that ever yet incalculable liberty, fraternity, and equality wrought."—*Times*, May 12, 1848.

But towards finding this vent for our indigent and unemployed population at home, in the colonies, it is indispensable that the colonies should be preserved to the British crown; and from the effects of free-trade, it is very doubtful whether this will long be the case. Every body knows that the West Indies have been utterly ruined by the act of 1846—estates are valueless, and the planting of canes is rapidly ceasing. We know of an estate which, within fifteen years, was sold for £38,000, which was knocked down within these few weeks for £20! To give an idea of the feelings which the unexampled injustice to which they have been subjected have excited in these once noble and loyal islands, we subjoin an extract from the *Jamaica Despatch* of April 7.—

"The affairs of Jamaica have now arrived at that desperate crisis that there is, we believe, not one man in the colony whose dependence rests solely on property invested within it that would not, could his single voice effect the change, pronounce at once for adhesion to any other government than that which has beggared him. Loyalty is, at best, but a sentiment dependent for stability upon circumstances. We love our country so long as, and because we think, our country protects our lives, our liberties, and our properties. We are patriots whilst the government of our country secures to us those possessions which our industry has earned for us, and which the written constitution has guaranteed us. All human experience shows this limit to the most exalted spirit of loyalty and patriotism. True it is we have not the power of Canada. We are as unable as we are unwilling to change our lot by force; but let England beware lest passive alienation of every sentiment that can attach us to her as a nation do not prove even more dangerous to her colonial power than any active spirit of disaffection could be. This magnificent colony has, indeed, been sinfully and trea-

sonably sacrificed. *The property of the Queen's subjects has been compensated without offence on their part; whilst, in a political point of view, each day renders the colony less and less valuable to the Crown as a national dependency. All commerce between Jamaica and the mother country must speedily cease. Of exports there can be none. Ministers the fatal Whig Government, which has proved to be the evil genius of the West Indies whenever destiny placed it in the ascendant—have pronounced the final doom of West Indian cultivation. After August next, when the present crop shall have been taken off, *prospecta in via sunt de necessitate ut Coloniæ sugar produce.*”—*Journal des Antilles*, April 7.*

Canada will ere long, if the present system be adhered to, follow the example of the West Indies; and having ceased, from the destruction of all its privileges, to have any interest in the maintenance of its connexion with Great Britain, it will take the first convenient opportunity to break it off. If we have lost our colonies, what security have we that they will not refuse to admit the stream of pauperism which now flows into them from the parent state, that they will not treat them as the fraternising French republicans did the British artisans, and send them all home? And even if they should still consent to receive them, what security should we have for the maintenance of export of the £15,000,000 of British manufactures which now go out to our colonies? If, like the Americans, they levy their whole revenue to maintain their independent government upon imports from this country. Recollect the exports to America with 20,000,000 inhabitants, are not £10,000,000 annually, or 10s. a head; to Canada, with 1,500,000, about £3,800,000, or £2 a head; and to the West Indies, hitherto about £3,000,000 to 800,000 souls, or nearly £1 a head.

If the English like free-trade—if they are content to have their sovereigns by the million go out, as in 1847, to buy foreign grain, and foreign manufactures supplant British in all our staple branches of manufacture, let all means let them have it. Let them perpetuate the year 1847, with all its blessings, to all eternity. Free-trade is their own work; let them

taste its fruits, and drain the cup they have selected to the dregs. But the colonies, be it recollected, had no hand in introducing that system. They were utterly and entirely disfranchised by the Reform Bill; schedules A and B cut up their representation by the roots. Free-trade was forced upon them by the representatives of Great Britain, not only without their concurrence, but in opposition to their most earnest remonstrances. Whatever may be said as to our present distress being the work of our own hands, and of our now reaping the fruits of the seed we have sown, that is wholly inapplicable to the colonies. Protection to their industry is what they have always prayed for: it is to them the condition of existence; it is the sole bond which unites them to the empire. Soon the bond and the connexion will be dissolved. And when dissolved, we shall have the woful reflection—we shall incur the damning imputation with future time, that in we lost for no national or worthy object from no foreign danger, or external necessity, but from the mere ascendency of interested legislation in the parent state; and that the greatest colonial empire that ever existed, that which had grown up during two centuries, and resisted the assault of Napoleon in the plenitude of his power—was dissolved from the desire to maintain a principle which promised no greater benefit than, for a few years, to lower the price of sugar a penny a pound to the British consumers.

It is from measures such as we have now advocated, and from them alone, that we expect the extinction of the Chartist or household-suffrage agitation, and the restoration of the wonted feelings of steady loyalty in the British nation. The subordinate matters, so much the objects of anxiety and care to the legislature, are not to be despised; but they will prove entirely nugatory, if measures such as these are not simultaneously and vigorously adopted. There is no way of really improving the condition of the working classes, but by augmenting the demand for labour. This is what they want: we never hear of them petitioning for wash-houses and

cold baths, or a health-of-towns bill: it is a "fair day's wage for a fair day's work" which they always desire. Rely upon it, they are right. By all means give them wash-houses and cold baths: broad streets and common sewers; airy rooms and moderately-sized houses; but recollect, if you do not give them work at the same time, it will all prove nugatory. Lodge them all by a miracle, or a successful revolution, in Buckingham Palace and Stafford House to-morrow, and in a week, if you do not give them the means of earning good wages, they will be as filthy, squalid, and diseased as ever. Thirty families will be located in the grand saloon: twenty-five in the green library; forty or fifty starving fishermen will be comfortably lodged on the great

stair. Typhus will spread, sedition will be hatched, treason prepared in the royal palaces, as well as in St Giles, or Manchester. There was not a more depraved or miserable set in Paris than the seven or eight hundred persons who squatted down in the Tuileries after the late revolution, and were only dislodged by bringing up artillery. Restore protection to colonial industry: relieve the great works in progress throughout the empire; engage in a great system of government emigration; give the country a currency adequate to its necessities, and commensurate to its transactions; and you may bid defiance to Chartist agitation, and drain off, if you cannot extirpate, the stream of Irish pauperism and treason.

#### STODDART AND ANGLING.

We do not lose a moment—we take the earliest opportunity—to thank Mr Stoddart for his book. Well, this is a cool piece of effrontery! So say some flippant folks, who fancy themselves abreast of the literature of the day, and in whose mid-waste of mind, as in the desert, one may pick up now and then a few dates. They are so kind as to remind us that Mr Stoddart's book was published early in the spring of 1847. Apart altogether from our perfect knowledge of the time of the publication, we fling back the charge of effrontery with imperturbable contempt. The spring of 1847! There never was any such season. Who saw the glimpses of its smiles? who heard the chirping of its songs? who smelt its perfume? who felt its refreshing airs? who nibbled its green shoots? None of the human senses recognised its presence, or acknowledged its influence. Notorious it is that a tinyurchin in an infant school, whose little teeth had been previously knocking together in its head in shivering concussion for a month, refused, when brought up to the mel-

liluous passage, to perpetrate the vernal invocation of Mr James Thomson: and equally detying the allurements or the terrors—the sugar-cane or the birch-rod—the moral or the physical force of tuition, pronounced with Demnanic emphasis any allusion to "ethereal mildness," or "showers of roses," even in the month of May 1847, to be a delusion, a mockery, and a snare. He never angled who speaks of the spring of 1847. The gentle craft perished for a while beneath the obdurate inclemency of the weather, and the ceaseless floods of snow-water, which polluted every lucid stream into "gruel thick and slab." We do not pretend to remember when the cloud and the tempest passed away: at all events, it was too late for angling purposes. In breezy, ay in stormy days, there are many bold and happy hits to be made by the cunning hand; but the zany, who throws his line in the teeth of a perpetual tornado, will catch, of course, nothing except what the indignant lexicographer has placed at the extremity farthest from the worm. Besides, there are those, in-

cluding our author, who think that angling is a bilateral pastime. It is a part of their creed, (which we may look into hereafter,) that the silly fishes enjoy the fun of being captured, and often chuckle audibly on being "encircled" by a triumphant artist like Mr Stoddart. And lordly salmon, or gentlemanklike trout, may probably dislike, as much as their adversary, an excess of piercing winds and dirty waters. In short, it was thoroughly understood, in the beginning of 1847, by the fisher and the fished, that the atmosphere was too preposterously rude to deserve encouragement at the hands of mus of either party. The temporary cessation of hostilities was accordingly complete. What could we do?

Little diffidently, to be sure, there was in finding pretexts daily for putting up the rod in the dining room, four or five times in the course of the forenoon, and executing, without time, a phantom cast of mercurial accuracy across the table drap, hally into an imaginary eddy rippling and softly gurgling on the floor round several bottles of Alsop's pale ale, linking sometimes, in our mood of inmost frenzy, such prepaudential dexterity, with the apparition in the same locality, at a later hour, of a cod's head and shoulders, not without oyster sauce. The music of the reel was also occasionally stirred by the supposititious tugs of a voracious gillaroo, (which is far the dreadfollist fish of which we any where read) enacted for the nonce by the same curly scound of truth who disclaimed to lend himself, in the mis-called spring of 1847, to the untruthful symphony of the bard of Ednaau. The very fact, however, of its being "our young barbarian at play," and not a gillaroo in earnest, who was thus—

"Untwisting all the chains that tie  
The hidden soul of harmony,"

carried the sound of the whirring thread to our ears "with a difference." The glancing armoury of the fishing-book, meriting better than Hector's helmet did the untranslatable epithet of Homeric monotony, was over and over again paraded and arranged, disordered and re-classified, extricated and intermingled, from pocket to

pocket, until each particular hook in the pools and currents of our fancy became prospectively commemorative of multitudinous massacres, "making the green one red." But the basket or the bag, (and we prefer the latter,) would have felt, in the mean time, heavier under the burden of a single minnow than it ever did feel beneath the possible pressure of shoals of contingent bull trouts. The experiment of wading through the house in enormous India-rubber boots, taking four steps at once in coming down stairs, and jumping suddenly from chairs upon the carpet, for the purpose of persuading ourselves that we were getting into deep water, afforded but a very transitory hallucination. The act of pecking at dinner a young turkey, with a gail, from a remote dish, to our plate, did not elicit the general acknowledgment of its graceful precision which we had anticipated; while an excellent and polished steel-yard, with which, in the absence of a salmon, we had been practising in the kitchen on a casual leg of mutton, having dazzled, perhaps, the eye of the butcher's boy, and being forgotten by us for a brief hour or so, has been, "like the lost Pleiad, seen no more below." During such moments, the memory even of delectable old Isaac was losing a little of its personal fragrance—the reminiscences of all kinds of fishes were beginning to stink in the nostrils—"Who comes here?"—A grenadier;" and we walked "The Angler's Companion to the Lochs and Rivers of Scotland, by Thomas Tod Stoddart."

Ordinary mortals, to whom, as to Peter Bell, yellow primroses are simply yellow primroses, might instantly, upon getting the book open, read it, and be delighted with it. But we sat for six weeks gazing at the volume without daring or wishing to lay a finger upon it. There was a great deal for us to think about before spreading our sails for another voyage with an old companion. The fact is, that we were humming, after our own fashion, one of Mr Stoddart's angling songs at the moment when his new work was placed before us. Now, these songs were not published yesterday; and many a time and oft out of them had we amused ourselves by forming

the liveliest picture of the angler's life, pursuits, meditations, and emotions. From his being up with the sweet thrushes to meet "the morn upon the lea," till "homeward from the stream he turns," we followed him in Stoddart's musical track. His call to "bring him osier, line, and reel"—his scrutiny of the airs and clouds of heaven—his communings with bird and bee, flower and faw—his welcome to the cuckoo—his blessing of the "spring-tide bland"—his entreaty to the winds to waken—

"For the low welcome sound of their wandering wings."

his repose and summer trance, "beneath a willow wide"—his pensive musings, and comments, shaped by the enchanting realities around him, or by the pleasant shadows of his own memory and fancy—his tears of grief and skill—his patience and his toil—the excitement of his suspense—the exultation of his victory, and the joyousness and harmony which round his well-spent day, all were represented and embodied in numbers than which none more melodious, heartier, or happier ever strengthened and gladdened, by stream or board, the disciples of Cotton and Watton. We paused before unfolding a new book; and then we read it thoroughly from beginning to end, without missing any word.

But time brings with it many vicissitudes. Winter, when nobody but a Stoddart fishes; swarms of European revolutions, which keep every thing, including fishing-rods, out of joint; and again in this present 1848, a terrible spring-tide, which, standing sentinel at our doors with the keenness of a sword and the strength of a portcullis, has forbidden any body to think of fishing this year till June:—these things have inevitably, forcibly, and wisely obliged us to be silent. We take the earliest opportunity to thank Mr Stoddart for his book.

"Who is the happy warrior?" appears to us to be an interrogatory as nearly as possible destitute of all meaning. But upon the double hypothesis that it may have some meaning, and that we can paint in fresco, such a question might suggest an idea that the felicitous gentleman for whom the poet asks would be best pictured

as Julius Cæsar in the act of correcting the proof-sheets of his Commentaries. To do good and great actions is agreeable, but dangerous; to write well and nobly of the great and good things we have done is also agreeable, but troublesome; but when the danger and the trouble are both past and gone, to read what we have well written of what we have well done, with the conviction that an endless posterity will read it after us with pleasure and approbation, must be, we shall venture to imagine, most prodigiously agreeable to any respectable individual, whether he is actually a soldier, having purchased his commission at a heavy regulation price, or whether he is only provisionally obnoxious to be balloted for militia service, or accidentally liable to be called out, with a curse and a cutlet in his mouth, for the guerilla warfare of a special constable. We avow for ourselves, without a blush, that we are only one of those who may become warriors hereafter by statutory or municipal contingency. As yet we have not served in any campaign. On one occasion, indeed, the housemaid discovered, at early dawn, sprouting from the key-hole of the door, a notice, by which we were hastily summoned to quell a dreadful tumult at nine o'clock the night before. Late as the summons came, on reading it a thrill of posthumous glory permeated our frame; nor, when perusing in the newspapers at breakfast the eloquent recognition by the public authorities of the services of other special constables, could we repress the riotous throbbings of martial spirit and martial sympathy within us, as being one who, though *de facto* inert in dressing-gown and slippers, was entitled *de jure*, as the notice testified, to be active with badge and baton. We severely reprimanded, of course, the housemaid for bringing into the house stray bits of paper, which might have wrapped up most deleterious combustibles. She promised to be more cautious in future; and it has so happened that the magistrates have never taken practical advantage of our vigilant anxiety to protect the tranquillity of the city. But we are well aware that it has ever been exactly with a corresponding spirit that

we have studied the Gallic battles and campaigns of the great Roman, where we have been free alike from the risk of fighting, and the botheration of writing. Our impression is, therefore, on the whole, exceedingly strong that the happy warrior may be more faithfully portrayed by ourselves than by Cæsar.

According to these principles of interpretation, let us inquire, who is the happy angler? To such a question any body who, in the former case, prefers Cæsar's claim to ours, will not fail to reply by bawling out the name of Stoddart. The parallel is a very good one. There is nothing in the science of angling theoretically of which Mr Stoddart is ignorant; there is nothing in the art of angling practically which Mr Stoddart has not tried with his own hand. He has been writing the annals of a laborious, persevering, incessant, and successful experience. He tells others what they may do, by showing them vividly and precisely what he has himself done. It is the record of a conqueror whose career exhibits occurrences so numerous, various, and striking, that the simple narrative of events teaches general principles; the mere accumulation of facts causes theory to vegetate—the movements which lead to victory on a particular occasion are adopted as laws to regulate subsequent operations in similar circumstances; the strategy of the emergency is accepted as universally normal. In a history so instructive, there must necessarily be a remarkable amount of patience and zeal, assiduity and skill, quick apprehension, and sagacious reflection. And where, as in the present instance, it happens that all this information is communicated with healthy racy vigour, and picturesque effect of language, while a dewy freshness of enthusiasm exhilarates the whole composition, it is not surely very surprising that, comfortably pendulous in our rocking-chair, conscious of never having encountered a billionth part of the fatigues undergone by Mr Stoddart, and possessing, in the manageable volume in our hand, a complete repertory of the fruits of the toil, experience, and judgment of that admirable Triton, we should thus complacently believe

that we are the happy angler—leaving it of course to Mr Stoddart, if he likes, to be a Julius Cæsar.

From the frontispiece we start, and after perambulating the book, to the frontispiece we return. "A day's fishing" will then be wondrously intelligible, and ought to be regarded with an angler's love, and an angler's pride. The picture from which the engraving is taken has been long familiar to us. Who painted it? At the left-hand corner of the plate the artist's name is legible enough; but there is much more, besides the name, printed in sympathetic ink which is visible only to the eye of the initiated. A word in thine ear, gentlest of piscatorial readers! The skill of the pencil is the animated reflection of the skill of the fishing rod. Nothing finny has the painter drawn which the angler has not killed. On the canvass his faithful brush has placed nothing which his success as an angler has not enabled him to observe for himself, to mark, and to daguerreotype in his inmost soul. No graceful outline has he traced; no gorgeous bulk has he stretched out in massive breadth or wavy length; no small head has he delicately curved; no flood of light has he poured on gleaming panoply of interwoven scales of gold and silver; no shifting ray of exquisite colour has he caught in the very instant of brilliant evanescence; no purple spot or crimson star has he made to shine with distinctive brightness on the flank; no aureate or orange flint has he permitted to fade away along the body into pearly whiteness; no fin quivers; no tail curls; no gill is muddy red; no eye is lustreless,—without or beyond the bidding, the teaching, the guarantee, and express image of nature. Pity it is that we should not feel at liberty to say a word or two of other matters—of a happy temper, which has cheered us with its mellow sunshine on many a raw and cloudy day; or of a richly-stored mind, which, when fish were sulky, has often made the lagging hours spin on with jocund speed. Almost, under this hot bright sky, we are tempted, unbidden, to enter the studio, and ask to share with you sequestered stage the shelter of the favourite pines. But we dare not: for

we know the man as well as the artist and angler. We know both the anglers. It is, in sooth, fitting that GILES should illustrate STODDART.

Is not angling cruel? Now, before attempting any responsive observation, be so good as to read the following impetuous passage:—

"Is it not, for instance, in the attitude of hope that the angler stands, while in the act of heaving out his flies over some favourite cast? Of hope increased, when he beholds, feeding within reach of his line, the monarch of the stream! But now, mark him! He has dropt the hook cautiously and skilfully just above the indicated spot; the fish, scarcely breaking the surface, has seized it. A fast, firm hold it has, but the tackle is fine, and the trout strong and active. Look! how the expression of his features is undergoing a change. There is still hope, but mingled with it are traces of anxiety—of fear itself. His attitudes, too, are those of a troubled and dis-tempered man. Ha! all is well. The worst is over. The strong push for liberty has been made, and failed. Desperate as that summer-set was, it has proved unsuccessful. The tackle—hook and barb—is sufficient. Look now at the angler. Hope with him is stronger than anxiety, and joy too beams forth under his eyelids; for lo! the fish is showing symptoms of distress. No longer it threatens to exhaust the winch-line; no longer it combats with the rapids; no more it strives, with frantic fling or wily plunge, to disengage the hook. It has lost all heart—almost all energy. The fins, paralysed and powerless, are unable for their task. So far from regulating its movements, they cannot even sustain the balance of the fish. He pleads and hopes, as it is drawn ashore, upturning, in the act of submersion, its starred and gleamy flank. The countenance of the captor—his movements, (they are those which the soul dictates,) are all joyous and self-congratulatory. But the emotion, strongly depicted though it be, is short-lived. It gives way successively to the feelings of admiration and pity of admiration, as excited on contemplating the almost incomparable beauty of the captive, its breadth and depth, the harmony of its proportions, as well as the richness and variety of its colours; or pity, as called forth in accordance with our nature,—an unconscious, uncontrollable emotion, which operates with subduing effect on the triumph of the moment.

"And now, in their turn, content and

thankfulness reign in the heart and develop themselves on the countenance of the angler; now haply he is impressed with feelings of adoring solemnity, stirred up by some scene of unlooked-for grandeur, or the transit of some sublime phenomenon. I say nothing of the feelings of disappointment, anger, envy, and jealousy, which sometime find their way into the bosom, and are portrayed on the features even of the worthiest and best-tempered of our craft. Too naturally they spring up and blend themselves with our better nature; yet well it is that they take no hold on the heart—scorching, it may be true, but not consuming its day of happiness.

"Hence it is, from the very variety of emotions which successively occupy the mind, from their blendings and transitions, that angling derives its pleasures; hence it holds precedence as a sport with men of thoughtful and ideal temperament; hence poets, sculptors, and philosophers—the sons and worshippers of genius—have entered, heart and hand, into its pursuit. Therefore it was that Thomson, Burns, Scott, and Hogg, and, in our present day, Wilson and Wordsworth, exchanged eagerly the gray-goose quill and the companionship of books, for the taper wand and the discourse, older than Homer's measures, of streams and cataracts. Therefore it was that Paley left his meditative home, and Davy his tests and crucibles, and Chantrey his moulds, models, and chisel-work,—each and all to rejoice and renovate themselves; to gather new thoughts and energies, a fresh heart and vigorous hand, in the exercise of that pastime which is teeming with philosophy."

Mr Stoddart blinks our problem altogether. Fish, it will be noticed, are treated, firstly, as bits of cork, and, secondly, as lumps of lead. But the bad example of all the great men before or since Agamemnon will not lessen the cruelty, if it be cruelty, of dragging a large fish or a little fish out of its "native element" forcibly, and against its will. Obliging a fish to come out of the water when it has not the slightest wish to be a fish out of water, has an apparent resemblance to the ejecting of a human being unseasonably from his bed who has made up his mind to prosecute a steady snooze for the next three hours. The absence or presence of a little bodily suffering in the process of ejection, has really nothing to do with the merits of the abstract question.



A man who is jerked out of bed by a string tied to his toe must endure an uncomfortable twinge. But the votary of Morpheus may be induced to change his quarters quite as effectually by painlessly removing beyond his reach the blankets and the sheets. It is not the application of positive compulsion to the person, but the disturbance of existing comfort in his present condition, which may be pain, and hardship, and cruelty. In point of fact, it is nothing of the sort, because the analogy, as stated, is entirely fallacious. The true analogy is to be stated thus: Any body who, being already in bed, and therefore legitimately somniferous, happens to overhear us in the next room loudly declaring our intention of beginning forthwith a supper of savoury and palatable dishes, and who, thereupon, greedily shakes off his incipient torpidity, and rushes into the apartment in order to share the banquet, but finds no supper, and ourselves laughing at his credulity, has no right at all to assert that he has been subjected to hardships or treated with cruelty. He left his proper sphere, and was punished for his eccentricity. How is a fish that lives in the water entitled to snap at a fly that lives out of the water? But then the fly goes into the water. Very well: but if the fish comes up into the air, as it does, to bite at a fly, which is a denizen of the air, it is just that a fly, when it goes down into the water, should indulge in a reciprocal bite at a fish, which is a denizen of the waters. And if flies cannot bite for themselves, it is a noble thing in man to bite for them. All the fish encreed by all the human fishers of every year make but a mole-hill to the mountain of flies butchered and gorged by a single trout in a month. Heliogabalus was temperate, Nero was merciful, when compared with a gillaroo. And as for a Pike!

Let us listen to Stoddart on pikes. It is proper, perhaps, to mention that we are legally informed that the "open and advised speaking" of our author about pikes is very constitutional, although very marvellous. It pleases him now to buffet these freshwater sharks with extremely hard words. Yet have we seen his nerves more fluttered by a dead pike, sur-

reptitiously introduced into his nocturnal couch at Tibbie's—whom mortals, we believe, call Mrs Richardson, and whose green rural hostelry, on the margin of St Mary's Loch, is the sweet and loved haunt of every true brother of the craft—than ever was the heart of fisherman when a twenty-pounder has darted off like an express locomotive towards the foaming and rocky cataract. What horrid shriek is that, making night hideous? With bursts of laughter at this moment returns the scene when that grim visitor murdered the first efforts of the weary angler to woo repose, as his naked feet came into unexpected contact with the slimy mail of the water-pirate. Such recollections are part and parcel of the many hundred things which make the fisher's life a happy one. We shall hear, therefore, Mr Stoddart avenging himself on all pikes, dead or living, not excluding an incidental foray against eels; which latter are not surely, while they live, loveable.

"No one that ever felt the first attack of a pike at the gorge-bait can easily forget it. It is not, as might be supposed from the character of the fish, a bold, eager, voracious grasp; quite the contrary, it is a slow calculating grip. There is nothing about it dashing or at all violent; no stirring of the fins—no lashing of the tail—no expressed fury or revenge. The whole is mouth-work; calm, deliberate, bone-crushing, deadly mouth-work. You think at the moment you hear the action—the creaking action of the fish's jaw-bones; and such jaw-bones, so powerful, so terrific! You think you hear the compressing, the racking of the victim betwixt them. The sensation is pleasurable to the angler as an avenger. Who among our gentle craft ever pined a pike? I can fancy one lamenting over a salmon or star stoled trout or playful minnow. Nay, I have heard of those who, on being bereft of a pet gold-fish, actually wept; but a pike! itself unpitied, unsparing, who would pity it— who spare it?

"Returning, however, to the point in my narrative at which I broke off. I no sooner felt the well-known intimation, than, drawing out line from my reel, and slightly slackening what had already passed the top-ring of my rod, I stood prepared for further movements on the part of the fish. After a short time he sailed slowly about, confining his excursions to within a yard or two of the spot

where he had originally seized the bait. It was evident, as I knew from experience, that he still held the trout cross-wise between his jaws, and had not yet pouched or bolted it. To induce, him, however, to do so without delay, I very slightly, as is my wont, tightened or rather jerked the line towards myself, in order to create the notion that his prey was making resistance, and might escape from his grasp. A moment's halt indicated that he had taken the hint, and immediately afterwards, all being disposed of at one gulp, out he rushed, vigorous as any salmon, exhausting in one splendid run nearly the whole contents of my reel, and ending his exertions, in the meanwhile, with a desperate rumble, which revealed him to my view in all his size, vigour, and ferocity; the jaws grimly expanded, the fins erect, and the whole body in a state of uncontrollable excitement. Being provided with a single handed rod, and winch-line suited in respect of strength and thickness to light fishing, it was a marvel that either of these stood the test on an occasion so very trying. The worst, however, was over; and although the pike, as fish of its kind under similar circumstances always do, showed signs of remaining strength, coupled with great sullenness, it nevertheless, in the course of a few minutes, submitted to its fate, and allowed itself to be drawn ashore at a convenient landing-place, which fortunately was not far off.

"This fish, the first I ever captured in Teviot, weighed nearly a stone, and preceded in its fate no fewer than four others, of the respective weights, or nearly so, of ten, eight, seven, and three pounds, all of which I took from about the same spot in less than an hour's time. Shortly after, three or four days intervening, I killed two pike of twelve pounds weight each, close to the place mentioned, and in the same season met with an incident which, as it has some connexion with pike trolling, is worthy of being recorded in this chapter. It happened in the month of July, on which day, Teviot, owing to recent rains, was somewhat discoloured, and I had ventured as far up its banks as the Roxburgh pool, intending to trout with fly and minnow, and also to give the pike a trial. That I might not, however, consume much time upon the latter fish, I had provided myself with a couple of set lines formed of strong cord. These it was my intention to lay out in a portion of the pool hitherto untried, and to allow them to remain there, while I angled for trout higher up the river. With the view of doing this, I had secured, by desultory throwing in my progress, towards

Roxburgh, several small trout, and when arriving at the spot where I had intended to lay the lines, was unable to resist an anticipatory trial for pike with the rod itself, which, on this occasion, was a double-handed one, and provided with a good-sized reel and line to correspond.

"Having affixed and baited a gorge-hook, I accordingly commenced operations, and in the course of a few throws hooked what I conceived to be a pike of extraordinary size. It pouched quickly, ran far, and forcibly crossed and recrossed the river, which, at the spot in question, is by no means narrow,—rushed upwards to a distance of at least a hundred yards and down again, seemingly without the least fatigue. Having regained, however, the spot from which it had commenced its run, all on a sudden the fish halted, and immediately, without any jerk or strain on my part, the line came to hand, neatly revered or cut through by the teeth, above the wire-fastenings to which the gorge-hook had been appended. No slight disappointment it was. I fancied of course that I had lost a pike of such uncommon size, as to have been able to engross, in pouching, the whole extent of arming in question, measuring nearly a foot. My sole resource therefore, or hope of retrieve,—and I was by no means sanguine of the result,—lay in the setting of the two lines I had brought along with me, at or near the spot where the fish had made it escape. Accordingly, baiting each with a trout of at least four ounces in weight, I threw them in not far from one another, with small floats attached, in order to show off the lure and keep it from the bottom. This done, I pursued my way further up the river, and commenced trouting. On my return, after the expiry of two or three hours, to the place where I had set the lines, I found that both the corks were out of sight and the cords stretched to the uttermost, but quite motionless. Drawing the nearer one, I was surprised to observe it, although made of strong and fresh material, snapped through at the middle. It was not so, however, with the other. There was evidently something attached to it of considerable weight and bulk, without, however, any live resistance. Imagine my surprise, when, on hauling it nearer the bank, I beheld a huge eel enveloped among the cords, quite choked and lifeless. Of river eels it was the largest I had ever witnessed, although I certainly have seen congeners of greater size. About four feet and a half in length, and in girth fully eleven inches, I think it could not have weighed less than

twenty pounds. This point, however, I wanted the ready means of determining, although I regret not having made an effort to acquaint myself with it. On examining the stomach of the monster, I found that it contained all the three gorge-hooks employed by me, and the trouts with which, individually, they had been baited. My experience in eel fishing has not been very great, but I have taken some hundreds of them in my time, and I do not remember above one or two that showed fight in the same manner this one did, while on the rod. In general, they waddle or twist about, betake themselves under rocks, stones, or roots of trees, but very seldom push out directly across or up the pool. With the gorge-hook indeed, and a small trout as the bait, I have often, both before and since the occasion above-mentioned, captured them; also while trolling for pike with gimp and swivel tackle, and that in mid water betwixt the bottom and surface; nor, indeed, will eels, when harrassed by hunger, shrink from assailing the largest fish, should these happen to be sickly or in adverse circumstances. It is well known that what are termed river cairns, or heaps of stones raised by the tacksman of salmon fishings for the purpose of inveigling running fish in certain description of net attache them, afford shelter to large numbers of eels and lampreys, which, if the grill-salmon happening to become entangled, allowed, through neglect or otherwise, continue two or three hours in this state of thralldom, will, forcing an entrance through the grill, and encumbered by the gill net, be allowed to put the eel into the sack, until but remain but a skinful of bone.

This is a horrible picture,—“a sack, or skinful of bones,” while the salmon, we presume, still exists in its ribbed transparency. The dreams of eels, who sup so full of horrors, must be very awful. But infinitely more awful must be the visions which people the slumbers of those mortals who, in their turn, eat those eels who have eaten the salmon. Our repugnance to eel-pies was never stronger. It were better for us to think of something else.

A crust of statistics may ward off sickness and remorseful qualms. The indiscriminate destructiveness which characterises pikes, is unfortunately and disgracefully displayed by

other queer fish. It is not necessary to enumerate the perplexing multiplicity of devices which human ingenuity has invented and constructed for an annihilating salmon. As of the kings about whose deaths their royal brother Richard tells sad stories, so of salmon, however various may be the manner of their dissolutions, it is safe to affirm that they are “all murdered.” Statutes kill myriads of them; poachers, in spite of statutes, kill myriads more of them; honest anglers, who sport in the seasons, and with the weapons proper to sportsmen, kill a few individual fishes; and it will be demonstrated that pikes are the powerful and natural allies of statutes and poachers:—

“With regard to the ravages committed among the fry of the salmon, I may mention that almost every pike captured by me during the months of June and May, found in its stomach, gorged, or engorged, the remains of one or more fry. These frequently were quite entire to all appearance, indeed, newly killed; they were sometimes also in a partly-digested state, and on other occasions presented to the eye little more than was sufficient to distinguish them as having been small fish. I have taken five or six salmon-fry, in the stages above described, out of the stomach of a single pike. Two, three, or four, were commonly encountered, and if I was fortunate enough to find one, it was usually with such a small quantity of food in its stomach, as to allow me to infer that it had been eating the fry of the salmon.”

It is pre-emptive to his day already referred to on or built on.

Th gives an allowance to every individual pike of two hundred and forty smolts, and supposing there are from Annerley bridge downward, a stretch of water pin or ten miles in length not more than one thousand pike, the entire number consumed by these, in less than one-sixth of the year, amounts to two hundred and forty thousand, or nearly a quarter of a million of salmon-fry, a greater number, there is no question, than is killed

during the same extent of time by all the angling poachers in the district put together."

We acknowledge that we must be indiscreet to involve ourselves again in an offensive topic. A hint, however, of our opinion, and we pass away from the subject. The abominable slaughter of "four" fish, perpetrated by people whom we are obliged to repudiate as sportsmen, and whom we are not obliged to recognise as gentlemen, is a shocking, dirty, disreputable mal-practice, to be condemned with unmodified severity of language. Apologies, explanations, palliations, are in vain. The filthy mass which is unrighteously dragged out of the water is not then a fish. It is against the use of nature for the hand of man to touch it. And yet the same man who would with easy indifference "leister" a salmon in that state, teeming with ten thousand thousand lives, shall, on the morrow, in a jury-box, violate his oath by acquitting the guilty in the face of the clearest evidence, because he thinks capital punishment unlawful. Phangh! Call Mr Stoddart into court as an authoritative witness.

"I find a number of anglers at one with me in opinion upon this subject; and all who have witnessed night-haunting on Tweed during the autumnal or winter months, will acknowledge that even the romantic character which torch-light and scenery invest it with, fails as an apology for the ignoble, wasteful, and injurious nature of the occupation. In nine cases out of ten, it is pursued, either during the spawning season itself, or when the fish are heavy with roe—when they are red or foul, having lain a considerable time in the river, and, moreover, when they have lost all power of escape, or are cut off from exercising it, both by the lowness of water, and by the circumstance of their being hemmed in, at the head and foot of the pool or place of action, by nets and other contrivances stretched from bank to bank.

"It can scarcely be credited, but I relate a fact known to many on Tweed-side, that, about four or five years ago, upwards of three hundred breeding fish, salmon and grilse, were slaughtered, in the course of a single night, from one boat, out of a stretch of water not far from Melrose, two leisters only being employed; and of this number—I allude to the fish—scarcely one was actually

fit to be used as food, while by far the greater part of them were female salmon, on the eve of depositing their ova. In the neighbourhood of Kelso, upwards of ninety have frequently been butchered with this implement during a single night, from one boat,—all of them fish in the same rank and unhealthy condition above described. In September 1846, according to the most moderate calculation, no fewer than four thousand spawning fish, consisting chiefly of full-grown salmon, and comprehending the principal breeding stock of the season—those fish which, from their forward state, promised the earliest and most vigorous supply of fry, were slaughtered in Tweed, with the consent, and under the auspices, of the upper holders of fishings, in the manner I speak of. Need it be said, that the injury done to the salmon-fishings in general by this malpractice on the part of two or three lesser proprietors, is incalculable, and, when lured with the dongs of poachers during close-time, to which it unquestionably gives encouragement, and the system pursued on Tweed of capturing and destroying the kelts and baggits, it must operate most prejudicially against every plan devised to further the breeding of this highly-prized article of food."

Simply we shall say, that any body who so leisters fish from this day forward is a BRUTAL BARBARIAN, fit for the society of a Burke or a Hare, who did not venture to immolate their victims till gross physical corruption—the heavy prostration of drunkenness—rendered them in general the easy and stupid prey of a disgusting assassin. Let the leisterer of foul fish be accursed in the sporting calendar.

Under all circumstances, to be quite candid, we remonstrate against the leister. It is not a fair way of going to work—the fish has no option. There is too much of the tinge of the Venetian bravo in the blow. Less apology must there always be for striking a salmon than for striking a man behind his back. The man who detects the stealthy thrust may turn and smite his enemy. The fish, vigilant happily of the descending trident, can but shift its quarters and swim away. Barking, too, at the moment under the broad beam of the all-rejoicing sun—as motionless, tranquil, as bright, and as beautiful, as the silver pebbles in the river's bed—why

should idle human violence invade and extinguish that unsuspecting repose? At this very instant, while he

—God, fling, if you can, with delicate precision, over his snout the most attractive mottled wing in your book, and then—if the pensive Zoroaster of the stream quits his meditations to swallow your temptation—then hook him, play him, land him, and encircle him; but do not, without any warning, plunge a barbed steel fork into his heart. Or, at this very instant, let the seduction of the triple worm travel athwart his ruminations, and if the glutton shall overcome the sage, then, even in his voracious throat, strike home, and overcome the glutton; but do not back the noble form with ruffianly prongs of rusty iron—

“Let’s carve him as a dish fit for the gods;  
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds.”

Pr’ythee permit the leister, for the future, to decorate a museum along with other implements of the Cannibal, not the British islands!

Mr Stoddart must feel neither anger nor surprise if we deliberately avoid not merely any discussion, but even any notice whatever, of theories or speculations, directly or collaterally referring to the breeding or propagation of fishes. We have not been, as the pages of *Maga* prove, unwatchful of what conjectural philosophy might propose, or ingenious experimentalism might exhibit. We hold some piscine opinions, so curious but so true, that if we could enunciate them in a language intelligible to fish (which ought to be the Finnish dialect,) the liveliest salmon in Norway could not execute summersets sufficiently numerous to express his astonishment at our knowledge. We could likewise put such puzzling objections to the most elaborate and seemingly satisfactory systems, as to demonstrate irretrievably that, in spite of every thing which every body has said about every variety of the *salmo* race, nobody knows any thing certain as to the age of OLD PAER. But, for one good reason, we shall be discreet and silent. Nobody ~~knows~~ a straw, or a horse-hair, or a thread of gut, whether Stoddart is overthrown, or Shaw is predominant,—nobody, whose sole and

laudable object is to enjoy a day’s good fishing. The great fact remains—the waters are full of fish. What matter is it whence the fins came or come? The question is not how they got into, but how they are to be taken out of the burn, the river, or the lake? It is not we who mean to go

“Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave;”

but up out of it we hope to draw many dozens of its peopling swarms. And we desire to learn from Mr Stoddart how best we may, by baits and guileful spells, reach and invigile them—

“In their obscure haunts of inmost bowers.”

The companion we want is the Angler’s Companion. Now the angler is an individual who sallies out at early dawn, rejoicing, not only in his own strength, and, haply, the strength of a glass of whisky, but in a fishing-basket, or pannier, or bag; in a fishing-rod, or three or four fishing-rods; in a fishing-book, more voluminous in its single volume than the *Encyclopædia Britannica*; in wading boots and water-proof cloaklets; in a reel, and a gaff, and a landing net, and sometimes a boat; in gut, and in horse-hair; in hooks and hackles, in feathers and silk thread, in wax and wire, in leads and floats; in tin boxes of worms, and earthen pots of salmon-roe; in minnows, and parr-tsals, in swivels and gorge hooks, in lobs, and in bobs; in ternules, and in rings; in a brown paper parcel of four large sandwiches, and a pocket flask of six large glasses of sherry; in a dingy coat, and inexpressible unmentionables, and finally, in the best humour, and a shocking bad hat. Is it imaginable that all this can be done, as it is done every day, by any body who has not made up his mind, or who thinks it necessary to know, what fish are, and where they came from? There is no such humbug within him. He goes to the Tweed or the Tay; to the Don, or the Conan, to Loch Craggie, or Loch Maree; to Loch Awe, or Loch Etive; to the Clyde, or the Solway; to Loch Doon, or Loch Ken; because all over broad Scotland there is plenty of fish; and because, wherever he goes, Stoddart can tell him how there most readily, most surely, and most pleasantly to encircle them.

Of all the Caledonians who, in countless crowds, daily leave their native homes in the flesh, and return to the domestic hearthstone in the evening, with their flesh more or less fishified, there are not twenty to whom it is not a point of the utmost indifference, whether the fish in the Tweed, or any other river where they have been angling, are rained down once a month from the clouds, or are brought over as ballast in ships once a-week from Denmark. The fish are there. We are going to catch them. Hand us Stoddart's Angler's Companion.

As a teacher of practical angling in Scotland, we look on Mr Stoddart to be without a rival or equal. To call him a good instructor in the art, does not properly describe him. He is strictly and literally a manufacturer. Nature has given to him what Beddoes terms "a well organised and very pliant hand," which for more than twenty years, as we can honestly testify, has waved the osier over all the streams of his native country. We exaggerate nothing in declaring angling to have been, during that long period, Stoddart's diurnal and nocturnal study. And the result has been what it ought to be. Nobody else, for example, (we affirm it without fear of any contradiction or cavil,) could have written, as it is written, the sixth chapter.—"On fishing with the worm for trout."

"To a perfect novice in the art of angling, nothing appears simpler than to capture trout with the worm, provided the water be sufficiently muddled to conceal the person and disguise the tackle of the craftsman. A mere urchin, with a pea-stick for a wand, a string for his line, and a pun for his hook, has often, under such favourable circumstances, effected the landing of a good-sized fish. But to class performances of this description among feats of skill were quite ridiculous, and they are just, to as small an extent, samples of successful worm-fishing. It may perhaps startle some, and these no novices in the art, when I declare, and offer moreover to prove, that worm-fishing for trout requires essentially more address and experience, as well as a better knowledge of the habits and instincts of the fish, than fly-fishing. I do not, be it observed, refer to the practice of this branch of the art as it is followed on hill burns and petty rivulets,

neither do I allude to it as pursued after heavy rains in flooded and discoloured waters; my affirmation bears solely upon its practice as carried on during the summer months in the southern districts of Scotland, when the rivers are clear and low, the skies bright and warm. Then it is, and then only, that it ought to be disguised with the name of sport; and sport it assuredly is, fully as exciting, perhaps more so, than angling with the fly or minnow. In the hands of a skilful practitioner, indeed, there is no mode of capturing well-conditioned fish with the rod more remunerative;—I say well-conditioned, for in the spawning months, lean, lank, and unhealthy trout may be massacred in any number by means of salmon-roe or pastes formed from that substance.

"In the present chapter, I shall attempt to make plain the principal points to be attended to by the worm-fisher desirous of success. These I class under the following heads:—

1. The rod and tackle to be employed.
2. The kind of worm, and how prepared.
3. When and where to fish.
4. How to bait and manage the line."

Excellently well is the task executed. At the conclusion of the chapter, when he says "I have embraced, methinks, most of the points connected with the subject it treats of, and endeavoured, to the best of my ability, to set them forth in a plain and practical light," he speaks with the modest but honest consciousness of one who has been handling a subject so familiar, and yet so interesting to himself, that if he has only allowed words to clothe his thoughts as they flowed in their natural stream, he feels he must have written clearly, sensibly, agreeably, and usefully. Mind you, we do not intend to reprint Mr Stoddart's volume in these pages. Buy it and read it. But, as we relinquit at starting those who spoke of the spring of 1847, we shall not withhold at once comfort and advice from precipitate anglers, who fancy they cannot commence operations too early in the season.

"On Tweed-side, worm-fishing seldom commences until the latter end of May or beginning of June, when the main stream and its tributaries are in ordinary seasons considerably reduced. The trout in a certain measure require to be sated with fly-food before having recourse to any coarser aliment,—at any rate, some change seems to be effected in their tastes

and habits, virtually inexplicable, but yet dependent upon the instinct implanted by nature—an instinct which, as regards many animals, has, in all ages, baffled, perplexed, and silenced the minutest inquiry. Before trout take the worm freely, it is necessary also that the temperature of the water should be at a state of considerable elevation—at least fifty degrees of Fahrenheit; and, moreover, that it be acted upon at the time by a fair proportion of sun-light; indeed, a bright hot day is not at all objectionable, the air being calm, or but slightly agitated. Such a condition both of water and weather often occurs during the month of June, and its occurrence is, indeed, frequently protracted throughout July. These, in fact—June and July, added to the latter half of May—constitute, as regards the southern districts of Scotland, our best worm-fishing months. Be it noted, however, by way of repetition, that I am not at present alluding to the simple and coarse practice of the art pursued among starved and unwary fish in mountain rivulets, nor do I refer to worm-fishing in flooded and discoloured streams; but I treat of it solely as respects clear waters, inhabited by cunning, cautious trout, and, in consequence, as a method of angling which requires of the craftsman great skill and no stinted amount of patience. With regard to hill burn-fishing, undoubtedly it is more in season during August and September, when rains are frequent, than in June and July; and in discoloured waters, trout may be captured with worm throughout the whole year, no one month excepted."

Precocity does not flourish in Scotland. Never do any thing in a hurry. In good time for all good purposes of

angling,—not too soon, but not a minute too late, have come our commendations of this admirable treatise and manual. What does it lack? any thing? no, not even a "SIMPLE RECIPE FOR COOKING A WHITLING OR GOOD TROUT BY THE RIVER-SIDE." What a smack there is here of inimitable and beloved Isaac! But, before we part, Mr Stoddart shall pronounce his benison.

"Angler! that all day long hast wandered by sunny stream, and heart and hand plied the meditative art—who hast filled thy pannier brimful of star-sided trout, and with aching arms, and weary back, and faint wavering step, crossed the threshold of some cottage inn—a smiling, rural retreat that starts up when thy wishes are waning into despondency,—how grateful to thee is the merry song of the frying-pan, strewn over with the dainties of thy spoils, and superintended by a laughter-loving hostess and her blooming page! and thou, too, slayer of salmon! more matured and fastidious, what sound when thy reel is at rest, like the bubbling and frothing of the fish-kettle! what fare more acceptable than the shoulder cut, snowed over with curls, of a gallant sixteen-pounder; and what in the wide world, is to be found wholesomer and heartier sauce, to the one as well as to the other, than a goblet generously mixed of Islay, and piping hot? Stretch thy hand over thy mercies, and be thankful."

Indispensable in all time to come, as the very strength and grace of an angler's Tackle and Equipment in Scotland, must and will be "STODDART'S ANGLER'S COMPANION."

## THE CAXTONS.—PART III.

## BOOK II.—CHAPTER I.

It was a beautiful summer afternoon when the coach set me down at my father's gate. Mrs Primmins herself ran out to welcome me; and I had scarcely escaped from the warm clasp of her friendly hand, before I was in the arms of my mother.

As soon as that tenderest of parents was convinced that I was not furnished, seeing that I had dined two hours ago at Dr Herman's, she led me gently across the garden towards the arbour. "You will find your father so cheerful," said she, wiping away a tear. "His brother is with him."

I stopped. *His brother!* Will the reader believe it?—I had never heard that he had a brother, so little were family affairs ever discussed in my hearing.

"*His brother!*" said I. "Have I then an Uncle Caxton as well as an Uncle Jack?"

"Yes, my love," said my mother. And then she added, "Your father and he were not such good friends as they ought to have been, and the Captain has been abroad. However, thank heaven! they are now quite reconciled."

We had time for no more—we were in the arbour. There, a table was spread with wine and fruit—the gentlemen were at their dessert; and those gentlemen were my father, Uncle Jack, Mr Squills, and, tall, lean, buttoned-to-the-chin—an erect, martial, majestic, and imposing personage, who seemed worthy of a place in my great ancestor's "Boke of Chivalrie."

All rose as I entered; but my poor father, who was always slow in his movements, had the last of me. Uncle Jack had left the very powerful impression of his great seal-ring on my fingers; Mr Squills had patted me on the shoulder, and pronounced me "wonderfully grown;" my new-found relative had with great dignity said, "Nephew, your hand, sir—I am Captain de Caxton;" and even the tame duck had taken her beak from her wing, and rubbed it gently between my legs, which was her usual mode of salutation, before my father placed his pale hand on my forehead, and, looking at me for a moment with unutter-

able sweetness, said, "More and more like your mother—God bless you!"

A chair had been kept vacant for me between my father and his brother. I sat down in haste, and with a tingling colour on my cheeks and a rising at my throat, so much had the unusual kindness of my father's greeting affected me; and then there came over me a sense of my new position. I was no longer a schoolboy at home for his brief holiday: I had returned to the shelter of the roof-tree, to become myself one of its supports. I was at last a man, privileged to aid or solace those dear ones who had ministered, as yet without return, to me. That is a very strange crisis in our life when we come home "*for good.*" Home seems a different thing; before, one has been but a sort of guest after all, only welcomed and indulged, and little festivities held in honour of the released and happy child. But to come home *for good*—to have done with school and boyhood—is to be a guest, a child no more. It is to share the every-day life of cares and duties—it is to enter into the *confidences* of home. Is it not so? I could have buried my face in my hands, and wept!

My father, with all his abstraction and all his simplicity, had a knack now and then of penetrating at once to the heart. I verily believe he read all that was passing in me as easily as if it had been Greek. He stole his arm gently round my waist, and whispered, "Hush!" Then lifting his voice, he cried aloud, "Brother Reuben, you must not let Jack have the best of the argument."

"Brother Augustine," replied the Captain, very formally, "Mr Jack, if I may take the liberty so to call him—"

"You may indeed," cried Uncle Jack.

"Sir," said the Captain, bowing, "it is a familiarity that does me honour. I was about to say that Mr Jack has retired from the field."

"Far from it," said Squills, dropping an effervescent powder into a chemical mixture which he had been preparing with great attention, composed of sherry and lemon-juice—"far from it. Mr Tibbetts—whose



organ of combativeness is finely developed, by the bye—was saying,—”

“That it is a rank sin and shame, in the nineteenth century”—quoth Uncle Jack—“that a man like my friend Captain Caxton”—

“*De Caxton, sir—Mr Jack.*”

“*De Caxton—of the highest military talents, of the most illustrious descent—a hero sprung from heroes—should have served twenty-three years in his Majesty’s service, and should be only a captain on half-pay. This, I say, comes of the infamous system of purchase, which sets up the highest honours for sale as they did in the Roman Empire—*”

My father pricked up his ears; but Uncle Jack pushed on before my father could get ready the forces of his meditated interruption:—

“A system which a little effort, a little union, can so easily terminate. Yes, sir”—and Uncle Jack thumped the table, and two cherries bobbed up and smote Captain *de Caxton* on the nose—“yes, sir, I will undertake to say that I could put the army upon a very different footing. If the poorer and more meritorious gentlemen, like Captain *de Caxton*, would, as I was just observing, but unite in a grand anti-aristocratic association, each paying a small sum quarterly, we could realise a capital sufficient to outpurchase all these undeserving individuals, and every man of merit should have his fair chance of promotion.”

“*Egad, sir!*” said Squills, “there is something grand in that—eh, Captain?”

“No, sir,” replied the Captain, quite seriously; “there is in monarchies but one fountain of honour. It would be an interference with a soldier’s first duty—his respect for his sovereign.”

“On the contrary,” said Mr Squills, “it would still be to the sovereigns that one would owe the promotion.”

“Honour,” pursued the Captain, colouring up, and unheeding this witty interruption, “is the reward of a soldier. What do I care that a young jackanapes buys his colonelcy over my head? Sir, he does not buy from me my wounds and my services. Sir, he does not buy from me the medal I won at Waterloo. He is a rich man, and I am a poor man; he is called—colonel, because he paid money for the name. That pleases him; well and good. It would not please me: I had

rather remain a captain, and feel my dignity, not in my title, but in the services of my three-and-twenty years. A beggarly, rascally association of stockbrokers, for aught I know, buy me a company! I don’t want to be uncivil, or I would say, Damn ’em, Mr—sir—Jack!”

A sort of thrill ran through the Captain’s audience—even Uncle Jack looked touched, as I thought, for he stared very hard at the grim veteran, and said nothing. The pause was awkward—Mr Squills broke it. “I should like,” quoth he, “to see your Waterloo medal—you have not it about you?”

“Mr Squills,” answered the Captain, “it lies next to my heart while I live. It shall be buried in my coffin, and I shall rise with it, at the word of command, on the day of the Grand Review!” So saying, the Captain leisurely unbuttoned his coat, and, detaching from a piece of striped ribbon as ugly a specimen of the art of the silversmith (begging its pardon) as ever rewarded merit at the expense of taste, placed the medal on the table.

The medal passed round, without a word, from hand to hand.

“It is strange,” at last said my father, “how such trifles can be made of such value—how in one age a man sell his life for what in the next age he would not give a button! A Greek esteemed beyond price a few leaves of olive twisted into a circular shape, and set upon his head—a very ridiculous headgear we should now call it. An American Indian prefers a decoration of human scalps, which, I apprehend, we should all agree (save and except Mr Squills, who is accustomed to such things) to be a very disgusting addition to one’s personal attractions; and my brother values this piece of silver, which may be worth about five shillings, more than Jack does a gold mine, or I do the library of the London Museum. A time will come when people will think that as idle a decoration as leaves and scalps.”

“Brother,” said the Captain, “there is nothing strange in the matter. It is as plain as a pike-staff to a man who understands the principles of honour.”

“Possibly,” said my father mildly. “I should like to hear what you have to say upon honour. I am sure it would very much edify us all.”

## CHAPTER II.

## MY UNCLE ROLAND'S DISCOURSE UPON HONOUR.

"Gentlemen," began the Captain, at the distinct appeal thus made to him—"Gentlemen, God made the earth, but man made the garden. God made man, but man re-creates himself."

"True, by knowledge," said my father.

"By industry," said Uncle Jack.

"By the physical condition of his body," said Mr Squills. "He could not have made himself other than he was at first in the woods and wilds if he had had fins like a fish, or could only chatter-gibberish like a monkey. Hands and a tongue, sir; these are the instruments of progress."

"Mr Squills," said my father, nodding, "Anaxagoras said very much the same thing before you, touching the hands."

"I can't help that," answered Mr Squills; "one could not open one's lips if one were bound to say what nobody else had said. But, after all, our superiority is less in our *hands* than the greatness of our *thumbs*."

"Albans *De Seclato*, and our own learned William Lawrence, have made a similar remark," again put in my father.

"Hang it, sir!" exclaimed Squills, "what business have you to know every thing?"

"Every thing! No; but thumbs furnish subject of investigation to the simplest understanding," said my father, modestly.

"Gentlemen," recommenced my Uncle Roland, "thumbs and hands are given to an Esquimaux, as well as to scholars and surgeons—and what the dence are they the wiser for them? Sirs, you cannot reduce us thus into mechanism. Look within. Man, I say, re-creates himself. How? By the principle of Honour. His first desire is to excel some one else—his first impulse is distinction above his fellows. Heaven places in his soul, as if it were a compass, a needle that always points to one end,—viz., to honour in that which those around him consider honourable. Therefore, as man at first is exposed

to all dangers from wild beasts, and from men as savage as himself, COURAGE becomes the first quality mankind must honour; therefore the savage is courageous; therefore he covets the praise for courage; therefore he decorates himself with the skins of the beasts he has subdued, or the scalps of the foes he has slain. Sirs, don't tell me that the skins and the scalps are only hide and leather; they are trophies of honour. Don't tell me they are ridiculous and disgusting; they become glorious as proofs that the savage has emerged out of the first brute-like egotism, and attached price to the praise which men never give except for works that secure or advance their welfare. By-and-by, sir, our savages discover that they cannot live in safety amongst themselves unless they agree to speak the truth to each other: therefore TRUTH becomes valued, and grows into a principle of honour; so, brother Augustine will tell us that, in the primitive times, truth was always the attribute of a hero."

"Right," said my father: "Homer emphatically gives it to Achilles."

"Out of truth comes the necessity for some kind of rude justice and law. Therefore men, after courage in the warrior, and truth in all, begin to attach honour to the elder, whom they intrust with preserving justice amongst them. So, Sirs, Law is born—"

"But the first lawgivers were priests," quoth my father.

"Sirs, I am coming to that. Whence arises the desire of honour, but from man's necessity of excelling—in other words, of improving his facilities for the benefit of others,—though, unconscious of that consequence, man only strives for their *praise*. But that desire for honour is unextinguishable, and man is naturally anxious to carry its rewards beyond the grave. Therefore, he who has slain most lions or enemies, is naturally prone to believe that he shall have the best hunting fields in the country beyond, and take the best place at the banquet. Nature, in all its operations, impresses

him with the idea of an invisible Power; and the principle of honour,—that is, the desire of praise and reward,—makes him anxious for the approval which that Power can bestow. Thence comes the first rude idea of RELIGION: and in the death-hymn at the stake, the savage chants songs prophetic of the distinctions he is about to receive. Society goes on; hamlets are built; property is established. He who has more than another has more power than another. Power is honoured. Man covets the honour attached to the power which is attached to possession. Thus the soil is cultivated; thus the rafts are constructed; thus tribe trades with tribe; thus COMMERCE is founded and CIVILISATION commenced. Sirs, all that seems least connected with honour, as we approach the vulgar days of the present, has its origin in honour, and is but an abuse of its principles. If men now-a-days are hucksters and traders—if even military honours are purchased, and a rogue buys his way to a peerage—still all arise from the desire for honour, which society, as it grows old, gives to the outward signs of titles and gold, instead of, as once, to its inward essentials,—courage, truth, justice, enterprise. Therefore, I say, sir, that honour is the foundation of all improvement in mankind."

"You have argued like a schoolman, brother," said Mr Caxton admiringly; "but still, as to this round piece of silver,—don't we go back to the most barbarous ages in estimating so highly such things as have no real value in themselves—as could not give us one opportunity for instructing our minds."

"Could not pay for a pair of boots," added Uncle Jack.

"Or," said Mr Squills, "save you one twinge of the cursed rheumatism

you have got for life from that night's bivouac in the Portuguese marshes—to say nothing of the bullet in your cranium, and that cork leg, which must much diminish the salutary effects of your constitutional walk."

"Gentlemen," resumed the Captain, nothing abashed, "in going back to these barbarous ages, I go back to the true principles of honour. It is precisely because this round piece of silver has no value in the market that it is priceless, for thus it is only a proof of desert. Where would be the sense of service if it could buy back my leg, or if I could bargain it away for forty thousand a-year? No, sir, its value is this— that when I wear it on my breast men shall say, 'that formal old fellow is not so useless as he seems. He was one of those who saved England and freed Europe.' And even when I conceal it here," (and devoutly kissing the medal, Uncle Roland restored it to its ribbon and its resting-place,) "and no eye sees it, its value is yet greater in the thought that my country has not degraded the old and true principles of honour by paying the soldier who fought for her in the same coin as that in which you, Mr Jack, sir, pay your bootmaker's bill. No, no, gentlemen. As courage was the first virtue that honour called forth—the first virtue from which all safety and civilisation proceed, so we do right to keep that one virtue at least clear and unsullied from all the money-making, mercenary, pay-me-in-cash abominations which are the vices, not the virtues, of the civilisation it has produced."

My Uncle Roland here came to a full stop; and, filling his glass, rose and said solemnly—"A last bumper, gentlemen.—'To the dead who died for England!'"

#### CHAPTER III.

"Indeed, my dear, you must take it. You certainly *have* caught cold: you sneezed three times together."

"Yes, ma'am, because I would take a pinch of Uncle Roland's snuff, just to say that I *had* taken a pinch out of his box—the honour of the thing, you know."

"Ah, my dear! what was that very clever remark you made at the same time which so pleased your father—something about Jews and the college?"

"Jews and—oh! '*pulverem Olympicum collegisse juvat*,' my dear mother—which means, that it is a pleasure

to take a pinch out of a brave man's snuff-box. I say, mother, put down the posset. Yes, I'll take it; I will, indeed. Now, then, sit here—that's right—and tell me all you know about this famous old Captain. Imprimis, he is older than my father?"

"To be sure!" exclaimed my mother indignantly; "he looks twenty years older; but there is only five years' real difference. Your father must always look young."

"And why does Uncle Roland put that absurd French *de* before his name—and why were my father and he not good friends—and is he married—and has he any children?"

Scene of this conference—my own little room, new papered on purpose for my return *for good*—trellis-work paper, flowers and birds—all so fresh, and so new, and so clean, and so gay—with my books ranged in neat shelves, and a writing-table by the window; and, without the window, shines the still summer moon. The window is a little open; you scent the flowers and new-mown hay. Past eleven; and the boy and his dear mother are all alone.

"My dear, my dear! you ask so many questions at once."

"Don't answer them then. Begin at the beginning, as Nurse Primmins does with her fairy tales—Once on a time."

"Once on a time, then," said my mother—kissing me between the eyes—"once on a time, my love, there was a certain clergyman in Cumberland, who had two sons: he had but a small living, and the boys were to make their own way in the world. But close to the parsonage, on the brow of a hill, rose an old ruin, with one tower left, and this, with half the county round it, had once belonged to the clergyman's family; but all had been sold—all gone piece by piece, you see, my dear, except the presentation to the living, (what they call the advowson was sold too,) which had been secured to the last of the family. The elder of these sons was your Uncle Roland, the younger was your father. Now I believe the first quarrel arose from the absurdest thing possible, as your father says; but Roland was exceedingly touchy on all things connected with his

ancestors. He was always poring over the old pedigree, or wandering amongst the ruins, or reading books of knight-errantry. Well, where

this pedigree began I know not, but it seems that King Henry II. gave some lands in Cumberland to one Sir Adam de Caxton; and from that time, you see, the pedigree went regularly from father to son till Henry V.; then, apparently from the disorders, produced, as your father says, by the wars of the Roses, there was a sad blank left—only one or two names, without dates or marriages, till the time of Henry VII., except that in the reign of Edward IV. there was one insertion of a William Caxton (named in a deed.) Now in the village church there was a beautiful brass monument to one Sir William de Caxton, who had been killed at the battle of Bosworth, fighting for that wicked King Richard III. And about the same time there lived, as you know, the great printer, William Caxton. Well, your father, happening to be in town on a visit to his aunt, took great trouble in hunting up all the old papers he could find at the Herald's College; and sure enough he was overjoyed to satisfy himself that he was descended, not from that poor Sir William, who had been killed in so bad a cause, but from the great printer, who was from a younger branch of the same family, and to whose descendants the estate came, in the reign of Henry VIII. It was upon this that your Uncle Roland quarrelled with him; and, indeed, I tremble to think that they may touch on that matter again."

"Then, my dear mother, I must say my uncle is wrong there, so far as common-sense is concerned; but still, somehow or other, I can understand it—surely this was not the only cause of estrangement!"

My mother looked down, and moved one hand gently over the other, which was her way when embarrassed. "What was it, my own mother?" said I, coaxingly.

"I believe—that is, I—I think that they were both attached to the same young lady."

"How! you don't mean to say that my father was ever in love with any one but you?"

"Yes, Sisty—yes, and deeply! and," added my mother after a slight pause, and with a very low sigh, "he never was in love with me; and what is more, he had the frankness to tell me so!"

"And yet you—"

"Married him—yes!" said my mother, raising the softest and purest eyes that ever lover could have wished to read his fate in;—

"Yes, for the old love was hopeless. I knew that I could make him happy. I knew that he would love me at last, and he does so! My son, your father loves me!"

As she spoke, there came a blush as innocent as virgin ever knew, to my mother's smooth cheek; and she looked so fair, so good, and still so young, all the while, that you would have said that either *Darius*, the Teuton fiend, or *Noek*, the Scandinavian sea-imp, from whom the learned assure us we derive our modern *Daimones*, "*The Deuce*" and *Old Nick*, had indeed possessed my father, if he had not learned to love such a creature.

I pressed her hand to my lips, but my heart was too full to speak for a moment or so; and then I partially changed the subject.

"Well, and this rivalry estranged them more? And who was the lady?"

"Your father never told me, and I never asked," said my mother simply. "But she was very different from me, I know. Very accomplished, very beautiful, very high-born."

"For all that, my father was a lucky man to escape her. Pass on. What did the Captain do?"

"Why, about that time your grandfather died, and shortly after an aunt, on the mother's side, who was rich and saving, and unexpectedly left them each sixteen thousand pounds. Your uncle, with his share, bought back, at an enormous price, the old castle and some land round it, which they say does not bring him in three hundred a-year. With the little that remained, he purchased a commission in the army; and the brothers met no more, till last week, when *Roland* suddenly arrived."

"He did not marry this accomplished young lady?"

"No! but he married another, and is a widower."

"Why, he was as inconstant as my father; and I am sure without so good an excuse. How was that?"

"I don't know. He says nothing about it."

"Has he any children?"

"Two: a son—by the bye, you must never speak about *him*. Your uncle briefly said, when I asked him what was his family, 'a girl, ma'am. I had a son, but,—'

'He is dead,' cried your father, in his kind pitying voice.

'Dead to me, brother,—and you will never mention his name!' You should have seen how stern your uncle looked. I was terrified."

"But the girl,—why did not he bring her here?"

"She is still in France, but he talks of going over for her; and we have half promised to visit them both in Cumberland. — But, bless me! is that twelve? and the posset quite cold!"

"One word more, dearest mother—one word. My father's book—is he still going on with it?"

"Oh yes, indeed!" cried my mother, clasping her hands; "and he must read it to you, as he does to me—*you* will understand it so well. I have always been so anxious that the world should know him, and be proud of him as we are—so—so anxious!—for perhaps, Sisty, if he had married that great lady, he would have *roused* himself. Been more ambitious—and I could only make him happy. I could not make him great!"

"So he has listened to you at last?"

"To me!" said my mother, shaking her head and smiling gently. "No, rather to your Uncle Jack,—who, I am happy to say, has at length got a proper hold over him."

"A proper hold, my dear mother! Pray beware of Uncle Jack, or we shall be all swept into a coal-mine, or explode with a grand national company for making gunpowder out of tea-leaves!"

"Wicked child!" said my mother laughing; and then, as she took up her candle and lingered a moment while I wound my watch, she said musingly,—“Yet Jack is very, very

clever,—and if for your sake we *could* make a fortune, Sisty!"

"You frighten me out of my wits, mother! You are not in earnest?"

"And if *my* brother could be the means of raising *him* in the world?"—

"Your brother would be enough to sink all the ships in the Channel, ma'am," said I, quite inreverently. I was shocked, before the words were well out of my mouth; and throwing my arms round my mother's neck, I kissed away the pain I had inflicted.

When I was left alone and in my own little crib, in which my slumber had ever been so soft and easy,—I might as well have been lying upon cut-straw. I tossed to and fro—I could not sleep. I rose, threw on my dressing-gown, lighted my candle, and sat down by the table near the window. First, I thought of the unfinished outline of my father's youth, so suddenly sketched before me. I filled up the missing colours, and fancied the picture explained all that had often perplexed my conjectures. I comprehended, I suppose by some secret sympathy in my own nature, (for experience in mankind could have taught me little enough,) how an ardent, serious, inquiring mind,—struggling into passion under the load of knowledge, had, with that stimulus sadly and abruptly withdrawn, sunk into the quiet of passive, aimless study. I comprehended how, in the indolence of a happy but unimpassioned marriage, with a companion so gentle, so provident and watchful, yet so little formed to rouse, and task, and fire an intellect naturally calm and meditative,—years upon years had crept away in the learned idleness of a solitary scholar.

I comprehended, too, how gradually and slowly, as my father entered that stage of middle life, when all men are most prone to ambition—the long silenced whispers were heard again; and the mind at last escaping from the listless weight which a baffled and disappointed heart had laid upon it, saw once more, fair as in youth, the only true mistress of Genius—I *ame*!

Oh! how I sympathised, too, in my mother's gentle triumph. How now, looking over the past, I could see, year after year, how she had stolen more and more into my father's heart of hearts,—how what had been kindness had grown into love,—how custom and habit, and the countless links in the sweet charities of home, had supplied that sympathy with the genial man, which had been missed at first by the lonely scholar.

Next I thought of the gray, eagle-eyed old soldier, with his ruined tower and barren acres,—and saw before me his proud, prejudiced, chivalrous boyhood, gliding through the ruins or poring over his mouldy pedigree. And this son, so disowned,—for what dark offence?—an awe crept over me. And this girl,—his ewe-lamb—his all,—was she fair? had she blue eyes like my mother, or a high Roman nose and beetle-brows like Captain Roland? I mused, and mused, and mused,—and the candle went out—and the moonlight grew broader and stiller: till at last I was sailing in a balloon with Uncle Jack, and had just tumbled into the Red Sea—when the well-known voice of nurse Primmins restored me to life, with a "God bless my heart! the boy has not been in bed all this 'varsal night!"

#### CHAPTER IV.

As soon as I was dressed, I hastened down stairs, for I longed to revisit my old haunts—the little plot of garden I had sown with anemones and cresses; the walk by the peach wall; the pond wherein I had angled for roach and perch.

Entering the hall, I discovered my Uncle Roland in a great state of embarrassment. The maid-servant was

scrubbing the stones at the hall door; she was naturally plump, and it is astonishing how much more plump a female becomes when she is on all fours.—the maid servant then was scrubbing the stones, her face turned from the Captain, and the Captain evidently meditating a sortie, stood ruefully gazing at the obstacle before him, and humming loud. *Alas, the*

maid servant was deaf! I stopped, curious to see how Uncle Roland would extricate himself from the dilemma.

Finding that his heels were in vain, my uncle made himself as small as he could, and glided close to the left of the wall: at that instant, the maid turned abruptly round towards the right, and completely obstructed, by this manœuvre, the slight crevice through which hope had dawned on her captive. My uncle stood stock-still,—and to say the truth, he could not have stirred an inch without coming into personal contact with the rounded charms which blocked his movements. My uncle took off his hat and scratched his forehead in great perplexity. Presently, by a slight turn of the flanks, the opposing party, while leaving him the opportunity of return entirely precluded all chance of egress in that quarter. My uncle retreated in haste, and now presented himself to the right wing of the enemy. He had scarcely done so, when, without looking behind her, the blockading party shoved aside the pail that crippled the range of her operations, and so placed it that it formed a formidable barricade, which my uncle's cork leg had no chance of surmounting. Therewith Captain Roland lifted his eyes appealingly to heaven, and I heard him distinctly quaculate—

"Would to God she was a creature in breeches!"

But happily at this moment the maid-servant turned her head sharply round, and seeing the Captain rose in an instant, moved away the pail, and dropped a frightened curtsy.

My Uncle Roland touched his hat. "I beg you a thousand pardons, my good girl," said he; and, with a half bow, he slid into the open air.

"You have a soldier's politeness, uncle," said I, tucking my arm into Captain Roland's.

"Tush, my boy," said he, smiling seriously, and colouring up to the temples; "tush, say a gentleman's! To us, sir, every woman is a lady, in right of her sex."

Now, I had often occasion later to recall that aphorism of my uncle's; and it served to explain to me, how a man, so prejudiced on the score of family pride, never seemed to con-

sider it an offence in my father to have married a woman whose pedigree was as brief as my dear mother's. Had she been a Montmorenci, my uncle could not have been more respectful and gallant than he was to that meek descendant of the Tibbetses. He held, indeed, a doctrine which I never knew any other man, vain of family, approve or support,—a doctrine deduced from the following syllogisms: 1st, That birth was not valuable in itself, but as a transmission of certain qualities which descent from a race of warriors should perpetuate, viz., truth, courage, honour: 2dly, That, whereas from the woman's side we derive our more intellectual faculties, from a man we derive our moral; a clever and witty man generally has a clever and witty mother; a brave and honourable man, a brave and honourable father. Therefore, all the qualities which attention to race should perpetuate are the manly qualities traceable only from the *father's* side. Again, he held, that while the aristocracy have higher and more chivalrous notions, the people generally have shrewder and livelier ideas. Therefore, to prevent gentlemen from degenerating into complete dunder-heads, an admixture with the people, provided always it was on the female side, was not only excusable but expedient: and, finally, my uncle held, that, whereas a man is a rude, coarse, sensual animal, and requires all manner of associations to dignify and refine him, woman is so naturally susceptible of every thing beautiful in sentiment, and generous in purpose, that she has only to be a true woman to be a fit peer for a king. Odd and preposterous notions, no doubt, and capable of much controversy, so far as the doctrine of race (if that be any way tenable) is concerned; but, then, the plain fact is, that my Uncle Roland was as eccentric and contradictory a gentleman—as—as—why, as you and I are, if we once venture to think for ourselves.

"Well, sir, and what profession are you meant for?" asked my uncle.

"Not the army, I fear?"

"I have never thought of the subject, uncle."

"Thank heaven," said Captain Roland, "we have never yet had a

lawyer in the family! nor a stock-broker; nor a tradesman—ahem!”

I saw that my great ancestor the printer suddenly rose up in that hem!

“Why, uncle, there are honourable men in all callings.”

“Certainly, sir. But in all callings honour is not the first principle of action.”

“But it may be, sir, if a man of honour pursue it! There are some soldiers who have been great rascals!”

My uncle looked posed, and his black brows met thoughtfully.

“You are right, boy. I dare say,” he answered somewhat mildly. “But do you think that it ought to give me as much pleasure to look on my old ruined tower, if I knew it had been bought by some herring-dealer, like the first ancestor of the Poles, as I do now, when I know it was given to a knight and gentleman, (who traced his descent from an Anglo-Dane in the time of King Alfred.) for services done in Aquitaine and Gascony, by Henry the Plantagenet? And do you mean to tell me, that I should have been the same man, if I had not from a boy associated that old tower with all ideas of what its owners were, and should be, as knights and gentlemen? Sir, you would have made a different being of me, if at the head of my pedigree you had clapped a herring-dealer; though, I dare say, the herring-dealer might have been as good a man as ever the Anglo-Dane was! God rest him!”

“And for the same reason. I suppose, sir, that you think my father never would have been quite the same being he is, if he had not made that notable discovery touching our descent from the great William Caxton, the printer!”

My uncle bounded as if he had been shot; bounded so uncautiously, considering the materials of which one leg was composed, that he would have fallen into a strawberry-bed if I had not caught him by the arm.

“Why, you—you—you young jack-anapes,” cried the Captain, shaking me off as soon as he had regained his equilibrium. “You do not mean to inherit that infamous crotchet my brother has got into his head? You

do not mean to exchange Sir William de Caxton, who fought and fell at Bosworth, for the mechanic who sold blackletter pamphlets in the sanctuary at Westminster?”

“That depends on the evidence, uncle!”

“No, sir, like all noble truths, it depends upon *faith*. Men, now-a-days,” continued my uncle, with a look of ineffable disgust, “actually require that truths should be proved.”

“It is a sad conceit on their part, no doubt, my dear uncle. But till a truth is proved, how can we know that it is a truth?”

I thought that in that very sagacious question I had effectually caught my uncle. Not I. He slipped through it like an eel.

“Sir,” said he, “whatever, in Truth, makes a man’s heart warmer, and his soul purer, is a belief, not a knowledge. Proof, sir, is a handcut—belief is a wing! Want proof as to an ancestor in the reign of King Richard? Sir, you cannot even prove to the satisfaction of a logician that you are the son of your own father. Sir, a religious man does not want to reason about his religion—religion is not mathematics. Religion is to be felt, not proved. There are a great many things in the religion of a good man which are not in the catechism. Proof!” continued my uncle, growing violent—“Proof, sir, is a low, vulgar, levelling, rascally Jacobin—Belief is a loyal, generous, chivalrous gentleman! No, no—prove what you please, you shall never rob me of one belief, that has made me—”

“The finest hearted creature that ever talked nonsense,” said my father, who came up like Horace’s deity just at the right moment. “What is it you must believe in, brother, no matter what the proof against you?”

My uncle was silent; and with great energy dug the point of his cane into the gravel.

“He will not believe in our great ancestor the printer,” said I, maliciously.

My father’s calm brow was overcast in a moment.

“Brother,” said the Captain loftily, “you have a right to your own ideas, but you should take care how they contaminate your child.”



"Contaminate!" said my father; and for the first time I saw an angry sparkle flash from his eyes, but he checked himself on the instant; "change the word, my dear brother."

"No, sir, I will not change it! to bely the records of the family!"

"Records! A brass plate in a village church against all the books of the College of Arms!"

"To renounce, as your ancestor, a knight who died in the field!"

"For the worst cause that man ever fought for!"

"On behalf of his king!"

"Who had murdered his nephews!"

"A knight! with our crest on his helmet!"

"And no brains underneath it, or he would never have had them knocked out for so bloody a villain!"

"A rascally, drudging, money-making printer!"

"The wise and glorious introducer of the art that has enlightened a world. Prefer, for an ancestor, to one whom scholar and sage never name but in homage, a worthless, obscure, jolter-headed booby in mail, whose only record to men is a brass plate in a church in a village!"

My uncle turned round perfectly livid. "Enough, sir! enough! I am insulted sufficiently. I ought to have expected it. I wish you and your son a very good day."

My father stood aghast. The Captain was hobbling off to the iron gate; in another moment he would have been out of our precincts. I ran up and lunged upon him. "Uncle, it is all my fault. Between you and me, I am quite of your side; pray, forgive us both. What could I have been thinking of, to vex you so! And my father, whom your visit has made so happy!"

My uncle paused, feeling for the

latch of the gate. My father had now come up, and caught his hand. "What are all the printers that ever lived, and all the books they ever printed, to one wrong to thy fine heart, brother Roland? Shame on me! A bookman's weak point, you know! It is very true, I should never have taught the boy one thing to give you pain, brother Roland;—though I don't remember," continued my father, with a perplexed look, "that I ever did teach it him either! Pistostratus, as you value my blessing, respect, as your ancestor, Sir William de Caxton, the hero of Bosworth. Come, come, brother!"

"I am an old fool," said Uncle Roland, "whichever way we look at it. Ah, you young dog! you are laughing at us both!"

"I have ordered breakfast on the lawn," said my mother, coming out from the porch, with her cheerful smile on her lips; "and I think the devil will be done to your liking to-day, brother Roland."

"We have had enough of the devil already, my love," said my father, wiping his forehead.

So, while the birds sang overhead, or hopped familiarly across the sward for the crumbs thrown forth to them, while the sun was still cool in the east, and the leaves yet rustled with the sweet air of morning, we all sat down to our table, with hearts as reconciled to each other, and as peaceably disposed to thank God for the fair world around us, as if the river had never run red through the field of Bosworth, and that excellent Mr Caxton had never set all mankind by the ears with an irritating invention, a thousand times more provocative of our combative tendencies than the blast of the trumpet and the gleam of the banner!

#### CHAPTER V.

"Brother," said Mr Caxton, "I will walk with you to the Roman encampment."

The Captain felt that this proposal was meant as the greatest peace-offering my father could think of; for, ~~but~~ it was a very long walk, and my father detested long walks; 2dly, it

was the sacrifice of a whole day's labour at the great work. And yet, with that quick sensibility, which only the generous possess, Uncle Roland accepted at once the proposal. If he had not done so, my father would have had a heavier bent for a month to come. And how could the great

work have got on while the author was every now and then disturbed by a twinge of remorse?

Half-an-hour after breakfast, the brothers set off arm in arm; and I followed, a little apart, admiring how steadily the old soldier got over the ground, in spite of the cork leg. It was pleasant enough to listen to their conversation, and notice the contrasts between these two eccentric stamps from Dame Nature's ever-variable mould,—Nature who casts nothing in stereotype, for I do believe that not even two fleas can be found identically the same.

My father was not a quick or minute observer of rural beauties. He had so little of the organ of locality, that I suspect he could have lost his way in his own garden. But the Captain was exquisitely alive to external impressions—not a feature in the landscape escaped him. At every fantastic garlanded pollard he halted to gaze: his eye followed the lark soaring up from his feet; when a fresher air came from the hill-top, his nostrils dilated, as if voluptuously to inhale its delight. My father, with all his learning, and though his study had been in the stores of all language, was very rarely eloquent. The Captain had a glow and a passion in his words which, what with his deep, tremulous voice, and animated gestures, gave something poetic to half of what he uttered. In every sentence of Roland's, in every tone of his voice, and every play of his face, there was some outbreak of pride; but, unless you set him on his hobby of that great ancestor the printer, my father had not as much pride as a homœopathist could have put into a globe. He was not proud even of not being proud. Chafe all his feathers, and still you could rouse but the dove. My father was slow and mild, my uncle quick and fiery: my father reasoned, my uncle imagined: my father was very seldom wrong, my uncle never quite in the right; but, as my father once said of him, "Roland beats about the bush till he sends out the very bird that we went to search for. He is never in the wrong without suggesting to us what is the right." All in my uncle was stern, rough, and angular; all in

my father was sweet, polished, and rounded into a natural grace. My uncle's character cast out a multiplicity of shadows like a Gothic pile in a northern sky. My father stood serene in the light like a Greek temple at mid-day in a southern clime. Their persons corresponded with their natures. My uncle's high aquiline features, bronzed hue, rapid fire of eye, and upper lip that always quivered, were a notable contrast to my father's delicate profile, quiet, abstracted gaze, and the steady sweetness that rested on his musing smile. Roland's forehead was singularly high, and rose to a peak in the summit where phrenologists place the organ of veneration, but it was narrow, and deeply furrowed. Augustine's might be as high, but then soft, silky hair waved carelessly over it—concealing its height, but not its vast breadth—on which not a wrinkle was visible. And yet, withal, there was a great family likeness between the two brothers. When some softer sentiment subdued him, Roland caught the very look of Augustine; when some high emotion animated my father, you might have taken him for Roland. I have often thought since, in the greater experience of mankind which life has afforded me, that if, in early years, their destinies had been exchanged—if Roland had taken to literature, and my father had been forced into action—that, strange as it may seem, each would have had greater worldly success. For Roland's passion and energy would have given immediate and forcible effect to study; he might have been a historian or a poet. It is not study alone that produces a writer; it is *intensity*. In the mind, as in yonder chimney, to make the fire burn hot and quick, you must narrow the draught. Whereas, had my father been forced into the practical world, his calm depth of comprehension, his clearness of reason, his general accuracy in such notions as he once entertained and pondered over, joined to a temper that crosses and losses could never ruffle, an utter freedom from vanity and self-love, from prejudice and passion, might have made him a very wise and enlightened counsellor in the great

affairs of life—a lawyer, a diplomatist, a statesman, for what I know, even a great general—if his tender humanity had not stood in the way of his military mathematics.

But, as it was—with his slow pulse never stimulated by action, and too little stirred by even scholarly ambition—my father's mind went on widening and widening, till the circle was lost in the great ocean of contemplation; and Roland's passionate energy, fretted into fever by every let and hindrance, in the struggle with his kind—and narrowed more and more as it was curbed in the channels of active discipline and duty—missed its due career altogether; and, what might have been the poet, contracted into the humourist.

Yet, who that had ever known ye,

could have wished you other than ye were—ye guileless, affectionate, honest, simple creatures? simple both, in spite of all the learning of the one, all the prejudices, whims, irritabilities, and crotchets of the other? There you are both seated on the height of the old Roman camp, with a volume of the *Stratagemas of Polyænus*, (or is it *Frontinus*?) open on my father's lap; the sheep grazing in the furrows of the circumvallations; the curious steer gazing at you where it halts in the space whence the Roman cohorts glittered forth. And your boy biographer standing behind you with folded arms; and, as the scholar read or the soldier pointed his cane to each fancied post in the war, filling up the pastoral landscape with the eagles of Agrippa and the scythed cars of Boadicea!

#### CHAPTER V.

"It is never the same two hours together in this country," said my Uncle Roland, as, after dinner, or rather after dessert, we joined my mother in the drawing-room.

Indeed, a cold drizzling rain had come on within the last two hours; and, though it was July, it was as chilly as if it had been October. My mother whispered to me, and I went out in ten minutes more, the logs (for we lived in a wooded country) blazed merrily in the grate. Why could not my mother have rung the bell, and ordered the servant to light a fire? My dear reader, Captain Roland was poor, and he made a capital virtue of economy!

The two brothers drew their chairs near to the hearth: my father at the left, my uncle at the right; and I and my mother sat down to "Fox and geese."

Coffee came in—one cup for the Captain—for the rest of the party avoided that exciting beverage. And on that cup was a picture of—His Grace the Duke of Wellington!

During our visit to the Roman camp, my mother had borrowed Mr Squilla's chaise, and driven over to our market town, for the express purpose of greeting the Captain's eyes with the face of his old chief.

My uncle changed colour, rose, lifted my mother's hand to his lips, and sat himself down again in silence.

"I have heard," said the Captain, after a pause, "that the Marquis of Hastings, who is every inch a soldier and a gentleman—and that is saying not a little, for he measures seventy-five inches from the crown to the sole—when he received Louis XVIII. (then an exile) at Donnington, fitted up his apartments exactly like those his majesty had occupied at the Tuilleries—it was a kingly attention, (my Lord Hastings, you know, is sprung from the Plantagenets)—a kingly attention to a king. It cost some money and made some noise. A woman can show the same royal delicacy of heart in this bit of porcelain, and so quietly, that we men all think it a matter of course, brother Austin."

"You are such a worshipper of women, Roland, that it is melancholy to see you single. You must marry again!"

My uncle first smiled, then frowned, and lastly sighed somewhat heavily.

"Your time will pass slowly in your old tower, poor brother," continued my father, "with only your little girl for a companion."

"And the past!" said my uncle; "the past, that mighty world—"

"Do you still read your old books of chivalry, Froissart and the Chronicles, Palmerin of England and Amadis of Gaul?"

"Why," said my uncle, reddening, "I have tried to improve myself with studies a little more substantial. And" (he added with a sly smile) "there will be your great book for many a long winter to come."

"Um!" said my father, bashfully.

"Do you know," quoth my uncle, "that Dame Primmins is a very intelligent woman; full of fancy, and a capital story-teller?"

"Is not she, uncle?" cried I, leaving my box in a corner. "Oh, if you could have heard her tell me the tale of King Arthur and the enchanted lake, or the grim white women!"

"I have already heard her tell both," said my uncle.

"The dence you have, brother! My dear, we must look to this. These captains are dangerous gentlemen in an orderly household. Pray, where could you have had the opportunity of such private communications with Mrs Primmins?"

"Once," said my uncle, readily, "when I went into her room, while she mended my stock; and once—" he stopped short, and looked down.

"Once when? out with it."

"When she was warming my bed," said my uncle, in a half whisper.

"Dear!" said my mother, innocently, "that's how the sheets came

by that bad hole in the middle. I thought it was the warming-pan."

"I am quite shocked!" faltered my uncle.

"You well may be," said my father. "A woman who has been heretofore above all suspicion! But come," he said, seeing that my uncle looked sad, and was no doubt casting up the probable price of twice six yards of Holland; "but come, you were always a famous rhapsodist or tale-teller yourself. Come, Roland, let us have some story of your own; something your experience has left strong in your impressions."

"Let us first have the candles," said my mother.

The candles were brought, the curtain let down—we all drew our chairs to the hearth. But, in the interval, my uncle had sunk into a gloomy reverie; and, when we called upon him to begin, he seemed to shake off with effort some recollections of pain.

"You ask me," he said, "to tell you some tale which my own experience has left deeply marked on my impressions—I will tell you one apart from my own life, but which has often haunted me. It is sad and strange, ma'am."

"Ma'am, brother!" said my mother reproachfully, letting her small hand drop upon that which, large and sunburnt, the Captain waved towards her as he spoke.

"Austin, you have married an angel!" said my uncle; and he was, I believe, the only brother-in-law who ever made so hazardous an assertion.

#### CHAPTER VII.

##### MY UNCLE ROLAND'S TALE.

"It was in Spain, no matter where or how, that it was my fortune to take prisoner a French officer of the same rank that I then held—a lieutenant; and there was so much similarity in our sentiments, that we became intimate friends—the most intimate friend I ever had, sister, out of this dear circle. He was a rough soldier, whom the world had not well treated; but he never railed at the world, and maintained that he had had his deserts. Honour was his idol, and the sense of honour paid him for the loss of all else.

"There was something similar, too, in our domestic relationships. He had a son—a child, an infant—who was all in life to him, next to his country and his duty. I, too, had then such a son of the same years." (The Captain paused an instant: we exchanged glances, and a stifling sensation of pain and suspense was felt by all his listeners.) "We were accustomed, brother, to talk of these children—to picture their future, to compare our hopes and dreams. We hoped and dreamed alike. A short time sufficed

to establish this confidence. My prisoner was sent to headquarters, and soon afterwards exchanged.

"We met no more till last year. Being then at Paris, I inquired for my old friend, and learned that he was living at R—, a few miles from the capital. I went to visit him. I found his house empty and deserted. That very day he had been led to prison, charged with a terrible crime. I saw him in that prison, and from his own lips learned his story. His son had been brought up, as he fondly believed, in the habits and principles of honourable men: and, having finished his education, came to reside with him at R—. The young man was accustomed to go frequently to Paris. A young Frenchman loves pleasure, sister, and pleasure is found at Paris. The father thought it natural, and stripped his age of some countants to supply luxuries to the son's youth.

"Shortly after the young man's arrival, my friend perceived that he was robbed. Moneys kept in his bureau were abstracted—he knew not how, nor could guess by whom. It must be done in the night. He concealed himself, and watched. He saw a stealthy figure glide in, he saw a false key applied to the lock—he started forward, seized the felon, and recognised his son. What should the father have done? I do not ask *you*, sister. I ask these men: son and father, I ask *you*."

"Expelled him the house," cried I.

"Done his duty, and returned the unhappy wretch," said my father. "*Nemo repente turpissimus scilicet factus*—No man is wholly bad all at once."

"The father did as you would have advised, brother. He kept the youth; he remonstrated with him, he did more—he gave him the key of the bureau. 'Take what I have to give,' said he: 'I would rather be a beggar than know my son a thief.'"

"Right: and the youth repented, and became a good man?" exclaimed my father.

Captain Roland shook his head. "The youth promised amendment, and seemed penitent. He spoke of the temptations of Paris, the gaming-table, and what not. He gave up his daily visits to the capital. He seemed

to apply to study. Shortly after this, the neighbourhood was alarmed by reports of night robberies on the road. Men, masked and armed, plundered travellers, and even broke into houses.

The police were on the alert. One night an old brother officer knocked at my friend's door. It was late: the veteran (he was a cripple, by the way, like myself—strange coincidence!) was in bed. He came down in haste, when his servant woke, and told him that his old friend, wounded and bleeding, sought an asylum under his roof. The wound, however, was slight. The guest had been attacked and robbed on the road. The next morning the proper authority of the town was sent for. The plundered man described his loss—some billets of five hundred francs in a pocket-book, on which was embroidered his name and coronet (he was a vicomte.) The guest stayed to dinner. Late in the forenoon the son looked in. The guest started to see him: my friend noticed his paleness. Shortly after, on pretence of faintness, the guest retired to his room, and sent for his host. 'My friend,' said he, 'can you do me a favour: go to the magistrate, and recall the evidence I have given.'

"Impossible," said the host. 'What er-tel-et is this?'

"The guest shuddered. '*Peste*,' said he. 'I do not wish in my old age to be hard on others. Who knows how the robber may have been tempted, and who knows what relations he may have—honest men, whom his crime would degrade for ever.' Good heavens! it detected, it is the galleys, the galleys!"

"And what then?—the robber knew what he braved."

"But did his father know it?" cried the guest.

"A light broke upon my unhappy comrade in arms: he caught his friend by the hand—'You turned pale at my son's sight—where did you ever see him before? Speak!'

"Last night, on the road to Paris. The mask slipped aside. Call back my evidence!"

"You are mistaken," said my friend calmly. 'I saw my son in his bed, and blessed him, before I went to my own.'

"I will believe you," said the

guest; 'and never shall my hasty suspicion pass my lips—but call back the evidence.'

"The guest returned to Paris before dusk. The father conversed with his son on the subject of his studies; he followed him to his room, waited till he was in bed, and was then about to retire, when the youth said, 'Father, you have forgotten your blessing.'

"The father went back, laid his hand on the boy's head, and prayed. He was credulous—fathers are so! He was persuaded his friend had been deceived. He retired to rest, and fell asleep. He woke suddenly in the middle of the night, and felt (I here quote his words)—'I felt,' said he 'as if a voice had awakened me—a voice that said 'Rise and search.' I rose at once, struck a light, and went to my son's room. The door was locked. I knocked once, twice, thrice—no answer. I dared not call aloud, lest I should rouse the servants. I went down the stairs—I opened the back-door—I passed to the stables. My own horse was there, *not* my son's. My horse neighed: it was old, like myself—my old charger at Mount St Jean! I stole back, I crept into the shadow of the wall by my son's door, and extinguished my light. I felt as if I were a thief myself."

"Brother," interrupted my mother under her breath: "speak in your own words, not in this wretched father's. I know not why, but it would shock me less."

The Captain nodded.

"Before daybreak, my friend heard the back-door open gently: a foot ascended the stair—a key grated in the door of the room close at hand—the father glided through the dark into that chamber, behind his unseen son.

"He heard the clink of the tinder box; a light was struck; it spread over the room, but he had time to place himself behind the window curtain which was close at hand. The figure before him stood a moment or so motionless, and seemed to listen, for it turned to the right, to the left, its visage covered with the black hideous mask which is worn in carnivals. Slowly the mask was removed; could that be his son's face? the son of a

brave man?—it was pale and ghastly with scoundrel fears; the base drops stood on the brow; the eye was haggard and bloodshot. He looked as a coward looks when death stands before him.

"The youth walked, or rather skulked to the secretaire, unlocked it, opened a secret drawer; placed within it the contents of his pockets and his frightful mask; the father approached softly, looked over his shoulder, and saw in the drawer the pocket-book embroidered with his friend's name. Meanwhile, the son took out his pistols, uncocked them cautiously, and was about also to secrete them, when his father arrested his arm. 'Robber, the use of these is yet to come.'

"The son's knees knocked together, an exclamation for mercy burst from his lips: but when, recovering the mere shock of his dastard nerves, he perceived it was not the gripe of some hireling of the law, but a father's hand that had clutched his arm, the vile audacity which knows fear only from a bodily cause, none from the awe of shame, returned to him.

"'Tush, sir,' he said, 'waste not time in reproaches, for, I fear, the gens-d'armes are on my track. It is well that you are here: you can swear that I have spent the night at home. I thank me, old man—I have these witnesses still to secrete,' and he pointed to the garments wet and dabbled with the mud of the roads. He had scarcely spoken when the walls shook, there was the heavy clatter of hoofs on the ringing pavement without.

"'They come!' cried the son. 'Off dotard! save your son from the galleys.'

"'The galleys, the galleys!' said the father, staggering back: 'it is true—he said 'the galleys.'

"There was a loud knocking at the gate. The gens-d'armes surrounded the house. 'Open in the name of the law.' No answer came, no door was opened. Some of the gens-d'armes rode to the rear of the house, in which was placed the stable-yard. From the window of the son's room, the father saw the sudden blaze of torches, the shadowy forms of the men-hunters. He heard the clatter of arms as they swung themselves from their horses. He

heard a voice cry, 'Yes, this is the robber's gray horse—see, it still reeks with sweat!' And behind and in front, at either door, again came the knocking, and again the shout, 'Open in the name of the law.'

"Then lights began to gleam from the casements of the neighbouring houses; then the space filled rapidly with curious wonderers startled from their sleep; the world was astir, and the crowd came round to know what crime or what shame had entered the old soldier's home.

"Suddenly, within, there was heard the report of a firearm; and a minute or so afterwards the front door was opened, and the soldier appeared.

"Enter," he said, to the gendarmes: "what would you?"

"We seek a robber who is within your walls."

"I know it, mount and find him. I will lead the way."

"He ascended the stairs, he threw open his son's room; the officers of justice poured in, and on the floor lay the robber's corpse.

"They looked at each other in amazement. 'Take what is left you,' said the father. 'Take the dead man rescued from the galleys, take the living man on whose hands rests the dead man's blood.'

"I was present at my friend's trial. The facts had become known beforehand. He stood there with his gray

hair, and his mutilated limbs, and the deep scar on his visage, and the cross of the legion of honour on his breast; and when he had told his tale, he ended with these words—'I have saved the son whom I reared for France, from a doom that spared the life to brand it with disgrace. Is this a crime? I give you my life in exchange for my son's disgrace. Does my country need a victim? I have lived for my country's glory, and I can die contented to satisfy its laws; sure that if you blame me, you will not despise; sure that the hands that give me to the headsman will scatter flowers over my grave. Thus I confess all. I, a soldier, look round amongst a nation of soldiers; and in the name of the star which glitters on my breast, I dare the fathers of France to condemn me!'

"They acquitted the soldier, at least, they gave a verdict answering to what in our courts is called 'justifiable homicide.' A shout rose in the court, which no ceremonial voice could still; the crowd would have borne him in triumph to his house, but his look repelled such vanities. To his house he returned indeed, and the day afterwards they found him dead, beside the cradle in which his first prayer had been breathed over his sinless child. Now, father and son, I ask you, do you condemn that man?"

#### CHAPTER VIII.

My father took three strides up and down the room, and then, halting on his hearth, and facing his brother, he thus spoke—"I condemn his deed, Roland! At best he was but a haughty egotist. I understand why Brutus should slay his sons. By that sacrifice he saved his country! What did this poor dupe of an exaggeration save? nothing but his own name. He could not lift the crime from his son's soul, nor the dishonour from his son's memory. He could but gratify his own vain pride, and, inseparably to himself, his act was whispered to him by the fiend that ever whispers to the heart of man, 'Dread men's opinions more than God's law!' Oh, my dear brother, what minds like

yours should guard against the fiend that is not the meanness of evil—it is the evil that takes false nobility, by garbing itself in the royal magnificence of good." My uncle walked to the window, opened it, looked out a moment, as if to draw in fresh air, closed it gently, and came back again to his seat; but during the short time the window had been left open, a moth flew in.

"Tales like these," renewed my father, pityingly—"whether told by some great tragedian or in thy simple style, my brother,—tales like these have their uses: they penetrate the heart to make it wiser; but all wisdom is meek, my Roland. They invite us to put the question to ourselves that



thou hast asked—'Can we condemn this man?' and reason answers, as I have answered—'We pity the man, we condemn the deed.' We—take care, my love! that moth will be in the candle. We—*whish!*—*whish!*'—and my father stopped to drive away the moth. My uncle turned, and taking his handkerchief from the lower part of his face, on which he had wished to conceal the workings, he flapped away the moth from the flame. My mother moved the candles from the moth. I tried to catch the moth in my father's straw-hat. The dence was in the moth, it baffled us all; now circling against the ceiling, now swooping down at the fatal lights. As if by a simultaneous impulse, my father approached one

candle, my uncle approached the other; and just as the moth was wheeling round and round, irresolute which to choose for its funeral pyre, both were put out. The fire, had burned down low in the grate, and in the sudden dimness my father's soft sweet voice came forth as if from an invisible being:—"We leave ourselves in the dark to save a moth from the flame, brother! shall we do less for our fellow-men? Extinguish, oh! humanely extinguish the light of our reason, when the darkness more favours our mercy." Before the lights were relit, my uncle had left the room. His brother followed him; my mother and I drew near to each other and talked in whispers.

#### GUESSES AT TRUTH.

We remember perusing this book soon after its first appearance. The shortness of the several sections into which it is divided, and the frequent change of topics, keeping the mind in a constant state of expectation, prevented us, we suppose, from feeling at that time a sense of weariness. In the perpetual anticipation of finding something new in the next paragraph or section, we forgot the disappointment which the last had so often occasioned. It is only thus we can explain the difference of feeling with which we have re-perused this third and late edition of the same work. The brevity of chapters, and interchange of topics, could not practise their kindly deception on us twice. Like those interwisted walks in a confined shrubbery, which are designed to heat the pedestrian into the idea of vast extent of space, the imposition succeeded but once. At the second perambulation we discover within what narrow boundaries we have been led up and down, and made our profitless circuit. We are compelled to say that an exceeding weariness came over us on the second perusal of these *Guesses at Truth*. Notwithstanding the modesty of the title, there are few books

which wear so perpetually the air of superiority, of profound and subtle thought, with so very little to justify the pretension. There is a constant smile of self-complacency—but it plays over a very barren landscape. The soil is sterile on which this sunshine is resting. It is not uninteresting to notice how far an assumption of superiority, coupled with a form of composition indulgent to the reader's attention, and stimulating to his curiosity, may succeed in giving popularity and very respectable reputation to a work which, when examined closely, proves to be made up of materials of the slightest possible value.

We are the more disposed to look a little into these *Guesses at Truth*, because they afford a fair specimen of the manner and lucubrations of a small class, or coterie, whom we have had amongst us, and who may be best described as the *Coleridgean* school of philosophers. It is a class distinguished by the thorough contempt it manifests for all whom the world has been accustomed to consider as clear and painstaking thinkers—by an overweening, quiet arrogance—by a general indolence of mind interrupted by fitful efforts of thought, and much laborious



trifling. They are not genuine conscientious thinkers after any order of philosophy: they are as little followers of Kant as they are of Locke; but they take advantage of the name and reputation of the one to speak with something approximating to disdain of the superficiality of the other. That they alone are right—would be fair enough. To one who strenuously labours to bring out and establish his principle we readily permit a great confidence in his own opinion; if he did not think others wrong and himself alone right, why should he be labouring at our conviction? But these gentlemen do *not* labour: they have earned nothing with the sweat of their brow; they hover over all things with a consummate self-complacency; they investigate nothing; they condescend to understand no one. Men of indolent ability, they would be supposed calmly to overlook the whole field of philosophic controversy, and by dint of some learning, by the perpetual proclamation of the shallowness of their contemporaries, and a mysterious intimation of profundities of thought of their own, which they are sufficiently cautious not to attempt too fully to reveal,—they certainly contrive to make a marvellous impression upon the good-natured reader.

That we are right in pronouncing Coleridge as the master who has formed this coterie of writers, many passages in the present work would testify; but Archdeacon Hare, the author of the greater portion of it, has very lately, in the plenitude of his years, proclaimed his great veneration, and a sort of allegiance, towards Coleridge the philosopher. To Coleridge the poet be all honour paid—we join in whatever applause may, within reasonable compass, be bestowed upon him; but Coleridge the sage, the metaphysician, the divine, is a very different person; and with all his undoubted genius, the very last man, we humbly conceive, to give a wise and steady direction to the thinking faculty of others. It is thus, however, that Archdeacon Hare, in his late *Memoir of John Sterling*, speaks of this wilful, fitful, erratic genius:—"At that time it was beginning to be acknowledged by more than a few that Coleridge is the *true sovereign of*

*modern English thought*. The *Aids to Reflection* had recently been published, and were doing the work for which they were so admirably fitted; that book to which many, as has been said by one of Sterling's chief friends, we even their own selves.' Few the obligation more deeply than Coleridge. 'To Coleridge (he wrote in 1836) I owe *education*. He taught me to believe that an empirical philosophy is none: that faith is the best reason; that all criticism, either of literature, laws, or man's, is blind, without the power of discerning the organic unity of the poet, &c., &c.'" He taught him to give he had a meaning where he had none, to slight authors as shallow whose were lucid and intelligible, to substitute occasional efforts, a dogmatism arising out of general emotions, for the steady discipline philosophy, and the calm inquiry for truth. The whole intellectual career of Sterling proves how unfortunate he was in having fallen under the dominion of this "true sovereign of modern English thought." With the sterner moral temper in the world, we find him never, for two years together, with the same set of opinions, and his set of opinions at each time were such as a *Coleridgean* only could hold together in harmony.

Let any one not overawed by soundings reputations, examine the *Aids to Reflection*,—this work which gives a claim to the sovereignty of modern English thought,—the characteristic that will chiefly strike him is the predominance of *hard writing*, which at first wears the appearance, and is found to be the melancholy substitute, of *hard thinking*. On closer examination, he will be surprised to find how much space is wasted in verbal quibbles, which the author in vain endeavours to raise into importance; and how often the quotations from Leighton, dignified with the name of aphorisms, are such as any page of any sermon would have supplied him with. Amidst this jumble of crude metaphysics and distorted theology, there is from time to time an admirable observation admirably expressed; and there is also from time to time an absurdity so flagrant, that it requires all the author's skill of composition to

redeem it from the charge of utter nonsense.

At the time when Coleridge wrote, what are known especially as German metaphysics had hardly reached our shores. He had studied them, or, like every active mind, had rather studied on them. They had given an impulse and direction to his own trains of thought; and if Coleridge had been capable of a continuous application, and a complete execution of any one work, he might have introduced a body of metaphysics into this country which, though due in its origin to German thinkers, would still have been justly entitled his own. But for this continuous labour he was not disposed: we have, therefore, a mere dim broken outline of a system of philosophy (intelligible only to those who have studied that system in other works) applied, in a very strange manner, to the dogmatic tenets of theology. This forms the basis of the *Aids to Reflection*; and very much of aid or assistance it must bring! We venture to say, that no one unacquainted, from any other source, with the speculations of Kant or Schelling,—let him give what attention, or bring what brains he may to his task,—can understand the refracted and partial representation of their tenets which Coleridge occasionally gives. Take, for instance, a long note, which every reader of the book must remember, upon *Thisis* and *Antithesis*, and *Punctum Indifferens*. With all the assistance of scholastic and geometrical terms, and that illustration abruptly enough introduced of “sulphuretted hydrogen,” the reader, we are persuaded, if he comes fresh to the subject, must be utterly at a loss for a meaning. We have diagram and tabular view, and algebraic signs, and chemical illustration, and all the paraphernalia of a most desperate development of thought, and not one sentence of lucid explanation.

On the great subject of the existence of God, Coleridge appears to us to assume a most unsatisfactory and a somewhat perilous position. To oppose the school of Locke and Paley—far too simple for his taste—he gives a validity to the ambitious subtleties which made Shelley an atheist. The great argument from design, so con-

vincing to us all, he slights,—it is too vulgar and commonplace for his purpose,—and finds his grounds of belief in the *practical reason* of Kant, (an afterthought of the philosopher of Königsberg, and evidently at issue with the main tenets of his system,) or in certain ontological dogmas, which of all things are most open to dispute.

“I hold, then, it is true,” he says, “that all the (so-called) demonstrations of a God either prove too little, as that from the order or apparent purpose in nature; or too much, namely, that the world is itself God; or they clandestinely involve the conclusion in the premises, passing off the mere analysis or explication of an assertion for the proof of it,—a species of logical legerdemain not unlike that of the jugglers at a fair, who, putting into their mouths what seems to be a walnut, draw out a score yards of ribbon, as in the postulate of a First Cause. And, lastly, in all these demonstrations, the demonstrators presuppose the idea or conception of a God without being able to authenticate it; that is, to give an account whence they obtained it. For it is clear that the proof first mentioned, and the most natural and convincing of all (the cosmological, I mean, or that from the order of nature), presupposes the ontological: that is, the proof of a God from the necessity and necessary objectivity of the Idea. If the latter can assure us of a God as an existing reality, the former will go far to prove his power, wisdom, and benevolence. All this I hold. But I also hold, that the truth the hardest to demonstrate, is the one which, of all others, least needs to be demonstrated; that though there may be no conclusive demonstrations of a good, wise, living, and personal God, there are so many convincing reasons for it within and without—a grain of sand sufficing, and a whole universe at hand to echo the decision!—that for every mind not devoid of all reason, and desperately conscience-proof, the truth which it is the least possible to prove, it is little else than impossible not to believe,—only indeed, just so much short of impossible as to leave some room for the will, and the moral election, and thereby to keep it a truth of religion, and the possible subject of a commandment.”—(P. 132.)

We are not very partial to this notion of a truth of the reason being a subject for the exercise of moral obedience, and least of all in the case of a truth, the recognition of which must precede any intelligible exercise

of the religious conscience. In common with the vast majority of mankind, we hold that the cosmological argument is complete in itself. Ontology, as a branch of metaphysics placed in opposition to psychology, is, by the greater number of reflecting men, regarded as a mere shadow, the region of utter and hopeless obscurity. We know nothing in itself,—only its phenomena; *being* escapes us, except as that to which the phenomena belong. If we prove, or rather if we see, order and wisdom in the material world, we have all the demonstration of a being, intelligent and wise, that our minds are capable of receiving. We have the same proof for the being of God, as we have for the existence of matter or of mind; we cannot have more, and we have not a jot less.

By way of compensation, our philosopher, when he is once in possession of the Idea of God, evolves from it, by unassisted reason, the most profound mysteries of revealed religion. Mark here the elated step of the triumphant logician:—

"I form a certain notion in my mind, and say, 'This is what I understand by the term God.' From books and conversation, I find that the learned generally connect the same notion with the same word. I then apply the rules laid down by the masters of logic for the involution and evolution of terms [the conjurer that he is!] and prove, to as many as agree with me in my premises, that the notion God involves the notion Trinity."—(P. 126.)

The further description of this successful process of the involution and evolution of terms is postponed to a future work. It was a strange and somewhat affected position that Coleridge assumed between the philosophical and the religious world. He would belong to both, and yet would be unhappy if you did not regard him as standing apart and alone. He was the *Punctum Indifferens*, which might be both, or neither. The philosopher among divines, the divine among philosophers, he was delighted to appear to each class in a masquerade drawn from the wardrobe of the other. Even on the most ordinary occasions, he would sometimes eke out, or obscure, his explanations by a little of the dialect of the chapel or the meeting-

house. Near the commencement of the book is the following note:—

"DISTINCTION BETWEEN THOUGHT AND ATTENTION.—By THOUGHT is here meant the voluntary reproduction in our own minds of those states of consciousness, or (to use a phrase more familiar to the religious reader) of those inward experiences, to which, as to his best and most authentic documents, the teacher of moral and religious truth refers us. In ATTENTION, we keep the mind *passive*; in THOUGHT, we rouse it into activity. In the former, we submit to an impression; we keep the mind steady in order to receive the stamp. In the latter, we seek to imitate the artist, while we ourselves make a copy or duplicate of his work. We may learn arithmetic or the elements of geometry by continued attention alone; but self-knowledge, or an insight into the laws and constitution of the human mind, and the grounds of religion and true morality, in addition to the effort of attention, requires the energy of thought."

Now this reference to the word *experience*, as one which would be more familiar to the religious reader, is pure affectation: because he must have known that religious people never use that term in the wide or general sense of states of consciousness, but restrict its meaning to a very peculiar class of feelings. As to the distinction which is here laid down, we thought we agreed with Coleridge till we came to the illustration that was to make all clear. He who has to learn arithmetic or geometry must assuredly exercise thought as well as attention. It is by that "voluntary reproduction" of the ideas presented to him, by which Coleridge defines thought, that he can alone fully understand and make the subject his own.

At other times this erratic genius rejoices in astonishing all philosophically-minded individuals by some extravagance got from the remotest regions of the religious world. What but some morbid caprice could have induced him to pen such a paragraph as this:—

"It might be the means of preventing many unhappy marriages, if the youth of both sexes had it early impressed on their minds that marriage contracted between Christians is a true and perfect Symbol or Mystery; that is, the actualising Faith being supposed to exist in the receivers, it is an outward sign co-essential with that which it signifies, or a living

part of that, the whole of which it represents."

Coleridge never did seriously think — of that we may be sure — that the repetition of this *abracadabra* could be the means "of preventing many unhappy marriages."

The author of the *Aids to Reflection* had, however, this undoubted merit — that he *was* a thinker — that in his own fitful method, he gave himself from time to time to strenuous meditation. He lacked, indeed, the calm, and serene, and patient thought which characterises the successful inquirer into philosophic truth. He could plunge boldly in, and dive deeply down; but the tranquillity of mind which the diver should possess in those depths where the light is so faint — this he failed in; so that, from his perilous enterprises, he often rose with tangled weeds instead of treasure, spasmodically clasped in both his hands, and held aloft with a shout of triumph. This energy of mind makes itself felt through all the cumbersome obscurity of his exposition, and is the real secret of the influence which he exerted over many, to whom he imparted a noble but irregular impulse, and a sense of proud achievement where nothing complete had been accomplished. His disciples are therefore distinguished, as we have remarked, by undisciplined efforts of thought, and a fancied superiority to the age in which they live, — a notion that they stand upon an intellectual eminence they have neither attained nor fairly toiled for.

But we are in danger of forgetting that it is not the *Aids to Reflection*, but the *Guesses at Truth*, we are at present concerned with. *Guesses at Truth!* You think, of course, that the modest inquirer is about to give us the conclusions to which he has arrived upon the great questions of philosophy, — to collect together the results of his investigations into first principles and the eternal problems of human life. But these results, whatever they may be, are rather assumed than expressed throughout the whole book. As you read on, you find the page still occupied with some trifling discussion about words — strictures upon contemporary tastes — odd bits

of criticism and politics — quibble and conundrum. Over all, indeed, is seen hanging the beetle-brow of the pre-eminent sage, and you are to presume that the meditative man is unbending, and merely at his sport. But he is unbent always: the bow is never strung, or nothing flies from it; the great thinker never sets himself earnestly to work. At last you conclude that there is *no work in him* — that he never did, and never will work; and that it is useless to wait any longer for this nodding image, with its eternal smile of self-complacency, to turn into an oracle of wisdom.

If, indeed, the writer or writers were verily sportive, — if there were wit or amusement in this unbent condition of the bow, most readers might think there was very little reason to complain: there would be mirth, if not wisdom, to be had. But there is no such compensation. With few exceptions, nothing can be more heavy or cumbersome than their efforts at pleasantry. The illustrations, intended to be humorous and sprightly, have no gaiety in them: and the satirical observations have rarely any other characteristic of satire than their evident injustice.

The manner in which these writers appear to have proceeded, in the ex-cogitation of their detached remarks, is after this fashion, — on all occasions, trivial or important, to carp at any thing that assumes the shape of a commonplace truth, any thing that is generally said or admitted. By this means some merit of originality may surely be obtained, and a lofty character for independence secured. Open the book at the first page: —

"The heart has often been compared to the needle for its constancy: has it ever been so for its variations?"

Why should it? Why should the magnetic needle, which is a popular illustration for constancy of purpose, be chosen as an emblem also for our mutability? Are there not the winds, and the clouds, and the feather blown in the air, and a thousand other similes for this phase of our nature? But "true as the needle to the pole" had been said so long that it was time to see whether the saying could not be reversed. We may as well quote the rest of the passage.

"Yet were any man to keep minutes of his feelings from youth to age, what a table of variations would they present! how numerous! how diverse! how strange! This is just what we find in the writings of Horace. If we consider his occasional effusions—and such they almost all are—as merely expressing the piety or the passion, the seriousness or the levity of the moment, we shall have no difficulty in accounting for those discrepancies in their features which have so much puzzled professional commentators. Their very contradictions prove their truth. Or, could the face even of Ninon de l'Enclos at seventy be just what it was at seventeen? Nay, was Cleopatra before Augustus the same as Cleopatra with Antony? or Cleopatra with Antony the same as with the great Julius?"

A section half a page in length, and on so trite a subject, ought at least to have boasted a greater distinctness of thought. One would hardly have anticipated that the shifting humours of Horace and the decline of Ninon's beauty (of whom it seems to be gravely asked, whether she could be just the same at seventy as at seventeen.) would be put in the same category. The form of composition adopted by the author has not prevented a frequent confusion of ideas, though it has rendered such a fault less excusable. His mode of progression is "like a peacock's walk, a stride and a stand," yet he often fails to take his single step with firmness and decision.

In a work of this kind, we know not how better to proceed than to examine some of the sections in the order they occur; and, as we have begun at the first page, we shall turn over the leaves of the book, and, without too much anxiety of selection, extract for our comment such as appear best to characterise the authors. Nor shall we attempt to make any distinction between the writers. The larger portion, and to which no signature is affixed, is the composition of Archdeacon Hare; those signed 'U.' are by his brother; and there are occasionally other signatures, as A. and L., and A. and O. L., but what names these stand for we are not informed,—nor are we anxious to know. It is as a specimen of a certain class or coterie of thinkers we have been induced to notice the work, and we

would at all times rather assail the thing said than the person who says it. It is remarkable that there is as much harmony between the several parts of the work as if the whole had been written by the same individual; and where inconsistencies appear, they will generally be found in the portions which bear the same signature, and which are the composition therefore of the same writer.

"Philosophy, like every thing else, in a Christian nation, should be Christian. We throw away the better half of our means, when we neglect to avail ourselves of the advantages which starting in the right road gives us. It is idle to urge that unless we do this, anti-Christians will deride us. Curs bark at gentlemen on horse-back; but who, except a hypochondriac, ever gave up riding on that account?"

To say that philosophy should be Christian, is very much like saying that truth should be Christian. The philosophy of a genuine Christian will be Christian, we presume, unless he be capable of believing contradictory propositions. Or does the writer mean that that alone is Christian philosophy of which Coleridge has given us a slight specimen, and where the attempt is made to deduce from human reason alone the revealed mysteries of Christianity? What follows is as carelessly penned as it is point-less and vapour. "It is idle to urge that unless we do this anti-Christians will deride us." It would be impossible from the mere rules of grammar to know what it is that anti-Christians would deride us for doing, - whether for going right or wrong. But the illustration, by no means very elegant, which follows, comes to our assistance. As the anti-Christians are the curs, and the gentleman on horse-back the Christian philosopher, and as riding on horseback is certainly a very commendable thing, we discover that it is for going right that the anti-Christians would deride us.

The next is an instance how an observation, good in itself, may be run to death.

"I am convinced that jokes are often accidental. A man in the course of conversation throws out a remark at random, and is as much surprised as any of the company, on hearing it, to find it witty."

"For the substance of this observation I am indebted to one of the pleasantest men I ever knew, who was doubtless giving the results of his own experience. *He might have carried his remark some steps further with ease and profit.* It would have done our pride no harm to be reminded, how few of our best and wisest, and even of our newest thoughts, do really and wholly originate in ourselves,—how few of them are voluntary, or at least intentional. Take away all that has been suggested or improved by the hints and remarks of others,—all that has fallen from us accidentally, all that has been struck out by collision, all that has been prompted by a sudden impulse, or has occurred to us when least looking for it,—and the remainder, which alone can be claimed as the fruit of our thought and study, will in every man form a small portion of his store, and in most men will be little worth preserving."

This is carrying his friend's observation "a little further with ease and profit." It is carrying it to where it is utterly lost in mere absurdity. "Take away all that has been suggested," &c.—(take away all that we have ever learned)—"take away all that has been prompted," &c.—(take away all excitement to thinking, as well as all materials of thought)—and we should be glad to know what "remainder" can be left at all. The paragraph continues thus—

"We can no more make thoughts than seeds. How absurd, then, for a man to call himself a poet or maker! The ablest writer, a gaudier first, and then a cook," (two very industrious professions at all events.) "His tasks are, carefully to select and cultivate his strongest and most nutritious thoughts; and, when they are ripe, to dress them wholesomely, and so that they may have a relish."

A very succulent image. The next sentence which our eye falls upon is pretty, and we willingly extract it:—

"Leaves are light, and useless, and idle, and wavering, and changeable; they even dance: yet God has made them part of the oak. In so doing, he has given us a lesson not to deny the stout heartedness within, because we see the lightness without."

The following truism we should have hardly thought deserving of a place amidst *Guesses at Truth*; but, being admitted, the section devoted to it might surely have been preserved from obscurity to the close:—

"Time is no agent, as some people appear to think, that it should accomplish anything of itself. Looking at a heap of stones for a thousand years will do no more toward building a house of them, than looking at them for a moment. For time, when applied to works of any kind, being only a succession of relevant acts, each furthering the work, it is clear that even an infinite succession of irrelevant and therefore inefficient acts would no more achieve or forward the completion, than an infinite number of jumps on the same spot would advance a man toward his journey's end. There is a *motion* without progress in time as well as in space; where a thing often remains stationary, which appears to us to recede, while we are leaving it behind."

Plain sailing enough till we come to the last sentence. We dare not say that "we do not understand this"—these writers tell us so often that the critic fails in understanding simply from his own want of apprehension—but we may venture to hint that whatever meaning it contains might have been more clearly expressed. The hapless critic, by the way, is severely dealt with by this school of philosophers. He is told that "Coleridge's golden rule—*Until you understand an author's ignorance, presume yourself ignorant of his understanding*—should be borne in mind by all writers who feel an itching in their forefinger and thumb to be carping at their wisers and betters." (P. 161.) Our wisers should have informed the critic how he is to fathom an author's ignorance except by examining the accuracy and intelligibility of the positive statements he makes. "A Reviewer's business," we are assured in another part, "is to have positive opinions upon all subjects, without need of steadfast principles or thoroughgoing knowledge upon any: and he belongs to the hornet class, unproductive of any thing useful or sweet, but ever ready to sally forth and sting." Hard measure this. But we must not be judges in our own cause.

Meanwhile nothing pleases our amiable writers so much as to gird at the times in which they live, and find error in every general belief.

"Another form of the same materialism, which cannot comprehend or conceive any thing, except as the product of some external cause, is the spirit so general in

these times, which attaches an inordinate importance to mechanical inventions, and accounts them the great agents in the history of mankind. It is a common opinion with these exoteric philosophers that the invention of printing was the chief cause of the Reformation—that the invention of the compass brought about the discovery of America—and that the vast changes in the military and political state of Europe since the middle ages have been wrought by the invention of gunpowder. It would be almost as rational to say that the cock's crowing makes the sun rise. U." (P. 85.)

Now it is *not* the common opinion that the invention of printing was the *chief* cause of the Reformation, but that it afforded to the reformers a great and very opportune assistance. It is not the common opinion that the invention of the compass brought about of itself the discovery of America, but it is a very general belief that Columbus would have hardly sailed due west over the broad ocean without a compass. It is not the common opinion that the vast changes, meaning thereby all the changes that have taken place in the military and political affairs of Europe since the middle ages, have been the result of the invention of gunpowder; but it is a conviction generally entertained that the use of fire-arms has had something more to do with certain changes in our military and political condition than the crowing of the cock with the rising of the sun.

Having in this candid manner exposed the popular errors upon this subject, he substitutes in their stead this very luminous proposition, that "the utility of an invention depends upon our making use of it."

"These very inventions had existed, the greatest of them for many centuries, in China, without producing any result. For why? Because the utility of an invention depends on our making use of it. There is no power, none at least for good [why this qualification?] in any instrument or weapon, except so far as there is power in him who wields it: nor does the sword guide or move the hand, but the hand the sword. Nay," he adds in a tone of triumphant discovery, "it is the hand that fashions the sword."

"Or," continues the writer, starting afresh, "we may look at the matter in another light. We may conceive that, whenever any of the great changes

ordered by God's providence in the destinies of mankind are about to take place, the means requisite for the effecting of those changes are likewise prepared by the same Providence."

What is this but the general opinion of mankind? which, however, as entertained in the minds of others, is a vulgar materialism. What are all the world saying, but simply this, that the inventions of the printing press, of the compass, and of gunpowder, are great means ordained by God's providence for the advancement of human affairs?

The beauties of inanimate nature have their turn to be descanted on; and here our selector spirits have a double task to perform: first, to throw contempt on those who do not feel them; and, secondly, on those who do. For, explain it how you will, they and their few friends are evidently the only people who have an accurate perception of beauty as well as of truth.

"It is an uncharitable error to ascribe the delight with which unpoetic persons often speak of a mountain-tour, to ascertainment. The delight is as real as mutton and beef, with which it has a closer connexion than the travellers themselves suspect: arising, in great measure, from the good effects of mountain air, regular exercise, and wholesome diet, upon the spirits. This is sensual, indeed, though not improperly so; but it is no concession to the materialist. I do not deny that my neighbour has a soul, by referring a particular pleasure in him to the body." (P. 35.)

So much for the unpoetic traveller with staff and knapsack, gloating, it may be, in his feats of pedestrianism. He is permitted, in spite of his grossness, to have a soul within his body. But the more poetic fraternity are not therefore to pass scatheless.

"The noisiest streams are the shallowest. It is an old saying, but never out of season, least of all in an age the fit symbol of which would not be, like the Ephesian personification of nature, *multimammas*—for it neither brings forth nor nourishes—but *multitingua*. Your amateur will talk by the ell, or, if you wish it, by the mile, about the inexpressible charms of nature; but I never heard that his love had caused him the slightest uneasiness.

"It is only," continues the writer, in a style which becomes suddenly overclouded with a strange metaphysical obscurity,—

"it is only by the perception of some contrast that we become conscious of our feelings. *The feelings, however, may exist for centuries, without the consciousness; and still, when they are mighty, they will overpower consciousness*; when they are deep, it will be unable to fathom them. Love has been called 'loquacious as a vernal bird,' and with truth; but his loquacity comes on him mostly in the absence of his beloved. Here too the same illustration holds; the deep stream is not heard until some obstacle opposes it. But can anybody, when floating down the Rhine, believe that the builders and dwellers in those castles, with which every rock is crested, were blind to all the beauties around them? Is it quite impossible that they should have felt almost as much as the sentimental tourist, who returns to his parlour in some metropolis, and puffs out the fumes of his admiration through his quill? Has the moon no existence independent of the halo about her? [*sic*] or does the halo even flow from her? Is it not produced by the dimness and density of the atmosphere through which she has to shine? Give me the love of the bird that broods over her own nest, rather than of one who lays her eggs in the nest of another, albeit she warble about parental affection as loudly as Rousseau or Lord Byron." (P. 50.)

Nevertheless, we should not adopt the present writer, with all his twofold fastidiousness, as our guide to enlighten us upon the highest sort of pleasure which scenery produces. He lays far more stress than to us seems due on the pictorial art as a means of cultivating a taste for the beauties of nature. It is quite true that a person familiar with the art of painting will see in an ordinary landscape points of interest which another would overlook. But as the sublimer objects in nature cannot be represented in pictures, so as to convey an impression of sublimity, it is not here that we can learn how to appreciate them. You paint a river and all the amenities of the landscape through which it flows; you cannot paint the sea and its grandeur. On no canvass can you transfer a mountain so as to bring with it the true impression of its sublimity.

That which we call the love of nature must exist in very different forms in minds of different habits and culture. The professional artist notes the various forms, the various colours, how they blend and contrast; he likes to

see the whole field of vision richly and harmoniously filled. The poet, after spending a whole day in rapture amongst the mountains, could scarcely give you the exact outline of a single peak; he cannot fill you a solitary canvass; he has grasped all that his memory retains by the law only of his own feelings; he can describe the scene only by the emotions it has called forth.

There is also, no doubt, a simpler love of natural objects that never seeks to express itself either with the pencil or the pen. And this may, as our writer suggests, form a component part of that love of their country for which mountaineers are particularly distinguished. Yet, having ourselves had occasion to notice how very destitute of what is called *sentiment*, the peasantry of the noblest country are found to be, we should rather attribute the passionate love of home that is remarkable in the Swiss or the Norwegian to this,—that the causes which make home dear to all men are aggravated in their case by the mountainous seclusion in which they live. One who has resided in the same valley all his life, knows every one in that valley, and knows no one beyond it. The whole of the inhabitants form, as it were, one family. And though the sublimity of the mountains around him affects his mind but little, yet their lofty summits present to him (merely as so much matter and form) great physical objects to which he gets familiarised and attached. Each time he raises his eyes, he sees them there eternal in the heavens; he can go no where to escape them; and they enclose for him whatever he possesses in common with all other countrymen,—his own field, its hedge, its stile,—the village church,—the bridge over the torrent stream on which he played when a boy, and stood and gossiped when a man.

"When I was in the lake of Zug," says our author, "which lies bosomed among such grand mountains, the boatman, after telling some stories about Suwarrow's march through the neighbourhood, asked me,—*Is it true that he came from a country where there is not a mountain to be seen?* Yes, I replied; *you may go hundreds of miles without coming to a hillock. That must be beautiful!* he ex-



claimed : *das muss schön seyn*. . . . This very man, however, had he been transported to the plains he sighed for,—even though they had been as flat as Burnet's Paradise, or the *tubula rasa* which Locke supposed to be the *paradisaical state of the human mind*—(why is this piece of folly introduced? or what wit or sense can there be in attributing this childish absurdity to Locke?) would probably have been seized with the homesickness which is so common among his countrymen, as it is also among the Swedes and Norwegians, but which I believe is hardly found, except in the natives of a mountainous and beautiful country."

We have said that the prevailing characteristic of these semi-philosophers is the love of contradicting whatever to the majority of men seems a simple and intelligible truth. We will give two very short instances of this spirit of contradiction. We need not say that they are religious men, or that the want of piety in the world is their frequent subject of animadversion. "I was surprised just now," says one of the brothers, "to see a cobweb round a knocker: for it was not on the gate of heaven." You would suppose, therefore, that a man could not be too earnest in knocking at this gate that it might be opened to him. But this is what all the religious world is saying, and to float with the stream would be intolerable. It is discovered, therefore, that the religious world make of salvation, of the entrance into heaven, a matter of too much *personal interest*. "Catholic religion has wellnigh been split up into personal, so that the very idea of the former has almost been lost; and it is the avowed principle of what is called the Religious World that every body's *paramount, engrossing duty* is

to take care of his own soul." (P. 194.) What is called the Religious World would be a little surprised to hear itself censured by the archdeacon on such a ground as this.

Our next, which is very brief, is a still more striking instance of this contradictory and exclusive spirit. "The glories of their country,"—he is speaking of the ancient Greeks,—"inspired them with enthusiastic patriotism; and an aristocratical religion—(which, until it was supplanted by a vulgar philosophy, was revered in spite of all its errors)—gave them," &c. It was a "vulgar philosophy" that doubted of the truth of Paganism! It is, at all events, a very commonplace philosophy at the present day which discredits the gods of Olympus, and is therefore to be spoken of with due contempt.

Instead of being intelligible and vulgar, how much better to wrap up our Christian philosophy in a style as rare and curious, and undecipherable as the hieroglyphic ornaments of an Egyptian mummy!

"The precepts of Christianity are holy and imperative; its mysteries vast, undiscoverable, unimaginable; and, what is still worthier of consideration, these two halves of our religion are not severed, or even laxly joined, but, after the workmanship of the God of nature, so 'lock in with and over-wrap one another' that they cannot be torn asunder with at rude force. *The emblematic is the germ of a duty, every duty has its motive in a mystery*—so that if I may speak of these things in the symbolical language of ancient wisdom, every thing divine being connected, every right thing human straight—the life of the Christian may be compared to a cloud, each end of which is supported by the arc it proceeds from and terminates in." (P. 211)

\* We have not thought it worth while to adhere in our quotations to the somewhat affected manner of spelling which the brothers Hare have adopted. For instance, *asked* and *wished* are spelt *askt* and *wisht*; we have but one *l* in traveller, and the French word *vapours* is rather oddly translated into *vapors*. The substitution of *t* for *d* in the participle of many verbs, is the most systematic alteration attempted. Now the *d* and the *t*, as is very well known, slide into one another by such fine gradations that it is impossible to determine, in many cases, which of these two letters most accurately represents the pronunciation in general use. As the termination *ed* is what is understood by grammarians as the regular form, and is, moreover, in possession of the ground, it seems very futile to take any pains to alter it. In the instances we have already mentioned, *wisht* for *wished*, *askt* for *asked*, the new orthography is no nearer to the actual daily pronunciation of the words than the old and received mode of spelling. We do not pronounce *wished* and *asked* as we do the word *cast*. Give the full sound of the *t* in these words, and a pronunciation is introduced quite as novel as the mode of spelling.

Literary criticism occupies a portion of these pages. Here also there is a singular air of pretension, but *nothing done*. A vague indefinite claim is made to very superior taste, and an exclusive appreciation of the great poets, but nothing is ever attempted to support this claim. The solitary criticism on a passage in Milton, where the poet says of the great palace of Pandemonium, that it "rose like an exhalation," is the only instance we remember where these authors have put forth any positive criticism; and this example does not appear to evince any very delicate or refined appreciation of poetic imagery. A comparison is drawn (where there is very little room for one) between this passage and the expression *νεκτι ἐκκαῖς*, which Homer uses in describing the coming of Apollo,—and the *ἡερ' ἀμύχλη*, which he employs when speaking of Thetis rising from the sea. "How interior," says the writer, "in grandeur, in simplicity, in beauty and grace, to the Homeric! which moreover has better caught the spirit and sentiment of the natural appearances. For Apollo does come with the power and majesty, and with the terrors of night; and the soft wayiness of an exhalation is a much fitter image for the rising of the goddess, than for the massiness and hard stiff outline of a building." It is the hard stiff outline which the very image of Milton conceals from us, as the angel-built structure rises gradually, continuously, like an exhalation from the earth.

Of Shakspeare we are, of course, told that neither we, nor any other Englishmen, understand him.

"How many Englishmen admire Shakspeare! Dear! bless all who understand him, and, it is to be hoped, a few more; for how many Englishmen understand Shakspeare? Were Diogenes to set out on his search through the land, I trust he would bring home many hundreds, not to say thousands, for every one I should put up. To judge from what has been written about him, the Englishmen who understand Shakspeare are little more numerous than those who understand the language spoken in Paradise. You will now and then meet with ingenious remarks on particular passages, and even in particular characters, or rather in particular features in them. But these remarks are mostly as incomplete and unsatisfactory as the de-

scription of a hand or foot would be, unless received with reference to the whole body. He who wishes to trace the march and to scan the operations of this most marvellous genius, and to discern the mysterious organisation of his wonderful works, will find little help but what comes from beyond the German Ocean." (P. 267.)

We are very much disposed to think that the age which follows ours, though still admiring Shakspeare as one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of poets, will look upon this present as eminently distinguished for having talked a marvellous deal of nonsense about that great man—whether with or without help from beyond the German Ocean. There is, however, confessedly some light to be got from another quarter, though still a very remote one. We are rather affectedly told in the preceding page.—

"Were nothing else to be learnt from the *rhetoric* and *ethics* of Aristotle, they should be studied by every educated Englishman as the best of commentaries on Shakspeare."

To Coleridge, indeed, whose snatches of literary criticism are admirable, (when he is not evidently led away by some capricious paradoxical spirit,) we have a debt to acknowledge on this subject. He first taught us, if we mistake not, to appreciate the structure of Shakspeare's plays, and vindicated them from that charge of rudeness and irregularity which had been so frequently made that it had passed for an admitted truth. He showed that there was a harmony in his intricate plots of a far higher order than the disciples of the *unities* had ever dreamed of.

Whatever may be their critical appreciation of the poetic language of others, these writers display very little taste themselves in the use of imagery, or illustration, or metaphor. What is intended for wit or pleasantry proves to be a cumbrous allegory or unwieldy simile; we feel that we are to smile, but we do not smile. Instances of this may be found at page 111, in a sort of fable about "leather" and "stockings;" and at page 133 about "four-sided and five-sided fields." The examples are too long to quote.

At page 260, great men are compared to mountains. The simile is not new, but the manner of dealing with it has more of novelty than of grace.—“Mountains never shake hands,” &c.—like great men, they stand alone. “But if mountains do not shake hands, neither do they kick each other.” And here, at page 259, is an instance, not too long to quote entire, which shows how little tact and delicacy these writers have in dealing with metaphorical language.

“It is a mistake to suppose the poet does not know truth by sight quite as well as the philosopher. He must; for he is ever seeing her in the mirror of nature. The difference between them is, that the poet is satisfied with worshipping her reflected image, while the philosopher traces her out, and follows her to her remote abode between cause and consequence, and there impregnates her.”

Frequently the illustration, standing alone, brief and obscure, becomes a mere riddle, a conundrum, to which you can either attach no meaning, or any meaning you please.

“Instead of watching the bird as it flies above our heads, we chase the shadow along the ground, and finding we cannot grasp it, we conclude it to be nothing.”

“I hate to see trees pollarded—or nations.”

“What way of circumventing a man can be so easy and suitable as a period?”

The name should be enough to put us on our guard; the experience of every age is not.”

The oracular wisdom which these and the like sentences contain, we must confess ourselves unable to expound. We would not undertake to act as interpreter of such aphorisms; and we feel persuaded that if three of the most friendly commentators were to sit down before them, they would each give a different explanation.

In quitting our somewhat ungracious task, we would not leave the impression behind that there is absolutely nothing in this volume to reward perusal. There are some sparkling sayings, and some sound reflections, which, if the book had now appeared for the first time, we should think it our duty to hunt out and bring together. But the work has been long before the public, and our present object was merely to point out some of the weaknesses of a very dogmatical class of writers. The following *guess*, for instance, is very significant, and extremely apposite, moreover, to our own times. That we may leave our readers something to meditate upon, we will conclude by quoting it:—

“When the pit seats itself in the boxes, the gallery will soon drive out both, and occupy the whole of the house.”—A

## LIFE IN THE "FAR WEST."

## PART I.—CHAP. I.

AWAY to the head waters of the Platte, where several small streams run into the south fork of that river, and head in the broken ridges of the "Divide" which separates the valleys of the Platte and Arkansa, were camped a band of trappers on a creek called Bijou. It was the month of October, when the early frosts of the coming winter had crisped and dyed with sober brown the leaves of the cherry and quaking asp, which belted the little brook; and the ridges and peaks of the Rocky Mountains were already covered with a glittering mantle of snow, which sparkled in the still powerful rays of the autumn sun.

The camp had all the appearance of being a permanent one; for not only did one or two unusually comfortable shanties form a very conspicuous object, but the numerous stages on which huge strips of buffalo meat were hanging in process of cure, showed that the party had settled themselves here in order to lay in a store of provisions, or, as it is termed in the language of the mountains, "make meat." Round the camp were feeding some twelve or fifteen mules and horses, having their fore-legs confined by hobbles of raw hide, and, guarding these animals, two men paced backwards and forwards, driving in the stragglers; and ever and anon ascending the bluffs which overhung the river, and, leaning on their long rifles, would sweep with their eyes the surrounding prairie. Three or four fires were burning in the encampment, on some of which Indian women were carefully tending sundry steaming-pots; whilst round one, which was in the centre of it, four or five stalwart hunters, clad in buckskin, sat cross-legged, pipe in mouth.

They were a trapping party from the north fork of Platte, on their way to wintering-ground in the more southern valley of the Arkansa; some, indeed, meditating a more extended trip, even to the distant settlements of New Mexico, the paradise of mountaineers. The elder of the company

was a tall gaunt man, with a face browned by a twenty years' exposure to the extreme climate of the mountains; his long black hair, as yet scarcely tinged with gray, hung almost to his shoulders, but his cheeks and chin were cleanly shaved, after the fashion of the mountain men. His dress was the usual hunting-frock of buckskin, with long fringes down the seams, with pantaloons similarly ornamented, and moccasins of Indian make. As his companions puffed their pipes in silence, he was narrating a few of his former experiences of western life; and whilst the buffalo "hump-ribs" and "tender loin" are singing away in the pot, preparing for the hunters' supper, we will note down the yarn as it spins from his lips, giving it in the language spoken in the "far west":—

"'Twas about 'calf-time,' maybe a little later, and not a hundred year ago, by a long chalk, that the biggest kind of rendezvous was held 'to' Independence, a mighty handsome little location away up on old Missonra. A pretty smart lot of boys was camp'd thar, about a quarter from the town, and the way the whisky flowed that time was 'some' now, I can tell you. Thar was old Sam Owins—him as got 'rubbed out'\* by the Spaniards at Sacramento, or Chihuahuy, this hos does-n't know which, but he 'went under'† any how. Well, Sam had his train along, ready to hitch up for the Mexican country—twenty thunderin' big Pittsburg waggons; and the way *his* Santa Fé boys took in the liquor beat all—eh, Bill?"

"W'at, it did."

"Bill Bent—his boys camped the other side the trail, and they was all mountain men, wagh!—and Bill Williams, and Bill Tharpe (the Pawnees took his hair on Pawnee Fork last spring:) three Bills, and them three's all 'gone under.' Surely Hatcher went out that time; and wasn't Bill Garey along, too? Didn't him and Chabouard sit in camp for twenty hours at a deck of Euker? Them was

\* Killed, }  
 † Died, } both terms adapted from the Indian figurative language.

Bent's Indian traders up on Arkansa. Poor Bill Bent! them Spaniards made meat of him. He lost his topknot to Taos. A 'clever' man was Bill Bent as I ever know'd trade a robe or 'throw' a butter in his tracks. Old St Vrain could knock the hind-sight off him though, when it come to shootin', and old silver heels spoke true, she did: 'plum-center' she was, eh?"

"Well, she was 'nt nothin' else."

"The Greasers \* payed for Bent's scalp, they tell me. Old St Vrain went out of Santa Fe with a company of mountain men, and the way they made 'em sing out was 'slick as shootin'. He 'counted a coup' did St Vrain. He throwed a Pueblo as had on poor Bent's shirt. I guess he tickled that nigger's hump-ribs. Fort William † aint the lodge it was, an' never will be agin, now he's gone under; but St Vrain's 'pretty much of a gentleman,' too; if he aint, I'll be dog-gone, eh, Bill?"

"He is *so-o*."

"Chavez had his waggons along. He was only a Spaniard any how, and some of his teamsters put a ball into him his next trip, and made a raise of his dollars, wagh! Uncle Sam hung 'em for it, I heard, but can't b'lieve it, no-how. If them Spaniards wasn't born for shootin', why was beaver made? You was with us that spree, Jemmy?"

"No *sirre-e*; I went out when Spiers lost his animals on Cimmaron: a hunderd and forty mules and oxen was froze that night, wagh!"

"Surely Black Harris was thar; and the darndest liar was Black Harris—for lies tumbled out of his mouth like bouldins out of a butter's stomach. He was the child as saw the putrefied forest in the Black Hills. Black Harris come in from Laramie; he'd been trapping three year an' more on Platte and the 'other side'; and, when he got into Liberty, he fixed himself right off like a Saint Loui dandy. Well, he sat to

dinner one day in the tavern, and a lady says to him:—

"Well, Mister Harris, I hear you're a great travler."

"'Travler, marm,' says Black Harris, 'this nigger's no travler: I ar' a trapper, marm, a mountain-man, wagh!'

"Well, Mister Harris, trappers are great travlers, and you goes over a sight of ground in your perishinations, I'll be bound to say."

"A sight, marm, this coon's gone over, if that's the way your 'stick floats.' ‡ I've trapped beaver on Platte and Arkansa, and away up on Missonra and Yaller Stone; I've trapped on Columbia, on Lewis Fork, and Green River; I've trapped, marm, on Grand River and the Heely (Gila.) I've fount the 'Blackfoot' (and d—d bad Injuns they ar;) I've 'raised the hair' § of more *than one* Apach, and made a Rapaho 'come' afore now; I've trapped in heav'n, in airth, and h—, and scalp my old head, marm, but I've seen a putrefied forest."

"La, Mister Harris, a what?"

"A putrefied forest, marm, as sure as my rifle's got hind-sights, and *she* shoot-center. I was out on the Black Hills. Bill Sublette knows the time—the year it rained fire—and every body knows when that was. If thar wasn't cold doin's about that time, this child wouldn't say so. The snow was about fifty foot deep, and the butter lay dead on the ground like bees after a becin'; not whar we was tho', for *thar* was no butter, and no meat, and me and my band had been livin' on our mocassin, (leastwise the parflesh. ||) for six weeks; and poor doin's that feedin' is, marm, as you'll never know. One day we cross-ed a 'cañon' and over a 'divide,' and got into a peraira, whar was green grass, and green trees, and green leaves on the trees, and birds singing in the green leaves, and this in February, wagh! Our

\* The Mexicans are called "Spaniards" or "Greasers" (from their greasy appearance) by the Western people.

† Bent's Indian trading fort on the Arkansa.

‡ Meaning,—if that's what you mean. The "stick" is tied to the beaver trap by a string; and, floating on the water, points out its position, should a beaver have carried it away.

§ Scalped

|| Soles made of buffalo hide.

animals was like to die when they see the green grass, and we all sung out, 'hurraw for summer doin's.'

"'Hyar goes for meat,' says I, and I jest ups old Ginger at one of them singing birds, and down come the crittur elegant; its darned head spinning away from the body, but never stops singing, and when I takes up the meat, I finds it stone, wagh! 'Hyar's damp powder and no fire to dry it,' I says, quite skearled.'

"'Fire be dogged,' says old Rube. 'Hyar's a hos as 'll make fire come;' and with that he takes his axe and lets drive at a cotton wood. Schr-u-k—goes the axe agin the tree, and out comes a bit of the blade as big as my hand. We looks at the animals, and thar they stood shaking over the grass, which I'm dog-gone if it wasn't stone, too. Young Sublette comes up, and he 'd been clerk-ing down to the fort on Platte, so he know'd something. He looks and looks, and scrapes the trees with his butcher knife, and snaps the grass like pipe stems, and breaks the leaves a-snappin' like Californy shells.'

"'What's all this, boy?' I asks.

"'Putrefactions,' says he, looking smart, 'putrefactions, or I'm a nigger.'

"'La, Mister Harris,' says the lady; 'putrefactions, whv, did the leaves, and the trees, and the grass smell badly?'

"'Smell badly, marm,' says Black Harris, 'would a skunk stink if he was froze to stone? No, marm, this child didn't know what putrefactions was, and young Sublette's var-sion wouldn't shine' nohow, so I chips a piece out of a tree and puts it in my trap-sack, and carries it in sale to Laramie. Well, old Captain Stewart, (a clever man was that, though he was an Englishman,) he comes along next spring, and a Dutch doctor chap was along too. I shows him the piece I chipped out of the tree, and he called it a putrefaction too; and so, marm, if that wasn't a putrefied perrair, what was it? For this hos doesn't know,

and he knows 'fat cow' from 'poor bull,' anyhow.'

"Well, old Black Harris is gone under too, I believe. He went to the 'Parks' trapping with a Vide Poche Frenchman, who shot him for his bacca and traps. Darn them Frenchmen, they're no account any way you lays your sight. (Any 'bacca in your bag, Bill?' this beaver feels like chawing.)

"Well, any how, thar was the camp, and they was goin to put out the next morning; and the last as come out of Independence was that ar Englishman. He'd a nor-west\* capôte on, and a two-shoot gun rifled. Well, them English are darned fools; they can't fix a rifle any ways; but that one did shoot 'some;' leastwise he made it throw plum-center. He made the bufler 'come,' he did, and fout well at Pawnee Fork too. What was his name? All the boys called him Cap'en, and he got his fixings from old Choteau; but what he wanted out thar in the mountains, I never jest rightly know'd. He was no trader, nor a trapper, and flung about his dollars right smart. Thar was old grit in him, too, and a hair of the black bar at that.† They say he took the bark off the Shians when he cleared out of the village with old Beaver Tail's squaw. He'd been on Yaller Stone afore that; Leclerc know'd him in the Blackfoot, and up in the Chip-peway country; and he had the best powder as ever I flashed through life, and his gun was handsome, that's a fact. Them thar locks was grand; and old Jake Hawken's nephew, (him as trapped on Heely that time,) told me, the other day, as he saw an English gun on Arkansa last winter as beat all off hand.

"Nigh upon two hundred dollars I had in my possibles, when I went to that camp to see the boys afore they put out; and you know, Bill, as I sat to 'Euker' and 'seven up' ‡ till every cent was gone.

"'Take back twenty, old coon,' says Big John.

"'H—' full of such takes back,' says

\* The Hudson Bay Company, having amalgamated with the American North West Company, is known by the name 'North West' to the southern trappers. Their employes usually wear Canadian capôtes.

† A spice of the devil.

‡ "Euker," "poker," and "seven-up," are the fashionable games of cards.

I; and I puts back to town and fetches the rifle and the old mule, puts my traps into the sack, gets credit for a couple of pounds of powder at Owin's store, and hyar I ar on Bijou, with half a pack of beaver, and running meat yet, old hos: so put a log on, and let's have a smoke.

"Hurraw, Jake, old coon, bear a hand, and let the squaw put them tails in the pot: for sun's down, and we'll have to put out pretty early to reach 'Black Tail' by this time to-morrow. Who's fust guard, boys: them cussed 'Rapahos' will be after the animals to-night, or I'm no judge of Injun sign. How many did you see, Maurice?"

"Enfant de Gârce, me see bout honderd, when I pass Squirrel Creek, one dam war-party, parve-que, they no hosses, and have de briants for steal des animaux. May be de Yutes in Bayou Salade."

"We'll be having trouble to-night, I'm thinking, if the devils are about. Whose band was it, Maurice?"

"Slim-Face—I see him ver close—is out: mais I think it White Wolf's."

"White Wolf, maybe, will lose his hair if he and his band knock round here too often. That Injun put me afoot when we was out on 'Sandy' that fall. This nigger owes him one, any how."

"H—'s full of White Wolves: go ahead, and roll out some of your doins across the plains that time."

"You seed sights that spree, eh, boy?"

"Well, we did. Some of em got their flints fixed this side of Pawnee Fork, and a heap of mule-meat went wolfing. Just by Little Arkana we saw the first Injun. Me and young Somes was ahead for meat, and I had hobbled the old mule and was 'approaching' some goats,\* when I see the critturs turn back their heads and jump right away for me. 'Hurraw, Dick!' I shouts, 'hyars brown-skin a comin,' and off I makes for the mule. The young greenhorn sees the goats runnin up to him, and not being up to Injun ways, blazes at the first and knocks him over. Jest then seven darned red heads top the bluff, and

seven Pawnees come a-scoochin upon us. I cuts the hobbles and jumps on the mule, and, when I looks back, there was Dick Somes ramming a ball down his gun like mad, and the Injuns slinging their arrows at him pretty smart, I tell you. 'Hurraw, Dick, mind your hair,' and I ups old Greaser and let one Injun 'have it,' as was going plum into the boy with his lance. He turned on his back handsome, and Dick gets the ball down at last, blazes away, and drops another. Then we charged on em, and they clears off like runnin cows; and I takes the hair off the heads of the two we made meat of; and I do b'lieve thar's some of them scalps on my old leggings yet.

"Well, Dick was as full of arrows as a porkypine: one was stic'ing right through his cheek, one in his meat-bag, and two more 'bout his hump ribs. I tuk 'em all out slick, and away we go to camp, (for they was just a-campin' when we went ahead) and carryin' the goat too. 'Thar' was a hurroo when we rode in with the scalps at the end of our guns. 'Injuns! Injuns!' was the cry from the green-horns; 'we'll be 'tacked to night, that's certain.'

"'Tacked be ——' says old Bill: 'aint we men too, and white at that. Look to your guns, boys: send out a strong hos'-guard with the animals, and keep your eyes skinned.'

"Well, as soon as the animals were unhitched from the waggons, the gunvner sends out a strong guard, seven boys, and old hands at that. It was pretty nigh upon sundown, and Bill had just sung out to 'corral.' The boys were drivin' in the animals, and we were all standin' round to get 'em in slick, when, 'howgh-owgh-owgh-owgh,' we hears right behind the bluff, and 'bout a minute and a perfect crowd of Injuns gallops down upon the animals. Wagh! war'nt thor hoopin'! We jump for the guns, but before we get to the fires, the Injuns were among the cavayard. I saw Ned Collyer and his brother, who were in the hos'-guard, let drive at 'em; but twenty Pawnees were round 'em before the smoke cleared from their rifles, and when the crowd broke the two boys

\* Antelope are frequently called "goats" by the mountaineers.

were on the ground, and their hair gone. Well, that an Englishman just saved the cavayard. He had his horse, a reglar buffalo-runner, picketed round the fire quite handy, and as soon as he sees the fix, he jumps upon her and rides right into the thick of the mules, and passes through 'em, firing his two-shoot gun at the Injuns, and by Gor, he made two come. The mules, which was a snortin' with funk and running before the Injuns, as soon as they see the Englishman's mare (mules 'ill go to h— after a horse, you all know,) followed her right into the corral, and thar they was safe. Fifty Pawnees come screechin' after 'em, but we was ready that time, and the way we throw'd 'em was something handsome, I tell you. But three of the hos'-guard got skeared—leastwise their mules did, and carried 'em off into the perraira, and the Injuns having enough of us, dashed after 'em right away. Them poor devils looked back miserable now, with about a hundred red varmints tearin' after their hair, and whooping like mad. Young Jem Bulcher was the last; and when he seed it was no use, and his time was nigh, he throw'd himself off the mule, and standing as upright as a hickory wiping stick, he waves his hand to us, and blazes away at the first Injun as come up, and dropped him slick; but the moment after, you may guess, *he* died.

"We could do nothin', for, before our guns were loaded, all three were dead and their scalps gone. Five of our boys got rubbed out that time, and seven Injuns lay wolf's meat, while a many more went away gut-

shot, I'll lay. How'sever, seven of us went under, and the Pawnees made a raise of a dozen mules, wagh!"

Thus far, in his own words, we have accompanied the old hunter in his tale; and probably he would have taken us, by the time that the Squaw Chili-pat had pronounced the beaver tails cooked, safely across the grand prairies—fording Cotton Wood, Turkey Creek, Little Arkansa, Walnut Creek, and Pawnee Fork—passed the fireless route of the Coon Creeks; through a sea of fat buffalo meat, without fuel to cook it; have struck the big river, and, leaving at the "Crossing" the waggons destined for Santa Fé, have trailed us up the Arkansa to Bent's Fort; thence up Boiling Spring, across the divide over to the southern fork of the Platte, away up to the Black Hills, and finally camped us, with hair still preserved, in the beaver-abounding valleys of the Sweet Water, and C  che la Poudre, under the rugged shadow of the Wind River mountains: if it had not so befell, that at this juncture, as all our mountaineers sat cross-legged round the fire, pipe in mouth, and with Indian gravity listened to the yarn of the old trapper, interrupting him only with an occasional wagh! or the assured exclamations of some participator in the events then under narration, who would every now and then put in a corroborative,—"This child remembers that fix," or, "hyar's a niggur lifted hair that sprec," &c.—that a whizzing noise was heard to whistle through the air, followed by a sharp but suppressed cry from one of the hunters.

## CHAPTER II.

In an instant the mountaineers had sprung from their seats, and, seizing the ever-ready rifle, each one had thrown himself on the ground a few paces beyond the light of the fire, (for it was now nightfall;) but not a word escaped them, as, lying close, with their keen eyes directed towards the gloom of the thicket, near which the camp was placed, with rifles cocked, they waited a renewal of the attack. Presently the leader of the band, no other than Killbuck, who had so

lately been recounting some of his experiences across the plains, and than whom no more crafty woodsman, or more expert trapper ever tracked a deer or grained a beaverskin, raised his tall, leather-clad form, and, placing his hand over his mouth, made the prairie ring with the wild protracted note of an Indian war-wheop. This was instantly repeated from the direction where the animals belonging to the camp were grazing, under the charge of the horse-guard, and three



shrill whoops answered the warning of the leader, and showed that the guard was on the alert, and understood the signal. However, with this manifestation of their presence, the Indians appeared to be satisfied; or, what is more probable, the act of aggression had been committed by some daring young warrior, who, being out on his first expedition, desired to strike the first *coup*, and thus signalise himself at the outset of the campaign. After waiting some few minutes, expecting a renewal of the attack, the mountaineers in a body rose from the ground and made towards the animals, with which they presently returned to the camp; and, after carefully hobbling and securing them to pickets firmly driven into the ground, and mounting an additional guard, they once more assembled round the fire, after examining the neighbouring thicket, relit their pipes, and puffed away the cheering weed as composedly as if no such being as a Redskin, threatening their lives, was within a thousand miles of their perilous encampment.

"If ever thar was bad Injuns on these plains," at last growled Killbuck, biting hard the pipe-stem between his teeth, "it's these Rapahos, and the meanest kind at that."

"Can't beat the Blackfeet any how," chimed in one La Bonte, from the Yellow Stone country, and a fine, handsome specimen of a mountaineer. "However, one of you quit this arrow out of my hump," he continued, bending forwards to the fire, and exhibiting an arrow sticking out under his right shoulder-blade, and a stream of blood trickling down his buckskin coat from the wound.

This his nearest neighbour essayed to do; but finding, after a tug, that it "would not come," expressed his opinion that the offending weapon would have to be "butchered" out. This was accordingly effected with the ready blade of a sealp-knife; and a handful of beaver-fur being placed on the wound, and secured by a strap of buckskin round the body, the wounded man donned his hunting-shirt once more, and coolly set about lighting his pipe, his rifle lying across his lap, cocked and ready for use.

It was now near midnight—dark

and misty; and the clouds, rolling away to the eastward from the lofty ridges of the Rocky Mountains, were gradually obscuring the little light which was afforded by the dim stars. As the lighter vapours faded from the mountains, a thick black cloud succeeded them, and settled over the loftier peaks of the chain, which were faintly visible through the gloom of night, whilst a mass of fleecy send soon overspread the whole sky. A hollow moaning sound crept through the valley, and the upper branches of the cotton woods, with their withered leaves, began to rustle with the first breath of the coming storm. Huge drops of rain fell at intervals, hissing as they fell on the blazing fires, and pattered on the skins which the hunters were hurriedly laying on their exposed baggage. The mules near the camp cropped the grass with quick and greedy bites round the circuit of their pickets, as if conscious that the storm would soon prevent their feeding, and were already humping their backs as the chilling rain fell upon their flanks. The prairie wolves crept closer to the camp, and in the confusion that ensued from the hurry of the trappers to cover the perishable portions of their equipment, contrived more than once to dart off with a piece of meat, when their peculiar and mournful culing would be heard as they fought for the possession of the ravished morsel.

As soon as every thing was duly protected, the men set to work to spread their beds, those who had not troubled themselves to erect a shelter sitting under the lee of the piles of packs and saddles; while Killbuck, disdaining even such care of his carcass, threw his buffalo robe on the bare ground, declaring his intention to "take" what was coming at all hazards, and "any how." Selecting a high spot, he drew his knife and proceeded to cut drains round it, to prevent the water running into him as he lay; then taking a single robe he carefully spread it, placing under the end farthest from the fire a large stone brought from the creek. Having satisfactorily adjusted this pillow, he adds another robe to the one already laid, and places over all a Navajo blanket, supposed to be impervious to rain. Then he divests himself of his pouch and powder-horn,

which, with his rifle, he places inside his bed, and quickly covers up lest the wet reach them. Having performed these operations to his satisfaction, he lighted his pipe by the hissing embers of the half-extinguished fire (for by this time the rain was pouring in torrents,) and going the rounds of the picketed animals, and cautioning the guard round the camp to keep their "eyes skinned, for there would be 'powder burned' before morning," he returned to the fire, and kicking with his mocassined foot the slumbering ashes, squats down before it, and thus soliloquises:—

"Thirty year have I been knocking about these mountains from Missoura's head as far sothe as the starving Gila. I've trapped a 'heap,'\* and many a hundred pack of beaver I've traded in my time, wagh! What has come of it, and whar's the dollars as ought to be in my possibles? Whar's the ind of this, I say? Is a man to be hunted by Injuns all hi-days? Many's the time I've said I'd strike for Taos, and trap a squaw, for this child's getting old, and feels like wanting a woman's face about his lodge for the balance of hi-days; but when it comes to caching of the old traps, I've the smallest kind of heart, I have. Certain, the old state comes across my mind now and again, but who's thar to remember my old body? But them diggings gets too over crowded now-a-days, and its hard to fetch breath amongst them big bands of corncrackers to Missoura. Beside, it goes against natur to leave buster meat and feed on hog; and them white gals are too much like picturs, and a deal too 'tofurraw' (fanfaron.) No: darn the settle-ments, I say. It won't shine, and whar's the dollars? Howsever, beaver's 'bound to rise,' human natur can't go on selling beaver a dollar a pound; no, no, that arn't a going to shine much longer, I know. Them was the times when this child first went to the mountains: six dollars the plew—old 'un or kitten. Wagh! but it's bound to rise, I says agin: and hyar's a coon knows whar to lay his hand on a dozen pack right handy, and then he'll take the Tuos trail, wagh!"

Thus soliloquising, Killbuck knocked the ashes from his pipe, and placed it in the gaily ornamented case which hung round his neck, drew his knife-belt a couple of holes tighter, and once more donned his pouch and powder-horn, took his rifle, which he carefully covered with the folds of his Navajo blanket, and striding into the darkness, cautiously reconnoitred the vicinity of the camp. When he returned to the fire he sat himself down as before, but this time with his rifle across his lap; and at intervals his keen gray eye glanced piercingly around, particularly towards an old, weatherbeaten, and grizzled mule, who now, old stager as she was, having filled her belly, was standing lazily over her picket pin, with head bent down and her long ears flapping over her face, her limbs gathered under her, and with back arched to throw off the rain, tottering from side to side as she rests and sleeps.

"Yep, old gal!" cried Killbuck to the animal, at the same time plucking a piece of burnt wood from the fire and throwing it at her, at which the mule gathered itself up and cocked her ears as she recognised her master's voice. "Yep, old gal! and keep your nose open; thar's brown skin about, I'm thinkin', and maybe you'll get 'roped' (lasso'd) by a Rapaho afore mornin'." Again the old trapper settled himself before the fire; and soon his head began to nod, as drowsiness stole over him. Already he was in the land of dreams; revelling amongst bands of "fat cow," or hunting along a stream well peopled with beaver; with no Indian "sign" to disturb him, and the merry rendezvous in close perspective, and his peltry selling briskly at six dollars the plew, and galore of alcohol to ratify the trade. Or, perhaps, threading the back trail of his memory, he passed rapidly through the perilous vicissitudes of his hard, hard life—starving one day, revelling in abundance the next; now beset by whooping savages thirsting for his blood, baying his enemies like the hunted deer, but with the unflinching courage of a man; now, all care thrown aside, secure and

\* An Indian is always a "heap" hungry or thirsty—loves a "heap"—is a "heap" brave—in fact, "heap" is tantamount to very much.

forgetful of the past, a welcome guest in the hospitable trading fort; or back, as the trail gets fainter, to his childhood's home in the brown forests of old Kentuck, tended and cared for—no thought his, but to enjoy the homminy and johnny cakes of his thrifty mother. Once more, in warm and well remembered homespun, he sits on the snake fence round the old clearing, and munching his hoe-cake at set of sun, listens to the mournful note of the whip-poor-will, or the harsh cry of the noisy catbird, or watches the agile gambols of the squirrels as they chase each other, chattering the while, from branch to branch of the lofty tameracks, wondering how long it will be before he will be able to lift his father's heavy rifle, and use it against the tempting game. Sleep, however, sat lightly on the eyes of the wary mountaineer, and a snort from the old mule in an instant stretched his every nerve; and, without a movement of his body, the keen eye fixed itself upon the mule, which now was standing with head bent round, and eyes and ears pointed in one direction, snuffing the night air and snorting with apparent fear. A low sound from the wakeful hunter roused the others from their sleep; and raising their bodies from their well-soaked beds, a single word apprised them of their danger.

"Injuns!"

Scarcely was the word out of Killbuck's lips, when, above the howling of the furious wind, and the pattering of the rain, a hundred savage yells broke suddenly upon their ears from all directions round the camp; a score of rifle-shots rattled from the thicket, and a cloud of arrows whistled through the air, at the same time that a crowd of Indians charged upon the picketed animals. "Owgh, owgh—owgh—owgh—g-h-h." "A foot, by gor!" shouted Killbuck, "and the old mule gone at that. On 'em, boys, for old Kentuck!" and rushed towards his mule, which was jumping and snorting mad with fright, as a naked Indian strove to fasten a lariat round her nose, having already cut the rope which fastened her to the picket-pin.

"Quit that, you cursed devil!" roared the trapper, as he jumped upon the savage, and without raising his rifle

to his shoulder, made a deliberate thrust with the muzzle at his naked breast, striking him full, and at the same time pulling the trigger, actually driving the Indian two paces backwards with the shock, when he fell in a heap and dead. But at the same moment, an Indian, sweeping his club round his head, brought it with fatal force down upon Killbuck's skull, and staggering for a moment, he threw out his arms wildly into the air, and fell headlong to the ground.

"Owgh! owgh, owgh-h-h!" cried the Rapaho as the white fell, and, striding over the prostrate body, seized with his left hand the middle lock of the trapper's long hair, and drew his knife round the head to separate the scalp from the skull. As he bent over to his work, the trapper named La Bonté caught sight of the strait his companion was in, and quick as thought rushed at the Indian, burying his knife to the hilt between his shoulders, and with a gasping shudder, the Rapaho fell dead upon the prostrate body of his foe.

The attack, however, lasted but a few seconds. The dash at the animals had been entirely successful, and, driving them before them, with loud cries, the Indians disappeared quickly in the darkness. Without waiting for daylight, two of the three trappers who alone were to be seen, and who had been within the shanties at the time of attack, without a moment's delay commenced packing two horses, which having been fastened to the shanties had escaped the Indians, and placing their squaws upon them, showering curses and imprecations on their enemies, left the camp, fearful of another onset, and resolved to retreat and cache themselves until the danger was over. Not so La Bonté, who, stout and true, had done his best in the fight, and now sought the body of his old comrade, from which, before he could examine the wounds, he had first to remove the corpse of the Indian he had slain. Killbuck still breathed. He had been stunned; but, revived by the cold rain beating upon his face, he soon opened his eyes, recognising his trusty friend, who, sitting down, lifted his head into his lap, and wiped away the blood which streamed from the wounded scalp.

"Is the top-knot gone, boy?" asked Killbuck; "for my head feels queersome, I tell you."

"Thar's the Injun as felt like lifting it," answered the other, kicking the dead body with his foot.

"Wagh! boy, you've struck a coup; so scalp the nigger right off, and then fetch me a drink."

The morning broke clear and cold. With the exception of a light cloud which hung over Pike's Peak, the sky was spotless; and a perfect calm had succeeded the boisterous winds of the previous night. The creek was swollen and turbid with the rains; and as La Bonté proceeded a little distance down the bank to find a passage to the water, he suddenly stopped short, and an involuntary cry escaped him. Within a few feet of the bank lay the body of one of his companions who had formed the guard at the time of the Indians' attack. It was lying on the face, pierced through the chest with an arrow which was buried to the very feathers, and the scalp torn from the bloody skull. Beyond, and all within a hundred yards, lay the three others, dead and similarly mutilated. So certain had been the aim, and so close the enemy, that each had died without a struggle, and consequently had been unable to alarm the camp. La Bonté, with a glance at the bank, saw at once that the wily Indians had crept along the creek, the noise of the storm facilitating their approach undiscovered, and crawling up the bank, had watched their opportunity to shoot simultaneously the four hunters who were standing guard.

Returning to Killbuck, he apprised him of the melancholy fate of their companions, and held a council of war as to their proceedings. The old hunter's mind was soon made up. "First," said he, "I get back my old mule; she's carried me and my traps these twelve years, and I aint a goin' to lose her yet. Second, I feel like taking hair, and some Rapahós has to 'go under' for this night's work. Third, We have got to cûche the beaver. Fourth, We take the Injun trail, wherever it leads."

No more daring mountaineer than La Bonté ever trapped a beaver, and no counsel could have more exactly

tallied with his own inclination than the law laid down by old Killbuck.

"Agreed," was his answer, and forthwith he set about forming a cûche. In this instance they had not sufficient time to construct a regular one, so contented themselves with securing their packs of beaver in buffalo robes, and tying them in the forks of several cotton-woods, under which the camp had been made. This done, they lit a fire, and cooked some buffalo meat; and, whilst smoking a pipé, carefully cleaned their rifles, and filled their horns and pouches with good store of ammunition.

A prominent feature in the character of the hunters of the far west is their quick determination and resolve in cases of extreme difficulty and peril, and their fixedness of purpose, when any plan of operations has been laid requiring bold and instant action in carrying out. It is here that they so infinitely surpass the savage Indian, in bringing to a successful issue their numerous hostile expeditions against the natural foe of the white man in the wild and barbarous regions of the west. Ready to resolve as they are prompt to execute, and with the advantage of far greater dash and daring with equal subtlety and caution, they possess great advantage over the vacillating Indian, whose superstitious mind in a great degree paralyses the physical energy of his active body; and in waiting for propitious signs and seasons before he undertakes an enterprise, he loses the opportunity which his white and more civilised enemy knows so well to profit by.

Killbuck and La Bonté were no exceptions to this characteristic rule, and, before the sun was a hand's-breadth above the eastern horizon, the two hunters were running on the trail of the victorious Indians. Striking from the creek where the night attack was made, they crossed to another known as Kioway, running parallel to Bijou, a few hours' journey westward, and likewise heading in the "divide." Following this to its forks, they struck into the upland prairies lying at the foot of the mountains; and crossing to the numerous water-courses which feed the creek called "Vermillion" or "Cherry," they pursued the trail over

the mountain-spurs until it reached a fork of the Boiling Spring. Here the war-party had halted and held a consultation, for from this point the trail turned at a tangent to the westward, and entered the rugged gorges of the mountains. It was now evident to the two trappers that their destination was the Bayou Salado,—a mountain valley which is a favourite resort of the buffalo in the winter season, and also, and for this reason, often frequented by the Yuta Indians as their wintering ground. That the Rapahos were on a war expedition against the Yutas, there was little doubt; and Killbuck, who knew every inch of the ground, saw at once, by the direction the trail had taken, that they were making for the Bayou in order to surprise their enemies, and, therefore, were not following the usual Indian trail up the cañon of the Boiling Spring River. Having made up his mind to this, he at once struck across the broken ground lying at the foot of the mountains, steering a course a little to the eastward of north, or almost in the direction whence he had come, and then, pointing westward, about noon he crossed a mountain chain, and descending into a ravine through which a little rivulet tumbled over its rocky bed, he at once proved the correctness of his judgment by striking the Indian trail, now quite fresh, as it wound through the cañon along the bank of the stream. The route he had followed, which would have been impracticable to pack animals, had saved at least half-a-day's journey, and brought them within a short distance of the object of their pursuit: for, at the head of the gorge, a lofty bluff presenting itself, the hunters ascended to the summit, and, looking down, descried at their very feet the Indian camp, with their own stolen cavallada feeding quietly round.

"Wagh!" exclaimed both the hunters in a breath. "And thar's the old gal' at that," chuckled Killbuck, as he recognised his old grizzled male making good play at the rich buffalo grass with which these mountain valleys abound.

"If we don't make 'a raise' afore

long, I wouldn't say so. Thar plans is plain to this child as beaver sign. They're after Yute hair, 'as certain as this gun has got hind-sights; but they ar'n't agoin' to pack them animals after 'em, and have crawled like 'rattlers' along this bottom to cacho 'em till they come back from the Bayou,—and maybe they'll leave half a dozen 'soldiers' \* with 'em."

How right the wily trapper was in his conjectures will be shortly proved. Meanwhile, with his companion, he descended the bluff, and pushing his way into a thicket of dwarf pine and cedar, sat down on a log, and drew from an end of the blanket, which was strapped on his shoulder, a portion of a buffalo's liver, which they both discussed with infinite relish—and *rauc*; eating in lieu of bread (an unknown luxury in these parts) sundry strips of dried fat. To have kindled a fire would have been dangerous, since it was not impossible that some of the Indians might leave their camp to hunt, when the smoke would at once have discovered the presence of enemies. A light was struck, however, for their pipes, and after enjoying this true consolation for some time, they laid a blanket on the ground, and, side by side, soon fell asleep.

If Killbuck had been a prophet, or the most prescient of "medicine men," he could not have more exactly predicted the movements in the Indian camp. About three hours before "sun-down," he rose and shook himself, which movement was sufficient to awaken his companion. Telling La Boute to lie down again and rest, he gave him to understand that he was about to reconnoitre the enemy's camp: and after examining carefully his rifle, and drawing his knife-belt a hole or two tighter, he proceeded on his dangerous errand. Ascending the same bluff from whence he had first discovered the Indian camp, he glanced rapidly round, and made himself master of the features of the ground—choosing a ravine by which he might approach the camp more closely, and without danger of being discovered. This was soon effected; and in half an hour the trapper was

\* The young untried warriors of the Indians are thus called.

lying on his belly on the summit of a pine-covered bluff, which overlooked the Indians within easy rifle-shot, and so perfectly concealed by the low spreading branches of the cedar and arbor-vitæ, that not a particle of his person could be detected; unless, indeed, his sharp twinkling gray eye contrasted too strongly with the green boughs that covered the rest of his face. Moreover, there was no danger of their hitting upon his trail, for he had been careful to pick his steps on the rock-covered ground, so that not a track of his moccasins was visible. Here he lay, still as a carcagen in wait for a deer, only now and then shaking the boughs as his body quivered with a suppressed chuckle, when any movement in the Indian camp caused him to laugh inwardly at his (if they had known it) unwelcome propinquity. He was not a little surprised, however, to discover that the party was much smaller than he had imagined, counting only forty warriors; and this assured him that the band had divided, one half taking the Yute trail by the Boiling Spring, the other (the one before him) taking a longer circuit in order to reach the Bayou, and make the attack on the Yutas in a different direction.

At this moment the Indians were in deliberation. Seated in a large circle round a very small fire,\* the smoke from which ascended in a thin straight column, they each in turn puffed a huge cloud of smoke from three or four long cherry-stemmed pipes, which went the round of the party; each warrior touching the ground with the heel of the pipe-bowl, and turning the stem upwards and away from him, as "medicine" to the Great Spirit, before he himself inhaled the fragrant kinnik-kinnik. The council, however, was not general, for no more than fifteen of the older warriors took part in it, the others sitting outside and at some little distance from the circle. Behind each were his arms—bow and quiver, and shield hanging from a spear stuck in

the ground, and a few guns in ornamented covers of buckskin were added to some of the equipments.

Near the fire, and in the centre of the inner circle, a spear was fixed upright in the ground, and on this dangled the four scalps of the trappers killed the preceding night; and underneath them, affixed to the same spear, was the mystic "medicine bag," by which Killbuck knew that the band before him was under the command of the head chief of the tribe.

Towards the grim trophies on the spear, the warriors, who in turn addressed the council, frequently pointed—more than one, as he did so, making the gyratory motion of the right hand and arm, which the Indians use in describing that they have gained an advantage by skill or cunning. Then pointing westward, the speaker would thrust out his arm, extending his fingers at the same time, and closing and reopening them several times, meaning, that although four scalps already ornamented the "medicine" pole, they were as nothing compared to the numerous trophies they would bring from the Salt Valley, where they expected to find their hereditary enemies the Yutes. "That now was not the time to count their coups," (for at this moment one of the warriors rose from his seat, and, swelling with pride, advanced towards the spear, pointing to one of the scalps, and then striking his open hand on his naked breast, jumped into the air, as if about to go through the ceremony.) "That before many suns all their spears together would not hold the scalps they had taken, and that then they would return to their village, and spend a moon in relating their achievements, and counting coups."

All this Killbuck learned: thanks to his knowledge of the language of signs—a master of which, if even he have no ears or tongue, never fails to understand, and be understood by, any of the hundred tribes whose languages are perfectly distinct and different. He learned, moreover, that at

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\* There is a great difference between an Indian's fire and a white's. The former places the ends of logs to burn gradually; the latter, the centre, besides making such a bonfire that the Indians truly say, that "The white makes a fire so hot that he cannot approach to warm himself by it."

sundown the greater part of the band would resume the trail, in order to reach the Bayou by the earliest dawn; and also, that no more than four or five of the younger warriors would remain with the captured animals. Still the hunter remained in his position until the sun had disappeared behind the ridge; when, taking up their arms, and throwing their buffalo robes on their shoulders, the war party of Rapahos, one behind the other, with noiseless step, and silent as the dumb, moved away from the camp; and, when the last dusky form had disappeared behind a point of rocks which shut in the northern end of the little valley or ravine, Killbuck withdrew his head from its screen, crawled backwards on his stomach from the edge of the bluff, and, rising from the ground, shook and stretched himself; then gave one cautious look around, and immediately proceeded to rejoin his companion.

"*Lave*, (get up,) boy," said Killbuck, as soon as he reached him. "*Hyar's* graiun' to do afore long,—and sun's about down, I'm thinking."

"Ready, old hos," answered La Bonté, giving himself a shake. "What's the sign like, and how many's the lodge?"

"Fresh, and five, boy. How do you feel?"

"*Half froze for hair*. Wagh!"

"We'll have moon to-night, and as soon as *she* gets up, we'll make 'em 'come.'"

Killbuck then described to his companion what he had seen, and detailed his plan—which was simply to wait until the moon afforded sufficient light, approach the Indian camp and charge into it,—"*lift*" as much "*hair*" as they could, recover their animals, and start at once to the Bayou and join the friendly Yutes, warning them of the coming danger. The risk of falling in with either of the Rapaho bands was hardly considered; to avoid this, they trusted to their own foresight, and the legs of their mules, should they encounter them.

Between sundown and the rising of the moon, they had leisure to eat their supper, which, as before, consisted of raw buffalo-liver; after discussing which, Killbuck pronounced

himself "a '*heap*' better," and ready for "*huggin*."

In the short interval of almost perfect darkness which preceded the moonlight, and taking advantage of one of the frequent squalls of wind which howl down the narrow gorges of the mountains, these two determined men, with footsteps noiseless as the panther's, crawled to the edge of the little plateau of some hundred yards' square, where the five Indians in charge of the animals were seated round the fire, perfectly unconscious of the vicinity of danger. Several clumps of cedar bushes dotted the small prairie, and amongst these the well-hobbled mules and horses were feeding. These animals, accustomed to the presence of whites, would not notice the two hunters as they crept from clump to clump nearer to the fire, and also served, even if the Indians should be on the watch, to conceal their movements from them.

This the two men at once perceived; but old Killbuck knew that if he passed within sight or smell of his mule, he would be received with a blinny of recognition, which would at once alarm the enemy. He therefore first ascertained where his own animal was feeding, which luckily was at the farther side of the prairie, and would not interfere with his proceedings.

Threading their way amongst the feeding mules, they approached a clump of bushes about forty yards from the spot where the unconscious savages were seated smoking round the fire; and here they awaited, scarcely drawing breath the while, the moment when the moon rose above the mountain into the clear cold sky, and gave them light sufficient to make sure their work of bloody retribution. Not a pulsation in the hearts of these stern determined men beat higher than its wont; not the tremour of a nerve disturbed their frame. With lips compressed, they stood with ready rifles, the pistols loosened in their belts, and scalp-knives handy to their gripe. The lurid glow of the coming moon already shot into the sky above the ridge, which stood out in bolder relief against the light; and the luminary herself was just peering over the mountain, illuminating its pine-clad

summit, and throwing its beams on an opposite peak, when Killbuck touched his companion's arm, and whispered, "Wait for the full light, boy."

At this moment, however, unseen by the trapper, the old and grizzled mule had gradually approached, as it fed along the plateau; and, when within a few paces of their retreat, a gleam of moonshine revealed to the animal the erect forms of the two whites. Suddenly she stood still and pricked her ears, and stretching out her neck and nose, sniffed the air. Well she knew her old master.

Killbuck, with eyes fixed upon the Indians, was on the point of giving the signal of attack to his comrade, when the shrill hinnie of his mule reverberated through the gorge. The next instant the Indians were jumping to their feet and seizing their arms, when, with a loud shout, Killbuck, crying, "At 'em boy; give the niggers h—!" rushed from his concealment, and with La Bonté by his side, yelling a fierce war-whoop, sprung upon the startled savages.

Panic-struck with the suddenness of the attack, the Indians scarcely knew where to run, and for a moment stood huddled together like sheep. Down dropped Killbuck on his knee, and stretching out his wiping stick, planted it on the ground to the extreme length of his arm. As methodically and as coolly as if about to aim at a deer, he raised his rifle to this rest and pulled the trigger. At the report an Indian fell forward on his face, at the same moment that La Bonté, with equal certainty of aim and like effect, discharged his own rifle.

The three surviving Indians, seeing that their assailants were but two, and knowing that their guns were empty, came on with loud yells. With the left hand grasping a bunch of arrows, and holding the bow already bent and arrow fixed, they steadily advanced, bending low to the ground to get their objects between them and the light, and thus render their aim more certain. The trappers, however, did not care to wait for them. Drawing their pistols, they charged at once; and although the bows twanged, and the three arrows struck their mark, on they rushed, discharging their pis-

tols at close quarters; La Bonté throwing his empty one at the head of an Indian who was pulling his second arrow to its head at a yard distance, and drawing his knife at the same moment, made at him.

But the Indian broke and ran, followed by his living companion; and as soon as Killbuck could ram home another ball, he sent a shot flying after them as they scrambled up the mountain side, leaving in their fright and hurry their bows and shields on the ground.

The fight was over, and the two trappers confronted each other: "We've given 'em h—!" laughed Killbuck.

"Well, we have," answered the other, pulling an arrow out of his arm.—"Wagh!"

"We'll lift the hair, any how," continued the first, "afore the scalp's cold."

Taking his whetstone from the little sheath on his knife-belt, the trapper proceeded to "edge" his knife, and then stepping to the first prostrate body, he turned it over to examine if any symptom of vitality remained. "Thrown cold," he exclaimed, as he dropped the lifeless arm he had lifted. "I sighted him about the long ribs, but the light was bad, and I could'n't get a 'head' 'off hand,' any how."

Seizing with his left hand the long and braided lock on the centre of the Indian's head, he passed the point edge of his keen butcher-knife round the parting, turning it at the same time under the skin to separate the scalp from the skull; then, with a quick and sudden jerk of his hand, he removed it entirely from the head, and giving the reeking trophy a wring upon the grass to free it from the blood, he coolly hitched it under his belt, and proceeded to the next; but seeing La Bonté operating upon this, he sought the third, who lay some little distance from the others. This one was still alive, a pistol-ball having passed through his body, without touching a vital spot.

"Gut-shot is this nigger," exclaimed the trapper; "them pistols never throws 'em in their tracks;" and thrusting his knife, for mercy's sake, into the bosom of the Indian, he likewise tore the scalp-lock from his head, and placed it with the other.

La Bonté had received two trivial



wounds, and Killbuck till now had been walking about with an arrow sticking through the fleshy part of his thigh, the point being perceptible near the surface of the other side. To free his leg from the painful encumbrance, he thrust the weapon completely through, and then, cutting off the arrow-head below the barb, he drew it out, the blood flowing freely from the wound. A tourniquet of buckskin soon stopped this, and, heedless of the pain, the hardy mountaineer sought for his old mule, and quickly brought it to the fire (which La Bonté had rekindled,) lavishing many a caress, and most comical terms of endearment, upon the faithful companion of his wanderings. They found all the animals safe and well, and after eating heartily of some venison which the Indians had been cooking at the moment of the attack, made instant preparations to quit the scene of their exploit, not wishing to trust to the chance of the Rapahos being too frightened to again molest them.

Having no saddles, they secured buffalo robes on the backs of two mules—Killbuck, of course, riding his own—and lost no time in proceeding on their way. They followed the course of the Indians up the stream, and found that it kept the cañons and gorges of the mountains where the road was better; but it was with no little difficulty that they made their way, the ground being much broken and covered with rocks. Killbuck's wound became very painful, and his leg stiffened and swelled distressingly, but he still pushed on all night, and at daybreak, recognising their position, he left the Indian trail, and followed a little creek which rose in a mountain chain of moderate elevation, and above which, and to the south, Pike's Peak towered high into the clouds. With great difficulty they crossed this ridge, and ascending and descending several smaller ones which gradually smoothed away as they met the valley, about three hours after sunrise they found themselves in the south-east corner of the Bayou Salade.

The Bayou Salade, or Salt Valley, is the most southern of three very extensive valleys, forming a series of table-lands in the very centre of the main chain of the Rocky Mountains, known to the trappers by the name of

the "Parks." The numerous streams by which they are watered abound in the valuable fur-bearing beaver, whilst every species of game common to the west is found here in great abundance. The Bayou Salade especially, owing to the salitrose nature of the soil and springs, is the favourite resort of all the larger animals common to the mountains; and, in the sheltered prairies of the Bayou, the buffalo, forsaking the barren and inclement regions of the exposed plains, frequent these upland valleys in the winter months: and feeding upon the rich and nutritious buffalo grass which, on the bare prairies, at that season, is either dry and rotten or entirely exhausted, not only are enabled to sustain life, but retain a great portion of the "condition" that the abundant fall and summer pasture of the lowlands has laid upon their bones. Therefore is this valley sought by the Indians as a wintering ground; and its occupancy has been disputed by most of the mountain tribes, and long and bloody wars have been waged to make good the claims set forth by Yuta, Rapahos, Sioux, and Shians. However, to the first of these it may be said now to belong, since their "big village" has wintered there for many successive years; whilst the Rapahos seldom visit it unless on war expeditions against the Yutas.

Judging, from the direction the Rapahos were taking, that the friendly tribe of Yutas were there already, the trappers had resolved to join them as soon as possible: and therefore, without resting, pushed on through the uplands, and, towards the middle of the day, had the satisfaction of descending the conical lodges of the village, situated on a large level plateau, through which ran a mountain stream. A numerous band of mules and horses was scattered over the pasture, and round them several mounted Indians were keeping guard. As the trappers descended the bluffs into the plain, some straggling Indians caught sight of them; and instantly one of them, lassoing a horse from the herd, mounted it, barebacked, and flew like wind to the village to spread the news. Soon the lodges disgorged their inmates; first the women and children rushed to that side where the strangers

were approaching; then the younger Indians, hardly able to restrain their curiosity, mounted their horses, and some galloped forth to meet them. The old chiefs, enveloped in buffalo robes, (soft and delicately dressed as the Yutes alone know how,) and with tomahawk held in one hand and resting in hollow of the other arm, sallied last of all from their lodges, and, squatting in a row on a sunny bank outside the village, awaited, with dignified composure, the arrival of the whites. Killbuck was well known to most of them, having trapped in their country and traded with them years before at Ronbideau's fort at the head waters of the Rio Grande. After shaking hands with all who presented themselves, he at once gave them to understand that their enemies, the Rapahos, were at hand, with a hundred warriors at least, elated by the coup they had just struck the whites, bringing, moreover, four white scalps to incite them to brave deeds.

At this news the whole village was speedily in commotion: the war-shout was taken up from lodge to lodge: the squaws began to lament and tear their hair: the warriors to paint and arm themselves. The elder chiefs immediately met in council, and, over the medicine-pipe, debated as to the best course to pursue,—whether to wait the attack, or sally out and meet the enemy. In the meantime, the braves were collected together by the chiefs of their respective bands, and scouts, mounted on the fastest horses, despatched in every direction to procure intelligence of the enemy.

The two whites, after watering their mules and picketing them in some good grass near the village, drew near the council fire, without, however, joining in the "talk," until they were invited to take their seats by the eldest chief. Then Killbuck was called upon to give his opinion as to the direction in which he judged the Rapahos to be approaching, which he delivered in their own language, with which he was well acquainted. In a short time the council broke up, and, without noise or confusion, a band of one hundred chosen warriors left the village, immediately after one of the scouts had galloped in and communicated some

intelligence to the chiefs. Killbuck and La Monté volunteered to accompany the war-party, weak and exhausted as they were; but this was negatived by the chiefs, who left their white brothers to the care of the women, who tended their wounds, now stiff and painful; and spreading their buffalo robes in a warm and roomy lodge, left them to the repose they so much needed.

The next morning, Killbuck's leg was greatly inflamed, and he was unable to leave the lodge; but he made his companion bring the old mule to the door, when he gave her a couple of ears of Indian corn, the last remains of the slender store brought by the Indians from the Navajo country. The day passed, and with sundown came no tidings of the war-party, which caused no little wailing on the part of the squaws, but which the whites interpreted as a favourable augury. A little after sunrise, on the second morning, the long line of the returning warriors was discerned winding over the prairie, and a scout having galloped in to bring the news of a great victory, the whole village was soon in a ferment of paint and drumming. A short distance from the lodges, the warriors halted to await the approach of the people. Old men, children, and squaws, sitting astride their horses, sallied out to escort the victorious party in triumph to the village. With loud shouts and songs, and drums beating the monotonous Indian time, they advanced and encircled the returning braves, one of whom, with his face covered with black paint, carried a pole on which dangled thirteen scalps, the trophies of the expedition. As he lifted these on high, they were saluted with deafening whoops and cries of exultation and savage joy. In this manner they entered the village, almost before the friends of those fallen in the fight had ascertained their losses. Then the shouts of delight were converted into yells of grief; the mothers and wives of those braves who had been killed, (and seven had "gone under,") presently returned with their faces, necks, and hands blackened, and danced and howled round the scalp pole, which had been deposited in the centre of the village,

in front of the lodge of the great chief.

Killbuck now learned that a scout having brought intelligence that the two bands of Rapahos were hastening to form a junction, as soon as they learned that their approach was discovered, the Yutas had successfully prevented it; and attacking one party, had entirely defeated it, killing thirteen of the Rapaho braves. The other party had tied on seeing the issue of the fight, and a few of the Yuta warriors were now pursuing them.

To celebrate so signal a victory great preparations sounded their notes through the village. Paints,—vermillion and ochres—red and yellow,—were in great request; whilst the scrapings of charred wood, mixed with gunpowder, were used as substitute for black, the medicine colour.

The lodges of the village, numbering some two hundred or more, were erected in parallel lines, and covered a large space of the level prairie in shape of a parallelogram. In the centre, however, the space which half a dozen lodges in length would have taken up was left unoccupied, save by one large one, of red-painted buffalo skins, tattooed with the mystic totems of the "medicine" peculiar to the nation. In front of this stood the grim scalp-pole, like a decayed tree trunk, its bloody fruit tossing in the wind; and on another, at a few feet distance, was hung the "bag" with its mysterious contents. Before each lodge a tripod of spears supported the arms and shields of the Yuta chivalry, and on many of them, smoke-dried scalps rattled in the wind, former trophies of the dusky knights who were arming themselves within. Heraldic devices were not wanting,—not, however, graved upon the shield, but hanging from the spear-head, the actual "totem" of the warrior it distinguished. The rattlesnake, the otter, the caracagen, the mountain badger, the war-eagle, the kon-qua-kish, the porcupine, the fox, &c., dangled their well-stuffed skins, and displayed the guardian "medicine" of the warrior it pertained to, and represented the mental and corporeal qualities which were supposed to characterise the brave to whom it belonged.

From the centre lodge, two or three "medicine men," fantastically attired in the skins of wolves and bears, and bearing long peeled wands of cherry in their hands, occasionally emerged to tend a very small fire which they had kindled in the centre of the open space; and, when a thin column of smoke rose from it, one of them transferred the scalp-pole, planting it obliquely across the fire. Squaws in robes of whitely dressed buckskins, garnished with beads and porcupines' quills, and their faces painted bright red and black, then appeared. These ranged themselves round the outside of the square, the boys and children of all ages, mounted on bare-backed horses, galloping and screaming round and round, with all the eagerness of excitement and curiosity.

Presently the braves and warriors made their appearance, and squatted round the fire in two circles, those who had been engaged on the expedition being in the first or smaller one. One medicine man sat under the scalp-pole, having a drum between his knees, which he tapped at intervals with his hand, eliciting from the instrument a hollow monotonous sound. A bevy of women, shoulder to shoulder, then advanced from the four sides of the square, and some shaking a rattle-drum in time with their steps, commenced a jumping jerking dance, now lifting one foot from the ground, and now rising with both, accompanying the dance with a low chant, which swelled from a low whisper to the utmost extent of their voices—now dying away, and again bursting into vociferous measure. Thus they advanced to the centre and retreated to their former positions; when six squaws, with their faces painted a deadened black, made their appearance from the crowd, and, in a soft and sweet measure, chanted a lament for the braves the nation had lost in the late battle: but soon as they drew near the scalp-pole, their melancholy note changed to the music (to them) of gratified revenge. In a succession of jumps, raising the feet alternately but a little distance from the ground, they made their way, through an interval left in the circle of warriors, to the grim pole, and encircling it, danced in perfect silence round it for a few

moments. Then they burst forth with an extemporary song, laudatory of the achievements of their victorious braves. They addressed the scalps as "sisters," (to be called a squaw is the greatest insult that can be offered to an Indian,) and, spitting at them, upbraided them with their rashness in leaving their lodges to seek for Yuta husbands; "that the Yuta warriors and young men despised them, and chastised them for their forwardness and presumption, bringing back their scalps to their own women."

After sufficiently proving that they had any thing but lost the use of their tongues, but possessed as fair a length of that formidable weapon as any of their sex, they withdrew, and left the field in undisputed possession of the men: who, accompanied by taps of the drum, and the noise of many rattles, broke out into a war-song, in which the valour of themselves was not hidden in a bushel, nor modestly refused the light of day. After this came the more interesting ceremony of a warrior "counting his coups."

A young brave, with his face painted black, mounted on a white horse mysteriously marked with red clay, and naked to the breech clout, holding in his hand a long taper lance, rode into the circle, and paced slowly round it; then, flourishing his spear on high, he darted to the scalp-pole, round which the warriors were now sitting in a semicircle; and in a loud voice, and with furious gesticulations, related his exploits, the drums tapping at the conclusion of each. On his spear hung seven scalps, and holding it vertically above his head, and commencing with the top one, he narrated the feats in which he had raised the trophy hair. When he had run through these, the drums tapped loudly, and several of the old chiefs shook their rattles, in corroboration of the truth of his achievements. The brave, swelling with pride, then pointed to the fresh and bloody scalps hanging on the pole. Two of these had been torn from the heads of *Rapahos* struck by his own hand, and this feat, the exploit of the day, had entitled him to the honour of counting his coups. Then, sticking his spear into the ground by the side of the pole, he struck his hand twice on his

brawny and naked chest, turned short round, swift as the antelope, galloped into the plain: as if overcome by the shock his modesty had received in being obliged to recount his own high-sounding deeds.

"Wagh!" exclaimed old Killbuck, as he left the circle, and pointed his pipe-stem towards the fast-fading figure of the brave, "that Injun's heart's about as big as ever it will be, I'm thinking."

With the Yntes, Killbuck and La Bonté remained during the winter; and when the spring sun had opened the ice-bound creeks, and melted the snow on the mountains; and its genial warmth had expanded the earth and permitted the roots of the grass to "live" once more, and throw out green and tender shoots, the two trappers bade adieu to the hospitable Indians, who were breaking up their village in order to start for the valleys of the *Del Norte*. As they followed the trail from the bayou, at sundown, just as they were thinking of camping, they observed ahead of them a solitary horseman riding along, followed by three mules. His hunting-frock of fringed buckskin, and rifle resting across the horn of his saddle, at once proclaimed him white; but as he saw the mountaineers winding through the cañon, driving before them half a dozen horses, he judged they might possibly be Indians and enemies, the more so as their dress was not the usual costume of the whites. The trappers, therefore, saw the stranger raise the rifle in the hollow of his arm, and, gathering up his horse, ride steadily to meet them, as soon as he observed they were but two; and two to one in mountain calculation are scarcely considered odds, if red skin to white.

However, on nearing them, the stranger discovered his mistake; and, throwing his rifle across the saddle once more, reined in his horse and waited their approach; for the spot where he then stood presented an excellent camping-ground, with abundance of dry wood and convenient water.

"Where from, stranger?"

"The divide, and to the bayou for meat; and you are from there, I see. Any buffalo come in yet?"

"Heap, and seal-fat at that. What's the sign out on the plains?"

"War-party of Rapaños passed Squirrel at sundown yesterday, and nearly raised my animals. Sign, too, of more on left fork of Boiling Spring. No buffalo between this and Bijou. Do you feel like camping?"

"Well, we do. But whar's your companyeros?"

"I'm alone."

"Alone! Wagh! how do you get your animals along?"

"I go ahead, and they follow the horse."

"Well, that beats all! That's a smart-looking hos now; and runs some, I'm thinking."

"Well, it does."

"Whar's them mules from? They look like Californy."

"Mexican country—away down south."

"H—! Whar's yourself from?"

"There away, too."

"What's beaver worth in Taos?"

"Dellar."

"In Saint Louiy?"

"Same."

"H—! Any call for buckskin?"

"A heap! The soldier- in Santa Fe are half froze for leather; and mocassins fetch two dollars, easy."

"Wagh! How's trade on Arkansa, and what's doin to the Fort?"

"Shians at Big Timber, and Bent's people trading smart. On North Fork, Jim Waters got a hundred pack right off, and Sioux making more."

"Whar's Bill Williams?"

"Gone under they say: the Diggers took his hair."

"How's powder goin?"

"Two dollars a pint."

"Bacca?"

"A plev a plug."

"Got any about you?"

"Have so."

"Give us a chaw; and now let's camp."

Whilst unpacking their own animals, the two trappers could not refrain from glancing, every now and then, with no little astonishment, at the solitary stranger they had so unexpectedly encountered. If truth be told, his appearance not a little perplexed them. His hunting frock of buckskin, shining with grease, and fringed pantaloons, over which the

well-greased butcher-knife had evidently been often wiped after cutting his food, or butchering the carcasses of deer and buffalo, were of genuine mountain make. His face, clean shaved, exhibited in its well-tanned and weather-beaten complexion, the effects of such natural cosmetics as sun and wind; and under the mountain hat of felt which covered his head, long uncut hair hung in Indian fashion on his shoulders. All this would have passed muster, had it not been for the most extraordinary equipment of a double-barrelled rifle; which, when it had attracted the eyes of the mountaineers, elicited no little astonishment, not to say derision. But, perhaps, nothing excited their admiration so much as the perfect docility of the stranger's animals; which, almost like dogs, obeyed his voice and call; and albeit that one, in a small sharp head and pointed ears, expanded nostrils, and eye twinkling and malicious, exhibited the personification of a "lurking devil," yet they could not but admire the perfect ease which this one even, in common with the rest, permitted herself to be handled.

Dismounting from his horse, and unhitching from the horn of his saddle the coil of skin rope, one end of which was secured round the neck of the horse, he proceeded to unsaddle; and whilst so engaged, the three mules, two of which were packed, one with the unbutchered carcass of a deer, the other with a pack of skins, &c., followed leisurely into the space chosen for the camp, and, cropping the grass at their ease, waited until a whistle called them to be unpacked.

The horse was a strong square-built bay; and, although the severities of a prolonged winter, with scanty pasture and long and trying travel, had robbed his bones of fat and flesh, tucked up his flank, and "ewed" his neck; still his clean and well-set legs, oblique shoulder, and withers fine as a deer's, in spite of his gaunt half-starved appearance, bore ample testimony as to what he *had* been; while his clear cheerful eye, and the hearty appetite with which he fell to work on the coarse grass of the bottom, proved that he had something in him still, and was game as

ever. His tail, ate by the mules in days of strait, attracted the observant mountaineers.

"Hard doins when it come to that," remarked La Bonté.

Between the horse and two of the mules a mutual and great affection appeared to subsist, which was no more than natural, when their master observed to his companions that they had travelled together upwards of two thousand miles.

One of these mules was a short, thick-set, stumpy animal, with an enormous head surmounted by proportionable ears, and a pair of unusually large eyes, beaming the most perfect good temper and docility (most uncommon qualities in a mule.) Her neck was thick, and rendered more so in appearance by reason of her mane not being roached, (or in English, hogged,) which privilege she alone enjoyed of the trio; and her short, joyed legs, ending in small, round, cat-like hoofs, were feathered with profusion of dark brown hair.

As she stood stock-still, while the stranger removed the awkwardly packed deer from her back, she flapped backward and forward her huge ears, occasionally turning her head, and laying her cold nose against her master's cheek. When the pack was removed, he advanced to her head, and, resting it on his shoulder, rubbed her broad and grizzled cheeks with both his hands for several minutes. The old mule laying her ears, like a rabbit, back upon her neck, and with half-closed eyes enjoyed mightily the manipulation. Then, giving her a snack upon the haunch, and a "hep-a" well-known to mule kind, the old favourite threw up her heels and cantered off to the horse, who was busily cropping the buffalo grass on the bluff above the stream.

Great was the contrast between the one just described and the next which came up to be divested of her pack. She, a tall beautifully shaped Mexican mule, of a light mouse colour, with a head like a deer's, and long springy legs, trotted up obedient to the call, but with ears bent back and curled up nose, and tail compressed between her

legs. As her pack was being removed, she groaned and whined like a dog, as a thong or loosened strap touched her ticklish body, lifting her hind-quarters in a succession of jumps or preparatory kicks, and looking wicked as a panther. When nothing but the fore pack-saddle remained, she had worked herself into the last stage; and as the stranger cast loose the girth of buffalo hide, and was about to lift the saddle and draw the crupper from the tail, she drew her hind legs under her, more tightly compressed her tail, and almost shrieked with rage.

"Stand clear," he roared, (knowing what was coming,) and raised the saddle, when out went her hind legs, up went the pack into the air, and, with it dangling at her heels, away she tore, kicking the offending saddle as she ran. Her master, however, took this as matter of course, followed her and brought back the saddle, which he piled on the others to windward of the fire one of the trappers was kindling. Fire-making is a simple process with the mountaineers. Their bullet-pouches always contain a flint and steel, and sundry pieces of "punk" or tinder; and pulling a handful of dry grass, which they screw into a nest, they place the lighted punk in this, and, closing the grass over it, wave it in the air, when it soon ignites, and readily kindles the dry sticks forming the foundation of the fire.

The rit-bits of the deer the stranger had brought in were soon roasting over the fire; whilst, as soon as the burning logs had deposited a sufficiency of ashes, a hole was raked in them, and the head of the deer, skin, hair, and all, placed in this primitive oven, and carefully covered with the hot ashes.

A "heap" of "fat meat" in perspective, our mountaineers enjoyed their ante-prandial pipes, recommending the news of the respective regions whence they came; and so well did they like each other's company, so sweet the "honey-dew" tobacco of which the strange hunter had good store, so plentiful the game about the creek, and so abundant the pasture

\* A pithy substance found in dead pine-trees.

for their winter-starved animals, that before the carcass of the "two-year" buck had been more than four-fifths consumed; and, although rib after rib had been picked and chucked over their shoulders to the wolves, and one fore leg and the "bit" of all, the head, still cooked before them, the three had come to the resolution to join company and hunt in their present locality for a few days at least,—the owner of the "two-shoot" gun volunteering to fill their horns with powder, and find tobacco for their pipes.

Here, on plenty of meat, of venison, bear, and antelope, they merrily luxuriated; returning after their daily hunts to the brightly burning camp-fire, where one always remained to guard the animals, and unloading their packs of meat,—all choicest portions, ate late into the night, and, snoring, wiled away the time in narrating scenes in their hard-spent lives, and fighting their battles o'er again.

The younger of the trappers, he who has figured under the name of La Bonté, in scraps and patches from his history, had excited no little curiosity in the stranger's mind to learn the ups and downs of his career; and one night, when they assembled earlier than usual at the fire, he prevailed upon the modest trapper to "unpack" some passages in his wild adventurous life.

"Maybe," commenced the mountaineer, "you both remember when old Ashley went out with the biggest kind of band to trap the Columbia, and head-waters of Missouri and Yellow Stone. Well, that was the time this nigger first felt like taking to the mountains."

This brings us back to the year of our Lord 1825; and perhaps it will be as well, to render La Bonté's mountain language intelligible, to translate it at once to tolerable English, and tell in the third person, but from his lips, the scrapes which him befell in a sojourn of more than twenty years in the Far West, and the causes which impelled him to quit the comfort and civilisation of his home, and seek the perilous but engaging life of a trapper of the Rocky Mountains.

La Bonté was raised in the state of Mississippi, not far from Memphis, on the left bank of that huge and snag-filled river. His father was a Saint

Louis Frenchman, his mother a native of Tennessee. When a boy, our trapper was "some," he said, with the rifle, and always had a hankering for the west; particularly when, on accompanying his father to Saint Louis every spring, he saw the different bands of traders and hunters start upon their annual expeditions to the mountains; and envied the independent, *insouciant* trappers, as, in all the glory of beads and buckskin, they shouldered their rifles at Jake Hawkin's door, (the rifle-maker of St Louis,) and bade adieu to the cares and trammels of civilised life.

However, like a thoughtless beaver-kitten, he put his foot into a trap one fine day, set by Mary Brand, a neighbour's daughter, and esteemed "some punkins," or in other words toasted as the beauty of Memphis County, by the susceptible Mississippians. From that moment he was "gone beaver;" "he felt queer," he said, "all over, like a buffalo shot in the lights; he had no relish for mush and molasses; humminy and johnny cakes failed to excite his appetite. Deer and turkeys ran by him unscathed; he didn't know, he said, whether his rifle had hind-sights or not. He felt bad, that was a fact; but what ailed him he didn't know."

Mary Brand—Mary Brand—Mary Brand! the old Dutch clock ticked it. Mary Brand! his head throbbled it when he lay down to sleep. Mary Brand! his rifle-lock spoke it plainly when he cocked it, to raise a shaking sight at a deer. Mary Brand, Mary Brand! the whip-poor-will sung it, instead of her own well-known note; the bull-frogs croaked it in the swamp, and mosquitos droned it in his ear as he tossed about his bed at night, wakeful, and striving to think what ailed him.

Who could that strapping young fellow, who passed the door just now, be going to see? Mary Brand: Mary Brand. And who can Big Pete Herring be dressing that silver fox-skin so carefully for? For whom but Mary Brand? And who is it that jokes, and laughs, and dances with all the 'boys' but him; and why?

Who but Mary Brand: and because the love-sick booby carefully avoids her.

## LOMBARDY AND THE ITALIAN WAR.

To what is the difference of national character due? Is it to climate? Is the Negro a barbarian by a law of nature? Do his fiery sunshine and his luxuriant soil, his magnificent forest shades, or his mighty rivers, hiding their heads in inaccessible solitudes, and winding for thousands of miles through fields of the plantain and the sugar-cane, condemn him to perpetual inferiority of intellect? Was the brilliancy of the ancient Greek only an emanation from the land of bright skies and balmy airs?—was it the spirit of the sounding cataracts, and the impulse of the vine-covered hills? Was the northern tempest the creator of the northern character? and the perpetual dash of the ocean on the Scandinavian shore, or the roar of the thunder and the sweep of the whirlwind over the Tartar steppe, the training of the tribes which burst in upon the iron frontier of the Great Empire, and left it clay?

The controversy has never yet been settled. Yet, on the whole, we are strongly inclined to think that the mightier impression is due to the operation of man on the mind of man. To our idea, "the globe, with all that it inherits," is but a vast school-room, with its scholars. The nations may enter with different propensities and capacities, but the purpose of the discipline is, to train all in the use of their original powers, to modify the rougher faculties, to invigorate the weaker; and perhaps, in some remoter period of the world and its completion, to educate a universal mind for the duties of a universal family.

What education is to the individual, institutions are to the nation. Why was it that the ancient Roman was the conqueror, the legislator, the man of stern determination, and the example of patriot virtue? Why was he the man of an ambition to be satisfied with nothing narrower than the supremacy of the globe—the defier of the desert, the master of the ocean, the ruler of all the diadems of all mankind?

Yet what is the contrast in the his-

tory of his successors,—millions living under the same sky, with the same landscape of hill and dale before them—even with the bold recollections of their ancestry to inspire them, and with frames as athletic and intellects as vivid as those of the days when every nation brought tribute to the feet of the Cæsars? Why is it that the man of Thermopylæ and Platea has now no representative but the "cunning Greek," and the land, once covered with trophies, is now only the soil of the trafficker and the tomb? Why has even our own island, so memorable and so admirable, exhibited a contrast to the early terrors and capricious bravery of the Briton in the time of the Roman? For the charioteers and spearmen who fought Cæsar on the shore were chiefly foreigners from Gaul and Germany, defending their own beeves and merchandise, while the natives fled into the forest, and submitted, wherever they were pursued. Why was Russia, for a thousand years, the constant prey of the "riders of the wilderness," who now offer so feeble a resistance to her firm sovereignty? Or, to come to the immediate instance, why have the fiercest tribe of Scandinavia, perhaps the most warlike of mankind in their day, sunk into the feeble flexibility of the Italian, in whom resistance is scarcely more than the work of exasperation, and the boldest hostilities probably deserve no more than the name of a paroxysm?

The name of the Lombards was famous as far back as the sixth century and the reign of Justinian. The camp of Attila had collected the chieftains of the barbarian tribes on the northern bank of the Danube, and his death had left them to divide the vast inheritance which had been won in the briefest period, and by the most remorseless slaughter, in the memory of the world. Hungary and Transylvania were seized by the roving warriors of the Gepidæ. The fears or the policy of Justinian contracted the boundaries of the empire; and whether despising the power, or relying on the indolence, of the barba-



rians, he stripped the southern bank of its garrisons, for the defence of Italy. The Gepidae were instantly in arms, the river was crossed in contempt or defiance of the imperial revenge; and this daring act was not less daringly followed by a message to Constantinople, that "as the emperor possessed territories more than he knew how to govern, or could desire to retain, his faithful allies merely anticipated his bounty in taking their share." The emperor suffered the insult in silence, but resolved on revenge. With the artificial policy which always increases the evils of an unprepared government, he invited a new race of barbarians to act as the antagonists of the invader.

In the country between the Elbe and the Oder, about the time of Augustus, a tribe had settled, of a singularly savage aspect, and, by the exaggerations of national terror, described as having the "heads of dogs," as lapping the blood of the slain in battle, and exhibiting at once the ferocity of the animal and the daring of the man. On the summons of Justinian, they instantly plucked up their spears and standards from the graves of the Herali, whom they had slaughtered in Poland, crossed the Danube with the whole force of their warriors, and finally, after a long and bloody war, extinguished the Gepidae in a battle in which forty thousand of the enemy were slain round their king. The conqueror, with characteristic savageness, made a drinking-cup of the skull of the fallen monarch, and in it pledged his chieftains to their future fame.

This victory at last had taught the imperial court the hazard of its policy; but the deed was done, and Italy lay open to a race whose strange aspect, ferocity of habit, and invincible courage, had already wrought the Italians to the highest pitch of terror.

Among the eliminacies of Italy, the classic arrangement of the hair and beard seem to have held a foremost place. But, in their new invaders, the nation saw a host of athletic warriors, indifferent to every thing but arms, wearing their locks wild as nature had made them, and with visage and manners which almost justified the popular report, that

they had the heads of dogs, and lapped up the blood of their enemies. From this length and looseness of hair they had their name. Savage as they were, they exhibited something of that spirit which from time to time tinges barbarism with romance. Alboin, the prince of the Longobards, young, handsome, and a hero, resolved to possess at once the two great objects of the passions, love and glory. To accomplish the first, he seized on Rosamunda, the beautiful daughter of the fallen monarch; and for the second he made a royal banquet, and, covering the tables with the fruits and wines of Italy, demanded of his chieftains whether the land which produced such things was not worth their swords? We may justly conceive that he was answered with acclamation. Their trumpets were heard through every tribe of the North, and the multitude were instantly in arms under a leader whose name was a pledge of possession. His vanguard scaled the Julian Alps. All the roving warriors of Gaul and Germany, with a column of twenty thousand Saxons, instantly joined the Lombard banner. Italy, exhausted by a long continuance of disease and famine, and now accustomed to yield, had him at the mercy of the first invader, and Alboin, with his sword in the sheath, marched through a fugitive population, and found his bloodless triumph within the impregnable ramparts and patriarchal palaces of Verona. From the Trentino hill to the gates of Ravenna and Rome, all was the easy prize of Lombard virtues.

It is singular to hear, at the interval of more than a thousand years, the same names of the cities, which then became the possession of the invaders, and to see the warlike movements of the present hour following the track of the warriors of the sixth century. Alboin conquered Milan by four, and Pavia by famine; but the bold barbarian disdained to reside in a city, however splendid, which had yielded without a battle, and he fixed the Lombard throne in Pavia, which had earned his respect by a siege of three years.

It is a striking illustration of the superiority of institutions to climate, that the Lombard, even in Italy, con-

tinned the same bold, restless, and resistless man of iron, which he had been in the barren plains of Prussia, or on the stormy shores of the Baltic. With all the luxuries of Italy to soften him, and even with all the favours of an Italian sun to subdue him into indolence, he was still the warrior, the hunter, and the falconer. Leaving tillage to the degraded caste of the Italian, he trained horses for war and the chase, in the famous pastures bordering the Adriatic. He sent to his native Scandinavia for the most powerful falcons; he trained the hound, that could tear down alike the stag and the wolf; and prepared himself hourly by the chase through the forests, which were now rapidly covering the depopulated plains of Italy, for the hardships and enterprises of actual war. The favourite distinctions of the Lombard noble were the hawk on the wrist and the falchion by the side.

We now give a rapid sketch of the subsequent periods.

From the tenth century, when Germany assumed the form of a settled state, its connexion with Italy was always exhibited in the shape of mastery. The modern Italian character is evidently not made for eminence in war. The hardships of German life, contrasted with the easy indolence of Italy, have always given the Northern ploughman the superiority over the vine-dresser of the south; and from the time when Charlemagne first moved his men of mail over the Alps, Italy has been a fair and feeble prize for German vigour and German intrepidity.

On the general dissolution of the empire of Charlemagne, Italy naturally followed the fate of all vassal kingdoms. At the close of the ninth century its provinces had been made a common field of battle to the multitude of dukes, counts, and captains of banditti, who suddenly started into a brief celebrity as spoilers of the great German empire. A terrible period of almost a century of intestine war followed, which covered the land with corpses, and made Northern Italy but one capacious scene of blood and desolation. At length, a German conqueror, Otho of Saxony, fortunately came, as of old, crushed all

rivalry, drove the peasantry from the field, commanded the nobles to do him homage, and by the combined operation of the sceptre and the sword, partially compelled his feudatories to learn the arts of peace. Still, perhaps, there was not upon the earth a more disturbed district than Lombardy. In the lapse of centuries, it had grown opulent, notwithstanding its spoilers. The native talent of the Italian, his commercial connexion with Egypt and the East, and his literary intercourse with the fugitives from Constantinople, and the eagerness of the Western nations, even at that early period, to obtain the produce of Italian looms and pencils, gave the nation wealth, and with it constitutional power. This power resulted in the formation of small commonwealths, which, though frequently at war with each other, often exhibited a lustre and spirit worthy of the vivid days of antique Italy.

The feudal system, the natural product of barbarian victory, by which the land had been divided among the conquerors, was strongly opposed by the commercial cities; and the most successful of all resistance, that of popular interests, rapidly broke down the system. The first struggle was by the class of the inferior nobles against the great proprietors. The close of the eleventh century found the principle of resistance advancing, and the populace now mingled in the contest.

The dissension was increased by the papal violence against the married clergy in the middle of the century. This dispute gave rise to one of the most important changes in the Romish discipline, and one of the longest contests between the Pope and the people. The Church of Milan, dating its liturgy from the times of the memorable Bishop Ambrose, had continued almost wholly independent of the discipline and the authority of Rome. By its especial rule, the priest who was married before his ordination retained his wife; but, if unmarried, he was not suffered to marry afterwards. This unfortunate compromise with superstition naturally produced the loss of the original right. The Jewish priesthood had been married under the direct sanction of a code confessedly

divine. Peter, and apparently others of the apostles, were married; and there is no mention of any remonstrance on the part of our Lord against this most essential of all relationships. St Paul's wish "that the disciples should remain unmarried" in the time of a threatened persecution, was evidently limited to the persecution; and instead of denying the common right of the Christian clergy to marry, he expressly insists on his personal *right* to marry if he should so please, as well as any other of the brethren. The recommendation *not* to marry at the time was also addressed *not* to the peculiar *teachers* of Christianity, but to the whole body of the Christians—a generalisation which of itself shows that it was merely for the period; as it must be wholly irrational to suppose that the gospel desired the final extinction of marriage *among all mankind*.

The contest continued with great violence until the accession of the well-known Gregory VII., who, finding it impossible to overcome the resistance of the clergy, while they were sustained by their archbishop, dexterously dismantled the See, by annexing its suffragans gradually to Rome. The power of the archbishops of Milan thus sank, until they condescended to receive investiture from the Bishop of Rome. The See lost its independence; and the law of celibacy—one of the most corrupting to the morals of the priesthood, but one of the most effective to establish the domination of the papacy throughout Europe—became the law of Christendom.

The history of the Italian republics is an unhappy record for the advocates of republicanism. It was a history of perpetual feuds among the higher ranks, and perpetual misery among the people. The mediæval annals of Italy, with all their activity and lustre, might be wisely exchanged by any nation on earth for the quiet obscurity of a German marsh, or the remote safety of an island in the heart of the ocean. The only palliation was in the stimulus which all republics give to human energy, by relaxing all impediments to the exertion of the individual. But this good is strangely counteracted by the habitual uncer-

tainty of republics. No man's fortune *can* be safe while it remains under a popular government. A decree of the party in power may strip him of his property in a day. The general object of the rule of the rabble is the seizure of property, and the man of wealth to-day may be the beggar to-morrow. The most despotic monarchy seldom preys on the individual, and still seldomer takes him by surprise. For the long period of five hundred years, Lombardy was one of the most unfortunate countries in the world, from its republican propensities. Factions, of every degree of tyranny and vice, tore it asunder. The names of the Torriani, the Visconti, and the Sforze, are seen successively floating on the tide of blood and misery which covered this noblest of the Italian provinces; and each faction, at its sinking, left little more than a new evidence of the guilt of profligate governments, each exceeding the other in professions of public virtue. A single vigorous sceptre—a settled constitution, however stern—a dynasty even of despots, which had the simple merit of stability, would have rescued Lombardy from a condition scarcely to be envied by a galley-slave. The historians of Italy recur to this period in words of horror. The romancers find in it an exhaustless fund of their darkest scenes. The poets revert to it for their deepest-coloured images of national destruction. What must be the condition of a country, when a military despotism, and that too the despotism of a foreign power, was a desirable change?

In the middle of the sixteenth century this change occurred, in the transfer of Lombardy to Charles V. After a century and a half of subjection to the Spanish dynasty, it again passed, by the failure of the line, into the hands of Austria. But at length, under the well-intentioned government of the Empress Maria Theresa, property became secure, the factions were suppressed by the strong hand of authority, commerce felt new confidence, and the natural advantages of climate, soil, and talent suddenly raised the country into a new and vigorous prosperity; within a quarter of a century, its population rose from less than a million to nearly a million and a

quarter; and the produce of the soil not only fed its population, but was largely exported.

The French Revolution of 1789, which startled every kingdom of Europe, shook Italy to its centre. The religion of Rome, while it fills the eye with ceremonies, and the ear with dogmas, makes but little impression on the heart, and none on the understanding. The boundless profligacy of Italian manners had long corrupted public life. The opera and the billiard-table were the only resources of an overgrown nobility, pauperised by their numbers, and despised for their pauperism. The facility of dispensing with oaths, in a religion which gives absolution for every crime, and repeats it on every repetition of the crime, practically extinguishes all sense of allegiance; and, at the first offer of what the French pronounced liberty, every province was ready to rush into republicanism.

The campaigns of Napoleon, in 1796 and 1797, incomparably conducted by the genius of the French general, and wretchedly mismanaged by the inveterate somnolency of the councils of Austria, gave a new stimulus to the frenzy of revolution. Lombardy, already resolved on self-government, was constituted a republic by the treaty of Campo Formio in 1797—Austria receiving Venice as a compensation for Milan, Mantua, and Belgium. The Venetian outcry against this compact was bitter, but it was helpless. Napoleon had the sword which settled all diplomatic difficulties; and she had good reason to rejoice in her release from the perpetual robbery of her republican masters. The coronation of Napoleon in 1804, followed by the memorable Austrian campaign, which ended with the fatal fight of Austerlitz, again changed the destinies of the north of Italy. By the treaty of Vienna, Venice and Lombardy were united under France, and Napoleon assumed the crown of Charlemagne, as King of Italy!

On the exile of Napoleon to Elba, the Austrian Emperor again became master of Milan, Mantua, and Venice, combined under the name of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, which was annexed to the imperial crown—the whole being divided into nine Lombard

provinces, and eight Venetian; and the population of the entire, by the census of 1833, being somewhat more than four millions and a half.

It cannot now be necessary to enter into the detail of the national government; but it was of a much more popular order than might be conceived from the formalities of Austria. Each of the great provinces—Lombardy and Venice—had a species of administrative council, consisting of deputies from the minor provinces, each returning two, the one a noble and the other a plebeian, with a deputy from each of the royal towns, the whole being elected for six years. Those bodies, though not entitled to make laws, had yet important functions. They settled the proportion of the taxes, superintended the disbursements for roads, and had the especial care of the charitable establishments. Nor were these all. In every chief town there was a local administration, especially superintending the finance of their respective districts; and the general taxation seemed to have been light, and but little felt, and scarcely complained of.

Burke, in one of his prophetic anticipations, pronounced that the first ruin of Europe would be in its finance, and that every kingdom was, even in his day, wading into a boundless ocean of debt. Austria, of course, had felt its share; and after the desperate wars of 1805 and 1809, nothing is more wonderful in the history of finance, or more honourable to the great statesman who for forty years presided over her fate, than that she should have escaped bankruptcy.

But her liberality to her Italian provinces never failed. Some of the details, which have already reached the public, give an extraordinary conception of the almost prodigality with which Austria has lavished her means upon the bridges, roads, and general public communications of Lombardy.

We give those items in francs.

Five millions spent in repairing and constructing dikes in the Mantuan province.

Four millions in completing the canal of the Naviglio.

A million and a half for roads in the mountains of the Bergamasque.

A million and a half for the great commercial road of the Splügen.

Two millions and a half for the road over the Hiffer Jock.

Three millions for continuing it along the shore of the lake Como.

Three millions and a quarter for completing the cathedral of Milan.

A million for improvements in the city.

Half a million for the fine bridge over the Ticino.

Twenty-four millions for cross-roads, between 1814 and 1831, besides miscellaneous expenditure;—the whole being not less than sixty-six millions in the fifteen years preceding 1831, in the mere matter of keeping up the means of intercourse in a country where, half a century ago, the cross-roads were little more than goat-tracks; besides the annual expense of about a million and a quarter on the repair of the roads since. And this munificent liberality was expended in Lombardy alone. The expenditure in Venice in the latter period of its possession has been nearly equal. The first French conquest had given it the name of a constitution, and nothing else. The famous republic was plundered to the last coin. On its second seizure its treasury was again emptied by its French emancipators; and when it was restored to Austria in 1814, its population presented a pauper list of fifty-four thousand individuals. Its commerce was in a state of ruin; its palaces and public buildings were in a state of decay; its charitable establishments were without funds; and a few years more must have filled its canals with the wrecks of its houses. Within the next twenty years the reparations cost the Austrian treasury not less than fifty-three millions of francs! Thus Venice rose from a condition which all our travellers, immediately after the peace of 1815, pronounced to be irreparable ruin, and is now one of the first commercial cities of Italy.

But the Austrian government had not been contented with a mere improvement of the soil or of the modes of communication—it had employed extraordinary efforts in giving education to the people. We are to remember the difficulties which impede all such efforts

in Romish countries. Where the priest regulates the faith, he must always be jealous of the education. But the German habits of the government predominated over the superstition of Rome, and a species of military discipline was introduced, to compel the young Italians to learn the use of their indolent understandings. Within a few years after the peace of 1815 a national school system was put in action in Lombardy. Within a few more years it had spread over the whole country, with such effect, that there was scarcely a commune without its public place of education. The schools for boys amounted to upwards of two thousand three hundred, and for girls to upwards of twelve hundred. Nearly a hundred of the schools for boys taught a very extensive course of practical knowledge. The higher classes learned architecture, mechanics, geography, drawing, and natural history, in the vigorous, useful way for which German education is distinguished. Still higher schools, or portions of the former, were placed in the chief towns, for the practical acquirement of the known ledge most important for servants of public offices. There the chief studies were history, commerce, mathematics, chemistry, and French, German, and Italian. Under this system, it is evident that very solid and valuable acquirements might be made, and those were solely the work of the Austrian sovereignty.

We give a slight abstract of the plan of education in the female schools, because it is on this point that England is still most deficient.

The female elementary schools had three classes.

In the youngest were taught spelling and writing, mental and written arithmetic, needlework, and the Catechism.

In the second were taught the elements of grammar, the four rules of arithmetic, and needlework, consisting of making and embroidery, with religious instruction.

In the third were taught religion, sacred history, geography, Italian grammar, letter-writing, weights and measures, and the nature and history of coin.

All those acquirements were, of

course, dictated by the necessities and habits of native life; but they compose a scale of practical knowledge which, while useful in their humblest capacity, would form an admirable ground-work for every attainment of the female mind. It is probably from some sense of hazard that we do not observe music among the objects of education: for double-s singing must have been one of the habits of schools taught by a German system. We should also have desired to see some knowledge of domestic arrangements, of the culinary arts, and of making their own dress. However, it is probable that these obvious advantages, especially for the life of the peasantry, may have been added subsequently to the period from which our information is derived.

We should rejoice to see in England national institutions of this order established for the education of young females of every rank, thus withdrawing the daughters of the peasantry from those coarse drudgeries of the field which were never intended for them, relieving the female population of the manufacturing towns alike from the factory labour and the town habits, and training for the labouring population honest, useful, and moral partners of their lives. In the higher ranks, the activity, regularity, and practical use of all their occupations would be scarcely less essential; and we should see in the rising generation a race of accomplished women who had learned every thing that was of importance to make them the intellectual associates of the intelligent world, while they had acquired those domestic habits, and were entitled to avail themselves of those graceful and useful arts, which make home pleasing without feeble indulgence, hospitality cheerful without extravagance, and even time itself pass without leaving behind a regret for wasted hours.

The Lombard system had been subsequently applied to the Venetian provinces: where, twenty years ago, the number of schools had risen to between fourteen and fifteen hundred. The number of boys then attending the schools was upwards of sixty thousand. Higher still, there were eighty-six gymnasia or colleges, with

three hundred professors, and attended by upwards of seven thousand students, with thirty-four colleges for females. Higher still were the twelve Lyceums, for philosophical studies; and, at the summit of all, the two universities of Padua and Pavia. The whole system being superintended by the general boards at Milan and Venice.

Whether all those regulations are applicable to our own country, may be a matter of question. But the grand difficulty experienced here, the power of making the parents avail themselves of those admirable opportunities, is easily solved by the German discipline. A register is kept in every commune, of all the children from six to twelve years old; and they are all *compelled* to attend the schools, except in case of illness, or some other sufficient cause. But the tuition is gratuitous, the expense and the schoolmaster being paid by the commune. Corporal punishment is wholly forbidden.

Such were the benefits lavished by Austria upon her Italian subjects; benefits which they never would have dreamed of if left to themselves: and which, in all probability, the pauperised exchequer of the revolt will never be able to sustain. Under this government, too, Lombardy had become the most fertile province of Italy, the most densely peopled, and the most opulent, of the south of Europe. Venice, too, which had been crushed almost into ruins by the French, rose again into a resemblance of that commercial power, and civil splendour, which once made her famous throughout the Mediterranean: and Milan, though characterised in the Italian annals as the most luckless of all the cities of earth, having been besieged forty times, taken twenty times, and almost levelled with the ground by the conqueror four times,—yet, when the late Emperor Francis visited her about twenty years ago, exhibited a pomp of private wealth, and a magnificence of public festivity, which astonished Europe, and was the most eloquent refutation of the declamatory ravings of the mob of patriotism.

That Austria should be unwilling to give up so fine a possession is

perfectly natural; constituting, as it does, the noblest portion of the Italian peninsula; or, in the striking language of the historian Alison.—

"A plain, three hundred miles in length, by a hundred and twenty in breadth, and in the greatest portion of its length exhibiting an alluvial soil watered by the Ticino, the Adda, the Adige, the Tagliamento, and the Piave, falling from the Alps, with the Taro and other streams falling from the Apennines, and the whole plain traversed through its centre by the Po, affording the amplest means of irrigation, the only requisite in this favoured region for the production of the richest pastures and the most luxuriant harvests."

"On the west," says this master of picturesque description, "it is sheltered by a vast semicircle of mountains, which there unite the Alps and the Apennines, and are surmounted by glittering piles of ice and snow, forming the majestic barrier between France and Italy. In those inexhaustible reservoirs, which the heat of summer converts into perennial fountains of living water, the Po takes its rise; and that classic stream, rapidly fed by the confluence of the torrents which descend through every cleft and valley in the vast circumference, is already a great river when it sweeps under the ramparts of Turin."

The description of its agriculture is equally glowing with that of its mountain boundaries. "A system of agriculture, from which every nation in Europe might take a lesson, has been long established over its whole surface, and two, sometimes three, successive crops annually reward the labours of the husbandman. Indian corn is produced in abundance, and by its return, quadruple that of wheat, affords subsistence for a numerous and dense population. An incomparable system of irrigation, diffused over the whole, conveys the waters of the Alps into a series of little canals, like the veins and arteries in the human body, to every field, and in some places to every ridge, in the grass lands. The vine and the olive thrive on the sunny slopes which ascend from this plain to the ridges of the Alps, and a woody zone

of never-failing beauty lies between the desolation of the mountain and the fertility of the plain. The produce of this region, which most intimately combines its interests with those of the great European marts, is silk. Italy now settles the market of silk over all Europe. Since the beginning of the present century, it has grown into an annual produce of the value of ten millions sterling! Within the last twenty years the export from the Lombardo-Venetian States has trebled." All those details give an impression of the security of property, which is the first effect of a paternal government. They fully answer all the absurd charges of impoverishment by Austria, of barbarism in its laws, or of severity in its institutions. Lombardy, independent, will soon have reason to lament the change from Austrian protection.

We come to other things. Italy is now in the condition of a man who thinks to get rid of all his troubles by committing suicide. Every kingdom, principedom, duchy, and village has successively rebelled, and proclaimed a constitution; and before that constitution was a month old, has forgotten what it was. A flying duke, a plundered palace, a barricade, and a national guard, are all that the philosopher can detect, or the historian has to record, in the Revolution of Italy. How could it be otherwise? Can the man who bows down to an image, and listens to the fictions of a priest, exercise a rational understanding upon any other subject? Can the slave of superstition be the champion of true freedom? or can the man, forced to doubt the virtue of his wife and the parentage of his children, which is the notorious condition of all the higher circles of Italian society, ever find fortitude enough to make the sacrifices essential to the purchase of true liberty? If all Italy were republicanised to-day, there would be nothing in its character to make liberty worth an effort,—nothing to prevent its putting its neck under the feet of the first despot who condescended to demand its vassalage.

The war of Piedmont and Austria is another chapter, written in another

language than the feeble squabbles of the little sovereignties. There, steel and gunpowder will be the elements ; here, the convulsion finishes in a harangue and the coffee-house. Charles Albert has passed the Mincio, but shall he ever repossess it ? Certainly not, if the Austrian general knows his trade. If ever king was in a military trap, if ever army was in a pitfall, the Piedmontese passage of the Mincio has done the deed. But, this must lie in the book of casualties. Austria is renowned for military blunders. In the Italian campaigns of Napoleon, her reinforcements came up only in time to see the ruin of the army in the field. Successive generals followed, only to relieve each other's reputation by sharing a common defeat : until Italy was torn by 50,000 Frenchmen from the hands of 100,000 Austrians. Yet the Germans have been always brave ; their national calamity was tardiness. It clings to them still. They have now been gazing for a month at the army of Charles Albert ; they ought to have driven it into the Mincio within twenty-four hours.

The Italian spirit of hatred to the German has exhibited itself in a thousand forms for a thousand years. It has murmured, conspired, and made vows of vengeance. Since the days of Charlemagne. It has sentenced the "Teuton" in remorseless sonnets, has fought him in sinfonias, and slaughtered him in ballets and burlesques. But the German returned, chained the poets to the wall of a cell, and sent the writers to row in the galleys. For the last hundred years, Italy has implored all the furies in operas, and paid homage to Nemesis by the help of the orchestra—all in vain. At length, the French Revolution, by sweeping the Austrian armies out of Italy, gave the chance of realising the long dream. The "Cisalpine Republic" flourished on paper, and every Italian talked of Brutus, and the revival of the Consulate, and the Capitol. But the French price of liberty was too high for Italian purchase ; the liberators robbed the liberated of every coin in their possession, and shot them when they refused to give it up. Even the "Teuton" was welcome, after this experience of the Gaul ; and Italy found the advan-

tage of a government which, though it exhibited neither triumphal chariots nor civic festivities, yet suffered the land to give its harvests to the right owners.

But even this feeling was to have a new temptation. About fifteen years ago, one of the chaplains of the King of Sardinia was struck off the court list, for uttering opinions which, touched with the old romance of Italian liberation, struck the whole court of Turin with horror. Charles Albert was then at the head of the Jesuits, and the Jesuits demanded the criminal Gioberti. Italy was no longer safe for him : he fled across the Alps, and took refuge in Belgium. There he wrote, through necessity. But he had something to revenge, and he wrote with the vigour of revenge. But he was an enthusiast, and he indulged in the reveries of enthusiasm. The double charm was irresistible to the dreamy spirit of a nation which loves to imagine impossible retribution, and achieve heroism in the clouds. His writings crossed the Alps. No obstacle could stop them ; they wound their way through *douanes* ; they insinuated themselves through the backstairs of palaces ; they even penetrated into the cells of monks ;—and his treatise "*Del Primato Civile e Morale degl' Italiani*," which appeared in 1843, was hailed with universal rapture. The literature of modern Italy seldom rises into that region of publicity which carries a work beyond seas and mountains. She has not yet attained the great art of common sense—the only art which furnishes the works of man with wings. Her poetry is local and trifling : her prose is loose, feeble, and rambling. Her best writers seem to the European eye what the wanderers through *Soirees* and *Conversazioni* are to the well-informed ear,—men of words living on borrowed notions, and, after the first half-dozen sentences, intolerably tiresome.

But the work of Gioberti was a panegyric on Italy, a universal laudation of the Italian genius, the Italian spirit, the Italian language, every thing that bore the name of Italian ! Its very title, "*The Pre-eminence, Civil and Moral, of the Italians*," was irresistible.



The monster-folly of all foreigners is a passion for praise; and the unpopularity of the Englishman on the Continent chiefly arises from his tardiness in gorging this rapacious appetite. Gioberti, with evident consciousness of the offence, labours to justify the assumption. "Individuals may be modest, but modesty degrades nations," is his preliminary maxim. "A nation to have claims must have merits; and who is to believe in her merits, unless she believes in them herself?" This curious logic, which would make vanity only the more ridiculous by the openness of its display, is the grand argument of the book. It has made Italy suddenly imagine herself a nation of heroes.

"When a nation," says Gioberti, "has fallen into social degradation, the attempt to revive its courage must be by praise: possibly dangerous at other times, but now a generous art." It is admitted, however, "that the facts ought to be true, and the arguments forcible; and that no good can come from adulation." And in consequence of this wise precaution, the patriotic monk proceeds to inaugurate his country with the precedence in the grand procession of all the kingdoms of the earth! But another striking feature of this work was, that all those changes must emanate from a centre, and that centre the Pope, that Pope being a professor of liberalism, and having for his pupils all the princes of Italy. Whether Gioberti saw futurity with the eye of prophet, or only in the conjecture of a charlatan, there can be no doubt that the coincidence between his theory and the facts is sufficiently curious. We are to remember that book was published in the reign of Gregory XVI.—a genuine monk, hardened in all the old habits of the cell, who thought that a railroad would be the overthrow of the tiara, and the expression of a political opinion would call up the shades of all the past Holinesses from their purgatorial thrones.

The book declared that the Deity being the source of all influence on the civilisation of man, the country which approached nearest to general influence over the world must be the leading nation. It contends that Italy fulfils this condition in three

ways. First, that it has created the civilisation of all other nations; second, that it preserves in its bosom, for general use, all the principles of that civilisation; and third, that it has repeatedly shown the power of restoring that civilisation. He further contends that the true principle of Italian power is federation, and the true centre of that federation must be the Pope. He declares that the whole light of Italy, in the eyes of the world, has flashed from the papal throne—that the Roman States are to the rest of Italy what the site of the Temple was to the Jewish people—and seems to regard the whole Italian nation, in reference to Europe, as like the Chosen Land to the rest of the world. Even then, he marked the Piedmontese throne as the chief support of the federation, and Charles Albert as the champion of the great pontifical revolution which, expelling all strangers, and uniting all princes, was to place Italy in secure sovereignty over all the mental and moral influences of the world.

The work is obviously a romance; but it is a romance of genius; it is obviously unsuited to the realities of any nation under the moon, but it touches every weak point of the national character with a new colouring, and persuades the loose and lazy Italian that he has only to start on his feet to be a model for mankind. With him the church of Rome is no longer an antiquated building of the dark ages, full of obscure passages and airless chambers, with modern cobwebs covering its ancient gilding, and, with the very crevices which let in light, exhibiting only its irreparable decay. It is on the contrary a temple full of splendour, and spreading its light through the world, crowded with oracular shrines, and uttering voices of sanctity that are yet destined to give wisdom to the world.

It must be wholly unnecessary for Protestantism to expose the superficial glitter of those views, and the feeble foundations of this visionary empire. The true respondent is the actual condition of Europe. Every Protestant nation has left Italy behind. Even the Romish nations, which have borrowed their vigour from intercourse with Protestantism, have left her be-

hind. Of what great invention for the benefit of man has Italy been the parent during the last three hundred years? What command has she given us over nature? what territory has she added to the civilised world in an age of perpetual discovery? what enlargement of the human mind has she exhibited in her philosophy? what *advance* in the amelioration of the popular condition signalises her intelligent benevolence? what manly inquiry into any one of the means by which governments or individuals distinguish themselves as benefactors to posterity, and live in the memory of mankind?

It is painful to answer queries like these with a direct negation; but that negation would be truth. Italy has nothing to show for her intellectual products during centuries, but the carnival and the opera: for her gallantry, but the sufferings of French and German invasions: for her political progress, but the indelent submission to generations of petty kings, themselves living in vassalage to France, Austria, and Spain: and for her religion, but the worship of saints, of whom no living man knows any thing—miracles so absurd as to make even the sacrilegians who narrate them laugh: new legends of every conceivable nonsense and leases of purgatory shortened according to the pence dropped into the purse of the confessional.

Italy has two evils, either of which would be enough to break down the most vigorous nation—if a vigorous nation would not have broken down both ages ago. These two are the nobles and the priesthood—both ruinously numberless, both contemptibly idle, and both interested in resisting every useful change, which might shake their supremacy. Every period of Italian convulsion has left a class of men calling themselves nobles, and perpetuating the title to their sons. The Gothic, the Norman, the papal, the “*nouveaux riches*,” every man who buys an estate—in fact, nearly every man who desires a title—all swell the lists of the nobility to an intolerable size. Of course, a noble can never do any thing—his dignity stands in the way.

The ecclesiastics, though a busier

race, are still more exhausting. The kingdom of Naples alone has eighty-five prelates, with nearly one hundred thousand priests and persons of religious orders, the monks forming about a fourth of the whole! In this number the priesthood of Sicily is not included, which has to its own share no less than three archbishops and eleven bishops. Even the barren isle of Sardinia has one hundred and seventeen convents! Can any rational mind wonder at the profligacy, the idleness, and the dependence of the Italian peninsula, with such examples before it? The Pope daily has between two and three thousand monks loitering through the streets of Rome. Besides these, he has on his ecclesiastical staff twenty cardinals, four archbishops, ninety-eight bishops, and a clergy amounting to nearly five per cent of his population. With those two millstones round her neck, Italy must remain at the bottom. She may be shaken and tossed by the political surges which roll above her head, but she never can be buoyant. She must cast both away before she can rise. Italy priest-ridden, and noble-ridden, and prince-ridden, must be content with her fate. Her only chance is in the shock, which will break away her encumbrances.

We now come to the Avatar, in which liberty is looked for by all the romancers in Italy. On the 1st of June 1846, Pope Gregory XVI. died, at the age of 81. He was a man of feeble mind, but of rigid habits, willing to live after the manner of his fathers, and above all things, dreading Italian change. The occasional attempts at introducing European improvements into the Roman territory struck him with undignified alarm; and even his old age did not prevent his leaving six thousand state prisoners in the Roman dungeons. On the 16th of the same month the Bishop of Imola was chosen Pope. He was of an Italian family, which had occasionally held considerable offices; was a man of intelligence, though tinged with liberalism; and was one of the youngest of the Popes since Innocent III., who took the tiara at the age of 37. The Bishop of Imola was 54.

Adopting the name of Pius IX., his first act was one of clemency. He

published an amnesty for political offences, and threw open the prison doors. An act of this order is usual on the accession of a Pope. But the fears of the population had been so much heightened by the singular stubbornness of his predecessor, that the discovery of their having a merciful master produced a universal burst of rejoicing.

But the popular excitement was not to be satisfied with the trumpetings and parades of the returning exiles—it demanded a new tariff, which was granted, of course. Then followed fêtes and illuminations, until the Pope himself grew tired of being blinded by fireworks and deafened by shouts. A succession of acts of civility passed between his Holiness and his people. He talked of railroads, canals, and commerce. He formed a council, which, so far as any practical effect has been produced by the measure, seems to have died in its birth. He cultivated popularity, walked through the streets, occasionally served the mass for a parish priest, and fully gained his object, of astonishing the populace by the condescension of a pontiff. To all this we make no imaginable objection. Pius IX. did but a duty that seldom enters into the contemplation of the prelacy, and which it would be well for their security, and not unwise in their calling, to practise in every province of Christendom.

But it is to be observed that, in all this pageantry of parliament, and all those provinces of renovation, nothing has been done—that none of the real machinery of the popedom has been broken up—that the monk is still a living being, and the Jesuit, though a little plundered, is still in the world—that every spiritual law which made Rome a terror to the thinking part of mankind is in full vigour at this moment, and that whatever may be thought of the enlightenment of his Holiness, every weapon of spiritual severity remains still bright and burnished, and hung up in the old armoury of faith, ready for the first hand, and for the first occasion.

Lord Brougham, in his late memorable cosmopolite speech, has charged the popedom with being the origin of the European convulsions. There can

be no doubt that the popedom, if it did not give birth to the movement, at least set the example. The first actual struggle with Austria was its quarrel about the possession of Ferrara, which was, after all, but a straw thrown up to show the direction of the wind. The call to the Italian states, though not loud, was deep; and an Italian army, for the purpose of forming an Italian confederation, made a part of every dream between the Alps and the sea.

Then came still more showy scenes of the great drama. France had looked on the Ferrarese struggle with the eager interest which inspires that busy nation on every opportunity of European disturbance. But the Parisian revolution suddenly threw the complimentary warfare of German and Italian heroism into burlesque. The extinction of the throne, the flight of a dynasty, the sovereignty of the mob, and the universal frenzy of a nation, were bold sports, of which Italian souls knew nothing. But their effect was soon perilously felt; the populace of Milan determined to rival the populace of Paris—had an *émancipation* of their own, built barricades, fought the Austrian garrison, and made themselves masters of the capital of Lombardy.

But the Italian is essentially a dramatist without the power of tragedy; he turns by nature to farce, and in his boldest affairs does nothing without burlesque. Could it be conceived that a people, resolving on a revolution, should have begun it by a revolt of cigars! In England "sixty years ago," a noble duke exhibited his hostility to the government of Pitt, by ordering his footman to comb the powder out of his locks—this deficiency in the powder tax being regarded by the noble duke as a decisive instrument in the overthrowing the national policy. It must however be said, for the honour of England and the apology of the duke, that he was a Whig,—which accounts for any imbecility in this world.

The Milanese began by a desperate self-denying ordinance against tobacco. No patriot was thenceforward to smoke! What the Italian did with his hands, mouth, or thoughts, when the cigar no longer employed the whole

three, is beyond our imagination. His next act of patriotic sacrifice was the theatre—the Austrian government receiving some rent as tax on the performances. The theatre was deserted, and even Fanny Ellsler's pirouettes could not win the rabble back. Even the public promenade, which happened to have some connexion with Austrian memories, was abandoned, and no Italian, man, woman, or child, would exhibit on the Austrian Corso. To our northern faucies, all this seems intolerably infantine; but it is not the less Italian—and it might have gone on in the style of children raising a nursery rebellion to this hour, but for the intervention of another character.

The history of the Sardinian states is as old as the Punic wars. But the glance which we shall give looks only to the events of the last century—excepting the slight mention, that from the period when Italy was separated from the fallen empire of Charlemagne in the ninth century, the command of the passes of Mont Cenis and Mont Genevre, with the countries at the foot of the Cottian and Graian Alps, was put in charge of some distinguished military noble, as the key of Italy, that noble bearing the title of Marquis or Lord of the Marches.

We come, leaving nine centuries of feud and ferocity behind, to the eighteenth century, when the house of Savoy became allied with the royal succession of England, by the marriage of Victor Amadeus with Anne Marie of Orleans, daughter of Philip, brother of Louis XIV., by Henrietta, daughter of Charles I. of England.

There are few historical facts more striking than the effect of position on the character of the princes of Savoy. The life of the Italian sovereigns has generally been proverbial for the feebleness of their capacities, or the waste of their powers; but Savoy exhibited an almost unbroken line of sovereigns remarkable for political sagacity, and for gallantry in the field. This was the result of their location. They were to Italy what the Lords Wardens of the Border were to England and Scotland; forced to be perpetually in the saddle—constantly preparing to repel invasion—their authority dependent from year to year on an outburst from France,

or a grasp from the restless ambition and vast power of the German emperors. It is not less remarkable, that from the middle of the century, when the hazards of Savoy were diminished by the general amelioration of European policy, the vigour of the Savoyard princes decayed; and the court of Turin, instead of being a school of diplomacy and war, sank into the feebleness of Italian thrones, and retained its rivalry only in the opera.

But the French Revolution came, sent to try the infirmities of all thrones. It found Victor Amadeus the Third sitting calmly in the seat of his forefathers, and wholly unsuspecting of the barbarian storm which was to sweep through his valleys. The French burst on Nice in 1792, then on Onigliia, and stripped Savoy of all its outworks to the Alps.

But Napoleon came, another shape of evil. While the king was preparing to defend the passes of the mountains, the young French general turned the line of defence by the sea, and poured his army into Piedmont. A succession of rapid battles carried him to the walls of Turin; and the astonished king, in 1796, signed a treaty which left his dominions at the mercy of Republicanism.

On the death of the king in this year of troubles, his son, Charles Emmanuel IV., succeeded him. But he was now a vassal of France; he saw his country dismembered, his armies ruined, and his people groaning under the cruel insults and intolerable exactions which have always characterised French conquest. Unable to endure this torture, he retired to Sardinia, and from Sardinia finally went to Rome, and there abdicated in favour of his brother, Victor Emanuel.

The new monarch, whose states were undergoing from year to year all the capricious and agonising vicissitudes of Italian revolution, at length shared in the general European triumph over Napoleon, and at the peace of 1814 returned to his dominions, augmented, by the treaty of Vienna, by the important addition of Genoa.

But his return was scarcely hailed with triumph by his subjects, when the example of Spain was followed in an insurrection demanding a new cou-

stitution. The king, wearied of political disturbance, and being without offspring, now determined to follow the example of his predecessor, and gave up the crown to his brother, Charles Felix, appointing, as provisional regent, Prince Charles Albert of Savoy Carignano, a descendant of Victor Amadeus I.

After a reign of ten years, undistinguished by either vices or virtues, but employed in the harmless occupations of making roads and building schools, the king died in 1831, and was succeeded by the Prince of Carignano.

Charles Albert has now been seventeen years upon the throne; yet, to this hour, his character, his policy, and his purposes, are the problems of Italy. His whole course strongly resembles those biographies of studied mystery and sleepless ambition—those serpent obliquities and serpent trails—which marked the career of the mediæval princes of Italy; but which demanded not only a keen head, but a bold resolve.—Castruccio, with a Machiavel, for the twin image of the perfection of an Italian king.

The object of universal outcry for his original abandonment of "Young Italy,"—an abandonment which may find its natural excuse in the discovery that Young Italy was digging up the foundations of the throne, on whose first step his foot was already placed, and to which within a few years he actually ascended:—from that period he has fixed the eyes of all Italy upon his movements, as those of the only possible antagonist who can shake the power of Austria. He has at least the externals of a power to which Italy can show no rival: 50,000 of the best troops south of the Alps, which a blast of the trumpet from Turin can raise to 100,000; a country which is almost a continued fortress, and a position which, being in the command of the passes of Italy, can meet invasion with the singular probability of making his mountains the grave of the invader, or open Italy to the march of an auxiliary force, which would at once turn the scale. His government has exhibited that cool calculation of popular impulse and royal rights, by which, without a total prohibition of change, he has

contrived to keep the whole power of government in his hands. Long watched by Austria, he had never given it an opportunity of direct offence; and if he has at length declared war, his whole past conduct justifies the belief, that he has either been driven to the conflict by some imperious necessity, or that he has assured himself, on deliberate grounds, of the triumph of his enterprise.

He has now taken the first step, and he has taken it with a daring which must either make him the master of Italy, or make him a beggar and an exile. By rushing into war with Austria, he has begun the game in which he must gain all or lose all. Yet we doubt that, for final success, far as he has gone, he has gone far enough. On the day when he unfurled the standard against Austria, he should have proclaimed Italian independence. We look upon the aggression on Austria as a violation of alliance which must bring evil. But that violation being once resolved on, the scabbard should have been thrown away, and the determination published to the world, that the foreign soldier should no longer tread the Italian soil. This declaration would have had the boldness which adds enthusiasm to interest. It would have had the clearness which suffers no equivocation; and it would have had the comprehensiveness which would include every man of Italian birth, and not a few in other countries, to whom unlicensed boldness is the first of virtues.

The private habits of this prince are said to be singularly adapted to the leader of a national war. His frame is hardy, his manner of living is abstemious, and his few recreations are manly and active. He has already seen war, and commanded a column of the French army in the campaign of 1823, which broke up the Spanish liberals, and reinstated the king upon the throne. But, with all those daring qualities, he never forgets that the Italian is by nature a superstitious being; that he is, at best, a compound of the mime and the monk—with the monk three-fourths predominating; and that no man can hope to be master of the national mind who does not take his share in the priestly slavery of the people. This accounts for the

extraordinary reverence which from time to time he displays in the ceremonies of the church, for his sufferance of the monkish thousands which blacken the soil of his dominions, and for his tolerance of the Jesuits, whom he, as well as probably every other sovereign of Europe, dreads, and whom every other sovereign of Europe seems, by common consent, to be fixed on expelling from his dominions.

What the ulterior views of the King may be, of course, it would require a prophet to tell. Whether the crown of Lombardy is among the dreams of his ambition, whether the Italian hatred of Austria stimulates his councils, or whether the mere Italian passion for freedom urges him to stake his own diadem on the chances of the field for the liberation of the peninsula, are questions which can be answered only by the event; but he has at last advanced,—has menaced the Austrian possession of Italy; has pressed upon the Austrian army in its retreat, has reduced it to the defensive; and has brought the great question of Austrian dominion to the simple arbitration of the sword.

The history of the Sardinian campaign has been hitherto a history of skirmishes. The Piedmontese troops have advanced, and Ratisbki has retired. The Austrian position is memorable for its strength, and has been successively adopted by every defender of the Austro-Italian provinces. Peschiera, Verona, and Mantua form the three angles of an irregular triangle, of which the line of the Mincio forms the base. Charles Albert, by crossing the Mincio at Goito, is now *within* the triangle. The three fortresses are strong, and he has already made some attempts on Peschiera, which commands the head of the Lake of Garda. Those attempts have failed, and Verona is now his object; and there too he appears to have already undergone some failures. The true wonder is, that he has been suffered to remain a moment making these experiments, and that Austria, with 300,000 men under arms, should allow an Italian army, of 50,000 men at the most, to shut up her general, and lord it over half of her Italian territory. All this is an enigma. It is equally an enigma, that the Austrian commander-in-chief

should have allowed himself to be driven out of the capital of Lombardy by the rabble of the streets, and have marched out with a garrison of 15,000 men, before a mob of half their number. He ought to have fought in Milan to his last battalion. If he had been embarrassed by orders from home, he ought to have resigned at once. A heavy blow at the insurrection in Milan would have extinguished Italian rebellion.

He has now a position in which he might fight with perfect security for his flanks and rear; with the strongest fortress in Italy. Mantua, for his place of refuge, if defeated; and, if successful, with the certainty of ruin to his adversary:—yet he stands still. It was by a brilliant movement in this position that the Austrian Kray gave the French that tremendous defeat which ultimately drove them over the Alps.

The surrounding country is of the most intricate kind—a perpetual intersection of large rivers, guarded at every passage by *tous de pont*, and all the means known to military science. A war of this order may be carried on for years; and, unless the Italian population shall rise *en masse*, it must be a mere waste of blood and time.

The true tactic of an Italian invasion is a succession of rapid, daring, and *hazardous* attacks. This is the dictate of experience in every example of Italian conquest. A bold rush into the interior, leaving all fortresses behind, despising the obstacles of rivers, lakes, and mountains, and only hurrying on to meet the enemy in line, has been the principle of success from the first days of the French assaults on Italy to the last. Their war was an incursion, their marches were a headlong charge, their battles were outbursts of furious force; and, if their triumphs were transient, they failed merely from the national caprice which tires of every thing, and from the exhaustion of an ill-regulated finance. The French, even under the old Bourbons, never descended the Alps without sweeping all resistance before them. The campaigns of Napoleon in 1796, and the following year, were on the same principle. He plunged into Italy at the head of 50,000 troops, ragged, hungry, and in beggary, but

the first robbers in Europe. He told them that, by beating the Italians, they should get clothes, food, and money. As a strategist, he probably committed a thousand faults, but he did not commit the grand fault of all, that of giving the enemy time to recover his senses. He fought every day,—he fought by night as well as by day. At Montenotte, he fought for twelve hours, and was beaten; he again mounted his horse at midnight, attacked the victor in his first sleep, and, before morning, was master of the mountains, with the Austrian army in full flight, and the gates of Turin open before him. The Russian campaign in Italy was on the same principle. "When you are not fighting, march; when you are not marching, fight." When the Austrian generals advised Suwarrow to manoeuvre, he laughed, and told them that tactics were only trifling. "Make reconnoissances," said the greybeard pupils of the Aulic Council. "My reconnoissances," said the great Russian, "are of 10,000 men. Form column, charge bayonet, plunge into the enemy's centre. These are my only reconnoissances." In three months he drove the French, under their two best officers, Macdonald and Moreau, across the Alps, and cleared Italy. A lingering Italian campaign is always a campaign thrown away, or a country lost. It is the work of a military gambler. Napoleon's invasion of Italy, in his consulate, was one of the most desperate hazards ever ventured in war. He might have been defeated, and, if defeated, he must have been utterly ruined. But he attacked the Austrians, was repulsed, renewed the attack in desperation, repulsed the enemy in turn, and next day saw all Italy capitulate to him.

What a month may bring forth is beyond our calculation; but while we were writing those pages, there had been a general movement of the Piedmontese troops on Verona, probably with the intention of aiding some insurrectionary movement in the city. The Piedmontese artillery speedily demolished the field-works in the approaches to the city. A general advance was ordered, and the Austrian troops continued to retreat, still turning on the advancing line,

and fighting, through a country the greater part of which is a low shrubby forest. At length, however, a Piedmontese division was vigorously attacked, taken by surprise, and broken with a loss so heavy, as to determine the retreat of the army to its position of the morning. Still, this was but an affair of posts; and, in the mean time, General Nugent, with an army of 30,000 men, is putting down the insurgents in the Venetian provinces, and is marching towards the flank of the Piedmontese.

One fact is evident, that Italy has not risen in a body, and that, with all the harangues of her revolutionary orators, and all the promises of what those orators call "her heroic youth, burning to extinguish the abomination of the Teutons," very few of them have stirred from their coffee-houses. Italy, with her twenty millions of men, has probably not furnished to the field twenty thousand volunteers. Yet this is the time for which they have been all panting in all kinds of sonnets; when the "new spirit of political regeneration" has full range for its flight, when the Austrian police are a dead letter, and when Spielberg and its bastions are a bugbear no more.

But the movements of the Roman populace are matters of more rapid execution. What the Pope was a month since, every one knows: Pius the powerful, Pius the popular, Pius the restorer of liberty to all the aggrieved nations of Italy, with a slight appendix, including the aggrieved nations of Europe. But the populace, which gave him his titles, have now changed them, and he is "Pius the Monk."

In a year whose every week produces a revolution, who can predict the events of a month? In the middle of this month of May, Pope Pius is virtually a prisoner in his palace; within a week he may be transferred to the castle of St Angelo; within a fortnight he may be an exile, an outlaw, or a refugee in England.

The intelligence from Rome at the commencement of the month was simply, that he was a cipher. The people, in their eagerness for Austrian overthrow, demanded a declaration of war. But the German bishops are

said to have informed the Court of Cardinals, that a measure of that order would instantly produce a renoucement of their allegiance to the Roman See. A council of cardinals was now summoned, before whom the Pope laid a recapitulation of his policy, which may be considered in the light of a penitential speech. In the mean time, all his ministers tendered their resignations, probably hoping to lay the *onus* of things on the shoulders of Pius himself, and glad to escape from being massacred by the mob, or hanged by the Austrians.

But the Pope wisely determined, that whatever happened to one, should happen to all, and refused to let them resign. The general staff then held a "sitting," and the municipality marched in procession, to give their opinion at the Vatican on matters of government, and recommend "*abdication!*" Such are the benefits of telling the rabble that they are the true depositaries of the national wisdom. In other and better days, the Pope would have sent those volunteer privy-councillors to the galleys, as their impudence richly deserved. But he may now thank his own political visions.

The affair was not yet over. The civic guard, that darling creation of regenerate freedom, took up its muskets, planted themselves at the gates, and declared that no one, priest, bishop, or pope, should stir from Rome. A kind of rabble proclamation was next made, that "no ecclesiastic should hold any civil office." If this be persisted in, there is an end of "Our Sovereign Lord the Pope." He may possibly be allowed to say mass, hear confessions, and work miracles in the old monkish fashion. But his tiara must pass away, his sceptre will be a staff, and his toe will be kissed no more. The mob say that as they do not wish to take him by surprise, they have allowed him some days to settle the question of private life with himself. But the declaration of war is the *sine qua non*, and if he refuses, there is to be a "provisional government."

"By six o'clock, on the 1st instant, no answer had been received." Such is the new punctuality of popular

dealings with princes and popes; and such was the announcement of the mob leaders to all those political reformers, the loungers of Rome. But at last the old expedient of startled sovereignty has been adopted. The ministry, by intelligence on the 5th, had been suffered to retire, and their successors, more liberal than ever, were received with popular acclamation.

The senate of Rome, probably to soften this measure to the Papal feelings, presented Pius with a long address, which, however, contains a repetition of the demand for war at any price. It says, "The people do not expect *you*, a messenger of peace, to declare war. But they only desire that you *should not prevent* those to whom you have confided the direction of temporal affairs to undertake and conduct it." Thus the division is complete. The Pope is to be two distinct personages—the messenger of peace, and the maker of war; unless, in the latter instance, he is to be responsible for acts which he does not guide, and to acknowledge his ministers to be "viceroys over him." Of all the acts of sovereignty, the most inalienable is the making of peace and war. But the sovereign of Rome is to have nothing of the kind. He is to be a puppet in the hands of a board. We may well believe the accounts which represent him as "*in deep dejection*" at these manifestations of popular dealings with princes and popes. If his "*Holiness*" is not expeditious in his decision to obey his Sansculotte statesmen, the conclusion will be as rapid as the conception.

In all this chapter of change, whatever may be the coolness of our respect for the Papacy, we feel for the Pope, as we should feel for any man intolerably insulted by a conspiracy of wretches pampered into gross arrogance by sudden power. His personal character is unimpeachable; and if his vanity has met with a sudden and bitter reproof, it is only the vanity of an Italian.

Even of the people of Italy we speak only with regret. If these pages contain contemptuous expressions, wrung from us by the truth of things, we are not the less ready to acknowledge the original merits of a people spoiled



only by their institutions. We admit every instance which their panegyrists adduce of their natural ability, of their kindliness of disposition, of their ancient intrepidity in the field, and of their brilliancy in the arts. We impute all their waste of those gifts to the fiction which they call their religion. We lament over the hopelessness of Italian restoration while the nation sees the melting of St Januarius's blood as a work of heaven; expects the remission of sins from looking at the napkin of St Veronica, bows down to an image of the Virgin as the worker of miracles, and as an object of divine worship. While this lasts, the mind of Italy must remain in the darkness of that of its fathers; it may have wars, but it will have no advance in liberty: it may

have revolutions, but it will have no national vigour; it may have a thousand depositions of sovereigns, but it will only be a change of masters, and every change only leaving it the more a slave. Italy can have but one charter—the Bible.

But now the world is in confusion. War in the north—war in the south—war gathering in the east of Europe. Russia, with 120,000 men, marching on Poland, to be followed by 300,000 more. France, with half a million of men in arms, waiting but the blast of the revolutionary trumpet to pour down on Italy. Can these things be by accident? Universal convulsion after a tranquillity of thirty years! And are these but the beginning of sorrows?

#### THE INCA AND HIS BRIDE.—A MEDLEY.

##### CHAPTER I.

##### ASTLEY'S.

"Most votes carry the point, as a matter of course," said the Doctor, carefully distilling the last few drops of an incomparable Badmington into his glass. "I must say I am strongly in favour of the Surrey Zoo. They have got up Rome there in a style that is absolutely perfect; and the whole thing puts one remarkably in mind of Tacitus."

"Very likely," replied our friend the Spaniard; "but it so happens that my classical reminiscences are the reverse of agreeable. I don't believe there was a single oak in the whole grove of Dodona; at least my instinctive impression is towards the fact, that in the days of Agricola the world was a wilderness of birch. No: I declare for the opera. Pauline Viardot——"

"Bah!" said the Doctor. "These are no times to encourage foreigners. What say you, Fred?"

"I pronounce decidedly against the opera. In the first place, I am for the encouragement of native talent, especially in these revolutionary days; and in the second, I am remarkably set up for cash. I agree with the

Spaniard that Rome is rot. Suppose we go down to Astley's, and indulge ourselves with the death of Shaw?"

"I rather think that Shaw is used up," replied the Doctor. "Gomersal was the last of his race. However, Widdicomb survives, and there is still a chance of fun. So Astley's be it."

Accordingly, we soon found ourselves at that notable place of hippodramatic entertainment. In former years, Astley's was by far the most national of all the metropolitan theatres. It afforded the best practical exposition of the military history of Europe. One by one the fiery fights of the Peninsula and of Flanders were reproduced with an almost unnecessary amount of carnage. Real cannon—or at least cylinders which had every appearance of being bored—rumbled nightly across the stage. Squadrons of dragoons, mounted upon piebald, cream-coloured, and flen-bitten chargers, used to dash desperately through groves of canvass in pursuit of despairing fugitives; and terrific were the thunders of applause as the chivalry assailed a bridge, or overleaped the battlements of a fortification. No feat

was too impracticable for these centaurs—no chasm too enormous for their vault; and it really was a touching thing to observe that, whenever a trooper fell, his horse invariably knelt down beside him, and seemed to beseech him to arise by pathetically nibbling at his buttons. The entertainments usually concluded with a series of single combats, a transparency of Britannia seated on a garden roller, and a most prodigal distribution of laurel. They were not only blameless, but highly praiseworthy and patriotic exhibitions; and it is deeply to be regretted that they are rapidly falling into desuetude.

There is no denying the fact that Astley's has undergone a change. There may be as much good riding as ever, and as fearless bounding on the tight-rope—the courier of St Petersburg may still pursue the uneven tenor of his way along the backs of six simultaneous geldings—and the lover may regain his bride by passing through the terrific ordeal of the blazing hoop as of yore. But the British feeling—the indomitable spirit—the strong, burly, independent patriotism of the ring has departed, and the Union Jack no longer floats triumphant over a sea of sawdust. This is matter of painful thought, for it is a marked sign of the decadence of the national drama.

We were just in time to witness the last act of an entertaining spectacle, which argued on the part of the author a particular intimacy with natural history, and with the customs of the Oriental nations. The scene was laid in some village of Hindostan; and it appeared that sundry British subjects, male and female, had by accident been caught trespassing within the confines of a grove sacred to Bramah. No Highland thane in the act of detecting a stray geologist on his territory could have exhibited more unbounded wrath than the high-priest, whose white beard and coffee-coloured arms vibrated and quivered with indignation. Regardless of the laws of nations, and insensible to the duties of hospitality, the hoary heathen summoned the captives before him, and offered them the fearful alternative of embracing the worship of Bramah, or of undergoing the sentence of Daniel,

with the certainty of a worse catastrophe. It is hardly necessary to add, that the whole party, even down to a deboshed sergeant, whose religious scruples could hardly have been very strong, spurned at the idea of repudiating their faith, and unanimously demanded to be led on the instant to the menagerie. One young lieutenant of the Irregulars, indeed, was liberal in his offers to die for a certain lady, who had very unwisely followed him into the jungle without a bonnet, and in a gauze dress of singular tenuity: but as the old hierophant had made no offers whatever of a partial amnesty, it did not exactly appear that such generous devotion could in any way be carried into effect. The audience, accordingly, were led to prepare for a scene of indiscriminate bone-crushing, when a new turn was given to the posture of affairs by the appearance of a tall gentleman arrayed in flesh-coloured tights, who demanded the priority of sacrifice. The precise persuasion of this individual, and his claims to such invidious distinction, were not accurately set forward; but as he rejoiced in the appellation of Morok the Beast-tamer, it appeared evident to us that at some period of his existence he had been admitted to the privilege of an intimacy of M. Eugene Sue. After some consideration, and an appeal to an invisible oracle, the high-priest of Bramah, influenced probably by the distinguished literary position of his prisoner, consented to the request; and a solemn festival, to begin with the disparition of the European captives at the banquet of the beasts, and to end with the incineration of about twenty young native widows on the funeral pile, was decreed accordingly. This announcement seemed to fill the hearts of the aforesaid widows with unbounded rapture, for they incontinently advanced to the front of the stage, where they executed an extempore mazourka.

The next scene exhibited a cave, divided into two compartments, each of them stocked with a very fair supply of decrepid-looking lions and attenuated leopards. There was some slight squalling from the pit on the part of the female audience; for the interposed grating appeared to be needlessly slight, and one of the lions,

though possibly from the mere ennui of existence, had a habit of yawning, which might have struck terror into the heart of Androcles. The clown, however, though not properly a protagonist in the drama, was kind enough to restore confidence to the spectators, by walking several times upon his hands before the bars, and exposing his motley person in divers tempting attitudes to the wild beasts, without apparently exciting their appetite. The yawning animal took no further notice of the invitation than to raise himself on his hind legs, and rested his four paws upon the cross-bar; after which he remained sitting like an enormous terrier supplicating for a fragment of mutton. A sickly tiger in the other compartment began to cough unpleasantly, as though the air of the circus was too pungent or too loaded for his delicate lungs.

Presently the procession entered, singing a hymn, which must have been highly gratifying to Bramah. In this ditty the widows joined with a fortitude worthy of so many Iphigenias; and we were not a little shocked to observe that some of the European captives were participators in that heathen psalmody. However, for the credit of our country, it should be stated, that neither the Lieutenant of Irregulars, nor Amelia Darlingcourt, the young lady in whose affections he had a decided interest, took part in any such apostasy—indeed the mind of the latter was wholly occupied by other feelings, as she presently took occasion to assure us; for, the priest of Bramah having proclaimed silence, she advanced to the foot lamps, and warbled out an appropriate declaration that her heart was at that moment in the Highlands. This over, she threw herself into her lover's arms; and they both contemplated the menagerie with a calmness which testified the triumph of affection over death.

At a given signal, Morok the Beast-tamer stepped undauntedly into the den. We are ashamed to say that our friend the Doctor gloated upon this part of the spectacle with evident interest—it being a favourite theory of his that, on some occasion when the digestive organs of the animals were more than ordinarily active,

Morok was sure to go the way of all flesh. Zumalacaregui was more indifferent,—pronounced the whole exhibition a humbug, and contrasted it disparagingly with the bull-fights in which, according to his own account, he was wont to take an active share at Salamanca. For my own part, it did not strike me that Mr Morok ran any particular danger. Either the animals were gorged, or their native ferocity had been long ago subdued by a system of judicious training. The lions submitted with perfect resignation to have their jaws wrenched open, and showed no symptoms of any desire to imitate the example of nutcrackers, even when the beast-tamer was inspecting the structure of their throats. The panthers were as pacific as though they had formed part of the body-guard of Bacchus: and the leopards ran up the shoulders of the man, and even allowed themselves to be twisted up into neckcloths, with a docility which was positively engaging.

The denouement of the drama was, of course, simple. The high-priest of Bramah, and indeed the deity himself, were taken thoroughly aback. The oracle declared itself satisfied. The European captives were set free without the slightest stain upon their honour. Morok was discovered to be an eminent rajah—perhaps Tippoo Saib or Hyder Ali in disguise: the elderly individual with the coffee-coloured arms gave his benediction to the lovers—and the widows, sharing in the general amnesty, and relieved from the statutory duty of performing as suttee, testified their entire satisfaction with the whole proceedings by another mazy dance; after which the curtain fell upon a highly appropriate tableau.

"Well!" said the Doctor, "upon my honour, I must say that we should have been quite as well off at the Surrey. In this hot weather, the ammoniacal odour of the stables may be salubrious, but it is very far from refreshing; and I question whether it is improved by an intermixture of carnivorous exhalations."

"Were it not for that pretty face in the next box, I would have been off before now," observed he of Salamanca; "this lion and tiger stuff is enough to try the patience of Job."

"But the horsemanship, my dear fellow," said I.

"Psha! what do they know of real horsemanship here?" interrupted the Spaniard. "When I was in the Christino cavalry."

"There! I knew it!" said the Doctor. "Once set him off on that yarn, and we shall have the whole history of his campaigns, without the slightest remorse or mitigation. Do, my dear Fred, be cautious! You don't know what I endured yesterday at supper."

"You be shot!" replied the Iberian. "Was I not compelled to substitute some rational topic of conversation for your interminable harangue upon the symptoms of pulmonary complaint? It was enough to have emptied an hospital. But see! they are bringing in the horses. By Jove, how fresh Widdicomb looks! I wonder whether he was really master of the ring at Trajan's amphitheatre. Not a bad brute, that one striped like a Zebra. How on earth do they manage the colours?"

"It is a chemical process," said the Doctor. "Perhaps you are not aware that the hyper-iodate of —"

"Oh yes! we know all about it: very queer stuff too, I daresay. Hallo—look here! what kind of character is this fellow intended to personify?"

The question was not easily answered. The individual who provoked the remark was attired in most parsimonious silk drawers, with a sort of diminutive kilt around his waist. His head was decorated with a circle of particoloured feathers springing from a spangled circlet, not altogether unlike a highly decorated library-duster. On the whole, his costume was such as might have suited a Peruvian climate; but it was manifestly unfitted for the temperature of any untropical locality. By his side was a young lady similarly attired, only with a more liberal allowance of drapery, and rather more spangles upon her sleeve. The clown proceeded to chalk their soles with an expression of devout humility.

"These, I presume," said the Doctor, consulting the playbill, "are intended to represent the Inca and his bride; though what Incas had to do with horses, is utterly beyond my comprehension."

"They might have got them from the Spaniards, you know. Pizarro is said to have been a liberal fellow in his way. I know a descendant of his at Cordova—"

"There they go—now for it!" said the Doctor. "I wonder if people ever galloped across a prairie in that way, holding one another by the hands, and standing each upon the point of one particular toe?"

"No more than Mercury ever chose to light upon the summit of a *jet d'eau*," said I. "But you are very prosaical and matter-of-fact to-night. See! up goes the lady on the Inca's knee. Do you call that attitude nothing? Why, even the master of the ring is so lost in admiration that he is forgetting to use his whip."

Here come the pole and ribbons. Yoicks! Capitably leaped! That lady bounds over the cords as light and playfully as a panther. Surely the Inca is not going to disgrace himself by tumbling through a hoop? Yes, by the powers he is!—and a very fair somersault he has made of it! Now, then, put on the steam! Round they go like a whirlwind, attitudinising as if in agony. She looks behind her—starts—points; he turns his head—some imaginary foe must be in pursuit! Onwards—onwards, loving pair! One leap now, and ye are safe! It is a rasper, though—being nothing more nor less than a five-barred gate, speaking volumes in favour of early Peruvian agriculture. Over it they go both together; and Mr Merryman, in token of satisfaction, refreshes himself with a swim upon the sawdust!

"That course alone is worth the money," said I. "Now, Chief, unless you are bent upon prosecuting your conquest to the left, we may go. I feel a strong craving in my inner man for a draught of Barclay and Perkins."

"After all," remarked the Doctor, as we wended our way homewards, "there is something remarkably refreshing in the utter extravagance of the fictions which are presented at Astley's. They must keep in pay some author of very extraordinary genius. He never seems for a moment at a loss; and I doubt not that, at an hour's notice, he could get up a spectacle as brilliant as Aladdin's, in the Arabian Nights."

"I wish some of our friends would profit by the example," said I. "There is a fearful dearth of invention just now, especially in the fictional department; and if no speedy improvement takes place, I confess I do not know what is to become of the periodicals."

"I quite agree with you," remarked the Spaniard. "Some people are rather given to hunt an idea to death. For example, I am acquainted with a certain gentleman who can write about nothing except the railways. Every story of his has some connexion with scrip or shares, and the interest of the plot invariably turns upon a panic."

"Allow me to remark, Mr Zumalacarragui," said I, considerably nettled at the allusion, which seemed excessively uncalled for, "that any subject of domestic interest is much better than an incessant repetition of low Peninsular skirmishes. You may probably think that the public are interested in the exploits of Herrera the dragoon, in the forcible strangulation of gipsies, attacks upon convents, and the other wares in which you usually deal; but my opinion is very different."

"No doubt of it!" exclaimed the Doctor, who was delighted at the prospect of a literary row. "Every body is sick with the eternal sameness of these señoras. I wonder, Chief, you don't change your ground, and let us have something better."

"Better than what?" said the Spaniard. "Better than rigmorole stories about surveyors, and gradients, and old gentlemen with pigtails that dabble in stock. I rather suspect that, at all events, my bitterest enemy cannot accuse me of having put out any thing worse."

"Nay, that's true enough!" chimed in the Doctor: "I by no means vindicate our friend. He is sufficiently tiresome upon occasion, I allow."

"It is very easy for those who never wrote a line to pass criticisms upon the works of others," said I.

"Works? railway works, you mean," said the Spaniard.

"Allow me to tell you, my fine fellow," replied I, "that I will back myself for any given sum to write a tale against you on any possible sub-

ject; and you may lay the locality, if you please, in your favourite Spain, though I know no more about it than I do of Timbuctoo."

"And I," said Zumala, "will knock under to no man, not even Alexander Dumas, for invention. So the sooner we begin the better."

"Well, then, fix your subject. Shall it be at the siege of Salamanca?"

"In order that you may pilfer right and left from military memoirs, I suppose. Thank you—I am not quite so foolish!"

"Take your own ground, then. Where shall it be? Asia, Africa, America, or New Zealand, if you like it better."

"By no means let us interfere with G. P. R. James. He has taken the convicts under his own especial charge. Let us say America, North or South, and I leave it to you to select the century."

"I won't have any thing to do with Fenimore Cooper's Red-skins," said I. "Your gipsy practice would give you a decided advantage in portraying the fiery eyes of a Crow or a Delaware Indian, glaring through a sumach bush. Besides, I hate all that rubbish about wampum and moccasins. But if you like to try your hand at a Patagonian tale, or even a touch at the Snapping Turtle or Cypress Swamp, though that is more in your line, I assure you I have no objection."

"Let me meditate," said the Doctor. "The whole of this discussion seems to have arisen out of to-night's performances at Astley's, and I don't see why you should not avail yourselves of a ready-made hint. There is the Inca and his bride, — a capital suggestive subject. Take that as the groundwork of your tales, and pitch them in the days of Pizarro."

"Very well," said I — "only let us start in a mutual state of ignorance. It is many years since I have read a word about the Incas, and I do not mean to refresh my knowledge. What is your amount of preparation, Hidalgo?"

"Precisely the same as yours."

"So far good. But—harkye—who is to decide between us?"

"The public, of course."

"But then, reflect—two tales upon the same subject! Why, nobody will have patience to read them!"

"Couldn't you try chapter about?" suggested the Doctor.

"A capital idea!" cried the Spaniard. "I am going down to Greenwich to-morrow for a white-bait party, so you have a clear day to begin with. We shall write it alternately, after the manner of the Virgilian eclogues."

"*Arcades ambo*," quoth the Doctor.

"Well, good-night, lads, and see that you work out one another's ideas handsomely. I shall step into the club for half an hour, and have a glass of cold brandy and water."

"I say, Zumala," said I, as I walked home with my rival, "I am afraid the villain the Doctor is making

game of us. Had we not better give the idea up?"

"Not a whit of it," replied the Spaniard. "I really want to see how the thing will do: and if you like to drag in the Doctor as a character, I shall be happy to keep it up. I presume there were plenty of Caledonians wandering about the world even so far back as Pizarro's time?"

"There is always plenty of that stock in the market," I replied, with a groan. "Well, good-night. The MS. of the first chapter shall be sent you to-morrow evening; and recollect that we are both upon honour to avoid all kind of reference."

#### CHAPTER II.

##### THE RUBION OF PERT.

It was the sunny dawn of a tropical morning. The sea had just ebbed, leaving a vast expanse of white sand studded with strange particoloured shells, between the primeval forest which formed the boundary of the ocean verge, and the heavy line of breakers which plashed sullenly along the shore. One vessel, partially dismasted, and bearing tokens of the recent storm, was riding at anchor beyond the outer ridge: another lay in hopeless wreck, a black and broken hulk, upon the beach. Her timbers were stove in, her bulwarks swept away; the once stately Estremadura would never more walk the waters like a thing instinct with beauty and with life.

Upwards of three hundred hardy and bronzed veterans occupied the beach. In the countenances of some might be traced that sullen expression which is the result of absolute despair. Others used vehement gesticulations, attempting apparently to convince their comrades of the propriety of adopting some strong and dangerous resolution. Others, who were either more used to peril, or more indifferent to consequences, were playing at games of chance, as composedly as if, instead of being outcasts on a foreign shore, they were wiling away the tedium of an hour in their dear but distant Spain.

Two men, who seemed by their

garb and bearing to be the leaders, were walking apart from the others. The eldest, a tall gaunt man, whose forehead was seamed with the furrows of many years, appeared to be dissuading his companion from some enterprise which the younger eagerly urged. Ever and anon he stopped, pointed with his finger to the gigantic woods which stretched inward as far as the eye could see, and shook his head in token of dissent and discouragement.

"I tell thee, Pizarro, it is madness, sheer madness!" said he. "The foot of man has never yet penetrated that howling wilderness, from which all last night there issued sounds that might have chilled the bravest heart with terror. Even could we hope to penetrate alive through its zone, what thinkest thou lies beyond? I see in the distance a chain of dark and gloomy mountains, upon whose summits the sun never shines, so thick are the clouds that obscure them; and I fear me that, could we reach their top, we should but look down upon the frightful abyss that is the uttermost boundary of the world!"

"Pshaw, Don Gonzalez! I did not think thou hadst been so weak as to believe in such fables. Be the end of the world where it may, never let it be said that, so long as one rood of land remains unexplored, the bold Spanish Buccaneers shrank from their

appointed task. But I know that it is not so. Beyond yon dusky ridge there are valleys as rich as ever basked in the glory of the sun—fields more fertile than any in Spain—cities that are paved with silver and with gold. I have seen them. old man, many and many a time in my dreams; and, by Santiago. I will not forego their conquest!"

"Thou hast said the truth unwittingly, Pizarro," replied the other. "These are indeed dreams, the coinage of a visionary brain, and they will lure thee on to ruin. Bethink thee—even were it as thou supposest—were El Dorado separated from us only by yon colossal barriers of nature, how could we achieve its conquest with a handful of broken men? Those valleys thou speakest of, if they do exist, must be peopled—the cities will be strong and garrisoned. Men build not that which they are utterly unable to defend; and our force, heaven help us! is scarce strong enough to capture a village."

"Listen!" said Pizarro, and he laid his hand on the arm of the other. "I am not a learned man, as thou knowest, but something have I seen and heard. I have seen thirty determined men hold their own at point of pike against an army. I have seen thirty horsemen scatter thousands of the barbarians like chaff; and have we not more than thirty here? Nay, listen further. I have heard that in the old time, when a land called Greece was assailed—it might have been by the Saracens—three hundred stalwart cavaliers, under the leadership of one Don Leonidas, did, trusting in the might of Our Lady and Saint Nicolas, hold at bay many thousands of the infidel scum; for which good service to this day there are masses sung for their souls. And trow ye that we, with the same number, cannot hold our own against heathen who never yet saw lance glitter, axe smite, nor listened to the rattle of a corslet? Out upon thee, old man! thy blood is thin and chill, or thou wouldst speak less like a shavelling, and more like a belted Castilian!"

"Son of a swineherd!" cried the old man, drawing himself up to his full height, whilst the red spot of

passion rose upon his faded cheek—"Son of a swineherd and a caitiff! is it for thee to insult the blood of a hundred ancestors? Now, by the bones of those who lie within the vaults of the Alhambra, had I no better cause of quarrel, this speech should separate us for ever! Remain, then, if thou wilt—nay, thou *shalt* remain; but recollect this, that not one man who calls me captain shall bear thee company. There lies thy black and stranded hulk. Make the most of her that thou canst; for never again shalt thou tread a Spanish deck where I, at least, have the authority!"

During this insulting speech, the brow of Pizarro grew livid, and his hand clutched instinctively at the dagger. But the man, though desperate, had learned by times the necessity of habitual control: he thrust the half-naked weapon back again into its sheath, and proudly confronted his commander.

"It is well for thee, Don Gonzalez," he said, "that thine years are well-nigh spent, else, for all thy nobility, I had laid thee as low as those who are rotting beneath the marble. Harkken, then—I take thee at thy word, so far that thou and I never more shall tread the quarter-deck together. Thy vessel is safe. Mine is lost—well, then, take thine own and be gone! But mark me! Over the men here thou hast no power. In this land there is no fealty due to the flag of Spain. No man owes allegiance save to the leader of his adoption, to the strong heart and stent arm of him whom he selects to be his chief. If there be but one among them willing to cast his lot with mine, I will dare the issue. Do not, as thou regardest thy life, attempt to gainsay me in this. I am armed and resolved, and thou knowest that I am not wont to dally."

So saying, he strode towards the place where the sailors were congregated, and, with his sheathed rapier, drew a deep line along the sand. All gazed in silence, wondering what his meaning might be; for the brow of Pizarro was now bent with that resolute frown which it seldom wore except on the eve of battle, his lips were compressed, and his eyes flashing as if with an inward fire.

"Spaniards!" he said, "the hour for action has arrived. There lies the ship, ready-winged to transport you back again to Spain, not as conquerors of the New World, but as beggars returning to the old. Go, then—plough the seas, greet the friends of your childhood, and when they ask you for the treasures that were to be gathered in this distant land, tell them that you have surrendered all at the moment when victory was secure. If they ask for your leader, tell them that you abandoned him on a foreign shore—that he only remained steadfast to his purpose and his oath—that he is resolved to win a crown, or to perish nobly in the attempt!"

"No, by the blessed scallop-shell of Compostella!" cried a burly soldier, pressing forward: "come what will of it, Pizarro, there is one at least who will not flinch from thy side! Here stand I, Herrera the dragoon, ready to follow thee to the death. It shall never be said that I crossed the salt sea twice without striking one blow for Spain, or that I left my captain in his extremity!"

"Therein I recognise my ancient comrade!" cried Pizarro, pressing his hand. "Gallant Herrera! stalwart brother! I knew that I might count on thee."

"And I," said another soldier, "would have small objection to do the same; because, d'ye see, it has always struck me that Don Pizarro had the root of the matter in him—"

"Ha, my tall Scot! sayest thou?" cried Pizarro: "wilt thou too cast thy lot with us? I know thee for a hardy blade that loves hard knocks better than oily words. See—I have drawn this line upon the sand: let those come over who will follow fortune and Pizarro!"

"Hooley and fairly!" replied the other, whose high cheek-bones and sandy hair bore unequivocal testimony to his race. "There's some small matters to be settled first; for it seems to me that this is verra like the taking of a new service. Now, we have a proverb in the North that short accounts make long friends; and I would fain speer of your valour, in the event of my biding here, what wad become of the arrearages to whilk I am righteously entitled?"

"Base fellow!" cried Herrera, "wouldst thou barter thy honour for gold?"

"By your leave, sergeant," replied the Scot drily, "maist men barter baith their life and honour for little else. But I cannot allow that this is a case of barter. I hold it to be a distinct contract of service, or rather of location and hire, anent which it is written in the book of *Regium Majestatem*, that no new contracts shall be held effectual until all previous conditions are purged and liquidated. Wherefore, touching these arrears, which amount for service of man and horse to nine doubloons, four maravedis, excluding interest and penalty as accords—"

"Hearken!" said Pizarro; "if a man owed thee a handful of dollars, and offered, as the condition of his release, to show thee a mine of diamonds, wouldst thou reject his proposal?"

"Assuredly not," replied the Scot; "I wad indubitably accept of the same, reserving always my right of diligence and recourse, until the forthcoming and valuation of the aforesaid jewellery."

Well, then, the matter stands thus," continued Pizarro: "Gold have I none to pay thee; but if thou wilt follow me across yonder mountains, I will lead thee to a land richer far than any of your native valleys—"

"That's impossible," interrupted the Scot. "It's clear ye never saw Dalnacardoch!"

"A land which we will win and hold for ourselves and our heirs for ever!"

"Blench, doubtless, or for a mere nominal reddendo," remarked the Scot. "There's some sense in that; and since ye say that the arrears are scanty recoverable by any form of process, I care not if I sist procedure thereanent, and take service under my friend the sergeant, whose acquaintance with the Pandects is somewhat less than his dexterity in the handling of a halbert."

So saying, the Scot stepped across the line, and was warmly greeted by Herrera. His example, however, was by no means contagious. Gonzalez, though not absolutely popular with his men, had nevertheless commanded their



respect, and was well known to be a judicious and experienced leader. His strong opposition to the rash project of Pizarro had materially shaken the confidence of many who would otherwise have been forward in any enterprise which promised a favourable termination. Besides, their position was such, that the hardest adventurer might well have been excused for hesitating to expose himself to further danger. Only one ship remained, and with the departure of that, all chance of returning to Spain seemed at an end. The aspect of the country was sterile and uninviting. No inhabitants had flocked down to welcome the Europeans to their shore—none of the happy omens which hailed the advent of Columbus had been visible to them. It seemed as if nature, revolting at the cruelties which had already been exercised by the invading Spaniards on the denizens of the infant world, had closed her gates against this marauding band, and absorbed her treasures into her womb. Of the three hundred Spaniards, only twenty-five crossed the boundary line, and declared themselves ready to take part in the desperate fortunes of Pizarro.

"Farewell, then!" said that haughty chieftain, addressing himself to the others. "I need you not; for what is a strong arm without a resolute and determined heart? Farewell! I have pointed out to you the path, and ye will not tread it!—I have held up the banner, and ye will not rally under it!—I have sounded the trumpet, and your ears are deaf to the call! Henceforward there is nothing for us in common. Go, cravens as ye are! back to Spain—work for hire—dig—sweat—labour at the oar! It is your

portion, because ye know not what valour and glory are! But for you, gentlemen—who, superior to the vulgarities of country and of home, have sunk the name of Spaniard in the glorious title of buccaneer—let us be up and doing! Our march may be toilsome, the danger great; but before us lies the new world which it is our glorious destiny to subdue. Mount, gentlemen cavaliers! Herrera, do thou display the standard! One last look at the ocean, and then forward for victory or death!"

"One word, Pizarro, before thou goest," said Gonzalez. "Amidst all thy rashness, I cannot but discern the flashing of a noble spirit. I would fain not part with thee in anger. It may be I have wronged thee, and—"

"Old man, what art thou and thy wronging to me?" replied Pizarro. "But yesterday I was thy subaltern—now, I am a chief. The soul of a conqueror is swelling in my bosom, and thou and such as thou have no power to do me wrong. I have no time to waste. Set on, I say! Another hour has struck in the mighty destiny of the world!"

A few moments afterwards, the watchers on the beach heard the last note of Pizarro's trumpet dying away in the depths of the Peruvian forest.

"A very fair chapter," said I, folding up the MS. "Strong, terse, spirited, and a good deal in the Waverley style. It is a pity I could not manage to foist in the Doctor, but this other sort of character will do remarkably well. Not a word about the Inca as yet. Well—that's the Hidalgo's look-out. I wonder what kind of work he will make of the next chapter!"

#### CHAPTER III.

##### THE CHILDREN OF THE SUN.

"Oneiza!"

"My love—my lord!"

"Look upon me with thy lustrous eyes till I see my image dancing in them. O my beautiful, my beloved! Tell me, Oneiza! when the song of the nightingale warbles across the lake, what dost thou think of then?"

"Of thee—of thee, my adored one!"

"And when the stars are glittering in heaven like sapphires in thine ebony hair—what then, Oneiza?"

"Of thee—still of thee!"

"When the humming-bird is stooping o'er the chalice of the flower,—when the sweet azalea blossom bursts brightly from the bower,—when the very breeze is loaded with odour and perfume, and the murmur of the hid-

den brook comes singing through the gloom,—when the fire-flies light the thicket like spangles struck from gold;—when all the buds that love the morn their tiny cups unfold,—when the dew is falling warmest on blade, and leaf, and tree—where is thy soul, Oneiza?"

"With thee, my love! with thee!"

Never, surely, since the first blight fell upon Eden, did the virgin moon look down upon a lovelier or a more innocent pair! Manco Capl was of the race of the Incas, whom tradition asserted to be the direct offspring of the sun. But a shrewd physiological observer would have had no difficulty in recognising the traces of a descent more human but not less illustrious. The clustering curls, the dark eye, the aquiline nose, and the full underlip, of the young Inca, bore a striking resemblance to that ideal of beauty which far transcends the product of the Grecian chisel. They were the features of a prince of the captivity—of a leader of the most ancient race that ever issued from the defiles of the Caucasus. For it is not to Assyria, or even to Thibet, that we must look for a solution of the great mystery attendant upon the departure of the Ten Tribes. They were not destined to remain by the streams of Babylon, hewers of wood and drawers of water in an unkind and alien country. The Israelitish spirit, which in former times had expanded to the strength of a Sampson, would not brook such a degradation, and the second mighty pilgrimage of the nation was even more prolonged than the first. At length they reached a land of rest and refuge:—Dan took possession of Mexico, and Zebulun was located in Peru.

Manco Capl had long loved Oneiza, the daughter of the Peruvian high-priest, with that ardour and entire devotion which is unknown to the callous nations of the north, whose affections are as cold as the climate in which they shiver and exist. She, in return, had surrendered to him that treasure than which the world contains nothing of more estimable and priceless value—a perfect trusting heart. Child of a paradise in which the trail of the serpent was hardly visible, she knew none of the coy arts

which are practised by European maidens for the sake of concealing those emotions which, in reality, constitute the highest excellence of our being. She loved—warmly, keenly, passionately; and she felt that to conceal the expression of that love, was to defraud her betrothed of his due. Oh! if women only knew what they sacrifice through fictitious delicacy—if they had but once experienced the delight of an unrestricted communion of soul—they would throw restraint to the winds, and worship with the ardour of Herodias!

"Oneiza, dearest!"

"Say on, my soul hears thee!"

"Look up, love, into the starry firmament. See'st thou that glittering zone, light as the girdle beneath which beats the heart of my Oneiza? Is it not very beautiful?"

"It is—it is!"

"Would'st thou think there was danger there?"

"How! thou makest me tremble."

"Little shrinking one! did I say that it boded danger to thee? Am not I here to ward away any thunder-bolt that might threaten the breast of my Oneiza?"

"Oh, peace! tell me of the stars. Canst thou read them, then, my Manco?"

"Listen, dearest. Thou knowest the traditions of our race. Long, long ago, before the seed from which these hoary trees are sprung had ripened,—before a stone of yonder pyramid was hewn from its native rock—our fathers dwelt in a land that was named Chaldea. It is far away from this, Oneiza, across the salt and briny sea; and I know not how they had power to traverse the wilderness of waters. It was a land, too, not like ours, sweet and pleasant, but very, very dreary; with no placid pools and running streams, but a huge tract of sand, which the sun always glared upon in his wrath."

"Oh Manco—that is terrible! But the stars?"

"Ay—the stars—the stars, Oneiza! They, too, were there, large and lustrous as thine own eyes; and our fathers, as they lay at night by the margin of some lonely well, watched them in their courses, until they learned to read the mysterious symbol-book of heaven, and drew strange knowledge

from the aspect of the sidereal junctions."

"And thou, too, hast this knowledge, Manco?"

"Little foolish one! Wouldst thou have me more ignorant than my ancestry? It was taught me by one who had watched the heavens for a whole year from the flaming top of Atlapacaca; and long ago he foretold that danger for Peru which I now see depending in the midst of yonder constellation."

"Danger for Peru? Oh Manco!"

"Ay, love, but not for thee. Look a little lower. See, that star, sometimes hidden for a moment by the waving branch of the cactus. How mild and clear it is, like the eye of a happy spirit! Mark how bright it sparkles, in the ether far; that, my own Oneiza, is thy natal star!"

"And which is thine, dearest?"

"The stars," replied Manco, proudly, "have no influence over the destiny of the children of the sun! He that would read our fate, must gaze steadfastly upon the orb of the great luminary of the heavens, and not shrink, although the rays pierce hot and dazzlingly through his brain. But enough of this, beloved! Let us to our rest. The dew is falling heavily upon my plume, and thy tresses too are damp."

"Oh Manco!—I would fain tell thee something —"

"Speak, darling."

"I had a dream last night, and yet—wouldst thou believe it?—it was not of thee!"

"And yet thou canst remember it, Oneiza?"

"Ay, for it was so very terrible. Let me rest my head upon thy bosom, and I will tell thee all. Methought I was lying yonder, under the broad palm-trees by the lake, watching the young alligators as they chased each other in innocent sport among the reeds, and scared from their resting-place swarms of the golden butterfly. All of a sudden there came a hush, as though the great heart of nature were thrilled to its centre. The scaly creatures of the lake sank noiselessly into its silver depths, and disappeared. A fawn that had come out of the thicket to drink, gazed round in terror and retired. The lizard

crept into the hollow trunk, and the voices of the birds were silenced. I looked towards the city, and, behold, a dark cloud had gathered over it! Its spires and domes no longer flashed in fervent radiance to the sun: the face of heaven was obscured with a cold and leaden hue. I looked to the colossal statue of our mighty deity, the sun. Its face no longer wore that deep smile of unearthly beauty, but was distorted with an expression of unutterable and agonising woe. Presently, methought, the figure was endowed with superhuman life. I saw it rise from its pedestal, Manco,—I saw it stretch out its arm towards the east, and a dismal voice proclaimed these words—'Peru is given to the stranger!' But thou dost not speak, Manco!"

"Go on, Oneiza! I listen."

"I looked towards the mountains, and lo! Haxlipacpi, from its stupendous peak, was vomiting forth flames to the sky. Huge seams of liquid lava were bursting through its sides. The solid rocks seemed to be bursting every where: and, as I gazed in awe and terror on the hideous sight, the glowing element took shape and form, and I could read, in characters of fire, that awful sentence—'Peru is given to the stranger!'"

"Was this all, Oneiza?"

"Oh, not all! for while I looked, methought the earth began to tremble, and strange noises, as of brazen instruments and the clash of iron, arose. I heard shouting and the voices of men, but they spoke in a language which I understood not, and it sounded harsh and uncouth to my ear. And by-and-by there passed such terrible forms, Manco, towards the city! Surely they could not be human. The upper part resembled the shape of man, but they were covered with bright steel, and carried long javelins in their hands. The rest of their figure was that of a strong beast, its hoofs armed with metal, and the ground shook as they came on. Methought one of them stooped to seize me, and I uttered a scream and awoke, and, behold, thou wert lying by my side, and the moonbeam was shining upon thy brow."

"Hast thou spoken of this to thy father, Oneiza?"

"Not yet. Are not the earliest of my thoughts for thee?"

"Dear one! This is a warning from the gods. Let us hasten to the city, and warn the Emperor ere it be too late. Thy dream, combined with the aspect of the heavens, may well make the bravest tremble."

They arose and hastened together, hand in hand, along the margin of the lake towards the town. But, ere they reached it, it became evident that some unexpected events had occurred. Torches were glittering through the streets, a vast pyre sent up its column of flame from the mighty altar of the sun, and the clanging of the cymbals was heard.

"What is this, Hlazopli?" cried Manco Capli to a young Peruvian, whose countenance bore token of strong excitement; "what means this sudden uproar?"

"The gods have descended in a human shape, and the Emperor has asked them to a banquet!"

"Peace, impious!" said Manco sternly. "Art thou beside thyself?"

"It is a fact, and there's no denying it!" replied the other. "I have seen them myself. Such grand heroic figures, all clothed in shining steel, with beards like the tail of a llama! By Heersheba!" exclaimed the young man—for the Peruvians had not yet altogether forgotten the traditions of their ancestors.—"by Heersheba! you should see the creatures that brought them hither! their snorting is like that of a he-alligator: when they toss their heads the foam flies out like flakes of the cotton-tree in autumn, and the smite of their iron hoofs is heavy as the fall of a stone from heaven! Huzza for the new deities!"

"Blasphemer!" cried Manco. "what knowest thou of the gods? are there not demons who can take their form?"

"I never saw any," replied Hlazopli. "I am no priest, Inca, but I can tell you that Axtloxi is quite delighted with them, and says that they have come down from the sun on purpose."

"Axtloxi! my father!" cried Oneiza.

"Hush, dearest!" said her husband. "Let us hope the best. It may be that he has received a revela-

tion from above, and that the omens and thy dreams were false."

"Oh never—never!" said Oneiza. "The sun and the stars do not lie. Are not these the very shapes, the same terrible phantoms I beheld in slumber, when the voice from the unknown world proclaimed the downfall of Peru? Hast not thou, too, read the signs of its downfall in the heavens? and can the coming of those new deities—if deities they are—bring us good?"

"Well!" said Hlazopli. "tastes differ. For my own part I prefer deities who can walk about, and talk, to our old images of the sun, who never say so much as thank ye in return for all our offerings. But I must away—there is a great feast going on at the palace, and the Emperor expects all the Incas. You, Manco Capli, will be looked for."

"Away, then!" said the young Inca, "I will follow betimes. Insensate fool!" continued he, as he watched the departing footsteps of the other. "thou art like all thy race, who welcome destruction when it comes beneath a glittering guise! But why should I blame thee more than the rest, when wiser and older men have yielded to the fatal lure? Harken, my Oneiza: my soul is sad within me, but it is for thee chiefly that I fear. Thou hast not been long with me, Oneiza, but were I to lose thee, the light of my life were gone. Promise me, then, that whatever may befall our unhappy country, we never shall be separated—that in death as in life we may be together—and sweet, oh unutterably sweet, would that death which should find me clasped in thy arms!"

"Oh Manco, Manco! canst thou doubt?"

"No: I never doubted. But my heart misgives me as to the issue. See, Oneiza—this plain is not all the world. Beyond these mountains are valleys and broad savannahs where the foot of the invader can never come. I have seen them as I hunted the fierce jaguar on the hills; and even amidst all the magnificence of our own stately city, I have sighed for a hut by the side of some lonely stream, with thee for my sole companion. If the day should come when ruin burst-

upon us, wouldst thou, Oneiza, tender nurtured as thou art, be prepared to leave all, and follow thy husband into the depths of the unknown wilderness? There are dangers, Oneiza, but love will watch over us!"

"Were this Eden, my husband, and the valley of Hinnom lay beyond, I am thine—thine—thine for ever!"

"Oh say no more, my darling, my love, my own, my sweet! Were all the world my kingdom, I'd lay it at thy feet. What treasure could I offer to buy a heart like thine? My soul is strong within me like a giant's stirred with wine! I boast the blood of him who met and smote the Philistine! Come on then, dearest—dearest, come! together let us go. The lights are flashing from the towers, the evening star is low!"

Along with the foregoing MS. I received the following note from the Spaniard. "I don't relish your chapter much. It is palpable crib-

bage in many parts, and those absurd patriotic prejudices of yours have brought you into a scrape. I've met with a character very much like your mercenary Scot before. I should have brought him into this chapter, only I don't comprehend the northern gibberish, and you have forgotten to nominate your heathen. I shall say nothing about mine, except this, that it is eminently touching, pathetic, and original. Match it if you can."

"Original, indeed!" said I. "Does he think I never read the Wondrous Tale of Alroy? Tender! What can be easier than to write a dialogue of unmitigated maudlin? Touching! Why, it is half rhyme, and very skimble-skamble versification too. I wish he would give his Peruvians pronounceable names, for never in my life before have I seen such a ruthless dislocation of the alphabet! However, I must follow the lead. The next chapter, I calculate, will be a stunner."

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE HALL OF FIRE.

That night there was a scene of revelry in the imperial palace of Caxa-malca. Innocent and contiding as an infant, the chief Inca, Atahualpa, had welcomed the coming of the Spaniards, as messengers of the gods, if not as actual deities; and, with true barbaric vanity, had set forth a display of his costliest treasures. Atahualpa himself was in the prime of life, beautiful as a pard, and with a native port of majesty which well might have been envied by the haughtiest monarch of Christendom. And indeed his costume, borrowed, though but remotely, from the Oriental model, was far more noble and magnificent than that which European habit has rigorously assigned to our modern kings. Over his clustering hair he wore a carcanet of diamonds, surmounted by the precious plumage of the bird of Paradise. His surcoat and vest were curiously inlaid with the brilliant feathers of the humming bird, alternating with rows of the rarest gems, and the triple necklace of rubies around his neck was worth the ransom of Hindostan. At his

feet lay a tamed jaguar, which fawned like a dog upon its master; and in his right hand he held an ivory sceptre, surmounted by a single pearl, of which the world did not contain the equal. Such was Atahualpa, the supreme autocrat of Peru.

Around him were gathered his princely Incas, scarce inferior in magnificence to their sovereign. The table was heaped with vessels and flagons of the purest gold, which gave a still richer colour to the sparkling juice of the grape—for the art of manufacturing wine had still been retained by the undoubted descendants of Noah. The strangers, as they sat at the feast, gazed around them with greedy eyes, astonished at the amount of plunder which was so speedily to become their own.

"Ye have gold enough here, Inca," said Pizarro, who was seated at the right hand of Atahualpa; "ye have gold enough and to spare. By the bones of Christopher Columbus! it is a shame to see this red metal so vilely used!"

"Ye may say that," cried the Scot,

whose head was half-buried in a flagon; "it is downright wasteful in thee to make pats and pans out of as gude gold as was ever coined into bonnet-pieces. We could not afford that at the Leadhills, though the district there is no far short o' Ophir."

"Run me through the body," muttered Herrera the dragoon, "if the temptation of handling those dear delightful platters is not too much for the patience of any Christian cavalier. I wonder when our general will give the order to begin the sack?"

"Peace, son!" said the famous monk, Vincent Valverde, who was opposite to the sergeant. "Why shouldst thou seek to hasten the work? Are they not given unto us utterly for a spoil? Wherefore, tarry thou in patience."

"You're no a bad-looking lass!" cried the Scot, as Manco Capl led Oneiza into the hall; "though, certes, if she had nae mair tocher than her claes, she is like to bring bare enouch luck to her gudeman."

"Och, by the powers!" said an Irish trooper, of the name of O'Rafferty, "but she's a jewel! I wonder if that spalpeen keeps her company. He's mighty like a young Jew that diddle me at the fair of Limerick!"

"Ho, Inca!" cried Pizarro, "why art thou silent? Hearest thou not what I ask? Hast more such gear as this?"

"Doth my lord inquire after the household stuff?" replied Atahualpa. "We reck not of it. Let him take whatever pleaseth him."

"That's enouch for me!" cried the Scot, appropriating an enormous flagon; "sient ane o' me ever yet looked a gift-horse in the mouth!"

"And the diamonds, Inca—the diamonds?" said Pizarro, casting a covetous glance at the superb garbure of his host; "are they, too, offerings to the guests whom the gods have sent hither?"

"They are the heir-looms of the sun," replied the Inca, "and they may not be gifted away. But what seekest thou, noble stranger? Is it hospitality? Our palaces are open to you. Are you hungry? We will feed you. Would you till the land? We can give you valleys. Tarry with us,

and become the adopted children of the sun."

"Ha! wretched infidel!" shouted Valverde; "wouldst thou tempt us to deny our faith? Noble Pizarro! it needed but this to complete the measure of their iniquity. Up! and let the sword of the true Church attest the might of her crozier."

"Patience, holy father!" cried Pizarro. "Know, Inca, that we have a direct mission from heaven; and I am sent to reclaim from thee those jewels which thou and thine ancestors have worn."

"Let the gods, then, who gave them, come and take them," said the Inca, calmly.

"Thou wilt not yield them?" said Pizarro; "then, by Santiago! I will seize on them as my lawful prey."

So saying, the ruffian snatched at the chain of rubies which encircled the neck of the Inca. But ere the subordinate Peruvian chiefs, who hardly understood the import of the scene, could interfere, a powerful defender rose before Atahualpa. No sooner had the hand of the Spaniard been laid upon the sacred person of his master, than the jaguar leaped up with a tremendous roar, and sprang at the throat of Pizarro. Well was it for the marauder that on that day he was sheathed in the tempered armour of Castile, else the fangs of the wild beast would have avenged this atrocious insult. As it was, the buccancer was borne backwards upon the floor, where he lay struggling in the gripe of the infuriated monster.

Herrera the dragoon unsheathed his broadsword.

"Let me get a blow at the brute!" he cried. "I will sliver it in twain like a kitten."

But Manco Capl stepped before him.

"Robber!" he said, "wouldst thou slay the animal for defending faithfully the person of its master? Down with thy weapon, or, by the might of Moses! I will smite thee dead with my mace!"

"A Jew!—a Jew!" roared Valverde; "a palpable, self-acknowledged Jew! Down with him, cavaliers!—hew the circumcised villain to pieces!—trample him under foot, as ye would tread on the forehead of an asp!"

But the sanguinary orders of the monk were not so easily obeyed. Quick as lightning, Manco Capl had grappled with the gigantic trooper, and for once the Peruvian agility proved a match for the European strength. Encumbered with his armour, Herrera staggered and fell, dragging his antagonist with him, who, however, kept the upper hold.

"In the name of the fiend!" shouted Pizarro, "rid me of this monster! Juan! Diego! O'Rafferty!—will you see me murdered before your eyes?"

"Hold!" cried the Inca to the soldiers; "no violence! I will call the creature off. Come hither, Bicerta!" and the jaguar quitted its hold of Pizarro, and came crawling to the feet of its master.

"Ye are trusty knaves indeed!" said Pizarro, when he had risen from the earth; "had it depended upon your succour, I might have been torn limb from limb."

"Troth, ye're no that far wrang," observed the Scot; "it's an unchancy beast to deal wi', and far waur nor a wull-cat!"

"But what is this?" cried Pizarro. "Herrera down? By Heaven! the best and bravest of my soldiers has been slain!"

And so it was. Unable to shake off the superincumbent weight of the young Inca, Herrera had felt for his poniard, and aimed a desperate stroke at the bosom of Manco Capl. But the active youth caught him by the wrist, and with a dexterous turn forced the steel from his hand. The clutch of the dragon was by this time fastened in his hair, and no means of extrication were left save to use the weapon. The steel flashed thrice, and each time it was buried in the throat of Herrera. Gradually he relaxed his hold, his huge frame quivered strongly, a film gathered over his eyes, and he lay a senseless corpse. The black blood flowed lazily from his wounds—the jaguar crept forwards, and purred as he licked it up.

Meanwhile, where was Onciza? Pale as death, she had been clinging to her father while the conflict lasted: but now, when her husband was victorious, and standing, brave and beautiful, over his prostrate foe, his large eye flashed with indignation, and his

nostril dilating with triumph, she sprang forward, and threw her arms around him.

"Back!—back, Onciza!" cried the Inca; "this is no place for women! To the temple all of you, save those who have strength to fight for their Emperor and their homes! These are no gods, but bloody, desperate villains, whom it is ours to punish. See!—one of them is already smitten down, and his blood is sinking into the floor. Gods do not bleed thus. O my friends! be true to yourselves, and we may yet save our country! Away—away, Onciza, if thou lovest me! Axtloxel, carry her hence! To the temple: and if we join you not there, fire dome and shrine, and leave nothing but ashes to the invader!"

The women and the priests obeyed, and none save the combatants remained in the palace. The Peruvians, though numerically superior to their opponents, were yet at a great disadvantage in point of arms. Unaccustomed to warfare, they carried such weapons only as were more useful for show than for defence, whilst every one of the Spaniards was armed from head to heel. At one end of the hall stood Atahualpa, surrounded by his native chivalry, each eager to shed his life-blood in defence of his beloved monarch; at the other was gathered the small phalanx of the Spaniards, to whom retreat was impossible, and remorse or pity unknown.

"Why wait we further?" cried Pizarro: "the blood of Herrera calls out for vengeance. Be firm, men—unsling your hackbuts—fire!" and the first deadly discharge of musketry thundered through the Peruvian hall.

Several of the Peruvians fell, but their fall was of less moment than the terror which seized the survivors on witnessing the effect of these unknown engines of destruction.

"The gods! the gods are wroth with us! We have seen them in the smoke and the fire!" cried several, and they fell unwounded on their faces, in fear and consternation, among the dead.

Manco Capl alone stood unappalled. "Be they gods or no!" he cried, "they are our foemen, and the enemies of Peru! Can those be of the sun, who come hither to massacre his

children? Let us meet fire with fire—kindle the palace—and try how these strangers will breathe amidst the roar of the devouring elements!”

So saying, the intrepid young man, as if actuated by the spirit of his great ancestor, the indomitable Judge of Israel, caught up a torch, and applied it to the hangings of the wall. Quick as thought, the flames ran up—their fiery tongues licked the ceiling—the beams began to crackle and to blaze—the smoke descended in thick spiral wreaths throughout the room. Once again, and but once, sped the volley of the Spaniards: next moment they were engaged hand to hand with Manco Capl. and a body of the young Incas, whom his words had roused to desperation. The struggle was terrible, but not long. The Europeans, trained to the use of arms from their infancy, made wild havoc among their slender assailants. One by one they fell, vainly defending their king, who was soon within the grasp of Pizarro.

Soon the flickering of the flames, and the rolling columns of smoke which issued from the burning hall, announced to those who had taken refuge in the adjacent temple the nature of the awful catastrophe.

“O Axtilovel—O my father! let me go!” cried Oneiza. “My husband is perishing in the fire! Oh, let me go and die with him, if I cannot hope to save him!”

At this moment a door of the palace burst open, and Manco Capl, his vesture bloody, and his long plumes broken, rushed through the intervening space. The jaguar followed at his heels.

“My bride—my Oneiza! where art thou?” he cried: and, with a loud scream of joy, his wife tore herself from the grasp of her father, and leaped into the young man’s arms.

“Thou art safe! thou art safe!” she cried.

“Hush, Oneiza! The Great Spirit has been very merciful, but there is danger yet. ‘Must fly, beloved?’”

“With thee, my love?—to the boundary of the solid earth.”

“Then away with me, for death is near at hand!”

The horses of Pizarro and his followers had been picketed close to the gates of the temple. Whether from negligence, or the conviction that the fear which the Peruvians had already manifested at the sight of these strange animals would be their safeguard, or from the impossibility of sparing one single soldier of the scanty band, these had been left without a sentry. Actuated by an impulse, which perhaps in a calmer moment he would scarcely have felt, Manco Capl snatched the reins of one of them, a splendid piebald charger, which indeed was Pizarro’s own, lifted Oneiza upon a second, sprang into the saddle, and in an instant was galloping away.

“Fire upon the dog!” cried Pizarro, who was just then rushing out, sword in hand. “Fire upon him, I say! I would not lose Onagra for his weight in virgin gold!”

Three shots were fired, but none of them struck the fugitives. Onward they rushed towards the lake with the jaguar bounding by their side.

“Mount and after them!” shouted Pizarro.

O’Rafferty and the Scot obeyed—threw themselves hastily on horseback, and gave spur in pursuit.

We throw a veil over the deeds of atrocity which were that night perpetrated in Caxamalca.

Short and sweet, said I, as I laid down my pen: I question whether Dumas ever turned out any thing more dramatic. At all events, I have done a material service to the public, by exterminating Herrera the dragon. I hardly suppose that, after this, the hidalgo will venture to bring him forward again. Peace to his manes! It was a tough job to kill him, but I think I have effected it at last, rather neatly than otherwise.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### THE CATARACT OF THE ROCKS.

“Huzza, huzza! along the shore, across the desert wild, none meet the Inca and his bride, the free, the unde-

filed! Huzza, huzza! our steeds are fleet, the moon shines broad and clear. at every stride a tree goes by,



we pass them like the deer! Hold up, hold up, my only love! the desert paths are near. I know the ways that skirt the rocks where foemen cannot ride. Nay, never wring thy hands and weep, my own devoted bride. We leave behind a ruined home, but freedom lies before; and hostile bands and savage arms shall never vex thee more. Why dost thou start so wildly, love? Why look in terror back? Fear'st thou the mailed enemies that follow in our track?"

• "Oh, my husband! there are two!"

"Were there twenty, love, I fear not! Give thy willing steed the rein. Ho, Bicerta! noble creature, bow he bounds along the plain! See, his eager eye is glowing with a fierce and sullen fire! Let the catif's dare to harm us, he will rend them in his ire. Onward, onward, love! the mazes of the forest now are past. Hark! I hear the hollow roaring of the mountain stream at last."

They were nearing a gloomy cleft of the rocks, through which a rapid river found its way. The chasm was a fearful one. More than a hundred feet below, the torrent boiled and whirled. The precipices on either side were sheer—a fall was inevitable death. The Inca saw and felt the danger, but there was no retreat. Grasping with one hand the reins of Queiza's horse, he snatched with the other the flank of his own. The dagger of Herrera, which the Peruvian had held, did service as a spur—both animals cleared the gulf, and alighted panting on the farther side.

"Deil's in yon beast, O'Ranier!" shouted the Scot. "pep up hard, man, or ye're intil a hole as deep as the cauldron at the Yett o' Michael!"

The warning came too late. The young Irish horse upon which the foremost trooper was mounted went steadily at the chasm, gathered itself like a cat for the leap, and very nearly succeeded in achieving it. But the weight of the rider, sheathed as he was in heavy

armour, was too much for its strength. It alighted, indeed, with its forefeet on the turf, made one convulsive struggle, and then fell heavily down the precipice. There was a sudden plunge, but no cry arose from the abyss.

"Week," said the Scot, as he dismounted and peered over the edge of the rock, "that was a maist fearsome loup! Puir O'Rafferty! I aye tellt him he was a tute, and noo the fact has become maist veeisible to ocular demonstration. I mair ha a shot, tho', at that lang chield wi' the feathers."

So saying, he unbuckled his carabine and took deliberate aim over his saddle. But the villanous purpose was frustrated. No sooner had the fugitives halted, than the jaguar returned, creeping stealthily to the brink, and measuring the distance for its spring. The eyes of the Scot were intent upon his victim, his finger was placed upon the trigger, when, with a tremendous roar, the panther cleared the gulf, and seized the trooper by the throat. He spoke one sentence, and nothing more.

"Wha wad tell this in Desart, that I salt hae lived to be worried by a wall-cat?"

Next evening, in a cool grotto on the mountains, on a couch of the softest moss, far away from ravage and misery, and the armed grasp of the assassin, Manco Capac and Queiza sang their bridal hymn.

"Oh, dearer than the evening star art thou to me, my love! It gleams in glory from afar in yonder heaven above. But thou art in my arms, my sweet, nor nearer carst thou be! Where is the soul, Queiza?"

"With thee, my love, with thee!"

"My humble opinion," said the Doctor, after listening to the foregoing page—"my humble opinion is that they manage matters better at Astoria."

## SENTIMENTS AND SYMBOLS OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

When Lamartine, in the face of a mob still excited with battle and bloodshed, still drunken with the intoxication of victory, demanding, of those whom the chances of a destiny-fraught hour had placed at their head in the perilous post of command, they scarce knew what, and yet ready to recommence destruction and death were it not granted—when Lamartine tore aside the blood-red banner of terror, that had been seized on as the symbol of the newly-proclaimed French Republic, and lifted aloft the tricolor flag as the true standard of the Republic of peace and order which he hoped to found, he did not only an act of personal courage—one to be mentioned among the great traits of heroism in the annals of history—but he consummated a deed upon which the destiny of France, perhaps of the whole world, for the moment depended. To those far away, who know not the strange compound that forms the character of the French, the mere change of one flag for another may appear a matter of but little moment; but in truth it was one of almost incalculable importance, for the destiny of the country depended on it. And this Lamartine knew. He knew his people too—he knew how exalted they are led away by the outward show, how completely their sentiments would be engaged in the outward symbols, and how ready the symbol of order against the banner of violence and blood, though he raised it aloft at the hazard of his life. At that moment the poet-statesman stood forth a man ready to die for his convictions: at that moment, guns, pikes, swords, daggers, every instrument of death was directed at his head by a furious mob, screaming for that ideal, the Republic, from which it had been taught by demagogues to expect some vague, supernatural, at least wholly visionary good, as if it were a talisman to raise up a golden age by the mere power of its name; a mob, senseless, enraged, and deaf to reason, flushed with the acquisition of sudden and sovereign power, and yet goaded by the idea that treachery was at hand

to snatch it from their grasp. In the face of such an assemblage, before the historical old building of the Hôtel de Ville of Paris,—upon those steps on which so many scenes of history had already passed, and none, perhaps, more important in its results than this,—he stood forth pale, but erect and resolute: a single word from the crowd, the cry “he is a traitor! he deceives us!” might have been the signal for his massacre; a gesture might have done the deed: the wag of one nerve of a finger on the lock of the gun might have levelled him, and with him France, at once; and he knew it. He knew, too, that FERN was in his hands; he knew that in that seemingly senseless change of colours on a flag-staff lay the destiny of Paris; and he was prepared to fall a victim or to rise a hero. To the red flag popular fancy attached the idea of violence, war, revenge: it was the bloody pirate flag of propagandism by force of arms, by the terror of the scaffold. The tricolor flag, although it had waved over many a ruin, many a deed of horror, in the crowded history of the past, had led on the nation to glory and military renown: for the last eighteen years it had typified the national watchwords of that time, “Liberty and Public Order;” and it was set forth once more, under a more democratic rule, but not a rule of anarchy—liberty, public order, peace. To each symbol was attached a sentiment. On the one symbol, on the one sentiment, Lamartine had staked the future destinies of France, as he had staked the hazard of his life. Unsupported he stood before those yelling, suspicious, infuriated thousands. He was the man of the moment. A powerful appeal to the feelings of such a mob—one of those appeals, one of those words of history that are carried down to all posterity—one of those electric touches of simultaneous sentiment, which often suddenly pervade great crowds, seemingly thrilling through all frames at once alike, coming as it were from some supernatural influence, but which few mortal men know how to direct, when, and far less as they would—such an

appeal was to be made—such a word to be spoken—such a blow given. Again we repeat, he was the man of the moment—for he was the man of high poetic sentiment. Thence alone could come the electric stroke; and it was struck. The simple eloquence of the poet's heartfelt convictions fell over the crowd. He raised the tricolor banner; guns, swords, and pikes were lowered: "*Vive Lamartine!*" burst from every mouth: the cause of humanity was gained—for the time at least. That symbol stamped the sentiment of the future French Republic.

Spite of the frivolous, sceptical, denying, and, in latter years, positive and anti-poetical character of the French people, there is no nation more easily led away by a word, however incomprehensible—an idea, however vague: but when that word, that idea, is embodied in an outward symbol, it is remarkable with what blind tenacity the French will cling to it, hoist it on high, worship it. What the deism of the Encyclopedists could not effect in the revolution of the last century: what even the frantic political atheism of the sect that followed in their footsteps could not accomplish over the masses: what the persecution of the priesthood could not establish over the minds of the people, was wrought by the personification of atheism in the embodiment of the Goddess of Reason. When the reason that denied a Godhead stood before them in a living and material form, the people fell down and worshipped; the orgies of atheism in the face of that half-naked bacchante form became universal.

This spirit arises, probably, from the theatrical nature of the people. Individually each Frenchman seems to consider that he is born to act a part, not only in the stage of life in general, but in his own individual sphere, act a part as a comedian, a part he assumes, not the part that Providence has destined for him: in fact, to use a French expression, he must always *poser et faire de l'effet*. Louis XIV. acted the comedy of royalty, not as if he had a conviction of his real kingship, but as if he was "making believe;" he throned it always like a tragedy king—he *posa* on his throne. Even to the lower

classes—and perhaps they more than any other—the Frenchman of this day, however quiet and estimable in private life, will *poser* as an actor, as soon as he has an audience, and shows himself "before the face of men," be it in the *salon*, or the tribune, or at the street corner. So strong is the desire for theatrical effect, especially among the lower classes, that each *homme du peuple* seems ever to be striving to set up for a hero on his own little stage of existence, even if that hero be a villain. Among the more reckless of them in latter years, the mania *de faire parler de soi* has frequently gone as far as committing suicide or atrocious crime, in order to die with *clat* or a *coup de théâtre*. The opportunities afforded to the people by successive revolutions, of showing themselves off in characters that have been applauded "to the echo" as noble and sublime, have contributed to foster that craving for notoriety and part-acting in the eyes of the world, which an overweening vanity of character, and the desire for effect, have made a portion of their habitual life. It may be a question even, whether, in scenes of popular convulsion, the reckless courage of the French—unquestionable as is that courage—does not arise from a sort of fancy that the whole drama of contention they are acting is, in a manner, unreal—that they are but actors on a living stage—that the whole, in fact, is a theatrical part. To see them attitudinising on a barricade, with flag and sabre raised aloft, flinging up their arms in picture-like gesture, and sweeping back their hair to give effect to their tableau, it might be natural to suppose so. With this theatrical mania, then, so prevalent in all classes, it follows very naturally that the outward show, the embodied sentiment, the symbol, in fact, should assert such a powerful sway over their excitable minds.

Those, consequently, who know the character of the nation cannot but be aware of the importance, in the guidance of the people, of the symbol in which the sentiment is to be embodied. Those who do not even reason upon this fact, feel it instinctively; and the importance attached by both parties, the moderates and ultra-violent republicans, to the symbols which each

party strives to make predominate, is visible in many of their acts. The one party is constantly endeavouring to remove all such as recall to mind the recollection of a bloody and destructive past; the other is as constantly using all its efforts to renew and adopt them, and to make them the rallying banner of the faction. The Republic, forced upon all France by the active violence of a small minority in the capital alone, has been accepted by the majority, partly from that feeling of resignation with which most meet a *fait accompli*—partly from the desire to maintain a *status quo*, whatever it may be, for the sake of peace and order—partly from the conviction that, under the circumstances, when a dynasty so hastily fled in alarm before an insurrection, and left the country to its fate, no other form of government was possible for the moment. But let a symbol of the past be raised, of that past to which so many look back with horror, and, *as yet at least*, indignation and scorn will be shown by the better-thinking majority, by whom the importance of the act, slight as it may appear in our eyes, is instinctively felt and understood.

When Paris was, for many days and almost weeks, given up to the fanciful caprices of a mob, that pocketed the public money and repaid it by the fantastic diversions of its idleness—when it streamed about the streets with banners, and flags, and ribbons and music, carrying about bedizened may-poles, and grubbing holes on every *Place*, before every public monument, in every street, in almost every hole and corner of all Paris, in which to plant them, it was not the yelling of the crowd, it was not the incessant firing of guns and letting off of crackers by night as well as day, it was not the compulsory subscription *à domicile* for the expenses of a mob's fête of every moment, it was not the threatening cry of "*des lampions*—illuminate in our honour, or we break your windows," it was not the tumult, the constraint, the menace that cast a vague terror over the public mind;—it was the feeling that scenes of a terrible memory were about to be acted over again;—it was the knowledge that such had been in gone-by times the

gay, green, laughing prologue to a hideous tragedy;—it was the consciousness that the so-called trees of liberty were symbols in the minds of a mob of an era of license, and riot, and carnage—that the pike, and the sabre, and the axe were the accessories of the gay picture, although still in the dimness of a dark background—that the leaves those bare stems might bear were to sprout, perchance, with spots of blood upon their young verdure. Men looked askance: the symbol of a people's drunkenness in power was waving before their windows: how far, they asked, was the sentiment that thus darkly arose in their minds, predominant also in the minds of the mob, when it raised that symbol? It was in vain they reasoned, that the France of the nineteenth century was no longer the France of the eighteenth—that the bloodthirstiness and the reckless cruelty had passed away from the character of a people advanced in civilisation—that the present had no analogy with the past: it was in vain they sought a reassurance in the fact that the pale priest was dragged from the church to bestow his blessing, with all the pomp of Catholic ecclesiastical ceremony, upon the symbol, and give a seemingly religious sanction to a people's fantastic rite of patriotism—that there was consequently a feeling of holiness in the people's mind in the accomplishment of that ceremony. On the contrary, the very mockery alarmed: the very compulsory attendance of the clergy seemed to prove that there was rather a desire in the mob to show its power than to attach a sanctity, which it needed not otherwise in common life, to the deeds it did: a terror, vague, ill-defined, unreasoned, but none the less real, floated over every mind. The symbol haunted abroad the sentiment of the past. It was not until the authorities too late issued decrees, to prohibit the further practice of these fantastic allegorical popular manifestations, that confidence, or rather forgetfulness of the uneasiness that such demonstrations of popular sentiment had instinctively conveyed, began slowly to return to the public mind. The trees of liberty stand, it is true, and flourish, and put forth leaves, amid the flags, and ribbons, and withered wreaths,

and tricolor streamers, which flaunt, and twine, and flutter around them; but it was not the fact—it was the sentiment that caused alarm. As a symbol, however, they remain: and may yet re-voke the sentiment that for a while has been forgotten, and still act a part in the future troubled chronicles of the streets of Paris.

There is one object, above all, that is accepted and recognised as a symbol of the past—as a symbol, in fact, of terror and violence: it is the Phrygian cap of liberty. So dear does this symbol appear to the would-be Roman heart of the violent republican, that he seems not to be able to perform any act, not only of his political but of his social existence, without its evidence before his eyes. This graceless head-dress—graceless, inasmuch as, instead of being allowed to fall into a natural curve, and rounded knob above, as is even the fashion to the present day of its offspring the *lazzaroni* cap of Naples, it is cut into a stiff, constrained, and badly imitated form of natural folds—this graceless head-dress seems the idol of his day-dreams. the bodily presence of the deity he falls down and worships, the ecstatic and rhapsodical apparition of the visions of his sleep. It figures in his allegorical pictures, surrounded by the rays of a sun of glory, like an emblem of the Godhead or the Trinity: it must be placed upon its sanctuary in his room like the crucifix in the oratory of the Catholic; it must be stamped upon his coins like the Mother of God upon the kreutzer pieces of Catholic Austria. When it is placed upon his head, all his very self seems changed—he dreams but of violence, he raves but of blood: it seems like a talisman that, once it touches his skull, disturbs his intellects, heats his brains, causes his mouth to open to vomit forth destruction and death to all his fancied enemies: it is the cap of the fairy-tale that renders not invisible but brings into reality and action all that is reckless, cruel, arbitrary, hateful in his nature. He may be in private life the mild and gentle man, full of suavity and affection, the loving husband, and the kind father; let him don the Phrygian cap of liberty, and he thinks it necessary to put on the face and wear the heart of a demon—

he is tyrannical, brutal, implacable; all that lends not a hand to his sweeping designs, in furtherance of his *exalted* opinions, must be mown down, or torn up like the tares amidst the wheat, and flung into the pit of destruction; and, in his mind, the good grain is rare; but, when the tares are rooted out of the land, the good grain will flourish and multiply, he thinks: and the raising of this symbol, of the Phrygian cap of liberty, on high, he fancies, will cause the dazzled eyes of those he calls reactionary counter-revolutionists to blink and close, if it cast them not utterly to the earth with the force of an African *coup de soleil* by the mere brilliancy of those rays of glory his imagination has shed around it. No less, on the contrary, is this symbol of the past history of the old republic a hateful eyesore to the better-thinking mass of the citizens of France in their new republic. the attempt at its second deification fills them with an instinctive disgust: and, *as yet* alas! this *as yet* must be ever repeated with foreboding emphasis by those who stand looking on as spectators of the dangerous game which a country is playing, who see an active and violent minority engaged in flogging and goading it on in the fatal path, already traced in blood, and a passive majority looking on and holding forth its hand too feeble to stop it in its mad career, much less to tear, with vigour, the frantic drivers from their seat.—*as yet*, then, France rejects the Phrygian cap of liberty from among its republican symbols, as the harbinger of a sentiment that it would gladly repudiate, as it would throw a veil over the past. Frantic republicans, then, may worship it: a few of the men of the people, proud of their violent opinions, prompted by party rulers, and eager to make an effect, may publicly place it on their heads, and swagger with it through the streets of Paris or of Lyons: a few loose women, still more reckless, may stick it jauntily over their brows, and fancy themselves new goddesses of reason: citizen Louis Blanc, as one of the members of the ultra-minority of the provisional government, may have it engraved upon his visiting-cards, flaming with the above-

mentioned rays of glory, amidst banners and joined hands, and other such allegorical emblems of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity;" but the sentiment of the country at large rejects the evil symbol, and looks upon it with aversion. A striking instance of this horror was exhibited in the French colony of Algeria. There also, as in the greater part of France, the establishment of the republic was received as a *fait accompli*, against which resistance was useless, and as a necessity, under the circumstances of the hour. The republic was accepted unwillingly, and without the enthusiasm of which French papers have lied to us; but with resignation—by some, perhaps, with hope. and Algeria saw the prince, who had been sent to rule its destinies, and his brother, both there honoured and beloved, depart from its shores with regret and tears, and marks of the deepest sympathy and honour. The population of Algeria then looked on and waited. When the liberty-tree-planting mania reached the distant shores of Africa, it saw a band of men erecting the tree upon a public square and still looked on in indifference. But when upon the summit was placed the Phrygian cap of liberty, popular indignation at once broke forth: the liberty-tree gardeners were attacked: a riot broke out, and it was not until the obnoxious symbol was removed, by order of the authorities, that this effervescence, that had nigh led to bloodshed, for the maintenance on one hand of a symbol, for its overthrow on the other, could be appeased. The population of Algeria felt how deeply the sentiment was connected with this symbol in French minds: and that, where facts of such vital importance had not produced resistance, the symbol brought it forth at once, even to death, for the triumph of the principles of each party. When once the blood-red cap of liberty shall be lifted aloft in France, "to be seen of the eyes of men," and call for the bowed head and the bended knee, it will be time for all honest men to take sword in hand, or quit the country, as the plague-smitten land that soon will be a desert, blood-stained waste.

The red colour, the colour of blood, in fact—the colour of that flag which

Lamartine rejected, is in and by itself adopted as the symbol of the ultra-republican sentiment. Tacitly it is adopted as the banner of the party of violence and terror; instinctively it is avoided by the advocates for moderate republican progress. The fellow that flares along the boulevards with a red cravat may be recognised at once as one of those who call themselves the only true and pure democrats: his symbol will not belie him; and see how his brow is knit! see how his eyes roll! see how furiously he sticks out his black beard! He considers it necessary, lest his symbol should not sufficiently declare his character, to look as extravagantly uncompromising as possible, and tell the world at large, by the wag of the beard, the roll of the eye, and the knit of the brow, that he is one of those enemies of tyranny who would grasp it all in their own hands: one of those friends of liberty who claim it only for themselves, and would crush it in those whose opinions may be a thought milder: one of those redressers of the wrongs of the oppressed, who would advocate the strongest oppression, despotism, dictatorship,—no matter what,—provided that strong enough it be, against that "foul and infamous majority of the country," that dares to say "nay" when he says "ay." This republican Sir Jupiter Tonans wears a red cockade, in defiance of the government, or rather with the knowledge how he is supported by its factious minority: and if he smear not his face with red like the Indian, scarcely less savage than himself, he hopes to smear his hands of that colour soon, and of the purest and most natural blood-red tint. Already he follows the cry of his leading ultra journals, "*au armes! aux armes!*" He declares that the country is betrayed, and the republic in danger: because, in the universal suffrage that has been given it, the nation has proclaimed the triumph of moderate opinions and the defeat of his party, because the minority has not worked its evil will, because a faction has been condemned by the judgment of the nation. He hopes, however, to compensate himself by shortly imbruing his hands in the blood of his countrymen, to the greater glory of his favourite colour.

He tosses his head proudly as he walks ; his brow, his beard, his eyes, as well as his cravat, all cry "*aux armes !*" See how he sneers upon the tricolor banner as he passes. Let him alone, and he will declare the tricolor *suspect* : his symbol, the red, is alone to be acknowledged : those who recognise it not shall amply be taxed with their life's blood to supply its dye. Awful is this symbol ; but it is the general symbol of the sentiment of the *sui-disant* "pure democratic," ever-revolutionising party of violence and force : it is the symbol of that party which, were you to ask them what was meant by a republic, would seriously inform you, a constant state of convulsive revolution, to leap off, break down, and destroy ; the rebuilding on the ruins is with them but a matter of very secondary consideration.

When, in the disastrous insurrection of Rouen, the ultra party used all its instruments, and excited a few misguided artisans to take up arms for the purpose of annulling the "universal suffrage" elections, that had turned out in favour of the moderate majority, the "red" was hoisted as the symbol of the party sentiment. Whatever may have since been written by the party journals, there was no doubt, at this time, of the republican opinions of both parties : the violent faction took upon itself the denomination of the "*red republic*," and thought to stigmatise the moderates by the title of the "*blue republic*." Red and blue were the rallying symbols,—the red, of anarchy and violence ; the blue, of order and moderation. Throughout the country, during the many insurrections that burst out on account of the triumph of the moderate party in the elections, the symbol was ever the same : that of the party of order varied, but that of the ultra faction was invariably the same. In the many strange and curious episodes that followed the revolution in Paris of February,—it is necessary to distinguish by dates, since, before these lines are printed, none can tell but that another may have already taken place,—that of those strange gangs, who constituted themselves the *sui-disant* guardians of the Tuileries, or the defenders of the cannon of the Hôtel de Ville, was one of the most extraordinary, and by

these men the same colour was adopted as their symbol : they bound red cravats about their necks, and tied red scarfs around their waists. The band of brigands that had assumed the governorship of the palace of the Tuileries, was with difficulty ejected from it, after much weak parleying and truckling on the part of the government, and was at length reduced by a threat of famine ; but that of the Hôtel de Ville maintained its power. It was thought necessary to come to a compromise with it, by legally instituting it as the "*Republican Guard*" of the seat of government ; but nothing could persuade the self-organised troop to remove its ill-omened, blood-red, ultra-republican symbols from neck or body : the point was yielded, and the republican guard is still looked upon with apprehension, as it scours the streets on horseback, or frowns on quiet citizens on foot, flaunting its red scarfs abroad. Among the other anomalous circumstances that were born of a state of things consecutive upon a republican revolution, was also the mysterious existence of that editor of a violent ultra journal, who instituted, on his own authority, a *comité de salut public*, and sent a band of myrmidons into the streets of Paris to arrest, upon the warrant of his autocratic will, all unfortunate citizens who might be detected in the groups, upon public places, discoursing moderation, and who were consequently to be treated as *reactionnaires* and *counter-revolutionnaires*—or, in other words, as the *suspects* of this new self-appointed *montenapart régime*.

These myrmidons were all decorated with the fatal symbol, in neck-cloth and scarf, around their *blouses*. Who were they ? who connived at their illegal proceedings ? how came it that the editor of the *Commune de Paris* was permitted to have a body-guard at his service, employed to arrest the inhabitants of Paris at his will ? For a long time all was mystery : no one could tell, or could do more than hint at the solution of these questions. With difficulty the truth was learnt. As connected with the red symbol of violence and terror, and the history of the parties formed in the new French republic, the story of Citizen Sobrier, the self-

instituted president of a *comité de salut public*, unrecognised by any authority, edict or decree, the self-appointed *Préfet de Police*, No. 2, as he was called by a people that jokes of things the most serious, is a curious and not uninteresting one. When, in a moment of insurrection and disorder, an armed and tumultuous handful of republicans in the Chamber of Deputies changed the destinies of a country, and hastily consented to the appointment of those few men, whose names came uppermost, as the Provisional Government of the country, and then declared them elected by the general voice of the "sovereign people," a certain Caussidière posted off to the *Préfecture de Police*, established himself in its *bureau*, and, when questioned what he did there, declared that he was as much elected *Préfet de Police* by the voice of the sovereign people, as the other good gentlemen members of the government. This argument was a clinching one; and it prevailed. But, lo and behold! a little later arrived another *Préfet de Police*, equally elected upon the same principles by the voice of the sovereign people: and Citizen Sobrier declared himself equally authorised to wield the authority of the Parisian police. The two divine missionaries—divine by that "*cœur du peuple qui est le cœur de Dieu*," agreed for a time to share the power as double delegates; but two wild tiger-cats live seldom amicably in the same cage according to the laws of nature, even be it that of republican fraternity.\* After much snarling and showing of teeth, Citizen Sobrier was fairly driven out by his brother tiger-cat, and retreated back to his editorial den, vowing vengeance against the elected of the voice of the sovereign people. Citizen Sobrier, however, was the friend of the minister of the interior, the chief of the ultra violent minority in the government; and by the connivance of Citizen Ledru-Rollin, a sop was thrown to Cerberus: the money he demanded was lavished upon him for the support of his ultra journal, above all for the support of the body-guard, supplied

him from the ranks of the republican guard of the Hotel de Ville, and incorporated by him under the title of his "*Montagnards*:" and his authority, thus connived at and protected, was used, as before stated, to harass and arrest the *suspects* of modern days among the citizens of Paris, until they rose to protest by petition and remonstrance against this monstrous illegal abuse. Since then the lustre of the red banner of Citizen Sobrier has been dimmed for a season; and Parisians can talk peace and moderation upon the boulevards without being bodily arrested by living agents of the hated symbol. Another proof of the abhorrence in which this fatal symbol, the red colour, is held by the better-thinking French republicans, may be deduced from circumstances that attended the dispersion of a Jacobin club in the first days of the revolution. When the club was declared dissolved, and the would-be president was turned out of the room by the indignant majority of the inhabitants of the district of Paris in which it was attempted to establish it, the cry "*a bas les Jacobins*" was but little heard; the general indignation was excited by the red symbols worn by the baffled institutor of the club—the general cry was "Down with the red cravat! down with the red scarf! down with the blood of the guillotine!" Those who cried this were workmen, men of the people,—at most small shopkeepers; but they felt instinctively the force of the symbol; they dreaded its influence; they feared its propagation of the sentiment connected with it; they attached themselves to its downfall. The visible symbol had more importance in their minds than the sentiment itself; and perhaps no expression of sentiments, however violent, would have excited an outburst of indignation so general and strong as did the blood-red symbol.

Although they cannot, of course, find their place as "symbols," inasmuch as music cannot be said to assume an outward and bodily form, yet the "patriotic hymns," as they are called, which are to be heard

\* This paper was written and despatched from Paris by our correspondent before the affair of the 15th May, when Citizen Sobrier and Citizen Caussidière seem to have played such parts as might have been expected of them.



upon all occasions, by day and by night, screamed discordantly in chorus by a people that vaunts its musical capabilities, but invariably sings out of tune,—shouted by groups of workmen, assuming the nature of a very inharmonious glee in knots,—yelled at the top of voices in quartets, duos, and trios of wandering *gamins*,—screeched in ear-rending solos,—whistled by workmen,—bawled by little children, hummed by women, or played on hand-organs on the boulevards, and hunting-horns at the street corners,—may be also taken as expressions of sentiments. The "*Marseillaise*" is accepted as a traditionary musical accompaniment of all liberal, and especially republican revolutionary movements in France. As the revolutionary movement is incontestible, and as the establishment of the republic is looked upon as a *fait accompli*, nothing can be said upon its being chorussed incessantly,—much as, internally, many a musical ear may flinch from the torture committed upon it by the hideous disharmony of its executors,—much as the words may be repulsive to many feelings, and appear senseless in the mouths of the citizens of a republic established upon a basis of peace and order—much as many a heart may beat painfully, the flesh creep with a shudder upon many a body, and the hair stand on an end on many a head, on hearing that fearful melody, however finely it may be composed, which recalls to so many a mind the horrors of past days—scenes of pikes supporting bleeding heads, a parent dead upon the scaffold, or a narrow personal escape from death. But the *Marseillaise* has in general been accepted as the symbolical hymn of the republic, and people "make up their minds to it." The newly-composed hymn of the Girondins, as it is called, affords little cause for horror and di-may, more especially as it has been taken from a drama, in which the terrors of the first revolution have been placed upon the stage with a truth and force of nature sufficient to cause every soul that witnesses them to shudder with apprehension, at the barest thought of their possible return. The eternal recurrence at all times to the ear of the words, "*Mourir pour la patrie*,"

*c'est le sort le plus digne d'envie*," may raise a smile when heard from such mouths as often chorus it about, or may again appear an anomaly in the character officially assumed by the present republic—but the Girondin hymn is connected with no thought of past evil or of living terror. Both these melodies, then, are accepted without any repugnance, except the repugnance that the wearied ear must feel at hearing the same notes dinned into it at all times, in all places, and with every species of disharmony. But there are other melodies, from which the better-thinking mass draws back with horror and disgust—they are looked upon as symbolical of terror, violence, and bloodshed—they turn the soul "sick with fear." If a body of workmen—and, for the character of the French republic be it said, that this is of rare occurrence—or a mob, formed of those fearful hordes that come rushing down upon the city from the distant faubourgs, or seem to spring out of the earth one knows not whence, at all times of tumult or disorderly movement—be heard shouting the *Carmanmoh* or the "*Cà ira*," of terrific memory, men turn aside; for such fellows who can sing such songs cannot be otherwise than ruffians of the lowest description, or, at best, men led astray by the violence of the party rancour instilled into them by evil-thinking *coûtes*, or too young and foolish, or too reckless and headstrong, to know the fearful importance of the words they sing, and the terror they inspire. Let it be hoped that in truth they know not what words they use, when they howl, "*Les aristocrates à la lanterne*—*les aristocrates on les tueront*," and the inflammatory consequences the repetition of such words may bring forth. As yet the "*Cà ira*" is heard but seldom, and but partially. When this symbolical chaunt of destruction and death shall be chorussed aloud by a populace in general mass, then most assuredly will the sentiment also have been spread abroad, and widely—the sentiment of envy, rancour, intolerance, and bloodshed—the sentiment of 1793; and then may France be assumed that she is lost—that she has fallen into the very slough and mire of blood and terror. Heaven protect her from the "*Cà ira*!" One of the

first acts of a legally-constituted authority should be to punish every wretch who dared even to hum it under his breath.

For the same reason a protest should be made against the singing of the "Marseillaise" by the far-famed actress, Mademoiselle Rachel, at the first theatre of France, and more especially since this terrific exhibition is given also upon the occasions when the theatre is gratuitously opened to the public. The terrible vigour of this actress in the delineation of the worst and fiercest passions of the human breast—anger, rage, scorn, malice—is well known to the world. The singing of the "Marseillaise" has excited a tumult of enthusiasm. At a time when all the theatres in Paris languished, and pined away to the bare benches, and even died—some of them from inanition, poor things!—the Théâtre Français was nightly crammed to its throat in the very upper galleries, to gaze upon this strange spectacle. Before witnessing this feat of Mademoiselle Rachel, it was natural to suppose that she would assume the part of an inspired Joan of Arc, leading on a people to combat and victory. Bitter was the disappointment of those who indulged this poetic fancy. Her gestures, while singing the patriotic hymn, are energetic, if not grand, her attitudes fine, her *poses plastiques* picture-like; but what is the whole character of her delivery,—what the expression she bestows? Those of hatred, malice, revenge, bloodthirstiness. She calls "to arms" as Satan may have summoned the accursed angels. She is not for a moment the inspired guardian angel of a suffering country, heaven-sent to avenge its wrongs: she is the demon of darkness scattering destruction and death from the sheer love of death and destruction. Her flatterers have called her "a Muse"—then she must needs be the Muse of Vengeance! the Muse of Malice! the Muse of Blood! She sinks her voice to sing the words, "*Amour sacré de la patrie*," but with what a spirit of concentrated bitterness does she pronounce them! There is not a breath of love in the least inflexion of her voice: every tone breathes "hate—hate—hate," with all the bitterness of hatred. What a

look of fury, malice, scorn, and rockless revenge possesses her face during her whole delivery! One would suppose that she must have some private wrongs of her own to avenge upon society, or upon the denounced aristocracy of society, so spontaneous appears the flood of blood-mixed bile that flows from her lips. A shudder pervades your whole frame, your hair stands on end; and willingly would you turn away your head with horror and disgust, did she not fascinate you by the power of her energy, and cast an evil spell upon you by the charm of the sculptured beauty of her forcible attitudes. Ay! would a sculptor study a true model of a demon of revenge, he could not study a better one than Mademoiselle Rachel, as she delivers the Marseillaise. But it is this very fascination that is dangerous. Hundreds of spectators, who applaud with frenzy, leave the theatre instinctively connecting in their minds the Marseillaise with all the most fearful and deadly passions of the human breast. The bitterness of bitterness pervades their recollection of it—a vision of the demon-like actress floats before their eyes; they murmur the melody themselves involuntarily, with the same feelings of hatred, revenge, and bloodthirstiness. Oh! anathema on the actress who would inspire the citizens of France with feelings so vile—who knows her power over the masses, and so fearfully misuses it—who, when she might modify, exaggerates, and goads on to fury! The evil that this representation may produce is incalculable. Who can tell how far the leaven of gall that she infuses into the popular melody, that is in every body's mouth, and rings in every body's ear, may not leaven the whole sentiment connected with it? Yes! woe and anathema to the actress! The more terrible sentiment connected with the symbol had faded from men's minds, and she would again connect the symbol with sentiments of terror and revenge.

All tendencies to return upon the bloody track of the past are equally condemnable: every symbolical reminiscence of that past is equally to be avoided. It ought to be scouted by the good sense of the better-thinking citizens of France, and put down by all the moral force that public

remonstrance, reasoning, satire, and ridicule may command in the public prints. There was a time when a new-born French republic, in the heyday folly of its early youth, and with all the silly fancies of silly puerile years—and who of us, as a youngster, has not had such?—sought for its models, and emblems, and symbols, in the most ancient republics of Europe; and weened that, if it assumed the outward forms, and wore the names of those old times, it must necessarily inherit the supposed virtues of the days of Greece and Rome: those virtues which, to its fancy, consisted chiefly in uncompromising sternness, and *soi-disant* patriotic hard-heartedness. And, like a silly boy, the first French republic rendered itself ridiculous by its extravagant absurdities. Like a stage-struck hero of the same age, it exaggerated and overacted its part. It fancied that it had but to put on the robe, and take the name, and strut and swagger: and that it would act the part, if not to the life, at least with wonderful effect. Unlike the silly boy, however, it went beyond the contemptible,—it became frantic, furious, bloodminded—it became terrible: its hot young brains were turned, and dreamt bad dreams of cruelty and carnage. Those were the days when men unbaptised themselves of their old names, and called themselves “Brutus,” and “Aristides,” and “Scævola,” and “Leonidas,” and deemed themselves great and doughty patriots, with all the virtues of the antique, because they had so put their names down among the *dramatis personæ* in the bill of the play. Those were the days when women wore Grecian tunics, and exposed their naked charms to the inclemencies of a foggy northern sky: and happy would the results of all this nonsense have been, had the republic only caught a cold, or a sore throat, or a toothach: unfortunately, it caught a fever, a sore soul, and a heartach. Those were the days when fasces were carried abroad in public fêtes, as emblems of liberty,—fasces! those true emblems of constraint and tyranny—of constraint by the stick, of tyranny by the axe,—fasces! such as lictors carried before Nero; and the fasces were stamped upon the coins

of the republic, surmounted by a cap of liberty! Those were the days when Greece and Rome were *soi-disant* models, greedily swallowed, ill digested, and producing nausea, loathing, and sickness. The Grecian and the Roman symbols, therefore, were symbols to be avoided and repulsed. They remind of the past; they prepare people's minds for its return; they bring with them visions of blood. In the very heart's core of the people, with the Grecian allegories, and the Spartan virtues, and the fasces, are intimately connected *comités de salut public*, and denunciations unto death, and the guillotine. Away with them then! refer not to them again! repel them, second French republic, from your fêtes, and your public ceremonies, and your coins! They are all so many prickly whips to drive men's minds back to the bloody past, and urge them again along the self-same blood-stained road. Surely, too, the day of such worn-out theatrical humbug is past—the world has grown more civilised and more sensible. the age of allegorical absurdities is gone by. True! the world has also lost much of its poetry and romance; and there may be those who regret it, and would be foolish still; but all this *Grecio-Franco* republican romance and poetry, borrowed of the ancients, is now sadly out of place. What do I say?—it is to be shunned as the plague-fraught garment from the East, that, when thrown upon your shoulders, may extend a fatal disease far and wide among the land, that may become another robe of Nessus to burn and consume you to the bones; and when once thrown on, not to be torn away again without tearing with it the healthful flesh, and the very blood of life. And yet there are those who would seem determined ever to refer back to the past days, ever to spur along the old road, and who appear to dream that they can never produce the effect they want, but by spreading the poisoned garment over the back of France. There has been a reckless Minister of the Interior, who, hand-in-hand with a strong-minded but ill-judging woman, full of strange subversive fancies, which she proclaims with a masculine voice, and in a nominal masculine garb, seems to forget the importance of such symbols

over the easily excitable imaginations of the French, or perhaps even—may God forgive him, if so it be!—adopts the symbols of the past, in order to prepare the way for its return, and for the return to his own hands of the tyranny of democratic despotism. It is he who has declared it his high will, that the spirit of the country should be *travaillé*—i. e. tortured—to his own furious sense: and, in truth, the maintenance of such symbols is a pretty and convenient manner to *travailler* the public spirit with all the taking gaudiness of outward show. As Minister of the Interior, he is supreme institutor and instigator of popular fêtes, and public republican ceremonies: and, whether of his own fancy, or under the influence of the promptings of minor masters of ceremonies, or of those who would be such, he appears determined that modern republican shows, festivities, and ceremonies, should bring back as many reminiscences of those of a fatal time as possible. In the funeral ceremony of the internment of those who fell in the days of February—which, in its very nature, as well as from the immense masses it called forth of men of all classes, all corporations, all bodies of the state, citizen troops, and military, with music, and banners, and streaming ribands, was sufficiently imposing,—in this ceremony Paris was again led to delight itself with the aspect of modern lieters preceding the members of the Provisional Government, with antique faces—those eternal emblematical faces,—that had been borrowed from the boards of the *ci-devant* Théâtre Français, where they had been used, poor dirty old things, to be paraded by knock-kneed bearers before all the bloody tyrants of the classic drama of France. They were “freshened up,” it is true, and made smart, to meet the time and circumstance, by being bound with new tri-color ribands: but they were no less foolish symbols, and worse than foolish, from the effect they might have on sentiments. But this was but the caviare to the feast. A new republican fête is prepared by the same minister of the interior, and that, too, at a time when the public treasury is empty, and a national bankruptcy stares the country in the face—a fête that has no purpose as an

anniversary, unless it be some anniversary of a time to be forgotten—an uncalled-for fête, that is to be symbolical of a republican word called “Fraternity,” the sense of which no one in France seems, by any effort, to be able to understand,—in fact, to be the vague vain emblem of a vague vain word. What does the programme of this fête set forth? Antique cars, bearing Grecian allegorical personifications of the new-old deities of the day, drawn by huge oxen with gilded horns, borrowed of the Eleusinian mysteries!—and little Lacedemonian girls in white Grecian tunics, singing French patriotic hymns on the boulevards under Grecian pavilions,—hear it, shade of Coleman’s Mr Sterling, and rejoice!—and Grecian tripods with burning flames at street-corners—and painted Grecian statues, allegorical of all sorts of fancied Grecian virtues, under the trees of the Champs Elysées—and nonsense only knows how many other Grecian attributes of canvass and pasteboard, and carpentry-work, and stage decoration in all manner of high places. Out upon them all! Were we to turn to some edict of the past, issued for the celebration of the pure and mighty virtues of the days of the Convention, we should find exactly the same programme of some fête of fraternity in those fraternal times, ordained and arranged by the famous artist, Citizen David, the pure taste of whose classic pictures all amateurs, who have visited Paris, may have had the happiness of admiring in the galleries of the *ci-devant* Louvre.

No less to be condemned, for similar reasons, as uselessly and even deleteriously calling into life the past, was the edict of the Provisional Government, enacting that the representatives of the people in the national assembly should have a uniform costume, similar to that worn by the heroes of the Convention. This idea emanated, doubtless, from the same violent and misdirected source as the Greco-republican programme de fête: but why, it may be asked, did the more sensible and moderate majority of that government lend its hand to sign such a decree? The immense majority, however, of the representatives of the people, who are unwilling, at the same time, to be the

representatives of the ideas of '93, have, in their good sense, done justice to this edict, by their disdain of its ordinances, and their refusal to wear the costume imposed upon them. They felt the full force of the symbol they were told to adopt: they felt the dangerous importance of the sentiment that would be attached to it, they rejected the symbol; and they disavowed the sentiment. And they did well. The cocked hat with its gold-lace border, such as may be seen in pictures, on the head or in the hand of Danton or St Just, was declared simply absurd, if nothing more: the tri-color scarf, to be bound round their waists, with its gold fringe, was thought puerile; but the celebrated white waistcoat, the fatal white waistcoat, with its broad lappels hung back upon the shoulder—that waistcoat known only under the popular names of the "*gilet à la Robespierre*," or the "*gilet à la guillotine*"—the new representatives of the people of a new republic, founded upon other principles, flung aside with indignation. The "*gilet à la Robespierre*,"—the very name was sufficient to excite feelings of abhorrence; and the edict, although it of course withheld the name, raised a storm of angry remonstrance and refusal. The whole affair,—the edict as the indignation,—may be considered as puerile, frivolous, and unworthy of strong feeling. But, again it must be repeated, the men who were told to don this costume knew what the sentiment would be that such a display of symbolical attire would excite; and a great importance was attached to it, which men in other countries may not understand, but which those who know the French, and their facility to be led away by the outward symbol, will entirely appreciate. It may seem ridiculous to say—and yet it may not be far off the truth—that many a representative of the people, who may now talk sage and sensible moderation, might have thundered forth the excess of democratic violence, had his bosom borne across it the "*gilet à la Robespierre*."

There are other symbols of the great watchwords of the day; those ill understood and oft misconstrued words,—those words which are so constantly put forward by the violent to mean the very contrary of what they are

intended to express,—the words "*Liberté! Égalité! Fraternité!*" and these symbols men think it necessary to exhibit on all occasions. So be it. They are the rallying cry of the new republic; let them be symbolised. But let men take care how, and in what manner, it be done. In the new coins of the republic, upon which the three mystic words shine, they are strangely enough typified—the old die of the old coin of the old republic has been used; and perhaps the allegorical personages that figure on them had then another signification. As it is, the Hercules in the midst, with the two ladies by his side, may be interpreted in various ways. Curious speculators in allegories would in vain endeavour to affix each of the three personages to each of the abstractions they are supposed to represent—there are many, at all events, who decline the task. Which does Hercules typify? Liberty perchance—the liberty, then, of force. Or, if the ladies alone represent the qualities that are of the feminine gender in the French language which of the three is absent? which of the three is excluded from being symbolised on the coin of the French republic? This would be, again, a difficult task to investigate. All the three are so constantly called in question, so continually menaced, above all, so little completely headed in general in the first steps of the French republic, that it would be hard to say which is the least recognised, although many may give their votes in favour of the first of the three good dames. But it is not alone upon the coin that the three deities find their emblems. Lithographic prints, of every species of good or bad drawing, display them in a bodily form to admiring eyes at every print-shop. Led away by pictures, as by all other outward and visible emblems, the French are easily influenced by such productions. And, again, a protest should be entered against the character commonly given to the republican deities—against that of goddess Liberty more especially. She is almost invariably represented in an attitude of demoniacal vengeance, worthy of Mademoiselle Rachel. She has the so-called cap of liberty, of course, upon her head, but her hand always grasps a sabre, or a pike, or some such deadly weapon; her coun-

tenance is furious, angry, vengeful. Why should Liberty be represented thus, then, as a bloodthirsty angel of wrath? why should she be an object to be dreaded and not loved? Rulers of France, ye should have a care how the divinity ye proclaim is symbolised to the eyes of the people! the effect produced, in the fostering of the sentiment, may be more important than ye choose to think or to acknowledge. The same reprehension should be cast upon the greater part of those models and pictures which are exhibited in the *Salon des beaux arts*, for the prize to be given for the best personification of the French Republic. The great majority of these models represent, once more, a perfect fury of wrath, in all the extravagance of frantic theatrical gesture. But, my good artists, this is a representation of a French Republic such as it was in the worst moments of its last reign—not of the French Republic proclaimed as the living exemplification, not only of liberty, equality, and fraternity, but of peace, and order, and love! Could you do nothing better than make bad imitations of a detestable past? It will be for the famous Minister of the Interior, probably, to decide which of these personifications is to be raised on high as the symbol of the republic. He who offered the prize will probably award it. Paris, then, will soon see what sentiment is to be taught, in the name of all France, to attach to the symbol.

There is another little trait connected with a people's sentiments that, slight as it is, may be of more influence in the direction which the violence of popular commotion may take. This little trait, although born of an evil and violent feeling, may have a tendency that not only will not be a harmful one, but may protect from harm. At the commencement of the revolution, — upon every greater or lesser demonstration of popular feeling, — the first cry, to the rich or the supposed rich, was to illuminate their houses in honour of the sovereign people, or rather of those who assumed the rank and title of sovereignty wholly to themselves. Above the cries, "*à bas les riches! à bas les aristocrates!*" prevailed the cry "*des lampions! des lampions!*" No often, and for so long a time, was this cry heard in the

streets of Paris, that it has now taken the distinct form of one of those popular shouts used upon all occasions. the mob angry, or is it merry, it cries "*des lampions!*" Is it angry only, this cry often changes its wrath to merriment: is it impatient, it cries "*des lampions!*" is it witty, "*des lampions!*" By day as well as night, on all popular occasions, the cry is heard, and now never fails to excite a laugh. In the theatres, is a piece to be damned? — the pit and the galleries cry, "*des lampions!*" Does a declaimer in a street crowd displease the multitude? — it cries again, "*des lampions!*" The words, then, have become a popular demonstrative cry; and who can tell how much in the future this habit may efface the hideous cry of "*à la lanterne!*" — how much the cry for light may cause the people to forget the cry for the darkness of death upon the lamp-post — how much, in truth, popular sentiment may be hereafter influenced by a trait of popular habit so slight, so frivolous, so ridiculous, and yet, perhaps, so important in its results. Should it have this working, there are many who have lost their temper at the ear-ringing, monotonous, irritating cry of "*des lampions!*" who may bless the day when the fancy of the mob adopted this popular and almost historical cry. Who can tell, indeed, upon what a title may depend the direction given to a people's outbreak, to the course of a revolution, to the destinies of a country?

Since the courageous action of Lamartine gave a first stamp to the character of the revolution, by putting down a dangerous sentiment in its bloody symbol, the violent party has in vain again endeavoured, *as yet*, to assume its lost supremacy. The horizon is dark with its menace, it is true, and its thunder growls, its lightnings flash, from time to time: the storm may be dispersed, or it may break forth, and then pass away. This is for the future. But whatever men may rule the destinies of France, they should, like Lamartine, be well aware that if the French people must be amused with constant displays of symbols, those symbols must be chosen with care, as the direct, and leading, and active instigators of their sentiments.

## AMERICAN FEELING TOWARDS ENGLAND.

WE believe it to be impossible to overrate the importance of the triumph of order on the 10th of April in London, either as to its effects on Great Britain or on the world. The complete and signal success, and at the same time the calm working of the machinery by which the end was accomplished,—the impression of a vast power felt throughout, though purposely kept in the background, ready to act if necessary, but only in the case of necessity; the proof which it afforded of the perfect soundness of the English mind, extending even to the masses of the capital amidst the revolutionary contagion; and the contrast which it exhibited between the well-balanced and elastic strength of the English constitution, and the unsubstantial systems or crumbling governments of the Continent, formed a spectacle which no one could witness without pride, or remember without a feeling of gratitude and of increased security. It has tranquillised for many a year the fears of those who had begun to doubt whether even the strong anchor of our constitution could continue to hold fast against the strain of the revolutionary current. It has proved, if that indeed were doubtful, how essentially different are the elements of the British character from those of the fickle populations of Southern Europe, among whom revolution had found its adherents; and how deep-seated in that character is the love of order, respect for property, deference to established authority, calm and practical good sense, and that solid groundwork of moral and religious feeling, on which alone any stable form of government can ever be reared. If, since that memorable 10th of April, the Continent has begun to obtain a little truce and breathing time; and even in France the possessors of property and the friends of order are beginning to be alive at once to their own danger, and their own strength, and to the necessity of exerting the forces, moral and physical, which are at their disposal to put down the approach of anarchy in its most undisguised and hideous form—it is to the peaceful and majes-

tic triumph of order in England that these results are to be ascribed.

It cannot but be matter of deep interest to us to learn with what feelings the danger and the escape of Great Britain were contemplated in America; a country where the experiment of a republic had been tried, and where—if the same spirit of propagandism existed which appears to be the curse of France—it might have been supposed that the chance of a democratic constitution being established in England, would have been a subject of congratulation and anticipated triumph. In Paris, upon the morning of the 12th April, nothing, we are told, but disappointment was experienced, when the peaceful, and, as they deemed it, ignominious termination of the proceedings at Kennington Common was made known. How were the news received by our Transatlantic brethren? A short extract from the letter of a valued friend in New York, and one or two from the American papers, will be interesting, we think, to our readers, as illustrating the state of feeling on the subject in America.

The tone of the American press on this question has on the whole been most creditable to the periodical literature of that country. It proves that, though many points of difference may and must exist between the two countries,—though the elder may not always have borne her faculties in the meekest way, and the younger may have often announced her pretensions with more of petulance than discretion,—nations sprung of the same lineage, speaking the same language, cherishing the same literature, cannot be so alienated from each other by difference of political institutions, or opposition of commercial interests, as not to feel a warm and cordial interest in each other's welfare; and to lament, not from mere selfish considerations of interest, but from higher and more generous sympathies, every calamity which threatens a kindred nation, with which it feels itself united by the ties of moral and intellectual relationship.

Our correspondent thus writes:—

"New York, May 1st, 1848.

... "The arrival of the steam-ship *America* at this port on Saturday last, bringing the good news of the complete triumph of law, liberty, and order in our Fatherland, was hailed with a degree of joy that well became true-born descendants of British ancestors. That arrival terminated a week which, to myself as well as to thousands of others, had been one of intense and painful anxiety; for although I never dreamed of the probability of a revolution, and never doubted the power of government to quell the threatened insurrection of the Chartists, I did greatly fear that a conflict was inevitable; and I trembled at the possible results that might follow, were only a single man in the procession to parliament to fall before the bayonets of the soldiery. How universal was this fear the newspapers which I send you clearly tell; and you will smile at hearing that even bets were made that the revolution was complete, and England a republic.

"The course pursued by government, in trusting to a voluntary police rather than to the military, exhibited their usual wisdom, and has greatly added to the moral dignity of their triumph. And the result has fully verified the remark in your letter to me in March, that 'the upper and middle classes, as also the respectable operatives, are most determined to maintain order and the law, irrespective of all political differences;' and proves beyond a doubt the truth of the proud declaration, in the last number of your Magazine, that 'the unbought loyalty of men—the cheap defence of nations—still, thank God, subsists among you.'

"Notwithstanding all the extreme excitement aroused throughout our land by the Revolution in France, and its astounding progress on the Continent, and the confident predictions of many that England could not unshaken meet the shock of Chartist rebellion.—the instant it was known that she had met it and was unmoved—that it had passed harmlessly by as a summer cloud, without awakening from its slumbers the giant strength it had threatened to overcome.—a sensation of relief, a thrill of gladness, a feeling of thankfulness, of security, and of admiration, seemed to be almost universal, and men greeted each other in the streets as those might who had together feared and together escaped a great personal calamity.

"That much of this rejoicing arose from selfishness is very true, for so closely connected are the social and commercial relations of the two countries, that no blow struck at the prosperity of England could be long unfelt in these United States. But the fact is scarcely on that account the less striking, nor will it, I venture to hope, deprive it of its intense significance with those who, like yourselves, exercise so great an influence upon the opinions and the sympathies of two great nations.

The effect produced upon the commercial affairs of America by the apprehension of a revolutionary movement in Great Britain, and the restoration of confidence when the news of the peaceful termination of the demonstration of the 10th arrived, are thus given in the *Weekly Herald* of New York:—

*Sunday, April 30—6 p.m.*

"The week just closed has been one of the most intense excitement. The most gloomy anticipations had been formed relative to the expected news from England; and we have never before seen such a panic growing out of a probable event, as that which had taken possession of the public mind. The whole thing turned upon the result of the Chartist movement in London; and such were the hopes and

fears of those connected in any way with Great Britain, that it was difficult to escape the general depression. Vessels freighted for ports in England were not permitted to depart until after the arrival of the steamer. Drawers of exchange refused to sell any more bills on their agents; prices for cotton were steadily drooping in anticipation of a complete overthrow of the British government; and a thorough derangement existed in every department of industry, and, in fact, the greatest consternation prevailed. As soon as it was announced that the steamer *America* was telegraphed, the public mind was at once relieved, and stocks advanced, even before the news became known. The fact that the steamer was coming, that she had sailed on her regular day, satisfied all that there had been no change in the government—that the Chartist movement



had not succeeded, and that, so far as political affairs in Great Britain were concerned, every thing was quiet. This gave a buoyancy to the market, and the reaction upon the public mind was tremendous. When the news was read from an *Evening Herald* to the crowd in Wall Street, many men shed tears, and almost a universal shaking of hands took place. Many, who imagined they were ruined, found their fears groundless; and the long, anxious faces which met us at every turn in the business portion of the city during the past week, were suddenly changed to those of joy. Vessels which have been under an embargo, will now resume their voyages; and produce which has been held back, will go forward more rapidly. Trade will again move on in the usual channels, and renewed confidence will give an impetus to commercial transactions generally. The news by the America is of vast importance, inasmuch as it has removed the immense weight pressing upon the minds of mercantile men, and given great relief to all classes; otherwise the news does not amount to much, in a commercial point of view. The advance in consols was the result more of the reaction in the public mind, caused by the manner in which the Chartist demonstration passed off, than any thing else, as the position of affairs on the Continent kept the market very sensitive."

The following article is from the *Morning Express*; and it is valuable for the justice of its remarks upon the anomalies which pervade the democratic American constitution, as well as our own, and which must exist under every form of government which deserves the name:—

"THE ATTEMPTED INSURRECTION IN ENGLAND.—The public mind was gratefully relieved on Saturday, by the intelligence, flying like wild-fire upon the arrival of the America, that the Chartist demonstration on Kennington Common failed of its main object—viz., that of creating an insurrection among the two millions of London, like that which had been created among the million of Paris. If England had swung from her moorings, as France has, and Italy and Germany have, no one could have foreseen the consequences, or ventured to predict upon the probable results. Certain it is, however, that almost every British business-doing house in the United States would have been crushed, and the commerce of the world would have been annihilated for a season.

The six points of the Chartists of England are no doubt known to our

readers. The petitioners pray (1) for annual parliaments, (2) universal suffrage, (3) vote by ballot, (4) equal electoral districts, (5) no property qualification, and (6) the payment of members. Now, at the first blush, all these seem reasonable enough, if the people want them—although there is no proof that they do, but rather proof to the contrary,—but when we remember that, in this country, not one of these points, save the payment of members of Congress, is universally recognised as the law of the land, it is not for us to say a word in favour of the Chartists of England, at least until we make their theoretical 'points' our 'points' in practice. We have no annual Congress. Members of the House are elected for two years, and members of the Senate for six years. We have no universal suffrage. The three millions of slaves do not vote. The negroes in the Free States do not vote (two or three States excepted) without a property qualification. In democratic Virginia, a man must be a freholder to vote. In some of the other States there are also rigid restrictions. The vote by ballot is known nowhere in the Slave States. The *vice versa* is the only mode of voting, and it is not certain that it is not the best way. Equal electoral districts do not exist in this country. Six hundred white men in South Carolina or Louisiana elect as many members of Congress as six thousand in New York. The little State of Delaware, entitled to but one member of Congress, elects as many Senators as New York, entitled to her thirty-six members in the Lower House. Thus, whatever evils the Chartists groan under, if any, we groan under here in these, their *beau-ideal*, United States. But, if we are misgoverned here, or if misgovernment exists in England, it is vain to deny that it is our own fault. No revolution, no exertion of physical force, can better our condition. The cause of order is the cause of liberty; tyrants and thieves alone thrive by confusion. The progress of popular power is founded on knowledge, and the best fruit of knowledge is peace. It is kings and autocrats whose trust is in the bayonet, and whose only faith is in the rifle and parks of artillery. Let the people show they are worthy to be free by practising the virtues of freemen—by a reliance on the power of reason, on the march of intelligence, on the force of public opinion, on the justice of their cause, and the certain triumph of truth and right, naked and unarmed, except in the paucity of virtue and the majestic spirit of humanity.

"But the demonstration in London is not to be without its effect on the map of the world. It is the first check that the revolutionary ball has met with since it started in Paris, and ran like a meteoric storm over continental Europe. The British empire, at all events, is safe. Whatever is to be achieved for Liberty and Progress there, has got to be achieved, as such victories have been for two hundred years past, viz., by changing the law of the land through the constitutional action of the ballot box. It is very true that the British government, for the first time for many years, has manifested symptoms of alarm over a seditious meeting,—and there was reason for it, so sudden had been the revolutions in Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Milan, Venice, Munich, Wirtemberg, and indeed throughout nearly all the cities in continental Europe,—and it is very true, also, that London, in the excitement, lost her trade and forgot business for nearly a week, while the actual cost of the demonstration in behalf of law and order is estimated to be full half a million of dollars; but, as the *London Times* well says:—

"It is worth at least £1,000,000 in the additional value it will give to British securities now and for good all over the world."

"The British character, British reverence for law and order, British public opinion, now stand higher than ever. No spectacle can be more beautiful than that of 200,000 special constables qualifying from all classes of society, and taking oath to obey the officers of the law in preserving property and protecting the city. The Chartist multitude of some ten, or twenty, or it may be, fifty thousand—for authorities differ in their estimation of the number on Kennington Common,—naturally enough quailed before such a moral demonstration. Their courage all oozed out of their fingers' ends, and their leaders evaporated on the trial day, as well enough they might. The whole thing turned out a farce, or an abortion; and the 'six points' of the Charter, well enough in the main, now stand about as high, in London, under such auspices, as the 'five points' in New York.

"Rejoicing, however, as we do in this suppression of a mob demonstration in our Fatherland, we do not shut our eyes to the fact that the British ministry must keep up with the spirit and the intelligence of the age, in all possible or rational meliorations of the aristocratic features of the British constitution. There is, however, the greatest pledge that this will be done in the very form

itself of the constitution,—for there can be scarcely a doubt, we think, that there is now as near an approximation to universal suffrage in the House of Commons as in our own House of Representatives,—remembering, as we must, in the latter body, the *numbers and colours* of its differing constituency. The Senate of the United States is no more based upon 'equal representation,' as all know, than the House of Peers."

"WALL STREET ON SATURDAY LAST.—If there are any among us who doubt the close union, social, intellectual, and commercial, which binds in sympathy our people with those of Great Britain,—if there are any who deemed Americans mere passive, disinterested spectators of the revolutionary crisis, which, previous accounts would have it, was to provoke a civil war in England, and to submerge all the then existing law and order there, beneath the turbulent whirlpool of mob violence—we wish they had been in Wall Street, or, indeed, in any of the other business thoroughfares in the lower part of the city, on Saturday last, about noon.

We are perfectly sure that the result of the intended-to-be belligerent demonstration in the English metropolis, on the eventful 10th of April, was not more anxiously awaited in Liverpool, in Edinburgh, or Glasgow, than it was here in Transatlantic New York, albeit three thousand miles and more away from the theatre of action. Early in the morning, as soon as it was proclaimed on the newspaper bulletins that the steamer was telegraphed off Sandy Hook, men began to gather in knots at the corners of the streets, discussing the probable character of the news at hand,—and, for the time being, all business of importance was at a pause. Speculation in Ohio 6's, Pennsylvania 5's, Reading Bonds and railroad shares, was laid aside for speculation in an anticipated fresh batch of revolutions and dynasties overthrown. Cotton, flour, and grain were all forgotten, and the only article thought of in the provision line was a *Provisional Government* in the realms of Queen Victoria. Hanover Street, at the corner of Wall,—that well-known rendezvous for street operations,—was in a state of terrible suspense; and even the stoic who superintends the dog-market in the neighbourhood of the Custom House, concluded to suspend all transactions in his quadrupedal profession, till the character of the news should be divulged. The excitement on all hands was intense; but the suspense was of short duration, for soon the booming of cannon across the bay announced that the New America had reached her

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